To the Reader.

The following plan of logarithms has been prepared for the use of surveyors and experience men. With this table, I am sure we may conduct ourselves with knowledge and ease. I hope it will be found useful in the science of navigation and astronomy. All the phenomena are given in their true proportions, and this book is expected to be the most complete and accurate ever printed.
To the Reader.

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

B. I.
Mr. William Shakesparens Comedies, Histories, & Tragedies.
Published according to the True Originall Copies.

London.
Printed by Izaac 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 Majestie.

AND

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

Right Honourable,

While we studie to be thankfull in particular for
the many favours we have receivd from your L.L.
we are sale, upon the ill fortune, to mingle
two the most dierc things that can bee, feare
and rashnesse; rashnesse in the enterprize, and
feare of the success. For while we value the places your H.H.
suffrages we cannot but upon their dignity greater, then to descend to
the reading of these triftles; and, while we name them triftles, we have
deprifd our selves of the defence of our Dedication. But since your
L.L. have beene pleas'd to thinke these triftles some-thing, beere-to-
fore; and have profiguad both them, and their Authour living,
with so much favour: we hope that (they out-living him, and be not
having the fate, common with some, to be executor to his owne writ-
ings) you will use the like indulgence toward them, you have done
unto

A2
The Epistle Dedicatarie.

unto their parent. There is a great difference, whether any Booke choose his Patrones, or finde them: If his hath done both. For, so much were your L.L. likings of the several parts, when they were acted, as before they were published, the Volume ask’d to be yours. We have but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his Orphanes, Guardians; without ambition either of selfe-profit, or fame: onely to keepe the memory of so worthy a Friend, Fellow alive, as was our SHAKESPEARE, by humble offer of his plays, to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we have wisely 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, frutes, or what they have: and many Nations (we have heard) that had not gummes & incense, obtained their requests with a leauned Cake. It was no fault to approach their Gods, by what means they could: And the most, though meanest, of things are made more precious when they are dedicated to Temples. In that name therefore, we most humbly consecrate to your H.H. these remains of your servaunt Shakspear: 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 Lordshippe most bounden,

JOHN HEMINGE.

HENRY CONDELL.
To the great Variety of Readers.

From the most able, to him that can but spell: There you are number’d. We had rather you were weight.

Especially, when the fate of all Bookes depends upon your capacities: and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well! It is now publique, & you will stand for your priviledges: we know: to read, and censure. Do so, but buy it first. That doth best commend a Book, the Stationer saith. Then, how odd to see your braines be, or your wisedomes, make your licence the same, and spare not. Judge your sixe-pen’orth, your shillings worth, your sixe shillings worth at a time, or higher, to you rise to the just rates, and welcome. But, what euer you do, Buy. Censure will not drive a Trade, or make the lacke go. And though you be a Magistrate of wit, and sit on the Stage at Black-Friers, or the Cock-pit, to arraigne Players daily, know, these Players have had their trial all already, and flouted out all Appeals; and do now come forth quitted rather by a Decree of Court, then any purchas’d Letters of commendation.

It had bene a thing, we confess’d, worthie to have bene wish’d, that the Author him selfe had li’d to have set forth, and overseen his owne writings; But since it hath bin ordain’d other wise, and he by death des parted; 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 absu’d with diuerse stolne, and surreptitious copies, maimed, and deformed by the frauds and feakthes of injurious impostors, that expos’d them: even tho’c are now offer’d to your view cur’d, and perfect of their limbs, and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceived the. Who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a most gentle exprerier of it. His mind and hand went together: And what he thought, he vtered with that easineffe, that we have scarce receiv’d from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province, who onely gather his works, and give them you, to praiseth him. It is yours that reade him. And thereto we hope, to your diuers capacities, you will finde enough, both to draw, and hold you: for his wit can no more lie hid, then it could be lost. Reade him therefore; and againe, and againe: And if then you doe not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to understand him. And so we leaueth you to other of his Friends, whom if you need, can bee your guides: if you neede them not, you can leade your selues, and others. And such Readers we wilth him.

A 3

John Heninge.
Henri Condell.
To the memory of my beloved,

The AUTHOR

MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE:

And what he hath left us.

I draw no envy (Shakespeare) on thy name,
And thou upbraidest, Book, and Fame:
While I confess thy writings to be such
As neither Man, nor Mule, can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But those may be
Were not the paths I meant unto the praise:
For feelings of ignorance on those may light,
Which, when it falls at last, but echo's right;
Or blinde Affection, which doth not re-advance
The truth, but crooks, and engageth all by chance;
Or crafty Malice, might pretend this praise.

And think'st to raise, where it is seemed to raise,
These are, as some infamous Band, or Whore,
Should praise a Matron, who could have her more!
But then are proofs against them, and indeed,
Above all Fortune of them, or the need.
I, therefore will begin, Soul of the Age!
The applause, I delight! the wonder of our Stage!
My Shakespeare, rife; I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont by.
A little further, to make time a room:
Thou art a Monument, without a tomb.
And art at all, whilst thy Book thine own;
And have we will to read, and praise to give.
That in our muse thee, my braine excus'd:
I mean with great, butt disproportion'd Muses:
For, if I thought my judgement were of yeares,
I should commit thee falsely with thy verses,
And tell how faire thou didst our Lily en-flame;
Or Sporting Kid, or Marlowes mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latine, and lesse Greeke;
From thence to honour thee, I would not seek.
For names, but call forth thou standring Achilles,
Euripides, and Sophocles to vs.
Paccinus, Accius, him of Cordous dead,
To life again, to hear thy Runkin tread,
And shoke a Stage: Or, when thy Swords were up,
Louye thee alone, for the comparison.
Of all that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome
sent forth, or fated from these nates comes,
Triumph, my Britains, thou hast one so fine,
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 warms
Our ears, or like a Mercury to harms!
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And they did woe the dressing of his lines
which were so richly spun, and woven so fine.
As fine, he well himself be no other wise,
The merry Greece, and Aristophanes,
Next Terence, witty Plautus, now not please,
But antiquated, and defected eye
As they were not of Features 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 be,
Who safest to write a lining line, must treat
Such as thinck are and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses aneule: turne the same.
(And himselfe with it) that he thinkes to frame.
Or for the lawrel, he may gains a crown,
For a good Poet's made, as well as borne.
And such were thou. Looke how the fathers face
Lines in his issue, such is, the race
Of Shakespeare's minde, and manners brightly shins
To his well turned, and true blest lines:
In each of which, he fearers Blake a Lane,
As brambilis at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet Snoon of Aton, what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appear
And make those sights a post the banks of Thames,
That did take Eliza, and our James!
But stay, I see thee in the Hemisphere
Advanc'd, and made a Constellation there!
Shine forth, thou Starre of Poets, and with rage,
Or influence, chide or cherish the drooping Stage.
Which, since thy sight's fore, hence, hath worn'd like night,
And despairest day, but for thy Valiant light.

Ben: Jonson.
Vpon the Lines and Life of the Famous
Scenicke Poet, Master Wiliam
Shakespeare.

Hold hands, which you so clapt, go now, and wring
You Britains braue, for done are Shakespeare's days:
His days are done, that made the dainty Playses,
Which made the Globe of heau'n and earth to ring,
Dry's is that veine, dry'd is the Thespian Spring,
Turn'd all to teares, and Phoebus clouds his rayes:
That corp's, that coffin now besieke those bayes,
Which crown'd him Poet first, then Poets King.
If Tragedies might any Prologue have,
All those he made, would scarce make one to this:
Where Fame, now that he gone is to the grave
(Deaths publique tyring-house) the Nuncheon is.
For though his line of life went foone about,
The life yet of his lines shall neuer our.

Hugh Holland.
Upon the Inexhaustible Store of the Famous

[Text continues in Latin]

[Page 100]
A CATALOGUE
of the severall Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies contained in this Volume.

COMEDIES.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Play</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The Tempest</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The two Gentlemen of Verona</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Merry Wives of Windsor</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Measure for Measure</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Comedy of Errors</td>
<td>85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Much ado about Nothing</td>
<td>101</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Loues Labour lost.</td>
<td>122</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Midsommer Nights Dreame</td>
<td>145</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Merchant of Venice</td>
<td>163</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>As you Like it.</td>
<td>185</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Taming of the Shrew</td>
<td>208</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All is well, that End well.</td>
<td>230</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Twelue-Night, or what you will.</td>
<td>255</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Winters Tale.</td>
<td>304</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

TRAGEDIES.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Play</th>
<th>Folio</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The Tragedy of Coriolanus.</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Titus Andronicus.</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Romeo and Juliet.</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Timon of Athens.</td>
<td>80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Life and death of Julius Cesar.</td>
<td>109</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Tragedy of Macbeth</td>
<td>131</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Tragedy of Hamlet</td>
<td>152</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>King Lear.</td>
<td>283</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Othello, the Moore of Venice.</td>
<td>310</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anthony and Cleopater.</td>
<td>346</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cymbeline King of Britaine.</td>
<td>369</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

HISTORIES.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Play</th>
<th>Folio</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The Life and Death of King John.</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Life &amp; death of Richard the second.</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CATALOGUE</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>----------</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>of the several Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Comedies</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Histories</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tragedies</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The Tragedy of Tamerlane</td>
<td>471</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The History of the World</td>
<td>469</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Tragedy of Timon</td>
<td>472</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tragedy of Julius Caesar</td>
<td>473</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The History of Alexander the Great</td>
<td>474</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Histories of Greece and Rome</td>
<td>475</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tragedy of Oedipus</td>
<td>476</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
TO THE MEMORIE
of the deceased Author Mr. W. SHAKESPEARE.

Shake-speare, at length thy pious fellowes gie
The world thy Workes: thy Workes by which, out-line
Thy Tomb, thy name must: when that stone is rent,
And Time dissolves thy Stratford Monument,
Here we aline shall view thee still. Thys Book,
When Brass and Marble faile, shall make thee looke
Freshe to all Ages: when Posterity
Shall loath what’s new, thinke all is prodege
That is not Shake-speares, e’ry Line each Verse
Here shall revive, redeem thee from thy Herse.
Nor Fire, nor carking Age, as Nafo said,
Of his, thy wit-sprung Booke shall once invade.
Nor shall I’re beleue, or thinke thee dead
(Though mist) until our bankrupt Stage be fred
(Impossible) with some new straine’t out-do
Passions of Juliet, and her Romeo;
Or till I heare a Scene more nobly take,
Then when thy half-Sword parlyng Romans spake.
Till these, till any of thy Volumes rest
Shall with more fire, more feeling be express’d.
Be sure, our Shake-speare, thou canst never dye,
But crown’d with Laurell, live eternally.

L. Digges.

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

WV E wondred (Shake-speare) that thou wert fit for some
From the World’s Stage, to the Graces-Tyning-room.
Woe thought thee dead, but this thy printed worth,
Tells thy Specators, that thou wert fit but forth
To enter with applause. An Actors Art,
Can dye, and line, to afte a second part.
That’s but an Exit of Mortalitie;
This, a Re-entrance to a Plaudite.

I. M.
TO THE MEMORIE
OF THE DECEASED ADJOINER-MASTER
W. Z. STAFFARD.

I. Dyer.

TO THE MEMORIE OF W. G. F. PUMP.

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

The Names of the Principall Actors
in all these Playes.

William Shakespeare.
Richard Burbadge.
John Hennings.
Augustine Phillips.
William Kempt.
Thomas Pope.
George Bryan.
Henry Condell.
William Shy.
Richard Cowly.
John Lowine.
Samuell Crosse.
Alexander Cooke.

Samuel Gilburne.
Robert Armin.
William Oster.
Nathan Field.
John Underwood.
Nicholas Tooley.
William Ecclestone.
Joseph Taylor.
Robert Benfield.
Robert Gouge.
Richard Robinson.
John Shancke.
John Rice.
The Works of William Shakespeare

containing all his Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies: Together with a Continuation of his Life, \[and\] his Speeches in his Trial before the High Court of Justice.

The Names of the Principal Actors.

[Names listed on the page.]

[Signature or emblem to the right.]
THE TEMPEST.

ACT PRIMUS, SCENA PRIMA.

A tempestuous wife of Thunder and Lightning abroad: Enter a Ship-mastre, and a Befrewarde.

Mastre.
Befrew. What's the matter?
Mastre. What's the matter? What are you doing?
Mastre. The sea is in a tempestuous state. We must take shelter, or we shall be lost.

Enter a Ship's Company.
Befrew. A tempestuous wife of Thunder and Lightning abroad: Enter a Ship-mastre, and a Befrewarde.

Mastre. What's the matter?
Befrew. What's the matter? What are you doing?
Mastre. The sea is in a tempestuous state. We must take shelter, or we shall be lost.

Enter a Ship's Company.
Befrew. A tempestuous wife of Thunder and Lightning abroad: Enter a Ship-mastre, and a Befrewarde.

Mastre. What's the matter?
Befrew. What's the matter? What are you doing?
Mastre. The sea is in a tempestuous state. We must take shelter, or we shall be lost.

Enter a Ship's Company.
Befrew. A tempestuous wife of Thunder and Lightning abroad: Enter a Ship-mastre, and a Befrewarde.

Mastre. What's the matter?
Befrew. What's the matter? What are you doing?
Mastre. The sea is in a tempestuous state. We must take shelter, or we shall be lost.

Enter a Ship's Company.
Befrew. A tempestuous wife of Thunder and Lightning abroad: Enter a Ship-mastre, and a Befrewarde.

Mastre. What's the matter?
Befrew. What's the matter? What are you doing?
Mastre. The sea is in a tempestuous state. We must take shelter, or we shall be lost.

Enter a Ship's Company.
Befrew. A tempestuous wife of Thunder and Lightning abroad: Enter a Ship-mastre, and a Befrewarde.

Mastre. What's the matter?
Befrew. What's the matter? What are you doing?
Mastre. The sea is in a tempestuous state. We must take shelter, or we shall be lost.

Enter a Ship's Company.
Befrew. A tempestuous wife of Thunder and Lightning abroad: Enter a Ship-mastre, and a Befrewarde.

Mastre. What's the matter?
Befrew. What's the matter? What are you doing?
Mastre. The sea is in a tempestuous state. We must take shelter, or we shall be lost.

Enter a Ship's Company.
Befrew. A tempestuous wife of Thunder and Lightning abroad: Enter a Ship-mastre, and a Befrewarde.

Mastre. What's the matter?
Befrew. What's the matter? What are you doing?
Mastre. The sea is in a tempestuous state. We must take shelter, or we shall be lost.

Enter a Ship's Company.
Befrew. A tempestuous wife of Thunder and Lightning abroad: Enter a Ship-mastre, and a Befrewarde.

Mastre. What's the matter?
Befrew. What's the matter? What are you doing?
Mastre. The sea is in a tempestuous state. We must take shelter, or we shall be lost.

Enter a Ship's Company.
Befrew. A tempestuous wife of Thunder and Lightning abroad: Enter a Ship-mastre, and a Befrewarde.

Mastre. What's the matter?
Befrew. What's the matter? What are you doing?
Mastre. The sea is in a tempestuous state. We must take shelter, or we shall be lost.

Enter a Ship's Company.
Befrew. A tempestuous wife of Thunder and Lightning abroad: Enter a Ship-mastre, and a Befrewarde.

Mastre. What's the matter?
Befrew. What's the matter? What are you doing?
Mastre. The sea is in a tempestuous state. We must take shelter, or we shall be lost.

Enter a Ship's Company.
Befrew. A tempestuous wife of Thunder and Lightning abroad: Enter a Ship-mastre, and a Befrewarde.

Mastre. What's the matter?
Befrew. What's the matter? What are you doing?
Mastre. The sea is in a tempestuous state. We must take shelter, or we shall be lost.

Enter a Ship's Company.
Befrew. A tempestuous wife of Thunder and Lightning abroad: Enter a Ship-mastre, and a Befrewarde.

Mastre. What's the matter?
Befrew. What's the matter? What are you doing?
Mastre. The sea is in a tempestuous state. We must take shelter, or we shall be lost.

Enter a Ship's Company.
Befrew. A tempestuous wife of Thunder and Lightning abroad: Enter a Ship-mastre, and a Befrewarde.

Mastre. What's the matter?
Befrew. What's the matter? What are you doing?
Mastre. The sea is in a tempestuous state. We must take shelter, or we shall be lost.

Enter a Ship's Company.
Befrew. A tempestuous wife of Thunder and Lightning abroad: Enter a Ship-mastre, and a Befrewarde.

Mastre. What's the matter?
Befrew. What's the matter? What are you doing?
Mastre. The sea is in a tempestuous state. We must take shelter, or we shall be lost.

Enter a Ship's Company.
Befrew. A tempestuous wife of Thunder and Lightning abroad: Enter a Ship-mastre, and a Befrewarde.

Mastre. What's the matter?
Befrew. What's the matter? What are you doing?
Mastre. The sea is in a tempestuous state. We must take shelter, or we shall be lost.

Enter a Ship's Company.
Befrew. A tempestuous wife of Thunder and Lightning abroad: Enter a Ship-mastre, and a Befrewarde.

Mastre. What's the matter?
Befrew. What's the matter? What are you doing?
Mastre. The sea is in a tempestuous state. We must take shelter, or we shall be lost.

Enter a Ship's Company.
Befrew. A tempestuous wife of Thunder and Lightning abroad: Enter a Ship-mastre, and a Befrewarde.

Mastre. What's the matter?
Befrew. What's the matter? What are you doing?
Mastre. The sea is in a tempestuous state. We must take shelter, or we shall be lost.

Enter a Ship's Company.
Befrew. A tempestuous wife of Thunder and Lightning abroad: Enter a Ship-mastre, and a Befrewarde.

Mastre. What's the matter?
Befrew. What's the matter? What are you doing?
Mastre. The sea is in a tempestuous state. We must take shelter, or we shall be lost.

Enter a Ship's Company.
Befrew. A tempestuous wife of Thunder and Lightning abroad: Enter a Ship-mastre, and a Befrewarde.

Mastre. What's the matter?
Befrew. What's the matter? What are you doing?
Mastre. The sea is in a tempestuous state. We must take shelter, or we shall be lost.

Enter a Ship's Company.
Befrew. A tempestuous wife of Thunder and Lightning abroad: Enter a Ship-mastre, and a Befrewarde.

Mastre. What's the matter?
Befrew. What's the matter? What are you doing?
Mastre. The sea is in a tempestuous state. We must take shelter, or we shall be lost.

Enter a Ship's Company.
Befrew. A tempestuous wife of Thunder and Lightning abroad: Enter a Ship-mastre, and a Befrewarde.

Mastre. What's the matter?
Befrew. What's the matter? What are you doing?
Mastre. The sea is in a tempestuous state. We must take shelter, or we shall be lost.

Enter a Ship's Company.
Befrew. A tempestuous wife of Thunder and Lightning abroad: Enter a Ship-mastre, and a Befrewarde.

Mastre. What's the matter?
Befrew. What's the matter? What are you doing?
Mastre. The sea is in a tempestuous state. We must take shelter, or we shall be lost.

Enter a Ship's Company.
Befrew. A tempestuous wife of Thunder and Lightning abroad: Enter a Ship-mastre, and a Befrewarde.

Mastre. What's the matter?
Befrew. What's the matter? What are you doing?
(Who had no doubt (some noble creature in her)

Daf'd all to pieces; 0 the cry did knocke
Against my very heart; pangs, louers, they piercing'd.
Had I byn any God of power, I would
Have2 sunk the Sea within the Earth, or ere
It should the good Ship to have swallow'd, and
The straggling Souls within her.

Prof. Be collected.
No more assurance; Tell your piteous heart
there's no harme done.

Mira. O woe, the day.

Prof. No harme:
I have done nothing, but in care of thee.
(Of thee my deare one; thee my daughter) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, naught knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better.
Then Proffers, Master of a full poore cell,
And thys no greater Father.

Mira. More to know
Did never medle with my thoughts.

Prof. This time
I should inform thee farther; Lead thy hand
And plucke my Magick garment from me: So, 0
Lye there my Art: wipe thou thine eyes, take comfort,
The dead full of image of the wraack which to call
The very verse of compassion in thee:
I have with thine provision in mine Art
So safely order'd, that there is no foule
No noo much persition as an hayre
Betzd to any creature in the yeild
With which thou hast thy care, which thou saw'st in thine: Sir
For thou now know farther, [downe,

Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but hope
And left me to a bosomile Inquisition,
Concluding, day; not yet.

Prof. I know a now come
The very minuteby thy eare thine ears,
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A thine before I came into this Cell?
I do not thinke thou canst, for then thou was not
Out three yeares old.

Mira. Certainly Sir, I can.

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

Mira. 'Tis farre off;
And rather like a dream, than an apperance
That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
For we, or false women once, that tended me?

Prof. Thou hadst! and more Mira.:
But how is it
That this liues in thy minde? What feeling dost ouls
In the dark backward and abline of Time?
Ye thine remembrance ought ere thou canst here,
How thou canst not here thou minde.

Mira. But that I do not

Prof. Twelwe yere since (Mira.) twelue yere since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milaine said
A Prince of power:

Mira. Sir, are not you my Father?

Prof. Thy Mother was a piece of vertue, and
She said thou was my daughter, and thy father
Was Duke of Milaine, and his only heir,
And Printice; no worse lised.

Mira. O the heavens,
What foule play had we, that we came from thence?

Or blest was we did?

Prof. Both, both my Gilde.
By fowle play (as thou faile) were we hurst through
But blestly holpe hitter.

Mira. O my heart blestles
To thine our thine that I have turn'd you, o
Which is from my remembrance, plesse you, farther;

Prof. My brother and thy join, call'd Authorus:
I pray thee marke me, that a brother should
Be to perfidious; he, whom next thy tellle
Of all the world: How'd, and to him put
The manage of my state, as at that time
Through all the signories it was the stift,
And Proffers, the pryme Duke, being so reputed
In dignitie and for the liberal Arts,
Without a parallel; shool being all my studie,
The Government I left upon my brother,
And to my State grew stranger, being transported
And rap'd in secret studyes, thy falle vnle
(Do'st thou attend me?)

Mira. Sir, most beedefully.

Prof. Being once perfected how to graunt suiter,
how to deny them; who's advance, and who's
To traff for ouer-topping, new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or change'd em,
Or els new form'd em; having both the key
Of Officer, and office, set all hearts I think
To what tune please his ear, that now he was
The lie which had hid my princely Truce,
And silent my verdure once' at! Thou attend'st not?

Mira. O good Sir, I doe.

Prof. I pray thee marke me!
I thus negless and worldly ends, all dedicated
To eleenes, and the bettering of my mind
With that, which but by being forret'd
One-paced all popular rage in my fallt brother
Awak'd an enuil nature, and my trust
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A filihood in it's contrarie, as great
As my trust was, which had indeed no limit,
A confidence fans bound. He being thus Lorded,
Not only what my renowne yeilded,
But what my power might els excat. Like one
Whom having in truth, by telling of it,
Made such a synner of his memorie
To credit his owne lie, he did believe
He was indeed the Duke, out of all Subltition
And excruting his outward face of Relatie
With all preroguitive his Ambition growing:
Do'st thou hear?

Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafenesse.

Prof. To hes no cause betweene this part he plaid,
And him he plaid it to, he needs will be
Abolish Mitraine, Me (powre man), my Librarie
Was Dukedom large enough; of temporall realties
He thinks me now incapeer. Confedlates
(To drie he was for Sway) with King of Naples
To gibe him Annuaull tribute, doe him hommage
Subtled his Coronet, to his Crownne and bend
The Dukedom yet know'st (als powre Mitraine)
To meet ignoble flopping.

Mira. Oh the heavens:

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

Mira. I should faine
To thinkst but Noble of my Grand-mother,
The Tempest.

Good woues haste borne bad tones.

Pro. Now the Condition.

This King of Naples being an Enemy
To me insuecrate, hearkens my Brothers part,
Which was, That he in lieu o'th' premises,
Of hommage, and I know not how much tributate,
Should publicly exactate me and mine.

Out of the Duke's estate, and conferre Musco.
With all the Honors, on my brother: Whereon
A treacherous Arrive issued, one mid-night
Faced to th'purpose, did Athisius open.

The gates of Musco, and th' incontinence
The multitudes for th'purpose hurried hence.

Me, and thy crying title.

Mrs. Alack, for pity:

I not remembering how I crede out then
Will cry in ore against it is a hine.

That wings mite eyes rove.

Pr. Hear a little further,

And then I speak to the present business.

Which now's upon's: without the which this story
Were most impertinent.

Mrs. Wherefore did they not

That howre deprivy vs?

Pr. Well demanded, wench:

My Tale proceeds that question: Deare, they durst not,
So dear the love my people bore me: nor yet
A marque so bloudy on the businesse:
With colours farrer, painted their foule ends.

In few, they hurried vs aboard a Bark.

Bore us some Leagues to Sea, where they prepared
A rotten caraff of a Butch, roor'ding,

Not tackle, fayre, nor mast, the very rare
Infiniteme have quitted: There they hoist vs

To cry to th'Sea, that round to vs: to figi

To th'windles, whose pitty fighting backe againe,

Did vs but losing wrong.

Mrs. Alack, what trouble

Was I then to you?

Pr. O, a Cherubin

Thou was't: did premise me: Thou didst smile,
Infalied with a fortride from heauen,

When I weeke did th' seas with deeps full full,

Vnder my burchen ground, which rais'd me

An unguessing tomsacke, to beeke up

Against what should enue.

Mrs. How came we a shore?

Pr. By preterition shining,

Some food, we had, and some fresh water, that

A noble Neapolitan Gonzalo

Out of his Charity, (who being then appointed
Matter of this designe) did give vs, with

Rich garments, linen, fruits, and necessaries
Which since have been'd much, so to the gendemen.

Knowing I had my bookes, he furnished me
From mine owne library, with volumes, that

I prize above my dukedom.

Mrs. Would I might

But ever fee that man.

Pr. Now sir.

Sit still, and here the left of our seas-fower:

Here in this land we artiz'd, and here

I thy Schoolemaster, made thee more profit.

Then other Princesse can, that have more time

For rainer howres; but Turoso was not so careful.

Mrs. Heauen thank you for't, and now I pray you Sir,

For full tis beating in my minde: your reason
For saying this Sea-storme?

Pro. Know thou thus farth,

By accident most strange, boundfull Fortune

(Now my dear Lady) from my enemies

Brought to this shore: And by my presence

I finde thy Zeale could depend upon.

Mrs. On a most pietifull grace, whose influence

If now I court not, but omit: my fortunate

Will ever after droope: I care of all more questions,

Thou art inclinde to desire: 'tis a good divesse,

And give it way: I know thou easit not chose:

Come away, Servant, come: I am ready now.

Approach my Ariel. Come.

Ari. All hail, great Master, grante Sir, hailte: I come

To answer thy best pleasure; be't so fly,

To swim, to due into the fire: to ride

On the cull drowes: to thy strong bidding: take

Ariel, and all his Qualitie.

Pro. Haft thou, Spirit,

Performd to point, the Tempest that I bad thee.

Ari. To every Article.

I boarded the Kings ship: now on the bank,

Now in the Waffe, the Decke, in every Calbyn,

I stood amazement, sometime I did divide

And burnt in manie places; on the Top-mast,

The Yards and Bore-Spirits, would I flame distinctly,

Then mecte, and hoist: I saw Ightning, the precenters

Of th' dreadfull Thunder-claps more momenstious

And light out-running were not; the fire, and cracks

Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune

Seene to beeinge, and make his bold waves tremble.

Yea, his dread Trident shaken.

Pro. My brave Spirit,

Who was so fere, to confute, that this royall

Would not infect his reason?

Ari. Not a soule

But felt a Feauer of the madde, and plaid

Some tricks of desperacion, call but Mariners

Plung'd in the glowing brine, and quit the refelte:

Then all a fire with mee: the Kings founde Ferdinand

With hair vp-starling (then like reeds, not haires)

Was the first man that leapt: crie hell is empty,

And all the Disels are here.

Pro. Why that is my spirit?

But was not this eyes bare

Ari. Cloze by, my Master.

Pro. But are they (Ariels) safe?

Ari. Not a hairer perished:

On their lợining garments not a blimift,

But flether then before: and as thou badst me,

In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the Ille:

The Kings sometime I landed by himselfe,

Whom I left cooling of the Ayre with fighter,

In an addde Angle of the Ille, and fittting

His armes in this sad knot

Pro. Of the Kings ship:

The Mariners say, how thou hast disposed,

And all the rest of th' Fleet?

Ari. Safely in Harbour

Is the Kings shippe, in the deepe Nooke, where once

Thou calld it me vp at midnight to fetch dice

From the full verit Bermudes, there she's stayed.

The Martines: all under hatches flowered

Who, with a Chaire joyned to their sufferd labour

I have left asleep; and for the rest all the Fleet.
The Tempest

(Which I divers'd) they all have met againe,
And are upon the Mediterranean Plote,
Bound lindy home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the Kings ship wrackes,
And his great person perish.
Pro. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd, but thers more work I
What is the time of this day?
Ar. Pait the mid fenson.
Pro. At least two Glasses of the time 'twixt six & now
Melt by as both be spent most preciously.
Ar. Is there more toyle? Since I dost give me paint.
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd: me.
Pro. How now! mouldie?
What is thou hast demand?
Ar. My Libertie.
Pro. Before the time be out? no more?
Ar. I prethee,
Remember I have done thee worthy service.
Told thee none lies, made thee no mistaking, fear'd
Without or grudge, or murmuring; thou dost promise
To bare me a full year.
Pro. Do'lt thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee? Ar. No.
Pro. Thou dost it; & thinkst it much to rend thy heart
Of the task deeper.
To run upon the shapte windes of the North,
To doe me misfortunes in the veins o'th' earth
When it is bad'd with fruit.
Ar. I do not Sir.
Pro. Thou liest, and against Things, haft thou forgot?
The fowle Witch Snow, with Age and Juny
Was grown into a booke; haft thou forgot her?
Ar. No Sir.
Pro. Thou hast, where was the bourn speakst me:
Ar. Sir, in Ariel.
Pro. Oh, was the for I must
Once a knight recount what thou haft bin,
Which thou forgetst. This duns'd Witch Scylla
For mischiefes manifold, and forsooth endless
To enter humane hearing, from Ariel.
Thou knowest, it was bounti'd, for one thing did
They not take her life. Is not this true? Ar. Sir.
Pro. This knight's shag, was thither brought with
And here was left by Silyens; thou my fause, (child)
As thou report'st thy selfe, was then her servante,
And for thou wast a Spiriton delicate
To all her earthe, and abhor commands.
Returning her grand behets, she did confine thee
By help of her more potent Ministres,
And in her most vanelligable rage,
Into a clenose Pyne, within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remaine
A dozen yeeres, with in which space the dead,
And left thee there; where thou didst wont thy greene
As fall as Millet-whelles; fittly Then was this Island
(Saue for the Son, this she did lisse forever.
A frekedil wheple, hug-born) not honord with
A humane shape.
Ar. Yes: Caliban her sonne.
Pro. Dull thing, I sayd to her, that Caliban
When now I keep in fence, thou best knowst
What torment I did finde thee in thy greene
Did make woeles howle, and penetrat the breasts
Of ever-angry Beares; it was a torment

To lay upon the damn'd, which Scylla
Could not againe yeade; it was mine Art
When I arriv'd, and heard therewith, that made gaze
The Pyne, and set thee out.
Ar. I thank thee Master.
Pro. If thou more nurseth, I will rend in Oake
And peg,chee in his knotty entrailes, till
Thou hast howd. I'le work the passage winter:
Ar. Pardon, Master,
I will be correspondent to command
And doe my parling, gently.
Pro. Doe so; and after two daies
I will discharge thee.
Ar. That's my noble Master:
What shall I doe? say what? what shall I doe?
Pro. Go up make thy cell like a Nymph o'th' sea,
Be subject to no sight but thine, and mine insensible
To every eye-ball else; go take this shape
And hither come in: I goe: hence
With diligence.
Pro. Awake, dear hart swaake, thou hast slept well,
Awake.
Ar. The frangenes of thy story, put
Hearinelle in me.
Pro. Shake it off: Come on,
We'll visit Caliban, my fause, who neuer
Yields vs kinde answer.
Mr. 'Tis a villaine Sir, I do not loue to looke on,
Pro. Butas'tis
We cannot miff him: he do's make our fire,
Fetche in our wood, and fences in Offices
That profit vs: What haue; fause; Caliban:
That earth, thou speake.
Cal. within. There's wood enough within.
Pro. Come forth I say, there's other busines for these.
Come thou Tottys, when? Enter Ariel, like a water-
Fine apparition: my quaint Ariel,
Nymph, Hearke in thine ear.
Ar. My Lord, it shall be done. Exit.
Pro. Thou poysonous flame, go by thy dwell him selfe
Upon thy wicked Dam; come forth. Enter Caliban,
Cal. As wicked dwewe, as ever my mother button'd
With Rattens feather from vn who cleme Pen
Dropp on you both: A Southwells blow on yee,
And bid you all use.
Pro. For this be far, to night thou shalt haue cramps,
Side-fitches, that shall pen thy breath vp, Virchins
Shall for that vaft of night, that they may worke
All exercice on thee; thou shalt be pinched
As thick as hony-combe, each pinch more flanging
Then Bees that made'em.
Cal. I must eat my dinner:
This Island's mine by Scylla my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me: when thou can't first
Thou strobatt me, & made much of me would gie me
Water with berries in't & teach me how
To name the bigger Light, and how the lefe
That burne by day and night: and then I would have
And dwelt in all the qualities of o'th' Isle,
The frethes Springs, Brine-pits; barren place and terril,
Curs'd be I that did so: All the Charmes
Of Scylla: Teades, Beetles, Bars light on you;
For I am all the Subjests that you haue,
Which first was mine owne King, and here you fly - me
In this hard Rockes, whilst ye doe keepe from me
The reit o'th' Island.

Pro. Thou
Th'earth knows: I hear it here above me.

Pro. Thou most holy and just! Whom汽船 may wrong, doth right; I have sworn thee 
  (Fith as she is, with whom I live and die). 
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
  The honor of my child?
Em. Oh, oh, oh, oh, wouldst thou have done it? 
Thou didst present me, I had peopled else It
This ill with Caliban.

Mrs. Abridged blame, 
Which any grief of goodness will not take, 
Being capable of all ill; I past thee in 
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hou' 
One thing or other: when thou didst not say 
Know thou now, mean, and I wouldn't grudge, like 
A thing most brief, I enjoyed the purpose.
With words that made them know where they 
The wild race was not to be with then where 
Defected could in this Rock, who had 
Defend'd most then the plain.
CAL. You taught me that, and my profit over 
In how to cure the red-plague did you 
For learning me your language.

Prof. May's well, hence.

Fetch us in, in, be quick then thou be, 
To answer other businesse: bring St. thou (Stolon) 
If doing fool's, or how ever ill, 
What I command. Be rakes thee with old Censers, 
Fill all thy bones with Aches, make thee roare, 
That best all thy tremble at thy dyn.

Cal. No, pray thee, 
I must obey, his Art is such powder, 
It would control my thoughts good sense, 
And make a fitness of him.

Pro. So haste, hence.

Enter Ferdinand & Ariel, impossible playing & singing.

Ariel Song. Come unto my function, 
And take your parts with me. 
Confined when you rose, and left 
the wilds melas what's 
Rest it fastly here, and there, and sweetly 
Sang the further. 
Barthcuffc. 

Hark, hark, hark! I hear the blast of frantic Chanticles 
my curvace-four, done.

For. Wherefield this Muficke be? It's aor, or there's a 
It founds no more: it furth it waves upon 
Some God's hand, sitting on a barge, 
Weeping again the King my Father's wraes, 
This Muficke cry by me upon the waters, 
Allaying both their fury, and my passion 
With sweet Ayre: thence I have follow'd 
(Or it hath drawne me rather) but its, goe, 
No, it begins again.

Ariel Song. I will sing the lute, for the Tempest:
Of his bow's are all made:
Those are pleasant that are long notes: 
Nothing of him that short notes. 
But that offer a Sea-chance 
Ito something else by the other:
Benei. Neptune himself blest but well.
Businesse ding, ding, ding.

Fer. The dirty do's remember my down father. 
This is no mortal busines, nor to found.
The Tempest.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Althol, Sebhesten, Ambroise, Gonzalvo, Adrian, Francisca, and others.

Gen. Befruch your Sir, be merry; you have cause, (so have we all) of joy; for our escape

Althol. Much beyond our loss, our hift of woe
Is common, every day, some Sayers wife,
The Masters of some Merchant, and the Merchant
Have lost our Theame of woe: But for the miracle,
(The means our preparition) few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely (good Sir) weigh
Our sorrow, with our comfort.

Althol. Prebhce peace.

Seb. He receiveth comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The Villitor will not give him any.

Seb. Look e, he's a winding vp the watch of his wit,
By and by he will strike.

Gen. Sir.

Seb. One Tell.

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

Seb. A dollor.

Gen. Del our cometo him indeed, you have spoken
truer than you purposed.

Seb. You have taken it wiser then I meant you
should.

Gen. Therefore my Lord.

Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue.

Althol. I preche spare.

Gen. Well, I have done; But yet

Seb. He will be talking.

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

Seb. The old Cock.

Ant. The Cock elder.

Seb. Done: The wager?

Ant. A Laughter.

Seb. A match.

Ant. Though this hand seeme to be deject.

Seb. His, his, his.

Ant. So you're paid.

Ant. Vanishable, and almost inaccessible.

Seb. Yet.

Ant. Yet.

Ant. He could not mistake.

Ant. It must needs be of syllable, tender, and delicate

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

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

Ant. The aye breathes upon vs here most sweetly.

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

Ant. Or, as were perfum'd by the air.

Gen. Hester is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True, true, means to live.

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

Gen. How lively and lively the grave looks?

How greefe?

Ant. The ground indeed is dry.

Seb. With an eye of greene in't.

Ant. He misses nor much.

Seb. No she doth but mistake the truth totally.

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

Seb. As many voces varieties are.

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

Ant. Is but one of his pockets could speake, would
it not say heays?

Seb. I, or very falsely speake vp his report.

Gen.
The faults your own.

Alas! So is the daffidoth's loss.

Gen. My Lord Sandford.

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

Seth. Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgery only.

Gen. It is a subtile weather in all good Sirs.

When you are cloudy.


Gen. Had I plantation of this Isle my Lord,

Ant. He'd dron't with Nettle seed.

Seth. Or dockers, or Mallowes.

Gen. And were the King not, what would I do?

Seth. Scape being drunkis, for want of Wine.

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

Execute all things: For no kind of Trafficke

Would I admit: No name of Magistrate:

Letters should not be knowne: Riches, penury,

And wise of sense, none but a Contract, Succession,

Borne, bound of Land, Title, Vineyard none.

No view of Metall, Corne, or Wine, or Olive:

No occupation, all men idle, all:

And Women too, but innocent and pure:

No Soveraigny.

Seth. 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 sweat or toil: Treafoyon, fellow,
Sword, Pike, Knife, Gun, or neede of any Engine
Would I not have: but Nature should bring forth
Of every kind, all frayzonall abundance
To feed my innocent people.

Seth. No marrying among his subjectes?

Ant. None (man) all idle: Whores and knaves.

Gen. I would with such perfection gouerne Sir:

The excellent Golden Age.

Seth. 'Sue his Majesty. Ant. Long live Courage.

Gen. And do you mark me, Sir?

Ant. Pre-thero no more: thou dost talk nothing to

Gen. I do well beleve your Highness, and did it to

minister occasion to those Gentlemen, who are of such diligence and nimble Lungs, that they alwayes vie
to laugh at nothing.

Ant. T-was you've laugh'd at.

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

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

Ant. What a blow was there given?

Seth. And it had not flaw'd long.

Gen. You are Gentlemen of brace metal, you would

lift the Moon out of her sphere, if she would continue
in its fixe weeks without changing.

Enter Ariel playing faltema Musick.

Seth. We would to, and then go a Bat-Fowling.

Ant. Nay, good my Lord, be not angry.

Gen. No I warrant you, I will not ausmerize my
direction so weakly: Will you laugh me asleep, for I
am very heavy.

Seth. Go sleep and heare vs.

Gen. What, what so foone asleep? with mine eyes
Would (with themselves) flit vp my thoughts,
I find they are inclin'd to do so.

Seth. Plessi Sir, you.

Do not omit the heavy offer of it:

It slumbers viis it may, when it doth, it is a Comforter.
Act. We too my Lord, will guard your person,
While you take your rest, and watch your safety,
Akin. Thank you; you: Wondrous heavy.
Sob. What a strange dreamer poëtis tes them?
Act. It is the quality o'th' Cylmiate.
Sob. Why
Act. Doth it not then wipe our eyes-drieinkle? I finde
Not my selfe dispaid to sleepe.
Act. Nor I, my spirits are enoble:
They fell to gether all, as by content
They droppe, as by a Thunder-stroke: what might
Worthy Sobctalinus O, what might it no more?
And yet I thinkes I see it in my face,
What thou shouldst do: th' affaision speaks thee, and
My strong imagination fee's a Crowne.
Dropping upon thy head.
Sob. What art thou waking?
Act. Do you not heare me speake?
Sob. I do, and surely
It is a sleepye language, and thou speake'st?
Out of thy sleepe? what is thou dost say?
This is a strange report, se be asleep.
With eyes wide open: standing, speaking, moving.
And yet so fast asleep.
Act. Noble Sobctalinus,
Those will thy fortune sleepe: die rather: wake't
Whiles thou art waking.
Sob. Thou dost speak distinctly,
There's meaning in thy stories.
Act. I am more serious then my custome: you
Must be so too, if need be: which to do,
To satisfy thee.
Sob. Well: I am standing water.
Act. I teach you how to flow.
Sob. Do for to cleehe
Hereditary Sloth instructs me.
Act. O yes.
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish,
While thus you mocke it: now is stripping it
You more innes it: slobbering men, indeed.
(Most often) do to weeke the bottom men
By their owne fears, or fowl.
Sob. Thrice away.
The feeling of thee eye, and cheeke proclaime
A matter from thee: and a birth, indeed,
Which throwes thee much to yeeld.
Act. Thus Sir:
Although this Lord of weaker remembrance, this
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is eard, hath here almost persuaded
(For here a Spirit of perswation, onely
Prefers to persuade) the King his sonne's slue,
'Twas as impossible that he's午饭'd,
As he that sleepe's here, yvines.
Sob. Haste no hope.
That hee's午饭'd.
Act. O', out of that no hope,
What great hope have you? No hope that way, is
Another way to high a hope, that euen
Ambition cannot pierce a winkie beyond
But foesdifferency there. Willy on gratit with me
This purchase is droyn'd.
Sob. He's gone,
Act. Then tell me, who's the next heire of Naples?
Sob. Clarinell.
Act. She that is Queen of Paes: she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond mans life: she that from Naples
Can haue no note, vntil the Sun were pupit in
The Man'tis Moone's too slow, all newe-born chitants
Brough, and Razor-able: She that from whom
We all were fow-allow'd, though some caste again
(And by that defect) to performe an act
Whereof, what a spall is Prologue; what to come
In yours, and my discharge.
Sob. What sleepe is this? How flye you?
'Tis true my brothers daughter's Queene of Thins,
So is the heyre of Naples, twice which Regions
There is some space.
Act. A space, whose entry is
Scenes to crye out, how shal all that Clarinell
Mesure vs backe to Naples? keepe in Pains,
And let Sobctalin wake. Say, this were death
That now hath seal'd th' em, they why were no worse
Then now they are: There be that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleepe's: Lords, that can praise
As simply, and unceasefully
As at this Gonzalco: I say felye could make
A Chough of as depepe speake: O, that you bore
The minde that I do: what a sleepe were this
For your shewins? Do you understand me?
Sob. Me thinks I do.
Act. And how do's your content
Tender your owne fortune?
Sob. I remember
You did shew thine his Brother Prosper's
Act. True.
And looke how well all Garments fitte upon me,
Much faster then before: My Brothers Garments
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.
Sob. But for your confidence.
Act. I sit where lies that? If't were a kybe
Two would put mee to my flapper: But I feele not
This Deity in my boome: 'twas ooce confidence
That standtwice me, and Milaime, toadied be they,
And mellite they mallell: Here lies your Brother,
No better then the earth hee lies upon,
If hee the which that now hee like's (that's dead)
Whom I wish this obedient speed (three inches of it)
Can lay to bed for ever: whilst you shew this,
To the perpetuall wince for eye might put
This ancient morfo: this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbrad our course: for all the rest
They'll take suggection, as a Cat laps milk.
They'll tell the clocke, to any butterife that
We aubhelle the hour.
Sob. Thy cafe, deere Friend
Shall be my presidant: As thou got it Milaime,
I'll come by Naples: Draw thy sword, one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribution which thou paunch.
And I the King shall lease thee.
Act. Draw togethe:
And when I cease my hand, do you the like
To fallit on Gonzalco.
Sob. O, but one word.
Enter Attell with Musick and Song.
Ariel. My Master through his Act foresets the cost
That you his friend are in, and lends me forth
(For else his project dies) to keep them living.
Sings in Gonzalos ear.
While you use do snowing his,
Open'd Consturbrace
His time doth take.
newest poore-John: a strange fish: wore his England now as (as once I was) and had but this fish painted: not a holiday-foole there but would give a piece of silver: there would this Monster, make a man any strange beast there, makes a man: when they will not give a dock to release a lame Beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian: Leg'd like a man: and his Flames like Armes: warms o' my throat: I doe now lett loose my opinion: hold it no longer: this is no fish, but an Illustrious fish, that hath lately suffered by a Thunderbolt: Also, the flames are come against my best way is to escape under his Gable end: there is no other shelter nearabout: Misery acquaints a man with strange-bedfellows: I will hence throw till the dregs of the flame be past.

Enter Stephano singing.

Ste. I shall no more see sea, to see, here shall I dye abroad.

This is a very funny tune to sing at a men's
Funereal: well, here's my comfort.

Sing. The Monester, the Sw F R s, the Rose, the flower & F
The Gin and his Oliver
Lord de Moll, Meg, and Marvian, and Margate,
But none of us can for Kate.
For she had a tongue with a fang,
Would cry to a Sailor go hang:
She bind'd up the flames of the fire of Pellic
Too a Tailor might scratch she where ere she did itch.
I shan to see thee, and let her go hang
This is a very funny tune too:
But here's my comfort.

Cal. Does not torment me: oh.

Ste. What's the matter?

Haste we duns here?

Does you put tricks vpon's with Salutaries, and Men of
Indes: ha? I have not ceasp'd drowning, to be afraid now of your four legs: for it hath bin laid; as proper a man as ever went on four legs, cannot make him give ground: and it shall be laid to againe, while Stephano breathes at nostalgus.

Cal. The Spirit tormentes me: oh.

Ste. This is some Monster of the shie, with four legs: who hath got (as I take it) an Auge: where the duell shou'd be leant our language? I will give him some re-bells if he 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 enter trod on Neahes-leather.

Cal. Does not torment me: prethee: I'll bring my wood home slacker.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and doth not take after the wine: he shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will goe neere to enemise his fit: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him: he shall pay for him that hath him, and that foundry.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt: thou wilt a
now, I know it by thy trembling: Now Proser waxe worsen thee:

Ste. Come on your ways: open your mouth: here is that which will give language to you. Cast open your mouths: this will make your breathing, I can tell you, and that foundly: you cannot tell who's your friend: open your chaps again.

Trl. I should know that voice:

It shou'd be,
But here is ground; and these are dined; O defend me!
Ste. Four legges and two voyces: a most delicate
Monster: this forward voyce now is to speake well of
him; his backward voyce, is to vter boole speeches, and
so destitute: if all the wine in my bottle will recouer
him, I will help his Ague: Come: Amen, I will
pource some in thy other mouth.
Th. Stephano.
Ste. Don't day other month call me? Mercy, mercy:
This is a divell, and this Monster: I will leave him, I
have no long Spacie.
Th. Stephano: if thou best Stephano, touch me, and
speak to me: for I am Triton: be not attend, thy
good friend Trinculo.
Ste. If then be't Trinculo: come fourth: I'll pull
there by the lesser legges, if any be Trinculo's legges,
there are they; Thou art very Triton: indeed: how
canst thou be the siege of this Moone calfe? Can
he be the Triton's?
Th. I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-stroke: but
art thou not ground: Stephano? I hope now those are
my dreaming: is the Storme over-blowne? I hid thee
under the dead Moone. Call'd: Gaberdine, for fear of
the Storme: And art thou, being Stephano? O Stephano,
two Neapolitan's lap'd?
Ste. Pretence doth not turne me about, my homake
is not confound.
Cal. Their be fine things; and if they be not fleshly:
that's a brave God, and bears Celestial liquor: I will
kneel to him.
Ste. How didst thou escape?
Cal. How canst thou hither?
Th. In this Bottle how thou canst hither: I crept'd
up a htt. of Sacke, which the Savors hearsed aye:
board; by this Bottle which I made of the bark of a
Tree, with nine owne hands, since I was cast a-
shore:
Cal. Ile swere upon that Bottle, to be thy true fab-
lent: I know the liquor is not earthly.
Ste. Here: I swere then how thou escap'd.
Th. Sworn alowe (near) like a Ducke: I can swim
like a Ducke Ile be sworne.
Ste. Here, hille the Bookes.
Cal. Though thou canst swim like a Ducke, thou art made
like a Crock.
Th. O Stephano, is't any more of this?
Ste. The whole But (man) my Cellar is in a rocke by
three sides, where my Wine is hid:
Cal. How now Moone-Calf, how do's thine Ague?
Ste. Our old Moone I doe affray thee. I was the
Man's Moone, when time was.
Cal. I have seen thee in her: and I doe adore thee:
My Mistis she'll me thee, and thy Dog, and thy Buff.
Ste. Come, swear to that: hille the Bookes: I will
murish it anon with new Contents: Swear.
Th. By this good light, this is a very foolish Mon-
ster: I fear of him; a very weakc Monster:
The Man's Moone?
Cal. A most poore credulous Monster:
Ste. We'll draine Monster, in good foode.
Th. He flew the every tentill touch both Hand: and
I will kiffe thy footes: I prattle thy god.
Ste. By this light, a most perfidious, and drunken
Monster, when's god's a sleepe he'll rob his Bottle.
The Tempest.

Scene Second.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

Ste. Tell me, when the But is out we will drink water, not a drop before; therefore bease vp, & board can Sirian Monton, drink to me.

Tri. Sirian Monton? the folly of this Island, they say there's but five upon this isle we are three of them, if th' other two be brained like us, the State is over.

Ste. Drink Sirian Monton when I bid thee, thy eyes are almost fit in thy head.

Tri. Where should they bee the flete? here were a brave Monton indecibly if they were flete in his tale.

Ste. My Man-Monter hath drown'd his corpse in sacke; for my part the Sea cannot drown me, I am sure I could recover the floore, five and thirte fire Leagues off and on, by this light then shalt bee my Lieutenant Monton, or my Standard.

Tri. Your Lieutenant if you lift, he's no Standard.

Ste. VVeel not can Monrion Monton.

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

Ste. Mone-coffe, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good Mone-coffe.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me like thy choice: He is not ferous, he is not valiant.

Tri. Thou liest most ignorantly Monton, I am in safe to insile a Confident; why, thou debois'd! Flish thou, was there ever a Man a Coward, that had drunk so much Sacke as I do day? wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a flesch, and halfe a Monton?

Cal. Lose, how he mocks me, will thou let him my Lord?
**The Tempest.**

**Trin.** Lord, quoth be? that a Monstre should be such a Natural?

**Col.** Lo, lo! againe: bite him to death I prethe.

**Ste. Trinculo.** keepe a good tongue in your head: If you proue a mutineere, the next I free: the poore Monster's my Subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

**Col.** I shanke my noble Lord: Whet thou be pleas'd to heade or once againe to the fute I made to thee?

**Ste.** Marty will i' th' kneele, and repeat it, I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

---

**Enter Ariel, invisible.**

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

**Ariel.** Thou lieft.

**Col.** Thou lyeft, thou leaving Monkey thou: I would my valiant Master would destroy thee.

**Trin.** Why, I said nothing.

**Ste.** Mumble, and no more I preceeded.

**Col.** I say by Sorcery he got this life From thee, he goest it. If the Greamer will Reuce it on him, (for I know thou'lt not) But this Thing dare not.

**Ste.** That's most certaine.

**Col.** Thou shalt be Lord of it, and I thee truste.

**Ste.** How now shall this be compatte? Canst thou bring me to the party?

**Col.** Yea, yea my Lord, I'le yeeld him thee asleep, Where thou shalt knocke a stake into his head.

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

**Col.** What a p'y de Nimie's this? Thou fummy patch: I do belewe thy Greamer guise him a blower, And take his bottle from him: When that's gone, He shall drinke nought but brine, for I ne'er shew him Where the quicke Fairies are.

**Ste. Trinculo.** runne into no further danger: Intercept the Monstre, one word further, and by this hand, He take my mercete or behaw, and make a Stocketh of there.

**Trin.** Why, what did I if I did nothing: He go further off.

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

**Ariel.** Thou liest.

**Ste.** Do I so? Take that thou, As well like this, as give me the ly another time.

**Trin.** Didst not give the lie? Out o' your witters, and hearing too?

A pox o' your bottle, this can Sacke and drinking does.
A rumme on your Monstre, and the drink take your fingers.

**Col.** Ha, ha, ha.

**Ste.** Now forward with your Tale: prethee stand further off.

**Col.** Beate him enough: after a little time He beate him too.

**Ste.** Said further: Come proceed.

**Col.** Why, as I told thee, he a curestone with him I' the afternoon to sleepe: there thou must brace him, Having first lett'd his bookes: Or with a logge Barre his skull, or scathe him with a stake, Or cut his wizzard with thy knife. Remember first to poelisfe his bookes, for without them He's but a Sot, as I am; nor hath not One Spirit to command: they all do hate him As soonest as I. Burne but his bookes, He ha's brave Ventile for he calleth them Which when he ha's a loue, hee decke withall. And that most deeply to consider, is The beautie of his daughter: he himselfe Calls her a Nonparell: I never saw a woman But celyly Sycaw my Dam, and the; But she as farre supracrest Sycawes, As great it do's last.

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

**Col.** I, Lord, she will become thy bed, I warrant, And bring thee forth brave brood.

**Ste.** Monstre, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be King and Queene, faue our Grace: and Trinculo and thy selfe shall be Vice-royes: Doth thou like the plot Trinculo?

**Trin.** Excellent.

**Ste.** Give me thy hand, I am sorry I brasse thee: But while thou liest not keep a good tongue in thy head.**

**Col.** Within this halfe houre will he be asleepe,

Wilt thou destroy him then?

**Ste.** I am most honester.

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

**Col.** Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure, Let vs be second: Will you trouble the Catch You taught me but whileare?

**Ste.** As thy requeset Monstre, I will do reason,

Any reason: Come on Trinculo, let vs sing.

---

**Curtain,** and curt, curt, and throw, throw, throw,

**Thoughts to free.**

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

**Ariel** playes the tune on a Tabar and Pipes.

**Ste.** What is this name?

**Trin.** This is the tune of our Catch, playd by the picture of Nobody.

**Ste.** If thou beest a man, these thy verses in thy likenes:

If thou beest a duell, take's as thou liest.

**Trin.** O forgive me my linces.

**Cal.** He that despises all debuts, I define thee;

**Ste.** Merry men vs.

**Col.** Act thou afraid?

**Ste.** No Monstre, nor I.

**Cal.** Be not afraid, the Ise is full of noyces, Sounds, and sweet airies, that grace delightful and hirrit not: Sometimes a thousand swolvaning Instruments Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices, That if I then had wak'd after long sleepe, Will make me sleepe againe, and then in dreaming, The clouds methought would open, and thow riches Ready to drop vp on me, that when I wak'd I cri'd to dream againe.

**Ste.** This will prove a brave kingdom to me, Where I shal have my Musick for nothing.

**Col.** When Prospero is destroy'd.

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

I remember the Floris.

**Trin.** The found is going away,

**Ste.** Let us follow it, and after do our worke.

**Ste. Lead Monstre,**

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

**Trin.** Wilt come?

**Col.** He follow Stephano.
Scena Tertia.


Gen. By't lakin, I can goe no further, Sir.
My old bones ache; here's a matter tooe indeate.
Through fourth of night, my Meanders by your patience,
I exdot Gaffrnett me.

Al. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee.
Who, am my felicitie depend'd with weariness.
To conûaunning him spirits: sit downe, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keepe it.
No longer for my Placee; he's done his work.
Whom thus we stray to finde, and the Sea mock's.
Our fruit is search on land; well, let him go.

Ast. I am right glad, that he's so one of hope:
Do not for one repulse forget the purpose.
That you refold'dperfect.

Seb. The next advantage will we take throughly.
Let it be to night,
For now they are opposte'd with treasue, they
Will not, nor cannot vie such vigllance.

When they are thritte.

Seb. The Aestemperate Musick, and Prosper on the sea (imme-
ificates) these sudden partes, the museoues in a manner,
And peace about with gentle actions of situations, and
izing the King, the greatse, they depart.

Ast. I say to night: no more.

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

Gen. Marcusmost sweet Musick.

Alc. C painting kind keepers, beast's what theref.

Seb. A living Drearre, now I will beleue.
That there are Volecrees: that is, in Arabia.
There is one Tree; the Phoenix throveth, one Phoenix
At this hour weighing there.

Ast. He beleue both,
And what doth else want creditt, come to me.
And He become's one true: Travellers were did lye,
Though foole at hame condemn one em.

Gen. Him Naples.

I should report this now, would they beleue me?
If I should say I saw such Islands,
(For either there are people of the island)
Who though they are of monstrous shape, yet now
Their manners are more gentle, kinde, then of
Our humane generation you shall finde
Many, may almost any.

pro. Honell Lord.
Thou hast said well for some of you there preferre:
Are worse then diesd.

Al. I cannot too much misse.
Such shapes such gesture, and such found expressing
(Although they want the vis of tongue) a kinde.
Of excellent dimble discourse.

pro. Praise in departing.

Fr. They vanishe strangely.

Seb. No matter, since.
They have left their Vlads behind; for we have hau
Will please your taste of what is here?

Ast. No.

Gen. Faith Sir, you need not feare; when we were
Who beleue there were Mountaynees.
Dew-lap'd like Bulls, whose throates had hanging at em
Wallest of flesh? or that there were such men.
The Tempest

Scene Prima.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pros. If I have too unlawfully punished you, your compensation makes amends for it. Have given you here, a third mine own life, or that for which I live: who, once again, I tender to thy hand: All thy vexations Were but my trials of thy love, and thou Hadst strangely loved me: here, before audience I bestow this my rich gift: O Ferdinand, Do not smile at me; that I boast of her, For thou shalt find she will out-dish all praise And make it half, behind her.

Pros. I do believe it.

Agamemnon, Oracle.

Pros. Then, my guest, and shine mine acquisition Worthily purchase'st; take my daughter: But if thou dost break her Virgin-knot, before All such monstrous ceremonies may With fall and holy rites be mingled, No sweet affection shall the heavens let fall To make this contract grow; but barren hate, Sower-his dill's chase, and discord shall betwixt The union of your bed, with woes and toils most That you shall hate it both: Therefore we take heed, As Hymen Lampsall shall light you.

Flour. As I hope For quiet days, fairest issue, and long life, With such loving, as is now the musick of the day, The best occasion, to the thought of it, Our wroth Genii can, shall neuer me mislike Mine honor into lute, to take away The edge of that days celebration, When I shall think, or Phoebus Seeds are founded, Or Night kept chain'd below.

Pros. Fairly spoke; Sit then, and take with her, she is mine own she, What !Ariel my industrious servant Ariel. Enter Ariel.

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

Flour. Thou, and thy meaner fellows, your last servant Did wisely perform; and I must vouch you In such another trice; give bring the rabble (Ore whom I gave thee power) here, to this place: Incite them to quicken motion, for I must Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple Some vanity of mine Art: it is my promise, And they exalt it from me.

Pros. Duality?

Pros. I wish a trince, a trince, Before you can say come, and get, And breathe twice; and cry, fo, fo, fo, Each one tripping on his toe, Will be here with mop, and move. Do you love me Master? no?

Pros. Dearstly, my delicate Ariel; doe not approach Till thou dost heare me call.

Ar. Well; I conceal.

Pros. Lookst thou true? doe not see dalliance Too much the raigne: the strongest earths, are straw To thieve his' blood: be more alicious, Or else good night your wowe.

Flour. I warrant you, sir,
The white cold virgin Snow, upon my heart Abates the ardour of my Lister.

Pros. Well.

Now consec' me Ariel, bring a Corollary, Rather then want a Spirit appear, & pettily. Soft musick, No tongue: all eyes: be silent.

Enter Ceptes, most bounteous Lady, thy rich Less Of Wholes, Rye, barley, Fitches, Oates, and Pease; Thy Turffie Mountains, where blue nipping Sheepe, And fat Medes thatch'd with Stover, them to keep, Thy bankes with pinned, and twist'd briars Which spungie April, as thy left breasts, To make cold Nymphes shaft crownes; & thy brome, Whole shadow the dunsightly Batchelor louses, (growes;) Being faire-Jorne: thy pole-clipeet vineyard, And thy Sea-large thistle, and rockey-hark, Where thou thy kite do't lay, the Queen o' th Skies, Whole wary Archer, and messanger, am I, Bids thee leave these, & with her fouraigne grace, Ino Here on this graff-plot, in this very place defends, To come, and sport, here Peaches flye amain: Approach, rich Ceptes, her to entertaine.

Enter Ceptes.

Cept. Hail, many-coloured Messenger, that here Doth disobey the wife of top ster: Who, with thy siffion wings, upon thy flowers Diffused honey drops, refreshing floweres, And with each end of thy blew bowe do't crown My boothe acres, and my rufuld down, Rich scarpe to my proud earth; why hast th' Queen Summoned me hither, to this florist's greene? Cept. A contrat of true Lour, to celebrate, And some donation freely to solace

On the blest d Lourers.

Cer. Tell me heanevly Eowe, If it please her Sonne, as thou dost know, Doe now attend the Queen? since they did plot The means, that duss: Du, thy daughter pot, Her, and her blind-Boyes scandal company, I hate forsworne.

Of her footstool.

Beren not afraid: I met her deire Cutting the clouds towards Populos: and her Son Doue: drawn with her: there thought they to have done Some wanton charme, upon this Man and Maid, Whole vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid Till Hymanes Torch be lighted: but in vaine, Mafse: her Minion is return'd againe, Her waspish head froze, has broke his arrows, Swears he will choose no more, but play with Sparrows, And be a Boy right out.

Cept. Highbith Queen of State,

Great ladies comes, I know her by her gate.

Cer. How doth my bounteous finger? goe with me To blest this twaine, that they may prosperous be, And honoured in their issue. Tiny Sing.

Cer. How doth my bounteous finger? goe with me, To blest this twaine, that they may prosperous be, And honored in their issue. Tiny Sing.
Pro. Come with a thought; I thank thee. 
Ar. Thy thoughts I cleave to, what's thy pleasure?
Pro. Spirits. We must prepare to meet with Caliban.
Ar. I my Commander, when I presented Ceres
I thought I have told thee of it, but I fear'd
Leaft I might anger thee.
Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave thee valuables?
Ar. I told you Sir, they were red-hot with drinking,
So full of valour, that they smote the aire
For breathing in their faces: beate the ground
For killing of their feet; ye alwaies bending
Towards their protrud': when I bestrode my Taber,
At which like viback't colts they prick their ears,
Advance'd their eye-lids, lift up their noes
As they smelt muskewick, so I char'd their ears
That Call-i-like, they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd & bristled, sharpe furred, pricking gole, & horns,
Which entered their frailims: at last left them
I'll filthly mastened people beyond your Cell,
There dancing vp to th'chins, that the fowle Lake
Oe-flanck their feet.
Pro. This was well done (my bird)
Thy shape insensible insane thou fell
The triumph in my house, goe bring it biter
For sale to catch thee the sooner. Ar. I go, I goe. Exit.
Pro. A Deuill, a faucon Deuill, on whose nature
Nurtvre can never; ficker: upon whom my pains
Humately taken, all, all lost, quite lost,
And, as with age, his body outger grew,
So his mind enconers: I will plague them all
Even to roaring: Come, hang on them this line.
Enter Ariel, leaden with glistering apparel, &c. Enter
Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all met.
Cal. Pray you tread softly, that the blinde Mole may
not heare a foot fall: we are now are near his Cell.
St. Monyster your Fairy, if you pay is a harmsleffe Fairy
Has done little better then plaid the Blacks with vs.
Trin. Monyster, I do smell all horse-pisse, at which
My nose is in great indigation.
Stelle mine, Do you heare Monyster? If I should
Take a displeasure against you: Lookce you,
Trin. Thos wort, but a loath Monyster.
Cal. Good my Lord, give me thy fauour fili,
Bepatient, for the prize he bring thee too
Shall hadwinke this mischance: therefore speak softly,
All's hustias as midight yet.
Trin. I, but to leade our bottles in the Poole.
Stelle, There is not only enfarce and disfhar in that
Monyster, but an infinite loffe.
Tr. That's more to me then my wetting:
Yet this is your harmsleffe Fairy, Monyster.
Stelle, I will fetch out my bottle,
Though I be ose cares for my labours.
Cal. Pre-thee (my king) be quiet. Seeth shoue here,
This is the mouth o'th Cell: no noise, and enter:
Do that good mitchefts, which may make this Illand
Thine owen for euer, and I thy Caliban
For eyr thy foot-lucker,
Stelle, Give me thy hand.
I do begin to have bloody thoughts.
Trin. O King Stephano, O Peere: O worthy Stephano,
Looke what a wardrobe here is for thee.
Cal. Let it alone thou foole, it is but trall.
Thr. Oh, thou, Monyster, we know what belongs to a
fripprey, O King Stephano.
Se. Put off that gowne (Travelse) by this hand I'll
have that gowne.

Tri. Thy grace shall have it. (meanes)

Cat. The dropsie drawes this foolie, what do you
To dose this such luggage! Let's alone
And dose the murther first: if he awake,
From toe to crownne he'll fill our skins with pinches,

Make vs change buffete.

Se. Be you quiet (Monster) Methis line, is not this
my Jewin? Now is the Jewin under the line: now Jewin
you are like to loose your hate, Xyprose a bald Jewin.

Tri. Doc, doc: we shall be lyne by lyne, and take
like your grace.

Se. I thank thee for that left; here's a garnment for't:
With all shall not goe vs-crooked while I am King of this
Country: Byoute line and lyse, is an excellent passe
of pate: there's another garnment for't.

Tri. Monster, come put this Lime upon your
fingers, and away with the rest.

Cat. I will have none on't: I will loose our time,
And all returne to Bambacles, or to Ape.

With foreheads villianous low.

Se. Monster, lay to your fingers, helpe to heare this
away, where my hoghead of winnes, or be came you
out of my kingdom: goe to, carry this.

Tri. And this,

Se. I, and this.

A newly of Hunters heard. Enter drones Spiritus in shape
of Dogs and Hounds, hunting them about: Prospero
and Ariel seeing them on.

Pro. Hey Mountain, hey,

Ariel. Soldier: there it goes, Silver.

Pro. Furry, Furry: there Tyrant, there: harke, harke.

Goe, charge my Goblins that they grinde their innes
With dry Convolutions, shorten vp their finewes
With ag'd Cramps, & more pinch'd spotted make them,
Then Pard, or Cat o' Mouttaine,

Ariel. Harke, they are there.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly: At this house
Lies at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the ayre at heede: for a little
Follow, and doe me service.

Athus quintus: Secena Prima.

Enter Prospero (or his Mercurius sider) and Ariel.

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

Ariel. On the fast hoppe, at which time, my Lord
You bid our worke should cease.

Pro. I did say so.

When first Irais'd the Tempell: say my Spirits,

How fares the King, and his followers?

Ariel. Confir'd together
In the same fashion, as you gaue in charge:
But as you left them: all prisoners Sir

In the Line-graze which we ther-flowers your Cell,

They cannot budge till your relese: The King,
His Brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,
And the remainder mourning over them,

Brim full of sorrow, and dismay: but chiefly

Him that you term'd Sir, the good old Lord Gonzalo,
His tears runs downe his beard like winters drops
From cause of neds: your charm so strongly works' em
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Doth thou think, Sir, Spirits?

Ariel. Mine would, Sir, were I humane.

Pro. And mine shall,

Haft thou (which art but sirc) a touch, a feeling
Of their affections, and shall not my selfe,
One of their kindes, that relict all as fitly,

Passion as they, be kindlier mord' than thou art?

Though with their high wrongs I am trokke to the quick,

Yet, with my nobler reason, gainst my surce

Do c take part: the rater Action is

In vertue, than in vengeance: they, being penitent,

The fol drift of my purpose doth extend

Not a frowne further: Goe, relese them Ariel,

My Charms he brake, their fenses he relese,
And they shall be fil mines.

Ariel. Ile fetch them, Sir.

Pro. Ye Eues of fuls, brooks, flatting lakes & groves,

And ye, that on the sands with printtelle foote

Doe clacke the ebbing-Waves, and doe clacke him

When he cometh backe: you silly, Puppets, that

By Moone-shine doe the greense Loreless make,

Whereof the Ewe not bites: and you, whole palestine

Is to make midnight-Murkstamps, that relowe

To heare the solenn Carcafe, by whose aude

(Wake Makers though yete be) I have bedynd:

The Noon-eide Sun, call'd forth the munternes winde:

And twist the green sea, and the swarded vaults

Set roaring warre: To the dred danger: Thunder

Have I givne fire, and rihted Iose flowt Oke

With his owne Boat: The strong bals' promontorie

Dowre me made flake, and by the maps pointet vp

The Pyre, and Cedar. Gresses at my command

Hewd their sleepers, op'd, and let them forth

By my fo potent Art. But this rough Magick

I hearre abisse, and when I have requir'd

Some heavenly Mufick (which even now I do)

To work mee end upon their Senses, that

This Apyre-charme is for, Ile breake my flaffe,

Bury it cernence fadones in the earth,

And deeper then did euer Plutnet found

Ile drown me booke.

Solemus Musick.

Here enter Ariel before: Then Alonso with a frontice ge-

sture, attended by Gonzalo, Sebastian and Antonio in

like manner attended by Adriani and Francisci: They all

enter the circle which Prospero had made, and ther found,

charmed: which Prospero offering: spake,

A solemn Ayre, and the best comforter,

To an unfeaded fume, Cure thy brains

(Now we(Por) boile within thy skull: there stand

For you are Spell-flott.

Holy Gonzalo, Honourable man,

Mine eyes e'en foiciable to the shew of shine

Fall fellowly drops: The charm so difflusse, space,

And as the morning beakes upon the night

(Melting the darkness) hie their rising fences

Begin to chace the ignorant fuses that mantle

Their clearer reason: O good Gonzalo,

My true friend,t, and a loyal Sir,

To him thou followst? I will pay thy graces

Honne both in word, and deeds: Most cruelly.
Didst thou alone, wise one, and my daughter:
Thy brother was further in the Act,
Thee art pinch'd not now. Sublime, flesh, and blood,
You, brother mine, that entertain't ambition,
Expel remorse, and nature, whom, with Sublime
(Who, inward pinches thee if there be no strength)
Would have of thee your Kingdom. I do forgive thee,
Yours, though thou art at their underhand.
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore
That nought so safe, and muddied: not on of them
That yet lookes upon, or would know me: Ariel,
Fetch from my Heart, and Rapier. I am Cell,
I will discourse me, and my selfe present
As I was sometime Sitiana. Quickly Spirit,
Thou shalt returne hence,
Ariel swifts, and helps to allure him.
Where the seas flake, there slack.
In a Conflagr'd Sea, there,
There I comb when Owls doe crie,
On the Beasts backs do I lie
After Summer mercy.
Mercily, mercily, soft I am now,
Under the flyships, that hang on the Bow.

Thee, but yet thou shalt have freedom to go, go,
To the Kings ship, invisible as thou art,
There shalt thou find the Mariners revenge
Under the Hatches: the Matter and the Boat-swaine
Being without, enforce them to this place;
And presently, I pretend.
Ar. I drink the air before me, and return
Or ere your pulse twice heare.

Gen. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabit's here, I some heavenly power guide's
Out of this fearful Country.

Pro. Behold Sir King,
The wounded Duke of Sitiana. Proffers
For more assurance that a dwelling Prince
Do's now speake to thee, I embrace thy body,
And to thee, and thy Company, I bid
A hearty welcome,
Arts. Where thou bee'st he or no,
Or some enchanted trille to abuse mee,
(As late I have bee'n) I not know'st thy Palle
Bears as of flesh, and blood; and since I saw thee,
Tis affliction of mine mindes, with which
I fear'm made heere: this must cease.
(And if this be not all) a most strange story,
Thy Duke done I reigne, and doe direct.
This pardon me thy wrongs; But how shold Proffers
Believe, and be here?

Pro. First, noble Friend,
Let mee embrace thee again, whose honor cannot
Be assured, or confin'd.
Gen. Whether this be,
Or not, I do not sware.

Pro. You do yet smile
Some subtilties of this life, that will not let you
Releue thin thinges certaine: Welcome, my friends all,
But you, my grace of Lords, were I so minded
I here could plucke his Highness frowne upon you
And affliue you Traitors: at this time
I will tell thee tales.

Sid. The Duke makes in him.

Pro. Not.
That has such people in't.

Pros. 'Tis new to thee.

Alc. What is this Maid, with whom thou wast as
Your eldest acquaintance cannot be three hours; as
Is she the goddaughter that hath fewer'd us,
And brought vs thus together?

Pros. Sir, she is mortal;

But by immortal Providence, she is mine;
I chose her when I could not ask my Father
For his advice; nor thought I had one: She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom, so often I have heard renowne,
But never saw before: of whom I hate
Receipt of a second life; and second Father
This Lady makes him to me.

Alc. I am hers.

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

Pros. There Sir sit down,

Let vs read the remembrances, with
A semblance that's gone.

Gen. I have inly wept;

Or should have spoke ere this look'd downe you gods
And on this couple cloy'd a blest crown;
For it is you, that have shall'd forth the way
Which brought vs higher.

Alc. I say Amen, Genio-

Gen. Was 'Milan', thouf from Milan, that his life
Should become Kings of Naples: O rejoyce
Beyond a common joy, and let it downe
With gold on falling Pillars in one voyage
Did Jardine her husband finde at Tunis,
And Ferdinand her brother, found a wife,
Where he himselfe was left: Prospero, his Duke
Drowned in a poor life: and all of vs, our felons,
When no man was his owne.

Pros. Give me your hands:

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

Gen. Be it so, Amen.

Enter Ariel, with the Master and Benjamine.

Pros. You see Sir, look Mr, Sir; there are more of vs:
I prophesied, if a Gallows were on Land
This fellow could not crowne: Now blasphemy,
That swear 'tis Grace o're-born, not in this place:
Half thou no mouth by land.

Gen. What is the business?

Pros. The best news is, that we have lately found
Our King, and company. The next: o' our Ship,
Which but three glasses fine, we gave out split,
In tow, and fare, and bravely rig'd; as when
We first got out to Sea.

Pros. Sir, all this fortune
Have I done since I went.

Pros. My crickety Spirit.

Alc. These are not natural events, they strengthen
From strange to stranger: say, how came you hither?
But if I did think, Sir, I were well awake,
I'll thrive to tell you: we were dead of life,
And (how we know not) all slit with severall lances,
Where, but even now, with strange, and several noyes
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, glingling, clancous,
And most divers of sounds, all horrible.
We were awak'd: bright way, at liberty,
Where we, in all our trim, freely behold

Our royall, good, and gallant Ship: our Master
Capping to eye her: on a truce, so please you.
Even in a dreame, were we divided from them;
And were brought moaping higher.

Pros. But the sheer delight of his presence
In a dreame, was to see.

Alc. This ischild a strange Maze, as seeme todread,
And there is in this businesse, more then nature
Was ever conduced to: some Oracle
Must rectifie our knowledge.

Pros. Sir, my Leige,

Do not infall your minde, with beating on
The strangeness of this businesse, to pickle leisure
(Which shall be shortlyingle): I'll relieve you,
(Which to you shall seeme probable) of every
Th' happen accidents: till when, be cheerful
And think of each thing well: Come hither Spirit,
Set Calibos, and his companions free;
Voyt the Spell: How tares my gracious Sir?
There are yeatisf of your Company
Some few odd Lady, that you remember not.

Pros. Enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and
Trinculo on their Sober Apparrel.

Pros. Every man shift for all the rest, and let
No man take care for himselfe: for all is
But fortune, Caliban, Bully-Moultar, Coriol.,
Tri. If th'be true spies which I wear in my head,
Here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setsebas, these be braze Spirits indeed:
How fine my Master is? I am afraid
He will chasifie me.

Seb. Ha, ha:

What things are thefe, my Lord Anthony?
Will money buy'em?

Pros. Very like: one of them
Is a plaine Fish, and no doubt marketable.

Pros. Markke but the badges of these men, my Lords,
Then say if they be true: This mishapen knaves
Ha Master was a Witch, and one so strong
That could controul the Moone; make flowers, and eb,
And deal in her command, without her power:
These three have robbed me, and this demy-drunke,
That he's a bastard one: I had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these Fellowes, you
Must know, and owse, this Thing of darkenesse, I
Acknowledgge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alc. Is not this Stephano, my drunk to Butes?

Seb. He is drunk now.

Pros. Where had he wine?

Alc. And Polonius is reeling ripe: where should they
Find this grand Liquor that hath gilded 'em:
How can't it show in this pickle?

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

Seb. Why how now Stephano?

Ses. O touch me not, I am not Stephano, but a Crampe.
Pros. You'd be King o' the Life, Sebas?

Tri. I should have bin a fore one then.

Alc. This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.

Pros. He is as disproportion'd in his Manners
As in his shape: O Sirs, to my Cell,
Take with you your Companions as you look,
To have my pardon, trim it kindly.

Tri. I that I will: and lie be wife hereafter.

And
And seek for grace: what a strife double Ashe Was I to take this drugged for a god? And worship this dull fools? 

Pro. Go so, away.

Ado. Hence, and bellow your luggage where you Sub. Or stole it rather.

Pro. Sir, I return your Highness, and your train To my poor Cell: where you shall take your rest For this one night, which part of it, Ille wafts With such discourse, as not doubt, shall make it Go to quick a speed not the flow of my life, And the particular accidents, you by since I came to this isle: And in the morn I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples.

Where I have hope to see the nuptials Of thefe our desire-bred, solemnized, And hence retire me to my Millaine, where Every third thought shall be my grave. 

Acts, I long To have the story of your life, which must Take the care lovingly. 

Pro. I'll deliver all, And promise you calme Soul, auspicious gales, And faire, fo expeditions, that shall catch Your Royal fleet farre off: My Ariel; dishke That is thy charge: Then to the Elements. 

Re-enter, and fare thee well: please you draw nears.

Execut omnes.  

EPILOGUE, spoken by Prospero.  

Now my Charsions are alls-brewn, And what strength I have's mine own. Which is most fair: now it's true Tis must be here confound by you, Or else to Naples, let me not. Since I have my Dukedom, And pardoned the detter, dwell In this bare Island, by your Spell. But release me from my bonds With the hope of your good hands: Gentle breath of yours, my States Must fall, or else my project fails, which was so please: Now I want Spirits to enforce: are to instruct, And my ending is depend, Unhappily in this place. Wholeprofe I was, that to affiult Mercy it selfe, and friends fail. 

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

EXIT.  

The Scene, an un-inhabited Island  

Names of the Actors.  

Alons, K. of Naples: 
Sebastian his Brother, 
Prospero, the right Duke of Millaine. 
Antonio his brother, the usurping Duke of Millaine. 
Ferdinando, Son to the King of Naples. 
Gonzalo, an honest old Counsellor. 
Adrian, & Francisco, Lords. 
Caliban, a savage and deformed slave. 
Trinculo, a washer. 
Stephano, a drunken Butler. 
Malter of a Ship. 
Boatswain. 
Marriners. 
Miranda, daughter to Prospero, 
Ariel, an ayrie Spirit. 
Fris 
Ceres 
Ino 
Nymphes 
Reapers 

Finis. 

THE
THE
Two Gentlemen of Verona.
Aactus primus, Scena prima.

Valentine: Presume, and Speed.

Valentine.

Sirs, I am safe to peruse and my loving Presume; As home-keeping youth, love ever homely wits, We're not affection changes thy tender days To the sweet glimpse of thy honour'd Loues; I rather would enter thy company, To see the wonders of the world abroad. Then (living dully sluggardize at home) Wear out thy youth with the pageant of life; But since thou hast it, looke, and thus therein, Even as I would, when I close begin.

Pres. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine said ever, Think on thy Presume, when thou hast happy feast Some rare note-worthy object in thy travele, With me partake in thy happiness, When thou dost meet good hap; and in thy danger, (No other danger doe ensue in thee) Commend thy prayer to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.

Val. And on a louse-book pray for my face then? Pres. Upon some books I have, I pray for thee. Val. That's on some shallow store of deep love, How sayest thou, that's a deep score, of a deeper love, For he was more then over-thou in love.

Val. Thy face; for you are one-boothes in love, And yet you never from the Nellipapers.

Pres. Over the Bothes? may not I give me not the Bothe.

Val. No, I will not; for it boots thee not.

Pres. What's that?

Val. To be in love; where for some is bought with Coy looks, with hart-faire fiques: one fading moments With twenty watchfull, weary tedious nights; (mirth, If haply won, perhaps a hapless game; If lost, why then a grievous labour won; How ever, but a folly bought with wit, Or else a wit, by folly vacuished.

Pres. So, by your circumstances, you call me fool; Val. So, by your circumstances, I fear you'll prouce.

Pres. This Loue you caull at, I am not Loue.

Val. Lone is your matter, for he matters you; And he that is so yoked by a fool,
Methinks should not be chronicled for wife.

Pres. Yet Writers say, as in the sweetest Bud, The eating Canker dwells, so eating Loue Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And Writers say, as the most forward Bud

Is eaten by the Canker ere it blow, Even so by Loue, the yong, and tender wit Is turn'd to folly, blading in the Bud, Looing his verdure, even in the prime, And all the faire effects of future hopes. But whereof waffe I time to countaine thee? That art a votary to fond dieffe?

Once more adieu: my Father at the Road
Expires my comming, there to see me ship'd.

Pres. And thither will I bring thee Valentine.

Val. Sweet Presume, no; Now let us take our leave: To Millson let me heare from thee by Letters Of thy face in love; and what newes else Bereth thee in absence of thy friend; And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pres. All happy be thy chance to the in Millson.

Val. As much to you as homely and to farewell. Exit.

Pres. He after Honour hunts, I after Loue;
He leaves his friends, to digest them more,
I lose my self, my friends, and all for love:

Thou Juno, thou hast met a most phis'd me:
Made me neglect my Studies, lose my time:
Waste with good company; set at the world at nought;
Made Wit with muting, weaken, hart fick with thought.

Sp. Sir Presume: Have you any news of my Master?

Pres. But now he pur'd hence to embrace for Millson.

Sp. Twenty to one then, he is chip'd already, And I have paid the Shepheard in looking him.

Pres. Indeed a Shepheard doth very often fly,
And if the Shepheard be a while away,

Sp. You conclude that my Master or a Shepheard then, And I Shepheard.

Pres. I doe.

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

Pres. A silly answer, and fering well a Shepheard.

Sp. This prices me full a Shepheard.

Pres. True; and thy Master a Shepheard.

Sp. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pres. It shall go hard but I proue it by another.

Sp. The Shepheard feakes the Shepheard, and not the Sheepe the Shepheard; but I feake my Master, and my Master feakes not me; therefore I am no Sheepe.

Pres. The Shepheard for fodder follow the Shepheard, the Shepheard for food follows not the Sheepe: thou for wages followest thy Master, thy Master for wages follows not thee: therefore thou art a Sheepe.

Sp. Such another proofe will make me cry baull.

Pres. But doth thou heare; gau'th thou my Letter to Intell?
Sp. I Sir. I (a left-Mutton) gave your Letter to her (a lac'd-Mutton) and the (all-Mutton) gave me (a left-Mutton) nothing for my labour.

Pres. Here's too small a Pattle for such fare of Muttons.

Sp. If the ground be ovet-charg'd, you were best flucker her.

Pres. Nay, in that you are at sea; there were bell pound you.

Sp. Nay Sir, let them a pound shall we don our carrying your Letter.

Pres. You mistake; I mean the pound, a Pinfold.

Sp. From a pound to a pike, fold it over and over.

This threefold too little for a letter to your lover.

Pres. But what said she?

Sp. I.

Pres. God-1, why's this noddy?

Sp. You mistake Sir, I fly the did nod; and you take me if the did nod, and I fly. Pres. And that's togetheer is noddy.

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

Pres. No, no, you shall have it for hearing the letter.

Sp. Well, I perceive I must be gone to be with you.

Pres. Why Sir, how do you bear with me?

Sp. Marry Sir, the letter very orderly.

Having nothing but the word noddy for my pains.

Pres. Befrew, you, but you have a quick wit.

Sp. And yet it cannot offer-take your fine purse.

Pres. Come, come, open the matter in a brief; what said she?

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

Pres. Well Sir, here is for your pains; what said she?

Sp. Truely Sir, I think you'll hardly with her.

Pres. Why, could't thou perceive so much from her; Sp. Sir, I could perceive nothing as all from her.

No, not so much as a duckett for delivering a Letter.

And being so hard to me, that brought your mind;

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

Give her no token but tones, for she's as hard as a stake.

Pres. What said she, nothing?

Sp. No, not so much as take this for thy pains; (meg) To tell you your bounty, thank you, you have esteem'd In requital whereof, henceforth, carry your letters your self; and Sir, I'll commend you to my Master.

Pres. Go, go, be gone to save your Ship from wrack,

Which cannot prevent having the absurds,

Being defen'd to a higher death on shore.

I must send some better Messengers,

I fear my Julia would not daigne my lines,

Receiving them from such a worthliee post. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Innos and Lucette.

Jul. But say Lucette (now we are alone) Would'th thou then confesse me to fall in love? Luc. I Madam, so you humble not unhealthily.

Jul. Of all the fairest of Gentlemen,

Thus every day with pleasure I encounter me.
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

And not upon your Maid.

Lu. What’s’t’that you Took’t to gingerly?

Lu. Nothing.

Lu. Why didst thou stoop then?

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

Jul. And is that paper nothing?

Lu. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lie, for those that it concerns,

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

Vulgar it ha’ the false Interpreter.

Jul. Some love of yours, hath write to you in Rome.

Lu. That I might finge it (Madam) to assure

Grieve a Note, your Lordship can let

Jul. A little by suits toyes, as may be possible:

Best finge it to the tune of Light O’ Love.

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

Jul. Heavy? beleeke it hath some burden then?

Lu. 1: and melodie were it, would you finge it,

Jul. And why not you?

Lu. I cannot reach so high.

Jul. Let’s see your Song;

How now Minion?

Lu. Keep you there still; so you will finge it out

And yet me thinks I do not like this tune.

Jul. You don’t?

Lu. No (Madam) its too sharpe.

Jul. You (Minion) are too s숹ecious.

Lu. Nay, now you are too flat;

And marre the concord, with too harsh a defitune:

There wanted but a Mene to fill you Song.

Jul. It is drawn with you very base,

Lu. Indeed I did the base for Procris;

This babble shall not henceforth trouble me;

Here is a coile with protestation.

Goe get you gone: and let the paper lyse;

You would be finging them to anger me.

Jul. She makes it styke, but she would be best pleased

To be so angred with another Lover.

Jul. Nay, would I were so angred with the same:

Oh bathefull hands, to earse such louing words;

Inouisous Wafes, to fede on such sweet honey,

And kill the Bees that yeelds it, with your tongue.

He kisse each feucler paper, for amende;

Looke, here is writ, knede Italia: unknede Italia,

As in seignor of thy ingratitude.

I throw thy name against the buzzing, Bees,

Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain;

And here is writ, Love wounded Procris,

Poor wounded name: my selfe takest, as a bed,

Shall lodge the stilet thou would be throughly heal’d;

And that I feste it with a fourspaigne kiffe.

But twice, or thrice, was Procris written downe;

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

Till I haue found each letter, in the Letter.

Except mine own name: That, some whirte windle bearst

Vnto a ragged, farefull, hanging Rocke;

And throw it thence into the raging Sea.

Loe here in one line is his name twice writ

Poor wounded Procris, paffionate Procris;

To the sweet Italia: the he reate away

And yet I will not, fith to pretely

He couples it, to his complaining Names;

Thus will I fold them, one upon another;

Now kisse, embrase, contend, do what you will.

Lu. Madam; dinner is ready, and your father Dianet.

(Enter Antonio and Pandolfo, Procris.

Ant. Tell me Procris, what sad talkes was that,

When ev’n my brother held you in the Cloyter?

Pan. ’Twas of his Nephew Procris, your Sonne.

Ant. Why? what of him?

Pan. He wondered that your Lordship

Would suffer him, to spend his youth at home,

While other men, of tender Reputation

Put forth their Sonnes, to feele preferment out;

Some to the warres, to try their fortune there;

Some, to discover Islands farre away;

Some, to the studious Virtuities;

For any, or the all their exercises,

He said, that Procris, your sonne, was met;

And did request me, to importune you

To let him spend his time no more at home;

Which would be great impeachment to his age,

In having knowne no trable in his youth.

Ant. Nor need’t thou much importance to that

Whereas, this month I haue bin hammering,

I haue consider’d well, his loffe of time,

And how he cannot be a perfect man,

Not being try’d, and cutout in the world;

Experience is by industry attained;

And perfected by the twelf course of time;

Then tell me, whether we be best to send him?

Pan. I think your Lordship is not ignorant

How his companion, youthfull Valence,

Enters the Emperour in his royal Court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pan. Twere good, I thinkke, your Lordship sent him

There shall be prackliche Tils, and Turnaments;

Here sweet discourses, converse with Noble-men, and

Be in eye of every Exercise.

Worthy his youth, and noblenesse of birth.

Ant. I like thy counteiny: well hast thou advis’d

And that thou mayst perceive how well I like it,

The execution of it shall make knowne;

Euen with the speediest expedition.

I will dispatch him to the Emperours Court.

Pan. To morrow, may it please you,

With other Gentlemen of good estate

Are journeying to signify the Emperor,

And to commend their service to his will.

Ant. Good company: with them shall Procris goe;

And if I understand you aright.

Pcr. Sweet lord, sweet line, sweet life,

Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;

Here is her oath for Jove, her honest pawns;
Enter Valentine, Speed, Silvia.

Val. Sir, your Grace.

Fal. Not mine; my Clownes are on.

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

Val. Ha! Let me feel, give it me, 'tis mine.

Sweet Ornament, that deckes a thing divine.

Ab. Silvia, Silvia.

Sp. Madam Silvia; Madam Silvia.

Val. How now Silvia?

Sp. She's not within hearing, Sir.

Val. Why sir, who was she call'd her?

Sp. Your worship's lady, or else I mistake.

Val. Well, 'tis but too forward.

Sp. And yet I was last child for being too slow.

Val. Go, let's, tell me, do you know Madam Silvia?

Sp. She, that your worship's lady?

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

Sp. Marry, by these especiall marks: first, you have learned [like Sir Preteous] to wear your Arms, like a Manly-couten: to refulsh 'em fone-long, like a Red-rose-bracelet; no walke alone like one that hath the perfections to figh, like a Schoolboy, that hath lost his 

A. De, to weep like a young wench that had buried her Grandam to fall, like one that taketh diet to watch, like one that feares robbing to speake pulling, like a beggar at Hal-low-Mitte: You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cocke, when you walkt, to walke like one of the Lion's when you fellt, it was pre lently after dinner: when you lookd fadly, it was for want of money: And now you are Metamorphis'd with a Maltris, that when I looke on you, I can hardly thinke you my Matter.

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

Sp. They are all perceib'd without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Sp. Without you? nay, that's certaine: for without you were so simple, none else would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an Wintrill: that no man can see you, but is a Physician to comment on your Malady.

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

Sp. Shes, that you gaze on so, as the first as supper?

Val. Hath thou obserued that? even then I mean:

Sp. Why sir, I know her not.

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

Sp. Is she not hard-satir'd, sir?

Val. Not so faine (boy) as well satir'd.

Sp. Sir, I know, that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Sp. That thers is not so faine, as (of you) well-satir'd.

Val. I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but her satir's infinite.

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

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Sp. Marry sir, to painted to make her faire, that no man counts her beauty.

Val. How often'st thou me? a count of her beauty?

Sp. You never saw her since she was deform'd.

Val. How long hath she been deform'd?

Sp. Ever since you last saw her.

Val. I have lost her ever since I saw her,

And still I see her beautifull.

Sp. If you lose her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Sp. Because I am a blinde: O that you had mine eyes; or your owne eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chide at Sir Preteous, for going wanger'd.

Val. What should I see then?

Sp. Your owne present folly, and her passing deformities: for being in love, could not see to gather his honours; and you, being in love, cannot see so proud your honors.

Val. Beline (boy) then you are in love, for left

You could not see to wipe your shoes.

Sp. True sir: I was in love with my bed, I thank you, you swung me for my love, which makes me the bolder.
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

Val. Why the haste not write to me?
Speed. What need fire?
Val. Why thee hast made me write to thyself?
Speed. Why do you not perceive the theft?
Val. No, believe me.
Speed. No believing you indeed for;
But did you perceive her earnest?
Val. She gave none, except an angry word.
Speed. Why the haste given you a letter?
Val. That's the letter I write to her friend.
Speed. And ye letter hath she deliuer'd, & there an end,
Val. I would it were no wofe.
Speed. He warrant you, 'tis as well:
For often have you not wrote to her: and she in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply,
Or fearing els some meller, she might her mind discover.
Her father taught her Loue herself, to write unto her:
All this I speak in print, for in print I found it. (ledger)
Why made you fir, 'tis dinner time?
Val. I have dy'd it.
Speed. Sir, but beaken fir: though the Cameslon Loue can feed on the sere, I am one that am nourish'd by my
virtues; and would have use more: oh bee not like your
Mistresse, be mose, be mose.

Scena secunda.

Enter Proteus, Julia, Pasion.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia:
Jul. I might where is no remedy.
Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.
Jul. If you return not: you will return the fooler.
Pro. Keep she remembrance for thy Julia's sake.
Jul. Why then we'll make exchange;
Here, take you this.
Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.
Pro. Here is my hand, for my true constancie.
And when that howre o'er-flips me in the day.
Wherein I sigh now (Julia) for thy sake, The next ensuing hour, some soule mishande.
Turn me for my Loues forgetfulnesse:
My father flates my coming: answer not.
The tide is now; nay, not the tide of teares,
That tide will stay longer then I should.
Julia, farewell; what; gou: without a word?
I, to true love should doe: it cannot speaks.
For truth hath better deade, then words to grace it.

Pasion. Sir Proteus, you are fad for.
Pro. Go to, come, I come:
Alias, this parting strikes poque Louers dume.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Lance, Pasion.

Lance, Nay, 'twill bee this howre ere I have done weeping: all the kind of the Lanceer, haste this very fruit: I have recog'd my proportion, like the prodigious

ione,
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

Scena Quarta.

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

Sil. Servant.

Fal. Miftis.

Speck. Master, Sir Thurio crowns me now.

Val. I go, sir, it’s for love.

Speck. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress then.

Speck. There were good you knock’d him.

Sil. Servant, you are bid.

Val. Indeed, Madam, I seem to.

Thur. Seeme you that you are not?

Val. Happily I doe.

Thur. So doe Counterfeys.

Val. So doe you.

Thur. What seeme I that I am not?

Val. Wife.

Thur. What infinace of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thur. And how quarto you my folly?

Sil. I quarto it in my jerkin.

Thur. My jerkin is a doubler.

Val. Well then, I double your folly.

Thur. How?

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

Val. Give him leave, Madam, he is a kind of Cynicism.

Thur. That hast more minde to feed on your blood, than live in your eye.

Val. You have said Sir.

Thur. I sat, and done too for this time.

Val. I know it well sir, you alwaies end here you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, & quickly shot off.

Val. If indeed, Madam, we thank the garters.

Sil. Who is that Servant?

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

Sil. Thurio, borrows his wit from your Ladiships loxers.

And spends what he borrows kindly in your company.

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

(WORDS)

Val. I know it well sir, you have an Exchequer oil.

And I think, no other treatise to give your followers:

For it appears by their bare Literies

That they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more.

Here comes my father.

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

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.

Duk. Know ye Dom Antonio, your Countriman?

Val. My good Lord, I know the Gentleman

To be of worth, and worthy estimation,

And not without desert: so well reputed.

Duk. Hath he not a Sonne?

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

The honor, and regard of such a father.

Duk. You know him well?

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

We have conuered, and spent our hours together.

And though my selfe have beene an idle Trewan,

Omitting the sweet benefit of time,

To cloath mine age with Angel-like perfection:

Yet hath Sir Protham (for that’s his name)

Made vie, and faire advantage of his dates:

His yeares but yong, but his experience old:

His head vn-mellowed, but his judgement ripe;

And in a word: (for farre behind his worth

Comes all the praisethat I now give.)
And hath so humbled me, as I confess
There is no woe to his correction,
Not to his Service, no such joy on earth:
Now, no discourse, except it be of love
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Upon the very nakede name of love.

Pre. Enough, I read your fortune in your eye:
Was this the Idol, that you worshiped?
Val. Even she, and in her heavenly Saint.
Pre. No, but she is an earthly Paragon.
Val. Call her divine.
Pre. I will not praise her.
Val. O flatter me: for I delight in praises.
Pre. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills,
And I must murther the like to you.
Val. Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principal,
Sovereign to all the Creatures on the earth.

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

Pre. Haue I not reason to prefer mine owne?
Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She shall be dignified with this high honour,
To bear my Ladies traine, the base earth
Should from her vellure chance to steal a kisse,
And of so great a favour growing proud,
Diludie torootheComswervilflowers,
And make rough winter everlastingly.

Pre. Why Calm廛, what bragadism is this?
Val. Pardon me (Calumne) all I can is nothing,
To her, whose worth, make other worthies nothing:
She is alone.

Pre. Then let her alone.
Val. Not for the world: why man, she is mine owne,
And i am rich in having such a level
As twenty seas, if all their land were pearls.
The untailed, the Ross pure gold,
I forgive thee that I do not dream on thee.
Because thou feelest me doate upon my loue.
My faithful Ratall of her Father likes
(Only for his satisfactions so to huge)
Is gone with her along, and I must after,
For Loue (thou knowest) full is of jealousy.

Pre. But the loues you?

Val. I, and we are betrothed: nay more, our marriage
With all the cunning manner of our flight:
Determined of how I must climbe her window,
The Ladder made of Cordes, and all the meanes
Plotted, and "greed on for my happy end.
Good Calumne goe with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsell.

Pre. Go on before: I shall require you forth:
I must vardo the Road, to dissuad thee
Some necessaries, that I needs must vse,
And then I will presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste?
Pre. I will.

Even as one heaste, another heaste expels,
Or on entie, by strength driven out another.
So the remembrance of my former Loue
Is by a newer obiect quite forgotten,
It is mine, or Valumine praise.
Her true perfection, or my false transgression?
That makes me reasoneth: to reason thus
She is faire and so is Julia that I loue,

(Thas}
(That I did love for now my loye is taun't, Which like a waxen Image is madding: fire Sees no impression of the thing it was,) Me thinkes my owne to Valentine is cold, And that I love him not as I was wont: O, but I love his Lady too, too much, And that's the reason I love him so little. How shall I do on her with more advice, That thus without advice begin to love her? 'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld, And that hath dazed my reason a little: But when I love on her perfections, There is no reason, but I shall be blind. How can I check my ever loving, I will, If not, to compease her I strive my skill.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Speed and Laurence.

Speed. Laurence, by mine honestly welcome to Padua. Laurence. For whereas thy selfe, sweet youth, for I am not welcome. To reason this alwayes, that a man is never wise till he be hang'd, nor never welcome to a place, till some certaine thing be paid, and the Hoste thesay welcome. Speed. Come on you madd-cap! Ie to the Al-houfe with you pretently; where, for one flute of wine or more, thou shalt have five thousand welcome. But ither, how did thy Master part with Madam Julia? Laurence. Many a yer they claid'd in earnest, they passed very fairely in season. Speed. But shall she marry him? Laurence. No. Speed. How then? shall he marry her? Laurence. No, neither. Speed. What, are they broken? Laurence. No, they are broke as whole as a wish. Speed. Why then, how stands the master with them? Laurence. Master thus, when it stands well with him, it stands well with her. Speed. What an affe are thou, I understand thee not. Laurence. What a blocke art thou, that thou canst not? My staffe vnderstand me? Speed. What thou say'st? Laurence. I and what I do too, look thee, lie but leane, and my staffe vnderstand me. Speed. It stands vnder thee indeed. Laurence. Why, and vnderstand and vnderstand is all one. Speed. But tell me true, will be a match? Laurence. Ask my dogge, if he say I, it will; if hee say no, it will: if hee make his tale, and say nothing, it will. Speed. The conclusion is then, that it will. Laurence. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable. Speed. 'Tis well then I get it so: but Laurence, how saith thou that my master is become a notable Loure? Laurence. I never knew him other wise. Speed. Then how? Laurence. A notable Luddery: as thou reportest him to bee.

Enter Speed and Laurence.


Scena Sexta.

Enter Proteus, Julia, Silvia.

Proteus. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsaken? To lose fair Silvia, shall I be forsaken? To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsaken. And ev'ry that Owe which gave me first my oath Pronounces me to this three-fold perdition. Loure bad me forsake, and Loure bids me forsake: O sweetest-sighing Loure, O thou best friend, Teach me (by tempted labours) to excite it. At first I did adore a twinkling Starre, But now I worship a celestial Sunne: Vin-sheetfull vows may heedfully be broken, And he and wots, that wants resolved will, To lose his wit, to exchange the bad for better. Fickle, unsteadfast tongue, to call her faith, Whole fowrefooted so oft thou hast preferred, With twenty thousand soul-confounding oaths, I cannot leave to lose; and yet I do: But there I leave to lose, where I should love. Julia I loss, and Valentine I lose. If I keepe them, I need must love my selfe: If I lose them, thus finde I by their loss. For Valentine, my selfe: For Julia, Silvia: I so my selfe am desert than a friend, For Loure is still so precious in my selfe, And Silvia (wittiest heaven that made her selfe) Sheereus Julia but a swarthie Ethiope. I will forget that Julia is alive, Remembering that my Loure to her is dead, And Valentine I lie hold an Enemy, Asyming at Silvia as a striver friend, I cannot now proue confiant to my selfe, Without some treachery vs'd to Valentine, This night he meanes with a Corded-ladder To climbe celestial Silvia's chamber window, My selfe in consist with my empeiter, Now presently I gie her father notice Of their disguising and pretended flight. Who (all mad) will bonish Valentine: For Timothy he intends shall wed his daughter, But Valentine being gone, He quickly crore By some file tricke, blind Timothy's dull proceeding: Loure lend me wings, to make my purpose swift As thou hast lent me wts, to plot this strife.
Scena septima.

Enter Iola and Lucetta.

Iol. Comfaile, Lucetta, gentle girl, assist me,
And cut in kindle oare, I do come quite,
Who set the Table wherein all my thoughts
Are wisely Chartered'd, and ingrafted,
To affront me, and tell me some good maner.
How with my honour I may undertake
A journey to the loving Proteus.

Luc. Alas, the way is wearisome and long.
In a true-hearted Pilgrimage is not weary
To measure Kings domes with his feeble steps,
Much less shall the truth hath Louis wings to flie,
And when the flight is made to one to deere,
Of such divine perfection is Sir Proteus.

Luc. Better forbear, till Proteus make returne.

Iol. Oh, know'st thou, his looks are my foules food?
Pitty the death's that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the only touch of Louis,
Wouldst thou as soon have a kindle fire with snow
As seek to quench the fire of Louis with words.

Luc. I do not deere to quench your Louis hot fire,
But qualify the fire extreme rage,
Left it should burne above the bounds of reason.

Iol. The more thou dam it the vapid it burnes,
The current that with gentle murmure glides
(Thou know'st) being dry'd, in a storme doth rage,
But when his course cease not hindered,
He makes sweet musicke with the unnamed tunes,
Giving a gentle kiffe to every fidge.
He over-takes in his pilgrimages,
And is by many winding roades he straites.
With willing spore to the wide Ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course.
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a parliament of every weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my Louis,
And there I rest, as after much suruice.

Luc. But in what habitation will you goe along?

Iol. Not like a woman, for I would prevent
The loose encounters of licentious men.
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with high weeds,
As stay before some well requited Page.

Luc. If you then your Laddie must out your juice,

Iol. No girlie, I knit it up in sullen strings,
With twelv e oil conjugate crust-oue knots,
To be fantastique, may become a youth
Of greater height than stall the woe to be.

Luc. What fashion (Madam) shall I make your browes?

Iol. That fits as well, as tell me good my Lord
What compresse will you wear your Ear ringale?
Why twain that fashion thou best likes (Lucetta.)

Luc. You must needs have the with a cord particle (Madam)

Iol. O, yes, (Lucetta) that will be th Projected. (Adam)

Luc. A round female (Madam) make you a pin
Whenever you have a cord particle to thick pinion.

Iol. Let me know then let me have
What thou thinkest meet, and is most manly,
But tell me (wench) how will the world repute me
For undertaking to visit such a journey?

Iol. I fear it will make me scandall's d

Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and gowe.

Iol. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then pester me on infamy, but goe.
If Proteus like your journey, when you come,
No matter who is displeas'd, when you are gone:
I fear he will scorne be pleas'd with all.

Iol. That in the leaf (Lucetta) of my fease:

Luc. A thousand oares, an Oceane of his teares,
And infinites of love, Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

Luc. All those are servants to deceitful men,
In, Bate men, they vie them to be base efface.
But true florres did governe Proteus birth,
His words are bonds, his oares are oracles,
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate,
His teires, pure messengers, sent from his heart,
His heart, as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.

Luc. Pray heav'n he prove so when you come to him.

Iol. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not this wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
Onely desire my love, byRouting him,
And presently goe with me to my chamber
To make a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey:
All that is mine I leave as they dispose me,
My goods, my Lands, my reputation,
Onely, in these thereof, dispatch me hence:
Come, answer not but so to preently,
I am impatient of my tarrance.

Exit.

Actus Tertius, Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Thuris, Proteus, Valentine, Lance, Speed.

Duke Sir Thuris give's thon issue (I pray) a while.
We have some secrets to confer about.
Now tell me Proteus, what's your will with me?

Thru. My gracious Lord, that which I would discoure,
The law of friendship bids me to conceale,
But when I call to minde your gracious favours
Done to me (wondering as I am)
My dutie pricks me on to vter that
Which else no worldly good should draw from me:

Know (worthy Prince) Sir Valentine my friend
This night intendt to fleaze away your daughter.
My selfe am one made privy to the plot,
I know you have determin'd to believe her,
On Thrus, whom your gentle daughter hates,
And should the truth be fleaze away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus (for my duties sake) I rather chose
To croffe my friend in his intended drift,
Then (by concealing it) beoup on your head.
A pack of iersewes, which would prejudice you downe
(Being unprentended) to your timelesse grave.

Duke, Proteus, I think thee for thine honest care,
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs, my selfe have often seen,
Haply when they have indu'd me to alllerge,
And oftimes have purposed to forbid

Exit.
The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Sir Valentine his company, and my Court.

But fearing lest my jealousy ye might err,
And so (unworthy) disgrace the man
(A benefacto I ever be the first to find)
I gave him gentle looks, whereby to see
That which thy faith hath now disco'd to me,
And that thou mightst perceive my fear of this
Knowing that tender youth is loose & beguiled
I hastily lodged her in an upper tower.
The key whereof, my selfe hasted ever kept:
And thence the cannot be conuay'd away.

Proc. Know (by force) they have devis'd a mean.

How he his chamber-window will afford,
And with a corded-ladder fetch her downes:
For which, the youthfull Lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently.
Where (if it please you) you may intercept him.
But (my good Lord) do it so cunning.
That his discovery be not aim'd at:
For, love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

Duke. Upon my honor, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Proc. A deere, my Lord, Sir Valentine is comming,

Duke. Sir Valentine, whether away to fall?

Val. Plead for your Grace, there's a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friend,
And I am going to delive them.

Duke. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenour of them doth but signify
My beauty and happy being at your Court.

Duke. Nay then no matter: I play with me a while,
I am to break with thee of some affaires
That touch me near: wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee: that I have sought
To match my friend Sir Thibaut, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well (my Lord) and fore the March
Were rich and honourable: besides, the gentleman is
Full of vertue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Bequeating such a wife, as your faire daughter:
Cannot your Grace win her to favoyr him?

Duke. No, tryst me. She is pecuniary, fallen, sorrow'd,
Proud, disdainful, her beauty decaying.
Neither regarding that she is my child;
Nor fearing me, as if I were her father:
And may I say to thee, this pride of hers
(Pronounced) hath drawn from her love.
And where I thought the remain of mine age
Should have been cherrily by her child-like desire,
I now am full resolu'd to take a wife,
And turn her out, to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty her wedding clothe:
For me, and my possessions the effeminate.

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

Duke. There is a lady in Verona here
Whom I find: but this is nice, and coy,
And naught doth come in aged eloquence.
Now therefore I would have thee to my Tutor
(For long agoe I have forgot to court,
Bedece the passion of the time is chang'd)
How, and which way I may bellow my selfe
To be regarded in her fair bright eye?

Val. Win her with gifts, if the requit not words,
Dumbe jewells in their silent kind.
More than quicke words, doe move a woman's minde.

Duke. But the did forme a present that I lent her,
The two Gentleman of Verona.

Goe base Intruder, oner-weening Slane,
Below thy frowning smiles on equal maces,
And think my patience, (more then thy deet)
I pridliged for thy departure hence.
Thank me for this, more then for all the favors
Which (all too-much) I have bedeowed on thee.
But if thou linger in my Territories
Longer then twelfe expedition
Will give thee time to leuse out royall Court,
By heauen, my wrath shall farre exceed the lone
I sue bore my daughter, or thy felle.
Be gone, I will not heare thy vain excite,
But as thou lurft thy life, make speeded from hence.

Val. And why not death, rather then living torment?
To die, is to be banished from my felle,
And Silvia's my felle: banished from her
It felle from felle. A deadly banishment:
What light, is light, if Silvia be not scene?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Vnelle it be to think that she is by
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia's the night,
There is no mithke in the nightingale.
Vnelle I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to seeke upon
Shee is my effence, and I loose to be;
If I be not by her faire effence
Foster'd, illumined, cherish'd, kept alive.
I file not death, for fle his deathly dooms,
Tarry I here, I must atend on death,
But the hence, I flye away from life.

Pro. Run (boy) run, run, and seek him out.

Lan. So-bough, So-bough

Pro. What seest thou?

Lan. Him we goe to finde,
There's not a hairer on head, but it's a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his Spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Lan. Caminging speake? Matter, shall I strike?

Pro. Who would thou strike?


Pro. Villaine, forbear.

Lan. Why Sir, Ie strike nothing: I pray you,

Pro. Silvia, I say forbear: friend Palestine, a word.

Val. My cares are fewes, & cannot bear good newes,
So much of bad already hath possest them,

Pro. Then in durne silence will I bury mine,
For they are harshy, un-taceable, and bad.

Is it Silvia dead?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine indeed, for sacred Silvia,
Hath she forsworne me?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworne me.

What is your newes?

Lan. Sir, there is a proclamation, if you are vanisshed,
That thou art banished: oh that is the newes,
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.

Val. Oh, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excede of it will make me furer,
Dost Silvia know that I am banished?

Pro. 3, I: and the hath exeed to the doome

(Which vn-weekt hands in effeclual force)
A Sea of melting pearle, which loose call teares;
Those at her fathers churchlith feste she tendered,
With them upon her knees, her humble life,
Being her hands, whose whiteenes to become them,
As if now they waxed pale for woe.

But neither bended knees, pure hands held vp,
Sad fighes, deepere groases, nor furer fiding teares
Could penetrate her unpassionate Site
But Valentine, if he be tame, must die.

Beside, her intercession chatl'd him to,
When the fyr for rype ene was suppled,
That to close prison he commended her,
With many bitter threats of biding there.

Val. No more vnites the near word that thou speakest
It have some malignat power upon my life:
If I pray thee breake it in mine ear.

As ending Anthem of my endless dolor.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study to make for that which thou lament it,
Time is the Nurse, and breeder of all good;
Here, if thou stay, thou canst not see thy shows;
Besides, thy playing will abridge thy life:
Hopest a Lower fide, wakele beneath with that
And managerst, against despairing thoughts.
Wher teares may be here, though thou art hence,
Which, being writ to me, shall be delier'd
Entw' in the milke-white bosom of thy Lawe.
The time now scarce not to expostulate
Come, let connyee thee through the City-gate,
And ere I part with thee, confer as large
Of all that may concern thee.

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

Pro. Goe fetch him, find him out: Come Valentine.

Val. On my deere Silvia, hapless Valentine.

Lanora. I am but a foolde, looke you, and yet I hate the will to think my Master is a kinde of a knave: but that's all one, if he be but one knave: He lives not now that knows me to be in loure, yet I am in loure, but a Teeme of horse shall not puckle that from me: nor who 'tis I lone: and yet I have that woman: a woman, woman, I'll not tell my felle: she's a Milie-maid: yet 'tis not a maid: for thee hath had Goddes: yet 'tis a mad to keep for her Masteries maids, and feames for wages. She hath more qualities then a Water-Spaniel, which is much in a bare Christian: Here is the Cate-Log of her Condition. Inproem. Shee can fetch and carry: why a horse can doe no more: say, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry, therefore is thee better then a Iade. Here.
Shee can make, looke you, a sweete virtu in a maid with clean hands.

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

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

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

Lan. The blacke Naevus that euer thou heardst?

Sp. Why man? how blackes?

Lan. Why, as blacke as Inke.

Sp. Let me read them?

Lan. Fie on thee fool-head, thou canst not read.

Sp. Thou lyest: I can.

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

Sp. Master,
Scene Secunda.

Enter Duke, Thurio, Provost.

Du. Sir Thurio, fear not, but that she will love you.
Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.
Th. Since his exile she hath despaired of me.
Forsworn, my company, and sail'd as me.
That I am desperate of obtaining her.
Du. This weak and impotent of mine is as a figure
Trench'd in the ice, which with an hours heat
Dissolves to water, and death is in his bones.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.
How now is Provost? is your cousin Venetian
(According to our Proclamation) gone?
Pro. Gone, my good Lord.
Du. My daughter takes his going piously?
Pro. A little time (my Lord) will end that grief.
Du. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so :
Provost, the good content I hold of thee.
(For thou hast flown some steps of good desert)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.
Pro. Longer then I pray loyall to your Grace,
Let me not lose to open your Grace.
Du. Thou know'lt how willingly, I would effect
The match betweene for Thurio, and my daughter?
Pro. I doe my Lord.
Du. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes me against my will?
Pro. She did my Lord, when Valentine was here.
Du. Land peremptorily, the percutuas go:
What might we do to make the girls forget
The love of Valentine, and love for Thurio?
Pro. The best way is to slander Valentine,
With falsehood, cowardice, and more dolcissimo.
Three things, that women highly hold in hate.
Du. I, but she'll think, that it is spoke in hate,
Pro. I, if his enemy deliver it.
Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken
By one, whom the other may as his friend.
Du. Then you must undertake to slander him,
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

Pro. And think (as I fear) I shall be heare to doe;
In so ill a office for a Gentleman,
especially against his very friend.

Dru. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your flattery cannot advantage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Intended to be by your friend.

Pro. Void take present (by my Lord) I prays you do it.
By wight that I can speake in his dispraise;
She shall not long continuo soe he.
But lay this weede her love from Valentine;
I follows not this thine will loue for Turrish.

Th. Therefore, as you in wondrous love from him,
Left it should redress, and be good to none,
You must proud to bostome it on me.
Which must be done, by praising me as much
As you, in word dispraise, for Valentine.

Dru. And Precisely; we dare unto you in this kinde,
Because we know (from Valentine his report)
You are already loves frame very,
And cannot forme result, and change your minde.
Upon this warrant, shall you have accesse
Where you, with Silvia, may conferre at large.
For she is limpid, beauty, melancholy,
And (for your friends sake) will be glad of you;
Wherefore you may tempt her, by your peroration,
To hate young Valentine, and hate my friend.

Pro. As much as I can doe, I will effect;
But you for Turrish, are not sharpe enough;
You must lay Lime to tangle her defece.
By waglefull Sonnets, whose composed heads
Should be filled fraught with numbersable woes.

Dru. I much is the force of learned-poesie.
Pro. Say that upon the altar of her beauty
You facetise your teares, your sighes, your heart;
Weare till your inke be dry;
And with your teares
Mold it againe; and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity:
For Orpheus Lute, was strong with Poets finnes,
Whole golden touch could soften fleecie and flones.
Make Tygers tame, and huge Leichkies
Forfake unbound deeps, to dance on Sands,
After your dire-lamenting Legges,
Visit by right your Lady chambers-window.
With some sweet Comfort; To their Instruments
Tune a dejecting dume; to the nights dead silence
Will well become such sweet complaining GCCrance;
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Dru. This discipline grows thou hast bin in love.
Th. And thy advice, this night, be put in practice:
Therefore sweetly Pr Historie my direction-guoere,
Let us into the City prettily
To sort some Gentlemen, well skil'd in Musick.
I haue a Sonnet, that will ferre the turne
To give the on-set to thy good aduance.

Dru. About it Gentleman.

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

Dru. E'en now about it, I will pardon you. 

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Valentine, Speed, and certaine Out-Lawers.

The two Gentlemen of Verona.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Proculus, Tiburtus, Julia, Swift, Maffia, Silvia.

Pro. Already have I bin false to Valentine, And now I must be as vainish to Tiburtus, Under the colour of commending him, I have accesse of my owne loue to prefer, But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy, To be corrupted with my worthless gifts. When I protest true loyalty to her, She will see me with my falsehood to my friend; When to her beauty I commend my vowes, She bids me think how I have bin forsworn In breaking faith with Julia, whom I loued; And how withstandling all her good graces, The least word, that would quell a lovers hope. Yet (as I will) the more she spares my loue, The more she grous, and fawne on her sill; But here comes Tiburtus now must we to her window, And give some evening Musique to her ear.

Th. How now, Sir Proculus, are you steep before us?

Pro. I glad, Sir Tiburtus for you know that loose Will creep in service, where it cannot goe.

Th. I hope, Sir, but I do: or else I would be hence.

Pro. Who, Silvia?

Pro. A lady, for your sake.

Th. I thank you for your owne a New Gentlemen Let's tune and do o'th' last whilst.

He. Now, my wrong guest, I think you ally cholly.

I pray you why is it?

In. Marry (meant Hony) because I cannot be merry.

He. Come, we'll have you merry: he being you where you shall have Musique, and see the Gentleman that you ask'd for.

In. But shall I hear him speake.

He. I that you shall.

In. That will be Musique.

He. Harke, harke.

In. Is being among thee?

He. I but peace, let's here'm.

Song. Who is Silvia? what is she?

That all our hopes commended her.

Holy fair, and wise as she is.

The heaven's first grace did lend her.

That she may be admired be.

Shall the kindle be so faire?

For beauty lives with kindnesse.

Love dates to her eyes repar'd.

To help her of his kindnesse?

He. How now? are you sadder then you were before; How doe you, man? the Musick likes you not.

In. You mistake; the Multon likes me not.

He. Why, my pretty youth? why?

In. He plays false (father).

He. How, one of time on the strings.

In. Not to our eyes.

So false that he grieves my very heart strings.

He. You have a quick eye.

In. I, I would I were dese: it makes me hate a low.

He. I perceive you delight not in Musique.

In. Not at all, when te aris so.

He. Harke, what fine change is in the Musique.

In. That change is the night.

He. You would have them alwayes play but one thing.

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

But Hoff, does this Sir Proculus, that we take on, Often return wise this Gentlemen woman?

He. I tell you that Louise his man told me, He lou'd her out of all nick.

In. Where is Louise?

He. Gone to seeke his dogs, which to morrow, by his Masters command, she must carry for a present to his lady.

Pro. Peace, and safe, the company parts.

In. Sir Proculus fear not you, I will go pleade, That you shall lay, my cunning dist excels.

Th. Where meeste we?

Pro. At Saint Gregory's well.

Th. Farewell.

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

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

Pro. One Madam: you know his pure hearts truth. You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Proculus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Proculus (gentle Lady) and your servant.

Sil. What's your will?

Pro. That I may compose yours.

Sil. You have your wish: my will is even this, That presently you bring your home to bed:

Thou subtle, peireus, false, disloyall man;

Think'lt thou I am so shallow, so conceied,

To be indued by thy flattery,

That hast deceiv'd me, and thy words too:

Renume, return, and make thy loue amends:

For me, (by this pale queen of night I weare)

I am to forage from thy requite,

That I despise thee, for thy wrongfull foule:

And by and by intend to chide my selfe,

Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant (sweet love), that I did loue a Lady,

But this is dead.

In. I were false, if I should speake it;

For I am sure she is not buried.

Sil. Say that the be: yet Patience thy friend

Survives; to whom (thy selfe art winifesse)

I am bound, and art thou not affin'd

To wrong him, with thy impertinancy?
Pros. I likewise hear, that Valentine is dead.
SIL. And so suppos'd am I too, for she's gone.
Afflict thy soul, my love is buried.
Pros. Sweet Lady, let me take it from the earth.
SIL. Go to the Ladies grave and call hers thence,
Or at the leaf, in her sepulchre shine.
Ind. He heard not that.
Pros. Madam, I say your heart be so obdurate;
Vouchsafe me yet your Picture for my love,
The Picture that is hanging in your chamber:
To that I'll frame, to that I'll fix as high and steep:
For since the substance of your perfect form
Is else deceased, I am but a shadow;
And to your shade, will I make true love.
Ind. If were a substance you would fare decieve it,
And make it but a shadow as I am.
SIL. I am very loath to be your idol Sir;
But since your faithfulness shall become you well
To worship, and adore false hopes, to send
To melt in the morning, and deend it:
And so, good night.
Pros. As wickedness knowe on'the night,
That wait for execution in the morn.
Ind. Hiff, will you goe?
FA. By my halldome, I was fall asleep.
Ind. Pray you, where is Sir Valentine?
FA. Marty, at my house.
Truth, I think 'tis almost day.
Ind. No, sir, but it hath bin the longest night
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heerful.

**Scena Tertia.**

**Enter Eglamore, Silvia.**

_EG._ This is the house that Madam Silvia
Entreated me to call, and know her mind:
'Tis done, great matter she did employ me in,
And Madam Madam,
SIL. Who calls?
_EG._ Your servant, and your friend;
One that attends your Ladshifs command,
SIL. Sir Eglamore, a thousand times good morrow.
_EG._ A many worthy lady to your fells:
According to your Ladshifs imports,
I am thus early come, to known what service
Is your pleasure to command me in.
SIL. Oh Eglamore, thou art a Gentleman:
Thinkst not I Batter (for I were I do not)
Valiant, wise, and to the full, well accomplished.
Thou art not ignorant what service good will
I beseech the belov'd Valentine:
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vaine Thalia (whom I very (I am afraid)
Thy self hast hon'd, and I have heard thee say
No grief did ever come so near thy heart,
As when thy Lady, and thy true-fair dice,
Vpon whose grace thou wast pure charitie:
Sir Eglamore: I would not Valentine
To Moros, where I hear, he makes abroad
And the wights are dangerous to passe,
I doe suspect thy worthy company,
Vpon whose faith and honor, I repose,
Vrge not my fathers anger (Eglamore)
But think of my griefe (a Ladies griefe)
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which heaven and fortune still rewards with plagues,
I doe desist thee, even from a hearth
As full of sorrow, as the seas of floods,
To bereave my company, and goe with me:
I pray, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.
_EG._ Madam, I pity much your grievances,
Which, since I know the virtuously are plac'd,
I giue consent to go along with you,
Wreaking as little what betidethme
As much, with all good before you
When will you goe?
SIL. This evening coming.
_EG._ Where shall I meet you?
SIL. At Eriss Patrick's Cell.
When I intend holy Confession,
_EG._ I will not fail of your Ladship:
Good morrow (gentle Lady.)
SIL. Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamore. _Exit,_

**Scena Quarta.**

**Enter Lawrence, Proutlock, Junius, Silvia.**

_LAW._ When a man's servant shall play the Cure with him (looking it) you wold do hard to one that I brought up of a puppy, note that I had'd from drowning, when three or four of his blinde brothers and sisters went to it I have taught him (even as one would say properly, thus I would teach a dog) I was sent to deliver him, as a present to Miss Silvia, from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he stepped to me to his Trenchers, and asks her Capone-deg: O, 'tis a foule thing, where a Cure cannot keep his selfe in all companies: I would haue (as one should say) one that takes vp on him to be a dog indeate, to beas it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit then he, to take a fault on me that he did, I think verily he had bin hang'd for't, sure as I like he had suffe'd. 'tis, you shall judge.
She thrusts me himselfe into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs; under the Duke tells me she had not bin there (blest be the markes) a pissing while, but all the chamber full of us, with the dogs (safe one) what cut is that (sakes another) what cut is this (sakes the third) hang him vp (gives the Duke.) I having bin acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogges (a friend) you mean to whip the dog I marry doe I (quothe he) you doe him the more wrong (quothe I) 'twas I did the thing you wott of he makes me so more adoe, but whips me out of the chamber: how many Masters would doe this for his SERVANT mayle, I blase be wrot ten I have fast in the stokes, for puddings he hath toine, otherwise he had bin executed: I have stood on the Piller; for Gooce he hath kild, otherwise he had suffered for't, thou think it not of this now say, I remember the trickey you ser'd me, when I took my issue of Madam Silvia: did...
not I bid thee still marque me, and doe as I doe; when didst thou see me hewn up my leg, and make water against? A Gentlewoman, barking! didst thou see? doe I see a trick?  

P.S. Shakspeare.  

And will I employ thee in some service? presently.  

L.S. In what you please, so do I.  

P.S. I hope thou wilt.  

How now you whom men pant?  

Where have you bin these two days last?  

L.S. Mercy Sir! I learned M. Philips by the dogge you made me.  

P.S. And what faires she to my little Jewell?  

L.S. Mercy the faire, your dogge was a sport, and tells you eristhank is good enough for such a present.  

P.S. But she recould my dog?  

L.S. No, indeed. did not:  

Her base, I brought him backe againe.  

P.S. What didst thou offer her this from me?  

L.S. Sir, the other Squall was done from me by the Hangmans boyes in the market-place, and then I offer'd off mine owne, who is a dog.  

As big as thine, or forth the guilt, the greater.  

P.S. Go, get thee hence, and find thy dog again; or else returne against my wight.  

Away, I say; stay not thou to vexe me here;  

A slave, that will an end, turns me to shame.  

Sebastian, I have entertain'd thee,  

Partly that I have reeved of such a youth,  

That can with some direction doe my business;  

For'tis no truing to you foolish Lowes.  

But chiefly, for thy face, and thy behaviour.  

Which (if my augury be true,)  

Witnesse good bringing vp, figure, and truth:  

Therefore know thee, for this I entertain thee.  

Go presently, and take this Ring with thee,  

deliver it to Madam Silva.  

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

Int. It serves you loud not her, nor leave her token:  

She is dead believ'd.  

P.S. Not so: I think she lives.  

Int. Alas.  

P.S. Why doth thou cry alas?  

Int. I cannot choose, but pity her.  

P.S. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?  

Int. Because, she thinkest that she lou'd you as well  

As you do to your Lady Silva.  

She dreams on him, that has forgot her love,  

You doth on her, that cares not for your love.  

Tis pity Lowes, should be so contrary;  

And thinking on it, makes me cry alas.  

P.S. Well! give her that Ring, and therewithall  

This Letter, that's her chamber: Tell my Lady,  

I claim the promis'd for her heavenly Picture:  

Your message done, she come unto my chamber,  

Where thou shalt finde me, and solitarie.  

Int. How many women would doe such a message?  

Alas poor Proton, thou hast enter'd in!  

A Foxe, to be the Shepheard of thy Lambs;  

Alas, poor Foole, why doe I pity him  

That with this very heart, despiseth me?  

Because he loves her, he despiseth me,  

Because I love him, he must pity him.  

This Ring I gave him, when he parted from me,  

To bind him to remember my good will.  

And now am I (wretched Messengers)
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

For I did play a lamentable part.
(Madam) 'tis true, Ariadne, passioning
For Teseus' pertinency, and wondrous flight;
Which I do hourly and nightly with my tears;
That my poor Melis was minded with this all,
Went bitterness and would have me be dead;
If I thought it not her very sorrow.
Sit. She is beholding to thee (gentle youth).
Alas (poor Lady) deolate, and left;
I weep my selfe to think upon thy words:
Here youth there is my part. I give thee this (well)
For thy sweet Melis take, he came thither before.
Fac. And thy selfe, thank you for't, if ye know
A venereous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful.

I hope my matters suit will be but cold,
Since the respect I Melis have at much,
Alas, how long can live without it life;
Here is her picture to informing it think
If I had such a Tyde, this face of mine
Were full as lovely, as is this here;
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Violette if flatter with my self too much.
Her hair is Абон, mine is perfet tourist;
If that be all the difference in his love,
He get me such a couloured Perugyng.
Her eyes are grey as plaffe, and do are mine:
I, but the false-head's low, and mine's as high;
What should it be that he respect in her,
But I can make respect in my selfe?
If this fond Loues were not a blinded god,
Come shadow, come, and take this shadow vp,
For 'tis thy false: O thou fenestive forme,
Then shall it worship'd, did'st, dou'd, and ador'd.
The more there fence in his idolatry,
My sustinance should be fixate in thy head,
lie vile thee kindly, for thy Melis false
That she'd be in a wise by force, I vow,
I should have stretch'd out your visfacing eyes,
And make my Mates out of love with thee. Exeunt.

Alius Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Eglamoure, Silvia.

Egl. The Sun begins to giuld the western side,
And now it is about the very hour,
That Silvia, at Frier Patrick's Cell should meet me,
She will not fail, for Loues brake not hours,
Veilest be to come before their time,
So much they spur their expedition.
See where she comes; Lady a happy evening.
Sil. Amen, Amen; go on (good Eglamoure)
Out at the Pottersye by the Abbey wall,
I fear I am attended by some Spies.
Egl. Fear not: the Frier is not three leagues off,
If we reconst that, we are sure enough. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Thorm, Prisban, Iluka, Duke.
Th. Sir Prisban, what fails Silvia to my suit?

Pr. O Sir, I finde her milder then she was,
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.
Thu. What? that my leg is too long?
Pr. No, that it is too little.
Thu. He wears a Breeches, to make it somewhat round.
Pr. But love will not be spured to what it loathes.
Thu. What fifies the to my face?
Pr. She fifies it is a faire one.
Thu. Nay then the wanton lye; my face is black.
Pr. But Dhale is faire; and the old saying is,
Black men are Pearles, in the beat of Ladies eyes.
Thu. 'Tis true, such Pearles as put out Lady's eyes.
For I had rather winke, then looke on them.

Thu. How likes my distrofe.
Pr. Ill, when you take of war.
Thu. But well, when I discourse of love and peace.
Pr. But better indeed, when you hold you peace.
Thu. What fifies thee to your valour?
Pr. Oh Sir, the makes no doubt of that.
Thu. She needs not, when she knowes it cowardice.
Thu. What fifies thee to my birth?
Pr. That you are well derv'd.
Thu. True of a Gentleman, to a false.
Thu. Considers my politications.
Pr. Oh, I: and pitties them.
Thu. Wherefore?
Pr. That such an Affe should owe them.
Thu. That they are out by Leave.
Pr. Here comes the Duke.
Thu. How now for Thormes; how now Thormes?
Which of you saw Eglamoure at last?
Thu. Not I.
Pr. Not I.
Thu. Saw you my daughter?
Pr. Neither.
Thu. Why then?
She's red vio on that peac's, Valentine;
And Eglamoure is in her Company.
'Tis true: for Frier Laurence met them both
As he, in pensance wander'd through the Forrest.
Him he knew well, and guiled that it was the,
But being mask'd, he was not sure of it.
Besides the did intend Confession
At Patrick: Cell this even, and there she was not.
Thermalee with her flight from hence.
Therefore I pray you stand, not to discourse,
But mount you presently, and meete with me.
Upon the rising of the Mountain footes
That leads toward Thormes, whether they are fled:
Dispatch (sweet Gentleman) and follow me.
Thu. Why this is, to be a poet in Girlie,
That flies her fortune when it follows her.
Ile after, more to be renew'd on Eglamoure.
Then for the love of reck-les Silvia.
Pr. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love.
Then hate of Eglamoure that goes with her.
Thu. And I will follow, more to croase that love.
Then hate for Silvia, that is gone for love.

Scena Tertia.

Silvia, Ouf-Jewes.

Out. Come, come be patient.
We must bring you to our Captain.
Sil. A thousand more mischances then this one
Have learnt me how to brooke this patiently.
3. Our. Come, bring her away.
3. Our. Where is the Gentleman that was with her?
But Medars and Valerius follow him:
Goe with her to the West end of the wood.
There is our Captain: We'll follow him that's fled,
The Thicket is faster, he cannot escape.
4. Our. Come, I must bring you to our Captains cave.
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman unlawfully.
Sil. O Valentine: this I endure for thee.
Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Valentine, Prisca, Silvia, Iulia, Duke, Thureus, Oat-Lawes.

Val. How doth the doughty and valiant
this shadowy deserted, unrespected woods
I better brooke then flourishing populous Townes
Here can I find alone, with silence, or with this company;
And to the Nightingales complaining Notes
Tune my disheaut, and record my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leane not the Manion to long Tenantry,
Let growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what was,
Repaire me, with thy presence, Silvia:
Thou gentl Pythias, cherish thy forborne Soiraine.
What hallowing, and what flit is this to day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their Law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chase.
They love me well: yet I have much to doe
To keep them from victuall in the general Scare.
Withdraw thee Valentine: who's this comes here?
Pro. Madam, this stracie which you have done for you
(Though you respite not hurt your tender clothe)
To hazard life, and reskew you from him,
That would have forc'd your honour, and your love,
Vouchsafe me for my need, but one faire looks.
(A smaller boon then this I cannot beg,
And so then this, I am sure you cannot give.)
Val. How like's his dreame is this? I fear he scarce,
Love, lend me patience to forbear a while.
Sil. O miserable, unhappy gentleman.
Pro. What 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 unhappy.
Val. And me, when she approacheth to thy presence.
Sil. Had I beene ceazed by a hungry Lion,
I would have beene a break-fast to the Beast,
Rather then have fallen Prisca resuce me:
Oh heauen be judge how I love Valentine,
Wholesome as tender to me as my soule,
Yielding so much (for none there cannot be)
I' the least fall Prisca rescue Prisca.
Therefore he gone, sollicite me no more.
Pro. What dangerous action, flood it next to death
Would I not undergo, for one calm looke?
Oh 'tis the comte in Lous, and still apper'd
When women cannot love, where they're beloowed.
Sil. When Prisca cannot love, where he's beloowed:
Read out Iulia's heart, (thy first belt Lous)
For whole the desire fake, thou distill then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all these oaths,
Defended into penitency, too love me:
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou'lt lift two,
And that's rare worse then none: better have none.
Then plural faith, which is too much by one:
Thou Counterfeys, to thy true friend.
Pro. In Lous,
Who respects friend?
Sil. All men but Prisca.
Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder forme,
He wroo'te you like a Souldier, at arms end,
And lone you, to shew the nature of Lous: for by ye.
Sil. Oh heaven,
Pro. He force thee yield to my desire.
Val. Ruffian: let goe that rude uncivil touch,
Thou friend of an ill fashion.
Pro. Valentine,
Val. Thou shew'st friend, that's without faith or love,
For such is a friend now: so dertyd man.
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes: I sought but mine eye
Could have perfir'd mee: now I dare not say
I have one friend alike; thou wouldest dispresse me:
Who should be trusted, when ones right hand
Is turn'd to the bolesmen? Prisca
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake:
The prince's wound is deepest: oh time, now at gulf:
'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worse?
Pro. My flame and guilt confounds me:
Forgive me Valentine: it beautee for ow
Be a sufficient Rantome for offence,
I tender thee: I doe as truely suffer,
As ever I did commit.
Val. Then I am paid:
And once again, I doe receive thee honest.
Who by Repentance is not satisfied,
Is not of hearts, nor earth; for there are pleasures,
By Penitence is 'twere; eternails wrath's appeas'd:
And that my louse may appeas'd plaine and free.
All that was mine, in Silvia, I ride thee.
Ich. Oh mee unhappy.
Pro. Lookce to the Boy.
Ich. Why, Boy?
Ich. O good sir, my master charg'd me to deliver a ring
To Madam Silvia: it (out of my neglect) was never done.
Pro. Where is that ring? Boy?
Ich. Here: 'tis: this is it.
Pro. How let me see.
Pro. Why this is the ring I gave to Iulia.
Ich. Oh, cry you meere sir, This unhooke:
This is the ring you sent to Silvia.
Pro. But how can't thou by this ring at my depart
I gave this unto Iulia.
Ich. And Iulia her selfe did give it me,
And Iulia her selfe hath brought it bither.
Pro. How? Iulia?
Ich. Behold her, that gave same to all thy othes,
And entertain'd me deeply in her heart.
How of hast thou with penitency cleft the roote?
Oh Prisca, let this habit make thee blush.
The names of all the Actors.

Duke: Father to Silvia.
Valentine: His servant to Valentine.
Probus: The two Gentlemen.
Amphiochus: Father to Probus.
Thurio: A foolish rustick to Valentine.

FINIS.
THE
Merry Wives of Windsor.
A d u s  p r i m u s, Scena prima.

Enter Injustice Shallow, Slender, Sir Hugh Evans, Master Page, Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym, Fenton, Alice Page, Mister Ford, Mistress Page, Simple.

Shallow. [S] Hugh, peruse me not: I will make a Sir Chamber matter of it, if he be twenty Sir John Falstaff, he shall not abuse. Let my Shalow be Equestrian.

Slen. [S] In the County of Gloucester, Injustice of Peace and
Shall, [S] (Coven Shalow) and Copet-alium.

Shall, [S] and Rass laruni too; and a Gentleman borne (Mater Parson) who writes himselfe Armiger, an any Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation, Armiger.

Shall. That I doe, and hate done any time the three hundred yeares.

Slen. All his successors (gone before him) hath don't, and all his Ancestors (that come after him) may: they may give the dozet white Lucius in their Coate.

Shall. It is an olde Couste.

Euan. The dozen white Lucies do become an old Coat well: it agrees well with age: it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies Love.

Shall. The Lufe is the five-fifth, the falt-fifth, an olde Coat.

Euan. I may quarter (Cox.)
Shall. You may, by marrying.

Slen. It is maring indeed, if he quarters it.

Shall. Not a whit.

Euan. Yes per-lady: she ha's a quarter of your cost, there is but three Skirts for your selle, in my simple consideration: but that is all one: if Sir John Falstaffe have committed disgrace or of yours, you, lam of the Church, said will be glad to do my benevolence, to make amends and compensations betwixt you.

Shall. The Counsell shall have it, it is a Riot.

Euan. It is not meet the Counsell hear a Riot: there is no faze of God in a Riot: The Counsell (like you) shall defer to hear the laws of God; and not to hear a Riot: take your wise-men in that.

Shall. Ha! so my life, if we were young again, the sword should end it.

Euan. It is better that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my name, which perfidity proveth great disquietions with it. There is Alice Page, which is daughter to Master Toma Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Mistress Alice Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

Euan. It is thaterry person for all the world, as suit as you will define, and seven hundred pounds of Moneys, and Gold, and Silver, is her Grand-fare upon his deathbed, (God deliver to a joyful resurrectious) give, when she is able to overtake seveneenee yeares old. It were a good motion, if we leave our grubbles and trashers, and define a marriage betweene Master Abraham, and Mistress Anne Page.

Euan. Did her Grand-fare leave her seven hundred pound?

Slen. I, and her father is make her a better penny.

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

Euan. Seven hundred pounds, and possessions, is good gifts.

Shall. Well, let us see honest Mr Pages is Falstaffe there?

Euan. Shall I tell you a lye? I doe despise a lyer, as I doe despise one that is false, or as I despise one that is not true: the Knight Sir John is there, and I believe you be ruled by your well-willers. I will put the door for Mr. Page. What box? God-please your house here.

Mister Page. Who's there?

Euan. Here is go'e's pleasing and your friend, and Justice Shalow, and here's young Master Shalow: these perambulators shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your liking.

Mister Page. I am glad to see your Worship well: I thank you for my Venison Master Shalow.

Shall. Master Page, I am glad to see you: much good doe it your good heart: I will'd your Venison better, it was ill fared: I shou'd do good Mistress Page and I thank you always with my heart, it is with my heart.

Mister Page. Sir, I thank you.

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

Mister Page. I am glad to see you, good Master Shalow.

Shall. How do's your fellow Greyhound, Sir, I heard say he was out-run on Cutfield.

Mister Page. It could not be judg'd, Sir.

Shall. You'll not conclude you'll not confesse.

Shall. That he will not, 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault: 'tis a good dog.

Mister Page. A Car, Sir.

Shall. Sir, this dog is a good dog, and a faire dog, can there be more fad? this is good, and faire. If Sir John Falstaffe here?

Mister Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could doe a good office betweene you.

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

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

Mister Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confesse it,
The Merry Wives of Windsor

Shak. If it be confessed, it is not redresse d: it is not that

Fal. Nor, Master Shallow, you shall complain me of to

Shak. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my decr., and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kist's your Keepers daughter?

Shak. Tut, a pitt: this shall be answered.

Fal. I will answer it, but, I have done all this:

That is now answered.

Shak. The Councell shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were known in coun-
cell, you'll be laugh'd at.

En. Passavertus: (Sir John) good worsts.

Fal. Good worsts! I have Cartribute; Slinger, I broke your head: what matter have you against me?

Shak. marry in, have matter in my head against you, and against your copy-exchequer: Ralca, Bardolph, Nym, and Puffed.

Bar. You Banbury Cheefe.

Shak. I, it is no matter.

Puff. How now, Master Shallow?

Shak. I, it is no matter.

Nym. Sliue, I say; paue, paue; slice, that's my humor.

Shak. Where's simplex my man? can you tell, Cosen?

Ena. Peace, prays you; now let vs understand; there is three Vapours in this matter, as I understand; that is, Master Page (in delight Master Page,) and there is my fellow, (in delight my fellow) and the three party is (halfly, and fellows) mine Hoft of the Garter.

Ma Pau. We three to hear it, and end it between us.

Ena. Ferry good; I will make a priece of it in my note-booke, and we will afterwards take upon the cause, with as great difference as we can.

Fal. Puffed.

Puff. He hearse with care.

Ena. The Teolill and his Tam: what phrase is this?

He hears with care? why, it is affectations.

Puff. Puff, did you pick Master Stenders purse?

Shak. By these gloues did he die, or I would mee sooner come in midsome great chamber againe Eliza, of fearing greats in mills-expences, and against Edward Shor-

Steedebores, that cost mee two flulling and mee a piece of read Miller; by these gloues.

Is this true, Puffed?

Ena. No, it is false; it is a pickers purses.

Puff. Ha, thou mountaine Forreyners Sir John, and Master mine, I combate challegone of this Latine Bilboe: word of denial in thy labor here; word of denial; froth, and fume thou liest.

Shak. By these gloues, then twas he.

Nym. Beau's did, and passe good humors: I will say marry to you, if you run the nut-books humot on me, that is the very note of you.

Shak. By this last, when in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an alle.

Fal. What say you Scenters, and Iohn?

Bar. Why sir, (for my part) I say the Gentleman had drunk himselfe out of his fine fences.

Ena. It is his fine fences; ile, what the ignorance is,

Bar. And being sip sir, waspas they say) cathered: and to conclusions paft the Care.

Shak. I, you speake in Linnen then too but 'tis no mat-

Ena. heere be drunk whilst I live againe, but in honest, ciuill, godly company for this tricske: if I be drunk, ile be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Ena. So, get u'de, me, that is a vertuous minde.

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

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

Shak. Oh heare: This is Mistrell Aunet Page.

M. Page. How now Mistrell Ford?

Fal. Mistrell Ford; by my troth you are very wel met: by your lease good Mistrell.

M. Page. Wife bid these gentlewomen welcome: come, we have a hot Vension palty to dinner: Come gentle-

Shak. We shall drink downe all vnkindfull.

Shak. I had rather then forty thilling of I had my book of Sanges and Sommers here: How now Simple, where haue you beene? I must wait on my felte, my felthe, you haue not the book of Riddles about you, haue you?

Shak. Bookes of Riddles? why did you not lend it to Alice Shute-cagh upon Alflawmns laft, a fortnight afor Michaelmas.

Shak. Come Coz, come Coz, we say for your a word with you Coz marry this. Coz there is as twere a tender, a kinde of tender, made a fare-off by Sir Hugh here; do you under stand me?

Shak. Sir, you shall finde me reasonable; if it be so,

I shall doe that is reason.

Shak. Nay, but understand me.

Shak. So doe Sir.

Ena. Glie eare to his motions: (Ms. Sledger) I will describe the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Shak. Nay, I will doe as my Cozen Shallow leafe: I pray you pardon me, he's a Justice of Peace in his Coun-

trie, simple though I stand here.

Ena. But that is not the question: the question is con-

Shak. Sir, there's the point Sir.

Ena. Marry is it: the very point of it, to Mr. Am Page.

Shak. Why its be foro I will marry her upon any rea-

Shak. But can you affection the 'o-man, let vs command to know that your mouth, or of your lips: for divere Philosophers hold that the lips is parcel of the mouth: therefor preceffly, can you carry your good will to my lady?

Sh. Cosen Abraham Slander, can you love her?

Shak. I hope it, I will doe as it shall become one that waits for motion.

Ena. Nay, go's Lord's, and his Ladies, you must speake posiffible, if you can carry her your desire towards her.

Shak. That you must:

Will you, (upon good dowry) marry her?

Shak. I will doe a greater thing then that, upon your requent (Cofen) in any reason.

Shak. Nay conceive mee, conceive mee, (sweet Coz): what I does is to pleasure you (Coz) can you love the maid?

Shak. I will marry her (Sir) at your requent: but if there be no great lawe in the beginning, yet 'eaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occasion to know one ano-

Shak. I hope upon familiaritie will grow more content: but if you say marry her, I will marry her, that I am freely dissolvd, and diffolutely.
En. Nay, it is better yet; give her this letter; for it is
soman that altogether acquiesce with Mistis Ann
Page; and the Letter is to declare, and require her to fol-
licate your Matris desires, to Mistis Ann Page: I pray
you be gone: I will make an end of my dinner, there's
Pippins and Cheeske to come.

**Scene Tertia.**

Enter Falstaff, Hot, Bardulf, Nym, Puffen, Page.

Fal. Mine Heft of the Gaertor?

Ho. What takes my Bully Rooke? speake sciolerly, and
wily.

Fal. Truely mine Heft; I must turn away some of my
followers.

Ho. Discard, (bully Herowel) of the theatre let them wag,
trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a weeke.

Ho. Thou art an Emperor (Cesar, Keifer, and Pheacer)
I will entertaine Bardulf; he shall draw the shal taplaid
1 well (bully Heket ?)

Fal. Doe to (good mine Heft).

Ho. I haue spoke it him following, let me see thee fifth,
and live: I am at a word: follow.

Fal. Bardulf, follow him; a Tapler is a good trade;
an old Claske, makes a new Jeram; a witherd Serung-\nman, a fresh Tapler: goe, adew.

A time. It is a life that I haue defi'd: I will thrive.

Puff. Of base hungary wight will: th' finger wield.

Nym. He was gotten in drink, as not the humor coeteret.

Fal. I am glad I am so acquint of this Tinderbox; his
Thieves were too open: his fuchling was like an unknew
Singer, he kept not time.

Ho. The good humor is to steele at a minutes scot.

Puff. Convoy: the wife it call: Scale: 'foh: a ficco for the
phalte.

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

Puff. Why then let Kibes enioe.

Fal. There is no remedy: I must contente, I must shift.

Puff. Yong Rusens must hewe good.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this Towne?

Puff. I ken the weight, he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest Lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Puff. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quiets now Puff. (Indeed I am in the waite.
two yards about: but I am now about no waite: I am abouc
shift) briefly: I doe mean to make loce to Ford's
wife: I spie entertainment in her; free discourses: free
cruces: the gies the leete of initiation: I can confine
the action of her familier fille, & the hardell voice of her
behavior (to be english d rightesy), I am Sir John Falstaff.

Puff. He hath studied her will, and tranlated her will;
out of honey, into English.

Nym. The Anchor is deep: will that humor past?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her
husbands Purites: he hath a legend of Angels.

Puff. As many dyesl entertaine: and to her Boy say I.

Nym. The humor rife is good; humor on the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: & here another
to Pager wife, who even now gaine on good eyes
to examine my parts with most judicious illis: sometimes
the beams of her view, guided my foote: sometimes
my porly belly.
Enter a Mister Quickly, Simple, John Rugby, Deceit, Caesar, Feation.

21. What, John Rugby, I pray thee go to the Cafe-
emon, and see if you can see my Master, Master Doctor
Gum coming: if he doe (I faith) and find any body
in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's pa-
tience, and the Kings English.

Rk. He goe watch:

22. Goe, and we all have a pofter for't: gone at nights,
(in faith) at the latter end of a Sect, cole-fire: An honest,
willing, kind fellow, as ever frantum shall come in house
withall: and I warrant you, no tel-tale, nor no breed-
bate: his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; here
is something peculiar that way: but no body but has his
fault; but let that passe. Peter Simple, you say your
name is?

Scena Quarta.

Enter Mistres Quickly, Simple, John Rugby, Deceit, Caesar, Feation.

21. What, John Rugby, I pray thee go to the Cafe-
emon, and see if you can see my Master, Master Doctor
Gum coming: if he doe (I faith) and find any body
in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's pa-
tience, and the Kings English.

Rk. He goe watch:

22. Goe, and we all have a pofter for't: gone at nights,
(in faith) at the latter end of a Sect, cole-fire: An honest,
willing, kind fellow, as ever frantum shall come in house
withall: and I warrant you, no tel-tale, nor no breed-
bate: his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; here
is something peculiar that way: but no body but has his
fault; but let that passe. Peter Simple, you say your
name is?
Qui. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had bin throughly mended, you should have heard him to loud, and so melancholy: but not withstanding, man, I do say you your Master what good I can, and the very best. And so say I, my Master. (I may call him my Master, look ye for, I keep his house; and I will ring, brew, bake, seare, drie, meat, and drink, make the beds, and doe all my felte.)

Simp. 'Tis a great charge to come under one bodies hand.

Qui. Are you a可知do that you shall find it a great charge: and to be say early, and down late, but notwithstanding (so tell you in your face, I wold have no words of it) my Master, he is in love with Mistress Anne Page, but notwithstanding that I know Morung that's neither here nor there.

Caim. You, Jack Nape: give me this Letter to Sir Hugh, by gar it is a challenge: I will cut his throat in the Park, and I will teach a knavy Jack-a-Nape Priest to meddle, or make: — you may be gone: it is not good you carry here by gar I will cut all his two fleshe: by gar, he shall not have a stone to throw at his dogge.

Qui. Alias, he speaks but for his friend.

Caire. It is no matter, he do tell me: and shall I have Anne Page for my felte? by gar, I will kill de Jack-Priest: and I have appointed mine Hoft of de larder to measure our weapons: by gar, I will my felte have Anne Page.

Qui. Sir, the maid loses you, and all shall bee well: We must give folks leave to prate: what the good-lier.

Caire. Rugby, come to the Court with me: by gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turne your head out of my doore: follow my herois, Rugby.

Qui. Thou shall have Anne Page, head of your own: No, I know your mind for that recrees a woman in Wildes, more of Anne mind then I doe, nor can doe more then I doe with her, by gar.

Fentom. Who's with in there, hoa?

Qui. Who's there, I trau: Come necer the house I pray you.

Fen. How now good woman, how dest thou?

Qui. The better that is pleases your good Worship to ask.

Fen. What newes? how do, pretty Mistress Anne?

Qui. In crush Sir, and fine is pretty, and honest, and gentle, and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praiie heuen for it.

Fen. Shall I doe any good think it thou? shall I not loose my fuit?

Qui. Trench Sir, is all in his hands above: but notwithstanding (Mister Fenn) I'll be sworn on a book: one loses you: have not you Worship a warde above your eye?

Fen. Yet marry I, what of that?

Qui. Well, thereby hangs a tale: good faith, it is such another Nasa; (but I deeme) in honest maid as curt broke bread was had an howres tale of that warde: I shall never laugh but in that maids company: but (indeed) thee is gone too much to Allcholy and mufing: but for you — well — goe too.

Fen. Well I shall fere her to day: hold, there's money for thee: Let me haue thy voice in my behalf: if thou fettest her before me, commend me.

Qui. Well? I farest that wee will: And I will tell your Worship more of the Warke, the next time we have confidence, and of other woeres.
praise women's modesty; and give such orderly and welbehaved reproofs to all women in the street, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do more admire and keep place together, where the hundred Pilgrims to the tune of Greenleaves: What tempest! (I know) threw this Whale, (with so many Tuns of oil in his belly) to the shore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think he were, to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust be melted his own grace: Did you ever hear the like?

Miss. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs: to that great comfort in this mystery of all opinions, here's the young brother of thy Letter; but let me know first, for I protest mine never shall! I warrant you hath a thousand of these Letters, writ with blacke-space for different names (here more); and these are of the second edition: hee will print them out of doubt; for he cares not what hee pass into the press, when he would put in two: I had rather be a Giaentess, and ye under Mount Psalms Well; I will find you ten hundred Turtles so chaste a man.

Miss. Ford. Why this is the very fame: the very hand of the very words: what doth he think of us?

Miss. Page. Nay I know not: it makes me almost readie to die with mine own honesty: It entertaine my selfe like one that I am not acquainted withall: for sure were hee not some faire in use, that I know not, hee would never have bode good in this faire.

Miss. Ford. Boarding, call you it? Ie be sure to keep him about deke.

Miss. Page. So will I: if hee come under my hatches, Ie never to see again: Let's be renew'd on him: let's appoint him a meeting: give him a shew of comfort in his suit, and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till he hath past his hopes to mine Hartford the Garter.

Miss. Ford. Nay, I will content to act my villain against him, that may not fully the charine of our honesty: oh that my husband saw this Letter: it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Miss. Page. Why look where he cometh? and my good man too: he's as farre from zealoue, as I am from giving him cause, and that (I hope) is an unalterable distance.

Miss. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Miss. Page. Let's confute together against this greasy Knight: Come hither.

Ford. Well! I hope, it be not so.

Page. Hope's a cuttle-dog in some affairs.

Sir John. Affects thy wife.

Ford. Why sir, my wife is not young.

Page. He woos both high and low, both rich and poor, both young and old, one with another (Ford) he loves the Gally-mansery (Ford) permends.

Ford. Love my wife?

Page. With liuer, burning hot: present.

Or goe thou like Sir Alexis he, with Ringwood at thy heales; Odisous is the name.

Ford. What name Sir?

Page. The horse I say: Farewell.

Take heed, have open eye, for the dozens do stand by night.

Take heed, ere summer comes, or Cuckoo-birds do sing.

Away for Corporall Nims:

Release it (Page) he speaks sense.

Ford. I will be patient: I will find out this.
Scene Second.

Dido, why dost thou love me?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.

Dido. What is it then that makes me love thee?

MENELAUS. Because I love thee.


**The Merry Wives of Windsor**

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

Fal. Why, you say well; but I have another messenger to your worship: Mistress Page hath her breastful commendations to you, and let me tell you in your ear, there’s a most amiable modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not flatter you morning nor evening, but pray, as any in Windsor, who are the betters: and she bade me tell you worship, that her husband is fixed from home, but she hopes there will come a time.

I never knew a woman so done upon a man; truly I think you have charms, if ever in truth.

Fal. Not I, I abuse thee, lest the atonishment of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Bli. Blewing on your heart so.

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

Bli. That were a sight indeed: they have not so little grace I hope, that were a sight indeed: but Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little Page of all yours: her husband has a most amiable wife, as is the little Page: and truly Miss Brome is as honest a man as ever I knew in Windsor, who led a better life then she do’s: she has been with me, and what she will, say what she will, she will not go to bed when the lift, rise when the lift, all as she will, and truly she defies it; for if there be a little woman in Windsor, she is one: you must send her your Page now to remove.

Fal. Why, I will.

Bli. Nay, but do so then, and looke you, he may come and goe betweene you both: and in many cases have a may-word, that you may know one another’s minds, and the Boy never needs to understand anything, for he was not great that children should know any wickedness: old fellows you know, have a double, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Farethee well, commend me to them both: there’s my purse, I am yet thy debtor: Boy, go along with this woman, this news delights me.

Bli. This Purse is one of Cadets Carriers.

Fal. I see, I see.

Bli. God save you, sir; with you with your fight.

Fal. What I know, my pride, or Ocean whelm thee all.

Bli. Stand thou to thy luck, my lord: he makes more of my old body than I have done: will they yet looke after thee? wilt thou after the expense of so much money, be now a pauper? good Body, I thank thee; let them try’t in gruelly done: so is bee fairly done, no matter.

Bar. Sir John, there’s one Master Brooke below would faine speak with you, and be acquainted with you: and hath sent your worship a morning’s draught of Sack.

Fal. Brooke is his name?

Bar. Sir. He calleth him in: such Brookes are welcome to me.

Fal. Call him in, I shall have him: I am no paupersly do you to see.

Ford. Blest be you, sir.

Fal. And you sir: would you speak with me?

Ford. I am bold, sir, to presume, with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. Your welcome, what’s your will? give us leave to draw you.

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

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

Ford. Good Sir John, I sue for your will not to charge you, for I must let you understand, thinking I live in better plight for a Lender, than you are: the which hath something emboldened me to this unseason’d intrusion: for they say, if money go before, all waxes does ore open.

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

Ford. Truth, and I have a bag of money here to troubles me: if you will help to beker it (Sir John) take all, or half, for eating me of the carriage.

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

Ford. I will tell you sir, if you will give mee the heaving ring.

Fal. Speake (good Master Brooke) I shall be glad to be your Sergeant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a Scholler (I will be brief) and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means as defile, to make my self acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but (good Sir John) as you have one eye on my folly, as you see them unfold, turne another into the Register of your own, that I may pace with a reproach the easier, fith you your selfe know how facet is to be such an enfringer.

Fal. Very well Sir, proceed.

Ford. There is a Gentlewoman in this Towne, her husband’s name is Ford.

Fal. Well Sir.

Ford. I am long lord’d her, and I protest to you, bestowed much on her: followed her with a doating obseruance: things full opportunities to meet her; I feel all every flight occasion that could but niggardly give mee sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what fitter would have given: briefly, I have pur’d her, as Loue hath pur’d mee, which hath beene on the wing of all occasions: but whatever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means, meede I am sure I have received none, unless Experience be a Jewell, that I have purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught mee to say this,

"Love thee as a Shadow flie, where value Some pursues, or Purching that that flies, and flying what pursues.

Fal. Have you receiv’d no promise of satisfaction at her hand?

Ford. Neuer.

Fal. Have you importum’d her to such a purpose?

Ford. Neuer.

Fal. Of what qualitie was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair house, built on another man’s ground, so that I have left my edifice, by mistaking the place, where I eredit it.

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

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that though the appear Iohn is mee, yet in other places fierce enlargeth her mind to farre, that there is shrewd conversation made of her. Now (Sir John) there is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admiration, and able to perform in your place and person, generally allow’d for your many was like, courtly, and learned preparations.

O Sir.

Ford. Beleeue it, for you know it: there is money; spend it, spend it, spend more; spend all I have, only give
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable figure to the honesty of this Ford's wife: vnt to your Art of wooing, win her to confess to you: if any man may, you may as fooze as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vcheunecy of your affection that I should win what you would enjoy? Me-thinks you prefer the professe of your selle very properly.

Ford. O, understand my drift: she doth securely on the excellency of her honor, that the folly of my soule does not present it self: ther is too bright to be look'd against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand; yire defiles had incidence and purpose to commend themselves, I could entice her thence from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too strong empested agaist me: what say you not's, Sir John?

Fal. Master Dranam, I will first make bold with your money: next, give mee your hand: and, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good Sir.

Fal. I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money (Sir John) you shall want none. Fal. Want no Mistris Ford, Master Barrow you shall want none. I shall be with her; and, by her own appointment, even as you came in to me, she still-frant, or goe-between parted from me. I say I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the vloastiest. Knave, her husband will be forth; come you to me at night, you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance: do you know Ford Sir?

Fal. Hang him (poore Cuckoldly knave) I know him not; yet I wrong him to call him poore: They say the inasson wrasny-knave hath maffes of money, for the which his wife feerest to me well-famished: I will vise her at the key of the Cuckoldly-rogues Coffee, & ther's my hawse-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, Sir, that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanic salt-butter rogue, I will rare him out of his wife: I will ave him with my end-gill: it shall hang like a Mercur ore to the Cuckold's horns. Master Barrow, them that know, I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt live with his wife. Come to me toone at night: Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his title: thou (Master Barrow) shall know him for knave, and Cuckold. Come to me toone at night.

Ford. What a damned Epicerius! Is it this? my heart is ready to cracke with impatience, who faotes this imprudent, or ifoius: euy wife hath sent to him, the house is first, the match is made; would any man have thought this? see the hell of having a false woman: many bed shall be abus'd, my Coffers ranack'd, my reputation grave: and I shall not only recoue this villainous wrong, but band with the aution of an abominable temes, and by him that does mee this wrong: Terence, names: Amnian found well: Lusifer, well: Belzebuth, well: yet they are Diszled and titled, the names of things: Bus Cuckold, Wristill, Cuckold is the 2nd himself hath not such a name. Pages is an Affe, a sueter Affe: she will trauke his wife, she will not be in the dark. I will rather trauke a Miming with my butter, Perfect Hubby the Wiltshireman with my Cee, and an Irishman with my Aqua-vita, bottle, or g the Beast to walke my sibbling gelding, then my wife with her sel; then the plot, then the tum-
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Hoft. Pardon, Gentle-Juince; a Mouintur Mockwater.

Cat: Mockwater, vat is dat?
Hoft. Mockwater, in our English tongue, is Valour.
(Bully)

Cat: By gar, then I have as much Mockwater as de Englishman a hyppin. Jack dog: Priest: by gar, mee will cut his ears.
Hoft: He will Clapper-claw thee tightly (Bully)
Cat: Clapper-claw? vat is dat?
Hoft: That is, he will make thee amends.
Cat: By-gar, mee doe look he shall clapper-claw me, for by-gar, mee will have it.
Hoft: And I will prounce him to 't, or let him wag.
Cat: Me think you for dat.
Hoft: And moreover (Bully) but first, Mr. Young, and Mr. Page, hee Casteleir Slender, goe you through the Towne to Froymors.

Page: 'Sin Hugh is there, is he?
Hoft: He is there, fee whaat humor he be in, and I will be the Doctor about by the Fields, will it dose well?
Shal: We will doct.

Cat: Adieu good M. Doctor.
Cat: By-gar, I will kill de Priest for he speake for a Jack-an-Ape to Anne Page.
Hoft: Let him die for his impudence; throw cold water on thy Choller: goe about the fields with mee through Froymors, I will bring thee where Mithris Anne Page is, at a Farmhouse a Feasting, and thou shalt woorke he r: Guide-game, said I well?
Cat: By-gar, mee dancke you for dat: by gar I love you: and I shall procure you de good Gentle: de Eagle, de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my patients.
Shal: For the whicke, I will be thy subterry toward Anne Page: said I well?
Cat: By-gar, its good: well said.
Hoft: Let vs wag then.
Cat: Come at my heales, Jack Raggly.

Exeunt.

Actius Tertius, Scena Prima.

Enter: Exeunt, Simple, Page, Shollem, Slender, Hoft, Cain, Raggly.

Exeunt, I pray you now, good Master Slender, saving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way haste you look'd for master Cain, that calls him False Doctor and Chaff-ske.

Sim: Marry Sir, the picnic-ward, the park-ward: every way: old Fordrway way, and every way but the Towne-way.

Exeunt: too lightly, untrustworthy, you will also look that way.

Sim: I will sit.

Exeunt: I plese my foules how full of Chollors I am, and trembling of midles: I shall be glad if he have deceased me: meth though melancholy I am I will knock to my Ventrals about this knaves counterfeit, when it have good opportunities for the orke: I plese my foules, and challenge every man: Sermis Burs, and I to pleasure: melodicke Birds, and the slanders that will make us run to your office, and a thousand fragrant poises. To follow: 'Merce on mee, I have a great disposition to cry.
Col. I say, that is very good, excellently.
Fg. Peace, Sir; I have mine Host of the Garter.
My Sir Hugh? No, he gives me the Portion, and the No-way; give me the hand (Celestial)! I am a boy of Art, I have deceiv'd you both: I have directed you to wrong places—your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and I will turn to be the fury. Come, say their fingers to pavers! Follow me, Earl of peace, follow, follow.
Scl. Trust me, a mad Hoit, follow Gentleman, follow.

Scl. O sweet Anne Page.
Col. He do I perceive that? Have you made a jest of me, ha, ha?
Scl. This is well, he has made a jest of me now. I see you said: we are friends, and let us know our passions together; be reading on this same fancy-cogging-companion, the host of the Garter.
Col. By gerr, with all my heart; I promise to bring me where is Anne Page: by gerr, he deceiv'd me too.

Enter. Well, I will animate his soldiers; pray you, follow.

Scena Secunda.


Mff. 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?
Shallow. I had rather (forsooth) go before you like a man, then follow him like a dwarf.
(Sceve.)
Mff. Page. You are a flattering boy, now I see you'll be a tool. Well met misthers Page, whether you go.
Col. Trust me, to see your wife, is the at home?
Ford. And, aside as the may hang together for want of company: I think if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mff. Page. Be sure of that, the other husbands.
Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-coke?
Mff. Page. I cannot tell, what the dickens his name is, my husband had him of, what do you call his Knights name?
Ford. Sir John Falstaff.

20. Ff. Hohe, I cannot recover his name; there is a trick between my Goodman, and he is your Wife at Ford. Indeed their.

(Mf. Page by his leave Sir, I am sick to tell it further.)
Ford. Has Porgani brains? Hath he any cocks? Hath he any thinking? Sure they fleape, he hath no vie of them: why this boy will carrie a letter twenty miles as easily, as a Cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score: he pret- rses on his wines in election; he gives her folly, meat and damage: and now I am going to my wife, & Fal- staffo, boy with her! Any man may hear this, it is long in the wind; and Falstaffe boy with her! good plots, they are laid, and one reolsted wines share damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the humbowed wale of a moddest from the Soo- mery Mff. Page, Divulge Page himselfe, to a scree and

withall Allen, and to these violent proceedings, all my neighbors shall cry alme. The clocke gives me my Qi, and my affiance bids me search, there I shall finde Fal- staffe. I shall be rather praid, for therein mock'd, if it is as positiune, as the earth is firme, that Falstaffe is here it will go.

Ford. Trust me, a mad hoit, I have good cheere at home, and I pray you all go with me.

Ford. And to misthers Sir, we have appointed to dine with Misthers Anne, and I would not break with her for more mony.
Shall I speak of, that I have linger'd about a match betwixt you, and my cozne Silvester, and this day we shall have our answer.

Col. I hope, I have your good will Father Page.
Page. You have Mr. Slender, I stand wholly for you, but my wife (Mr. Doctor) is for you altogether.

(Mf. Page, and de Maid is gone a-stone; my muffin-Quickly tell me for mony.)

Ford. What say you to yong Mr. Fenton? He talks, he dances, he has ears of youth; he writes letters, he speaks, he sings; he shall April and May, he shall carry's; sit in his buttons, he will carry's.
Page. Not by my content I premiss you, the Gentleman is no hang, he keeps companies with the wild Prince, and Fenton; he is of too high a Religion, he knows too much too, he shall not live a monther in his fortune, with the finger of his fabulence; if he take her, let her take him pityfully: the wealth I have wait on my content, and my content goes not this way.
Ford. I beseech you heartily, some of you goe home with me to dinner: besides your cheere you shall have fryes, I will these you a monther: M. Doctor, you shall go, shall you Mr. Page, and you Mr. Hugh.

Shall. Well, fare you well:
We shall have the free wrong at Mr. Page.

Mff. Page, Go home John Ruby, I come anon.
Ford. Farewell my heart, I will to my honest Knight Falstaff, and drink Canarie with him.
Page. I thank I shall drinke, he is in Pippewine full, with him, he will make me dance. Will you go, Gentles?

All. Have with you, to see this Monther.

Scena Tertia.


Mff. Ford. Here, let it done.
Mff. Page. Give you the men the charge, we must be brief. M. Ford. Marrie, as I told you before (John & Robert) be ready here hard-by in the Drew-house, & when I do daily call you, come forth, and (without any pause, or stagger) take this basket on your shoulder, done, trudge within in all hall, and carry it among the Whiffers in Docteur Mead, and then empty it in the muddle ditch, below by the Thames side.

Mff. Page. You will do it?

(Mff. Page. Direction.)
Mff. Ford. I ha told them outer and outer, they lacke no
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Be gone, and come when you are call’d.

M. Page. Here comes little Robin. (with you?)

M. Ford. Do you now my Esie-Master, what newes

Rob. M. Sirs John is come in at your backe doore

(M. Ford, and requests your company.

M. Page. You little Jack-a-lent, have you any true to vs

Rob. I, Ile be fowrne: my Master knowes not of your

being there: and hath threatened to put me into eneraling
liberty, if I tell you of it: for he threatens hell turne
me away.

M. Page. Thou’st a good boy: this secrecy of thine
shall be a Tower to thee, and that, make thee a new doubl
and haste. Ile go hide me.

M. Ford. Do so: to tell thy Master, I am alone: M.

Page. Remember you your cue.

M. Page. I warrant thee, if I do not see it, hifie me.

M. Ford. Go to then; we’ll have this unwhollome

humidity, this greffe-warty Pumpion; we’ll teach him
to know Turtles from laves.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heavendy Jewell? Why

now be I die, for I have ful long enough: This is
the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour.


Fal. Mistriss Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate (M.

Ford) now shall I fin in my with; I would thy Husband
were dead, Ie speake it before the bel Lord, I would
make thee my Lady.

M. Ford. If thy Lady Sir John? Alas, I should be a

pitiful Lady.

Fal. Let the Court of France shew me such other:

I see how shine eye would emulate the Diamond: Thus
built the right arched-beauty of the brow, that becomes
the Ship-yeare, the Tyre-valiant, or any Titre of Venetian
admiration.


My browes become nothing else, nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a tyrant to say so: thou wouldst make

an absolute Courtier, and the firmes fixture of thy presence,
would gaine an excellent motion to thy gate, in a femi-
circular Paringale. See what thou wert if Fortune thy
fate, 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 loate thee? Let that perwonde
thou. There’s something extraordinarily in thee: Come, I
cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a maniac
of the lipping-haughtone buds, that come like women
in mens apparrel, and smallicke. Bucklers-berry in sim-
ple time: I cannot, but I loate thee, none but thee; and
thou defendt it.

M. Ford. Do not brest it, I fear you lose M. Page.

Fal. Thou mightst as well say, I louse to walke by the

Cookie-gate, which is as hateful to me, as the recke of
a Lime-kiln.

M. Ford. Well, heaven knows how I love you,

And you shall one day finde it.

Fal. Keep in that minde, Ile defend it.

M. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you doe:

Or else I could not be in that minde.

Rob. Mistriss Ford, Mistriss Ford: here’s Mistriss Page
at the doore, sweating and bewailing, and looking wildely,
and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me, I will enconome mee behind
the Aret.

M. Ford. Pray you do so, this’s a very tating woman,

Whate the matter? How now?

M. Ford. O mistriss Ford, what have you done?

You’re dam’d, y’are overthrown, you’re undone for ever.

M. Ford. What’s the matter, good mistriss Page?

M. Ford. O weladay, mistif Ford, hunting an honest man
to your husband, to make him such cause of suffission.

M. Ford. What cause of suffission? Out upon you:

How am I misttied in you?

M. Ford. Why (alias) what is the matter?

M. Ford. Your husband’s comming bether (Woman)
with all the Officers in Windsor, to search for a Gentle-
man, that he saies is here now in the house; by your
content to take an illantage of his absence: you are
vndone.

M. Ford. ’Tis not so, I hope.

M. Ford. Pray heauen it be not so, that you have such
a man here: but he most commeiny your husband’s com-
ing, with halfe Windsor at his belaste, so thare for such a
one, I come before to tell you: if you know your selfe
deece, why I am glad of it: but if you have a friend here,
commy, comme him out. Be not amazd, call all your
fences to you, defend your reputation, or be lost for your
good lif for ever.

M. Ford. What shall I do? There is a Gentleman my
deece friend and I feare not mine owne shame so much,
as his peril. I had rather then a thousand pound he were
out of the house.

M. Page. For shame, neuer thand (you had rather, and
you had rather) your husband’s here at hand, behinde
you of some conscience: in the house you cannot hide
him. Oh, how have you deceived me? I seeke, here is a
basket, if he be of any reasonable stature, he may crepe
in here, and throw fowle linnen upon him, as if it were
goings to bucking: Or it is whiting time, send him by
your two men to Datchr-Mead.

M. Ford. He is too big to go in there: what shall I do?

Fal. Let me see, let me see: O let me see:

Ile in, Ile in: Follow your friends counsell, Ile in.

M. Page. What Sir John Faustfife? Are these thy Let-
ters, Knight?

Fal. ONE theel, helpe mee away: let mee creepe
here: Ile neuer—

M. Page. Help me to couer thy matter (Boys): Call
your men (M. Ford.) You distabilshent Knight.

M. Ford. What John, Robert, John: Go, take vp these
clothes here, quickly: Where’s the Cowile-fluffer Look
when you droubline? Carry them to the Landrefe in Datch-
ner mead, quickly, come.

Ford. Pray you come here: I fufec without cauffe,

Why then make sport at me, then let me be your leiff,
I deffeice it: How now? Whether bear ye this?

Ser. To the Landrefe forlooth.

M. Ford. Why, what have you to doe whether they
bear it? You were here meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Bucke I could of course with my selfe of y bucke
Bucke, bucke, bucke, bucke: I warrant you Bucke,
And of the fesstion too; it shall appere.

Gentlemen, I have drem’d to night, Ile tell you my
dreame: here, here, here, here be my keys, alced my
Chambers, fearr, feake, finde out: Ile warrant wewe’re
vknell to the Fox. Let me flipp this way first: So now
vnsape.

Page. Good matter Ford, be contented:

You wrong your serf too much.

Ford. True (mater.Page) vp Gentlemen,

You shall see sport anon;
Follow me Gentlemen,

Enter Fonten, Anne, Page, Shallow, Slender, Quicksil, Page, Mist, Page.

Font. I see I cannot get thy Father's leave; Therefore no more pursue me to him (sweet Nan.)

Anne. Alas, how then?

Font. Why thou must be thy self.

He doth object, I am too great a scholar,
And that my State being gait'd with my expence,
I lack to hold it entirely by his wealth.

Besides their, other barres he liest before me,
My Mujra past, my Wilde Society,
And tells me 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May he be he tells you true.

No, no, heaven to forbid me my time to come,
Albeit I will confess, thy Father wealth
Was the first motif that I would choose (Anne)
Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Then Hampes in Gold, or summit in seall'd bagges:
And 'tis the very riches of thy selfe,
That now, I esteem at.

Anne. Gentle Mr. Fonten,
Yet seek thy father's leave, still seek it fir'st,
Happiness and humblest suit;
Cannot attain it, why then harke you hither.

Shaw. Breaker their tale Misfit, quickly,
My Kinman shall speak for himself.

Slender. He make a shift or a bolt on't, fled, tis but venturi-
Shaw. Be not dismay'd. (ring)

Slender. No, the shall not dismay me;
I care not for that, but that I am afraid.

Anne. Shek ye, Mr. Slender would speak a word with you

Anne. I come to him. This is my father's choice:
O what a world of wide ill-favoured faults
Looks hand some in three hundred pounds a yeare?

Shaw. And how do's good Master Fonten?

Pray you a word with you.

Slender. She's coming, to her Coze

O boy, thou hast a father.

Shaw. I had a father (M. Anne) my uncle can tell you good
tales of him: Vancle tell Mith. Anne the left how
my Father boils two Geric out of a Penn, good Vancle.
Shaw. Misfit. Anne, say Cozen loves you.

Shaw. I that do, as well as I love any woman in Glou-
cetershire.

Shaw. He will maintain you like a Gentlewoman.

Shaw. I that I will, come cut and long-sable, under the
degree of a Squire.

Anne. Good Master Slender let him woo for himself.

Shaw. Marrie I thank you for it: I thank you for that good comfort: she says you (Coze) lie loose you.

Anne. Now Master Slender.

Slender. Now good Misfit Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Slender. I of the barings, that's a prettie
left indeed: I have made my Will yet (I thank Hea-
unst) I am not such a fickle creature, I give Heauen
praise.

Exeunt.
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Act I, Scene I.

Enter Falstaff, Bardolph, Quickly, Ford.

Falstaff. Bardolph, I say.

Bardolph. Here, Sir.

Falstaff. Go, fetch me a quart of sack, put a top in't. Have I must be carried in a basket like a barrel of butchers' offal? and to be thrown in the Thames? Wel, if I be not such another trick, I shall have my brains turn out and butter'd, and guzzle em to a dogge for a New-years gift. The rogues flung me into the river with as little remorse, as they would have drown'd a

blind bitches Puppies, fifteen ch't. listeners and you may know by my cease, that I have a kind of aclency in fulk'n of the bossonme as deep as hell, I shold down. I had been drown'd, but that the stone was heavy and flound' a death that I abhorre for the water feelles a man; and what a thing should I have beene, when I had beene liv'd? I shold have beene a Mountain of Mummie.

Ford. Here's M. Quickly, Sir, to speake with you.

Falstaff. Come, let me pour in some sack too the Thames water: for by my belleys as cold as if I had swallow'd snowballs, for pillets to cool the reines. Call her in.

Ford. Come in woman.

Quickly. By your leave: I cry you mercy; Give your worship good morrow.

Falstaff. Take away this Chaliere: Go, brew me a bottle of sacke finely.

Bardolph. With eggs, Sir?

Falstaff. Simple of it will fele: I no Pullet-Sperine in my brewage. How now?

Quickly. Sir, I come to your worship from M. Ford. Falstaff. M. Ford? I have had Ford enough. I was thrown into the Ford; I have my belly full of Ford.

Quickly. Alas the day, (good-heart) that was not her fault: the dog's to take on with her men; they mistooke their erracion. (promise)

Falstaff. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish Woman.

Quickly. Well, the lament Sir for it, that it would yen your heart to fee: her husband goes this morning a birding, the desires you once more to come to her, between eight and nine: I must carry her word quickly; she'll make you amends I warrant you.

Falstaff. Well, I will visit her, tell her so, and bid her think what a man is: let her consider his frailety, and then judge of my merit.

Quickly. I will tell her.

Falstaff. Do so. Between nine and ten fail thou?

Quickly. Eight and nine Sir.

Falstaff. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

Quickly. Peace be with you Sir.

Falstaff. I met euther I bear not of M. Brome; he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well.

Oh, here be comes.

Ford. Blest be you Sir.

Falstaff. Now M. Brome you come to know What have paid between me, and Ford's wife. Ford. That indeed (Sir John) is my buxenice.

Falstaff. M. Brome I will not dye to you, I was at her house the hour she appointed me. Ford. And sped you Sir?

Falstaff. Very ill-controuledly M. Brome.

Ford. How so? didst thou change her determination? Falstaff. No (M. Brome) but the peaking. Carnso her husband (M. Brome) dwelling in a continall of latrines, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embrac'd, kiss'd, protest'd, & as it were, spoke the prologue of our Comedy; and at his heels, a rabble of his companions, either provos'd and infuriated by his diffeences, and forsooth, to fetch his house for his wife's Loue.

Ford. What! while we were there?

Falstaff. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you? I yield the management. Falstaff. You shall heare. As good luck would have it, comes in one night. Pages gives intelligence of Ford's ap- prach: and in her invention, and Ford's wives distraction, they command me into a bucke-basket.
Ferd. A Buck-basket?
Fal. Yes; a Buck-basket: ram'd mee in with foule Shakes, and Smacks, Socks, soule Stockings, grete Napoli's, that (Mafier Brown) there was the rankest compound of villainous smell, that ever offended no- ninth.
Ferd. And how long lay you there?
Fal. Nay, you shall heare (Mafier Brown) what I have suffred, to bring this woman to euill, for your good: Being thus cram'd in the Basket, a couple of Ford knows, his Hinder, were calld forth by their Mafiers, to carry mee in the name of foule Cloathers to Ducket-lane; they took mee on their shoulders: met the lewds, knocked their Mafier in the face; who ask't them once or twice what they had in their Bucket: if quak'd for scare leaf the Lunaticke Knave would have seard it: but Fate (ordaining he should be a Cup-kold) held his hand: well, on went her for a fetch: and away went for foule Cloathers: But make the feem hugely (Mafier Brown) I flung at the pangs of three several deaths: First, an insuflerable fright, to be detected with a leasons rotten Bell-weather: Next to be compass'd with a like good Bibbo in the circumstance of a Becke, hitt to point, heele to head. And then to flinge in like a strong diffillation with flinty Cloathers, that stood in their owne great: chance of that, a man of my Kindes, thinke of that, that am as subiect to haste as butter: a man of continuall diffillation, and thow: it was a miracle to escape suffocation. And in the height of this Bath (when I was more then halfe Hew't in great (like a Dutch-dish) to be thrown in the Thames, and could, glomring-here, in that fange like a Horse-fman, thinke of that, rifling her, thinke of that (Mafier Brown).
Fal. In good faith Sir, I am sorry, for my sake you have suffred all this: My fault then is detereate: You'll undertake her no more?
Ferd. Mafier Brown: I will be thrown into Eve, as I have beene into Thames: ere I leave her thus; her Husband this morning goe a Birding: I have receiv'd from her another ambash of meeting: twentie-eight and nine is the hour (Mafier Brown).
Fal. This pightie is ready Sir.
Fal. I like? I will then address mee to my appoint- ment: Come to mee at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I seecede: and the conclusion shall be crowded with your enjoying her: Where you shall have her (Mafier Brown): Mafier Brown, you shall cuckold Ford.
Ferd. Humn's ha? Is this a vision? Is this a dream? doe I deepe? Mafier Ford awake, awake Mafier Ford: there's a whole made in your best course (Mafier Ford) this is to be married, this is to have Lyumen and Buck's buckets: Well, I will proclaim my selfe what I am: I will now take the Leacher: hee is at my house: hee cannot escape me: its impellable she should: hee cannot creep into a halfe-penny purse, nor into a Pepper-bone: But leaft the Dndern that guides him, should side him: I will teach impossible places: though what I am, I cannot endure: yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: I'll have horses, to make one mad, let the promerbe goe with me, let be home-mad.
Exeunt.
Scena Secunda.


Fal. Mist. Ford, Your sorrow hath eaten up my substance; I see you are obsequious in your looks, and I profess myself to be a hairs-breadth, not only Mist. Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accompaniments, complements, and ceremony of it: But are you sure of your husband now?

Mist. Ford. He's a birding (sweet Sir John.)

Fal. Who has o'fared him, what beast has he?

Mist. Page. Well, let his head be turned by you, and, as a reproach, I am glad you have none body here.

Fal. Mist. Ford. Why?

Mist. Page. Why woman, your husband is in his old lines again; he's taken on a young with his husband, so sailes against all married mankind; so scores all Excels daughters, of what complexion soever, and so butters himselfe on the poor head: crying, peere-out, peere-out, that any mad-fellc. I ever yet beheld, seemed but tame-beef, cullity, and patience to this his distemper he is in now. I am glad the fat Knight is not here.

Fal. Mist. Ford. Why, do's he talk of him?

Mist. Page. Of none but him, and you are he was carried out last time he fetched for him, in a basket: Protests 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 insinuation: But I am glad the Knight is not here: now he shall see his own folly.

Mist. Ford. How near is he Mist. Page?

Mist. Page. Hard by, at termeend; he will be here anon.

Mist. Ford. I am undone, the Knight is here.

Mist. Page. Why then are you vester'd shamed, & he's but a dead man. What a woman are you? Away with him, away with him; Better than that, then murder.

Mist. Ford. Which way should he go? How should I believe him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Fal. No, Ile come no more in the basket: May not I go out ere he come?
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

---

E.w. By you, and no, I think the o'man is a witch indeed; I like hot where a o'man has a great beard; I spie a great beard under his moust. M.Ford. Will you follow Gentlemen, I beseech you follow; see but the issue of this tantalize: If I cry out thus upon no trust, never trust me when I open again. E.w. Let's obey his humour a little further. Come Gentlemen.

M.Ford. Ay by th' Mistle that he did not, he beare him most unpitifully, me thought. 2nd.Ford. I haue the cudgel hollow'd, and hang o're the Alter, it hath done meritorious service.

M.Ford. What think ye? May we with the warrant of womanhood, and the witchesse of a great confidence, pursue him with any further revenge? M.Page. The spirit of wantoness is sure fear'd out of him, if the dwell hauie him not in fee-simpie, with fine and recovery, he will never (I thinke) in the way of wails, attempt vs again. M.Ford. Shall we set our husbands how we haue seen him? M.Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husbands brains: if they can find in their hearts, the poor unctuous fat Knight shall be any further afflicted, we two shall still bee the minders.

M.Ford. Ile warrant, they'll haue him publiquely shamed, and me thinkes there would be no period to the jeff. should be not be publiquely sham'd. 2nd.Page. Come, to the Forge with it, then shape it: I would not have things coole.

---

Scena Tertia.

Enter 2nd.Ford and Bardolph.

Bar. Sir, the Germaine desire to have three of your horses: the Duke himselfe will be to morrow at Court, and they are going to meet him.

2nd.Ford. What Duke should that be comes to secrecy? I hauie not aniam in the Court: let mee speake with the Gentlemen, they speake Englishe.

Bar. 2nd. Sir, he call him to you.

2nd.Ford. They shall haue my horses, but Ile make them pay: Ile cause them, they have had my horses a week at command: I have turn'd away my other guestes, they must come off, Ile cause them, come.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Page, Ford, M.Ford, and Enam.

E.w. 'Tis one of the best discritions of a o'man as ever I did looke upon.

Page. And did he fend you both these Letters at an instant? M.Ford. Vvthin a quarter of an hour.

Page. Pardon me (wife) henceforth do what ye will: I rather will suspeck the Sainie with gold.

Then thee with wantoness: Now dost thy hence Bind
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

(In him that was of late an Hereticke)

As I use a faith.

Page. This well, this well, no more:

Be not at extreme in labours, as in offence,

But let our plot go forward. Let our vices

Yet once again (to make vs publike spott)

Appoint a meeting with this old fast-fellow,

Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way then they spoke of.

Page. Would to God he would meet me in the

Parke at midnight? safe, he'll never come.

Eli. You say he has bin throwne in the Riuers: and

Has bin grossly passports, as an old man: me-thinks he

There should be terror in him, that he shold not come.

Me-thinks his flees is punisht, he shall have no defers.

Page. So think I too.

Ford. Doubt but how you'll vse him whan he comes,

And let vs two denite to bring him thither.

Page. There is an old tale goes, that Hervi the

Hunster (sometime a keeper here of Windfor Forrester)

Dooth all the winter winter; at full midnight

Walketh round about an Oake, with great rag'd-horses,

And there he blafeth the tree, and takes the cattle,

And make milch-kine yeald blood, and makes a chaine

To a most hidenous and dreadfull manner.

You have heard of that Spirit, and well you know

The superstitious idle-headed Eid

Receivd, and did deliver to our age.

This tale of Hervi the Hunster, for a truth.

Page. Why yet there want not many that do seke

In deep of night to walk by this Hervis Oake:

But what of this?

Page. Marry this is our deuise,

This Falstaff, at that Oake shall meete with vs.

Page. Well, let it be doubted but he'll come,

And in this shape, when you have brought him thither,

What shall be done with him? What is your plot?

Page. That like wise you have thought vpon; and this:

Next Page (my daughter) and my little one,

And three of four of more of their growth, we'll dresse

Like Vranch's, Ouphes, and Fairies, green and white,

With rounds of wasson Tapers on their heads,

And rattles in their handes upon a fiddle,

As Falstaff, the, and I am newfrunet.

Let them from forth a law-way rath at once

With some dumm'd song; With song on their fight

Two or, in great amazednesse will flyes.

Then let them all encircle him about,

And Fairy-like to pinch the vndertakers Knight,

And make him why that hours of Fairy it well.

In their foated paths, he dares not tread

In shape prophan.

Ford. And till he tell the truth,

Let the suppos'd Fairies pinch him, and

Burne him with their Tapers.

Page. The truth being knowne,

We'll all present our best. dis-honor the spirit,

And mocke him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must

Be gratified, or they'll not doe it.

Esm. I will teach the children their behaviours; and I

Will be like a Lacke on Ages also, to burne the Knight

With my Taper.

Ford. This will be excellent,

He goe, burn them wizards.

Title Page. My Neafe shall be the Queene of all the

Fairies, finetly attired in a robe of white.

Page. That fille will I go buy, and in that time

Shall L.M. Stender dance his Newe way.

And marry her at Eaten go, tend to Falstaffe straight.

Ford. Nay, he to him againe in name of Browne,

He'll tell me all his purposes for he'll come.

Page. Fear not you that: Go get vs properties

And tricking for our Fayries.

Esm. Let vs about it.

It's admirable pleasures, and ferry honest knauries.

Page. Go. Falstaff.

Send quickly to Sir L. Sir, to know his minde:

Let to the Doctor, he hath my good will,

And none but he to marry with New Page:

That Stender (though well landed) is an idiot.

And lie, my husband beft of all affects:

The Doctor is well minded, and his friends

Purves at Court: he, none but he shall haunter,

Though twenty thousand and wittier come to cruash.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Hoff., Simple, Falstaff, Bardolph, Esm.,

Cain., Quickly.

Hoff. What wouldst thou have? (Boote) what? (thick

skin) speak, breathe, discourse breathe, short, quickes,

In.

Simple. Marry Sir, I come to speak with Sir John Fal-

staff from M. Stender.

Hoff. There's his Chamber, his House, his Castle.

His fancing-bed and truckle-bed: 'tis painted about

The story of the Prodigall, new and new: go knock

And call; he'll speak like an Ambrosiaphagonist who

there: Knock, I say.

Simple. There's an old woman, a fat woman gone up

Into his chamber: I he be so bold as stay Sir till the come

downe: I come to speak with her indeed.

Hoff. Ee! A fat woman! The Knight may be robbed.

I'll call. Bully-Knight, Bully Sir John: speake from the

Lungs Military. Art thou there? Is it shine Hoff., shine

Ephesian call.

Fal. How now, mine Hoff?

Hoff. Here's a Bohemian Tatter tarrying the comming

downe of this fat woman: I let her defend (Bully) let

her defend: my Chambers are honourable: Eie, prais-

cy Fie.

Fal. There was (mine Hoff) an old-fat-woman even

now with me, but she's gone.

Simple. Pray you Sir, was not the Wife of

Browne?

Fal. I marry she was it (Muffeh-shell) what would you

with her?

Simple. My Matser (Sir) my maistre Stender, sent to her

seeing her go thorou the street, to know (Sir) whether

one (Sir) that beguiled him of a chaine, had the

chaine, or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Sir. And what sayes he, I pray Sir?

Fal. Marry he sayes, that he very tame man, that

beguiled Mather Stender of his Chaine, coveted him off.

Simple. I would I could haue spoken with the Woman

her.
her felle, she had other things to have spoken with her
now, from her.

Fal. Misses they flie vs know.

She. I come: quite.

Fal. I shurn not conceale them (Sir).

She. Conceale them, or thou diest.

Sim. Why sir, they were nothing but about Missis
Anne Page, to know if it were my Matter fortunate to
have her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis, as his fortune.

Sim. What Sir?

Fal. To have her, or no more: say the woman told
me so.

Sim. May I be bold to say to Sir?

Fal. I shall, like who more bold.

Sim. I thank your worship: I shall make my Matter
glad with these tidings.

She. They are clearly: thine are clearly (Sir) was
there a wife woman with thee?

Fal. I that there was (mine) that he hath taught
me more, then ever I learned before in my life: and
I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my
learning.

Bar. Out alia (Sir) cozenage: mere cozenage.

She. Where be my horses? speaks well of them vars
lettis.

Bar. Run away with the cozeners: for so soon as
I came beyond Átown, they threw me oft, from behind
one of them, in a flough of myere: and so spurret, and
away; like three Germania-ducis: three Dollar East
Hertes.

She. They are gone but to meet the Duke (villaine),
doer not say they belied: Germania are honest men.

Sim. What is the matter Sir?

Eun. Have care of your entertaiments: there is a
friend of mine come to Towne, tells mee there is three
Cosen Ierman, that has a cozen all the East of Readens,
of Shmorehead; of Colle-br绔e, of horse and money; I
tell you for good will (looks you) you are wife, and full
of giberis, and voulting rode: and is not congruent
you should be cozened. Fare you well.

Sim. Veris mine H oft de fetteers?

She. Here (Mater Donkler) in perplexitie, and doubtfull
decision.

Cai. I cannot tell what is bat: but it is tell-a-me, bat
you make grand praparation for a Duke de Lomand: by
my troth: des is no Duke that the Courtis know, so
come: I tell you for good will, adiet.

He. Hue and cry, (villaine) goe, affit me Knight. I
am vnadone: fly, run: hue, and cry (villaine). I am un-
done.

Fal. I would all the world might be cozened, for I
have beene cozened and beaten too: it should come
to the care of the Court, how I have beene transformed,
and how my transformation hath beene waffled, and
cutted, they would melt mee out of my fat dropp by
drop, and liquor Fishermen-boosts with mee I warrant
they would whip mee with their fine witt, till I were as
criff-fanje as a crick-piec: I utter prosperdy, since I
found mee at Primrose: well, if my witts were
but long enough, I would repent: Now Whences come
you. Miserrable.

Qui. From the two parties for both.

Fal. The Distill take one patice, and his Dam the
other: and so they shall be both beloved: I have ful-

The Many Wives of Windsor.
That quain in green, she shall be loose en-tar'd,
With Ribbons-pendant, strung bow her head;
Anne, sonic the Dowt of his vantage ripe.
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,
The maid hath given content to go with him.

Hoff. Which means she to deceive? Fathers, or Moth-

er.-

Ter. Both (my good Hoff) so go along with me:
And hence it falls, that you'll procure the Vicar,
To stay for me at church, swit, till, and, one,
And in the whole name of marrying,
To glue our hearts united ceremony.

Hoff. Well, husband you deputed, lie to the Vicar,
Bringing the Maid, you shall not lack a Priest.

Ter. So shall he, moreover he would to thee.
Besides, he makes a present remembrance.

**Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.**

**Enter Falstaff, Quickly, and Ford.**

Fal. Pr'ythee no more prating: go, Ile hold this is the third time: I hope good luck lies in odd numbers: Away, go, they say there are Divine in odd Numbers, either in mortality, chance, or death: away.

Quis. He promotes you a chance, and he doe what I can to get you a pair of horses.

Fal. Away, I say, time wearers, hold up your head & mind. How now Master Brown, Master Brown, the master will be known to night, or never. But you in the Parkes about midnight, at Heroes-Oake, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday? (Sir) as you told me you had appointed? Fal. I went to her (Master Brown) as you see, like a poor old man, but I came from her (Master Brown) like a poor old woman; that fame knave (Ford his husband) hath the finest man distill of walsont in him. (Master Brown) that ever groaned in France. I will tell you, he beas me greenly, in the shape of a woman; (for in the shape of Man (Master Brown) I fear) not Goliath with a Wenceslaus beamer, because I know aile, life is a Shuttle. I am in haste, go along with me, he tell you all (Master Brown) since I pluck up Greene, plaide Trevant, and whip Top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten till lately. Follow mee, I'tell you strange things of this Knave Ford, on whom to night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow, strange things in hand (M. Brown) follow.

**Scena Secunda.**

**Enter Page, Shallow, Slender.**

Page. Come, come, we'll couch thee Castle-ditch, till we see the light of our Fairies. Remember for Slender, ever.

Slender. I durst not, I have spoke with her, & we have a may-word, how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry Mops, the cries Budget, and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too. But what needs either your Mum, or her Budget? The white will decipher her well enough. It hath brook in it a clock.

Page. Then her's darke, Light and Spirits will become it well: Heaven prosper out sport. No man means still but the devil, and we shall know him by his horne, Let away: follow me.

**Scena Tertia.**

**Enter Miss Page, Miss Ford, Caise.**

Miss Page. Mr. Doctor, my daughter is in green, when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the Deanery, and dispatch it quickly; go before into the Park we two must go together.

Caise. I know what I have to do, admite.

Miss Page. Fare you well (Sir) my husband will not retire so much as the abuse of Falstaff, as he will chase at the Doctors marrying my daughter: But 'tis no matter: better a little chiding, then a great deal of heart-breaks.

Miss Ford. Where is Nurse now and her troop of Fairies and the Welch deuil Herne?

Miss Page. They are all couched in a pit hard by Heroes Oake, with obfuscated Lights; which at the very instant of Falstaff and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Miss Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Miss Page. If he be not amazed he will mock'd: If he be amazed he will cure way be mock'd.

Miss Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Miss Page. Against such Lewdities, and their lechery, Those that betray them, do no treachery.

Miss Ford. The hour draws on to Heroes Oake, to the Oake.

**Scena Quarta.**

**Enter Evans and Fairies.**

Evans. Tib, trib Fairies: Caise, and remember your parts: be oiled (pray you) follow me into the pit, and when I give the watch-ords, do as I bid you: Come, come, trib, trib.

**Scena Quinta.**

**Enter Falstaff, Miss Page, Miss Ford, Evans, Anne Page, Fairies, Ford, Shallow, Slender, Fenton, Caise, Pilk.**

Fal. The Windsor-bell hath stroke twelve: the Mi-

**Enter Fairies.**

Page. Enter Page, Shallow, Slender, Ford, Evans, Anne Page, Fairies, Ford, Shallow, Slender, Fenton, Caise, Pilk. Fal. The Windsor-bell hath stroke twelve: the Min-

**Enter Fairies.**

Page. Enter Page, Shallow, Slender, Ford, Evans, Anne Page, Fairies, Ford, Shallow, Slender, Fenton, Caise, Pilk.
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

omnipotent. Loue, howeere the God drewe to the complection of a Gooie; a fault done first in the forme of a beest, (O loe, a beastly fault;) and then another fault, in the embleeme of a Tawie, think'st thee (Tawie) a foulde fault. When God's have hot bouses, what shall poor man do? For me, I am here a Windfor Stapaghe, and the farest (I think) thy Forrest. Send me a coole rur-tume (Toue) or who can blame me to pile Tallow? Who comes here is my Doe?
M. Ford. Sir John, Art thou there (my Deere?)
My male Deere?
Fal. My Doe, with the blacke Scott? Let the skie raine Potatoes; let it thunbe, to the tune of Greeneg-eterne, baile-kissing Cynotes, and how ENagos: Let there come a conceit of provocation, I will better note here.
M. Ford. Mislaid Pages is come with me (sweet hart.)
Fal. Divide me like a bish'd-bucke, each a Hunch: I will keep my fides to my selfe, my beauteus for the fellow of this walke; and my hones I bequeath my husbands. Am I a Woodman, ha? Speake I like Herne the Hunter? Why, now is Capit a child of confence, he makes a suffusion. As I am a true spirit, welcome.
M. Page. Alas, what sort?
M. Ford. Heauen forgive our fancies.
Fal. What should this be?
M. Ford. This. Away, away.
Fal. I thank the devout shall not have me smold, Leave the clyde that's in me, I should set hell on fire; He would never else extoll me thus.

Exit Pages.

Fal. Fairies blacke, gray, greene, and white; You moone, shine roulers, and shadus of night.
You Ophian heares of fixed daiting, Attend your office, and your quality.
Crier Hob-goblin, make the Fairy Gyes.
Pyf. Eloys, lift your nameses; Silence you aery toyes.
Cricket, to Windfor-chimnyes that thou leape;
Where first thou find'st var'd, and hearst unswept,
There pinch the Mists as blew as Mill-berry,
Our radiant Queene, lusts Surt, and Slatstye.

Fal. They are Fairies, he that speaks to them shall die,
He winke, and concho: No man their works must see.

En. What's Trell? Go you, and where you find a maid
That ere the slege has thrice her prayers saied,
Raffe up the Organ of her fantasie,
Sleep she as sound as cattle in infancy,
But thole as slege, and thanke not on their fins,
Pinch them atames, legs, backes, shoulders, fides, & fints.

En. About, about:
Search Windfor Castle (Elites) within, and out.
Strew good locke (Ophyes) on every spered room;
That it may flond till the perpetua doome,
In haste as whome, as in haste its fit,
Worthy the Owner, and the Owner it.
The geall carissies of Ordes, lookee you forsoe;
With joye of Balme; and every precious flowre,
Each faire Inflame, Coaté, and (Hull and Creel,
With lowy All Baron, evermore he bled.
And Nightly-meadow-Fairies, looke you sing
Like to the Garter-Compoise, in a sing.
The treasuries that it bears: Greenet let it be,
More fertile-fresh then all the Field to see:
And, Henry Seis: and Mary-Pome, write:
In Emerald-stuffes, flowres purple, blue, and white,
Like Sapphire-pears, and rich embrilderie,
Buckled below faire Knight-hoods bending knee;
Fairies wie Flowers for their character,
Away, dispara: But till its one a clocke,
Our Dance of Clouforme, round about theoke,
Of Herne the Hunter, let vs not forget.

(Fe) Pray you look hand in handy your felles in order
And twenty glowe-worships shall our Lanternes bee
To guide our Measure round about the Tree.
Bat-tary, I smell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heueness defend me from that Welle: Fairy,
Leaf he transorme me to a piece of Cheefe,
Pyf. Vilde wormes, thou wast once-look'd euin in thy birth.

En. With Triall-fire touch me his finger end:
If he be chaffe, the flame will backe defend,
And tune him to no paine: but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted hart.
Pyf. A triall, come.
Ena. Come will this wood take fire?
Fal. Oh, oh, oh.
Quin. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire.
About him (Fairies) sing a short and full time,
And as you trip, till pinch him to your time.

The Song.

For some few short minutes Flu on Lafv, and Luxurie:
Left us in a bloody sea, kindled with embers desire,
Fed in hearts whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.
Pinch him (Fairies) mutually: Pinch him for his villain.
Pinch him, and burne him, and turne him about,
Till Candle, and Star-light, & Moone-shone be out.

Page. Nay do not flye, I think we have watch you now:
Will none but Herne the Hunter sense your tune?
M. Page. I pray you come, hold vp the left no higher.
Now (good Sir John) how like you Windfor wines?
See you the husband? Do not these faire yocks
Become the Forrest better then the Towne?
Ford. Now Sir, whose a Cuckold now?
Mr Brome, Fallsaffers a Knave, a Cackoldly knowe,
There are his horses Master Brome:
And Master Brome, he hath enjoyd nothing of Ford's,
bur his Buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money,
which must be paid to Mr Brome, his horses are arrestt for it, Mr Brome.
M. Ford. Sir John, we haue had ill lucke: wee could never meete:
I will never take you for my Loutd againe,
but I will always count you my Deere.
Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an Affair.
Ford. I, and an Oxe too: both the poorest are extant.

En. And therfore are not Fairies?
I was three or foure times in the thought they were not Fairies,
and yet the gudleamde of my minde, the odious surprize of my powers, druce the goodleamde of the superty into a receit'd believes, in delighe of the teeth of all time and reason, that they were Fairies. See now how wit may be made a Lacke-a-Lent, whens his sport ill employment.

En. Sir John Fallsaffers, serve God, and issue your defence, and Fairies will not pinte you.
Ford. Vell well said Sir John.

En. And issue you your ieralties too, I pray you.
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Ford. I will never misprize my wife again, till then art able to woo her in good English.

Sal. If I had my brain in the Sun, and drily is, that is not a matter to provoke or distress one reaching at this? Am I ridden with a Welch Custome too? Shall I have a Coxecon of Frize? Till I was check'd with a piece of tostad Cheese.

En. Steele is not good to glue tarry your belly in a pinter.

Sal. Steele, and Putter? Have I bid to stand at the name of one that makes Fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking through the Realme.

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? A bag of flux?

Ford. A puffed man.

Page. Old, cold, with'd, and of intolerable enthrall?

Ford. And one that is as scandalous as Sarchin?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

En. And given to Fornications, and to Tainters, and Sacke, and Wine, and Methus gins, and to drinking, and freecring, and thieving? Priddles and praisis?

Ford. Well, I am your Sarchin; you have the part of me; we are not able to serve the Welch Flannel; Ignorance is false is a plummette or me, vie me as you will.

Ford. Marry Sir, we'll bring you to Windsor to one Mr. Brown, that you sure cozen'd of money, to whom you should have him a Pander; outer and about that you have suffoc'd, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerful; Knight: thou shalt eat a poffet to night at my house, when I will define thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee; I tell her Mr. Slender hath married her daughter.

Page. Doctors doubt that:

If Anne Page be my daughter, she is (by this) Doctor Ciano wife.

Sal. Whoa hee, hoe, Father Page.

Page. Some! How now? How now Sonne, Have you dispatched it?

Sal. Dispatch'd? He make the bed in Gloucestershire know en't would I were hang'd is, else.

Page. Of what forme?

Sal. I came yonder at Easton to marry Mistres Anne Page, and she's a great lumberly boy. If it had not been the Church, I would have swing'd him; or else should have swing'd me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never strike, and 'tis a Post-masters Boy.

FINIS.
MEASVRE,
For Measure.

A Hit primus, Scena prima.

---

Enter Duke, Escalus, Lords.

Duke. My Lord,

Edg. Of Government, the properties to you
Would frame in me a special speech to discourse,
Since I am put to know, that your own science
Exceedeth that of all advice,

Since my weakness can give you: Then no more remaine.

But that, to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,

And yet they know, 'The nature of our people,

Our cities, &c. and the terms

For common justice, are as pregnant in

As Art, and practice, hath enriched any

That we remember: There is our commissione,

From which, we would not have you再去; call hither.

I say: bid come before you, 

What figure of vs do you resemble,

For you must know, we have with special foule

Elected him without your assent to supply,

Let him your terror, dreft with your lone,

And given his departure all the organs

Of our own power: What think you of it?

Ese. If any in Fauna be of worth

To undergo such ample grace, and honour,

It is Lord Angelo.

---

Enter Angelo.

Duke. Look where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your Graces will,

I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo:

There is a kind of character in thy life,

That to th' observer, doth thy history

Pully unfold: Thy selfe, and thy belonging

Are not thine own to proper, as to waftes

Thy selfe upon thy vertues; they on thee;

Heaven doth with vs, as we, with torches doe,

Not light them for themselves: For if our vertues

Did not go forth of vs, we were all alike.

As if we had them not: Spirits are not finely touch'd,

But to fine lustres; nor nature never lends

The smallest scruple of her excellence,

But like a sturdy goddess, she determines

Her selfe the glory of a creditour,

Both thanks, and vs: But I do bend my speech

To one that can my part in him advertise;

Hold therefore, Angelo:

In our remove, be thou at full, our selfe;

Moraltitie and Mercie in Fauna

Lue in thy tongue, and thine heart; Old Escalus

Though fault in question, is thy secondar.

Take the commission,

Ang. Now good my Lord

Let there be some more set, made of my mettice,

Before so noble, and so great a figure

Be stamped upon it.

Duke. No more occasion:

We have with a learned, and prepared choice

Proceeded to you; therefore take your honors:

Our haste from hence is of so quicke condition,

That it prefers itselfe, and leaves a question'd

Masters of need full value: We shall write to you

As time, and our concernings shall importance.

How is gone with vs, and doe you desire to know

What doth befall you here. So fare you well:

To the hopeful execution doe I leave you,

Of your Commission.

Ang. Yet give me leave: (my Lord,)

That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My hand may not admit it,

Nor neede you (on mine honor) have to doe

With any scruple; your scope is as mine owne.

So to informe, or qualifie the Lawes

As to your foule seemes good; Give me your hand,

Ie prouly away: I lose the people,

But do not like to stage me to th' eyes;

Though it doe well, I doe not relish well

Their lowd applause, and Aues veneration

Nor doe I think the man of late discretion

That doth affect it. Once more fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes.

Ese. Lead forth, and bring you backe in happinesse.

Duke. I thank you, fare you well.

Ese. I shall desire you, Sir, to give me leave

To have free speech with you; and it concernes me

To looke into the bottome of my place:

A power I have, but of what strength and nature,

I am not yet intrusted.

Ang. Tis so with me: Let vs with draw together,

And we may soone our satisfaction have

Touching that point.

Ese. He wait upon your honor.

Exeunt.
Scene Secundae.

Enter Lucio, and two other Gentlemen.

Luc. If the Duke, with the other Dukes, come not to composition with the King of Hungary, why then all the Dukes fall upon the King.

Gent. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of Hungary.

Gent. Amen.

Luc. Thou calld it like the Sanctions of Prias, that went to set with the ten Conshandamen, but escap'd one out of the Table.

Gent. Thou shall not Steale?

Luc. I, that he rz'd.

Gent. Why dost thou command me, to command the Captain, and all the rest from their functions: they put forth to resolve? There's not a Soldier of all th, that in the thanksgiving before meat, do fulfill the prayers that pertain for peace. But the King.

Gent. I never heard any Soldier dislike it.

Luc. I beleue thee: for I thinke thou never wast where Grace was paid.

Gent. No? a dozen times at least.

Gent. What? In meeter?

Luc. In any proportion, man in any language.

Gent. I thinke, or in any Religion.

Luc. By, not the Grace, but grace of all conscience: as for example, Thou sayest are a wicked, villaine, despite of all Grace.

Gent. Well; there were, but a piece of gesture between us.

Luc. I grant: there may be between the Lill, and the Vellet. Thou see the Lill.

Gent. And tell the Vellet. thou art good wights; thou art a three pence-piece I warrant thee. I had a青山 be a Lyff of an English Letter, as he pid, as thou art pild, for a French Vellet. Do I speake freely now?

Luc. I thinke thou dost indeed with most painfull feeling of thy speech: I will, out of mine own confection, learn to begin a thy health, but, whilst I use forget to drink after thee.

Gent. I thinke I have done my letter wrong, have I not?

Gent. Yes: that thou hast, whether thou art rated, or free.

Enter Banio.

Luc. Behold, behold, where Madam Adriana comes. I have purchase'd as many diseases under her Roofe.

As come to

Gent. To what, I pray?

Luc. Judges.

Gent. To the thousand Dollours a yeare.

Luc. A French Crown more.

Gent. Thou art always figuring diseases in me, but thou art full of error, I am found.

Luc. Nay, not (as one would say) healthy: but so found, as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow: Impiety has made a fault of thee.

Gent. How now, which of your hips has the most profound Citticas?

Bard. Well, well: there's one yonder arrested, and carried to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

Gent. Who's that I pray thee?

Bard. Marry Sir, that's Claudia, Signior Claudia.
Like Rees that run downe their proper Place,
A thirsty call, and when we drank, we died.
If I could speake for safety under your rods, it
Would finde you some of my Commands, and yet, to
The truth, I had no faith in the profession of freedom, as
The mortality of imprisonment: where's thy offence.
Ladie?
Ladie. What (but to speake of) would offend againe.
Luc. What, is it murder?
Ladie. No.
Luc. Lecherie?
Ladie. Call it so.
Pro. Away, Sir, you must gone.
Ladie. One word, good friend.
Luc. A word with you,
Luc. A hundred men,
If they'll doe you any good: Is Lechery to look'd after?
Ladie. Thus hands it with me: upon a true contract
I got possession of instant beed,
You know the Lady, she is fall my wife,
Sure that we do the demonstration take
Of outward Original. This we cammon too
Onely for propagation of a Dower
Remaining in the Coffin of her friends,
From whom we thought it meet to hide our Lives.
Till Time had made them free for us. But it chances
The health of one most useful entertainments
With Christian too profusely, is writ on lapses.
Luc. With child, perhaps?
Ladie. Unhapsly, euen so.
And the new Deputy, now for the Duke,
Whether it be the fault and splendour of newes,
Or whether that the body publicke be
A home whereon the Governor doth ride,
Who newly in the Scare, that it may know
He can command: lets it him feel the fret
Whether the Tramony be in his place,
Or in his Exigence that fails him.
I stagger at it: but this new Governor
Awakes me all the inrolled garrulities
Which have (like witch's wight) hung by't with.
So long, that merie scapes hath gone round,
And none of them beene wroned, and for a name
Now put the rowdise and neglected A's.
Fidelly on the r'd, to a name.
Luc. I warrant it: And thy hand finds to stirle on
The flutters, that a wretche-maid, if she be born, may
fight it off's Send under the Duke, and appeal to him.
Ladie. This done, in buche's not to be found.
I pray thee (Lucas) doe me this kind service,
This day, my sister should the Cheyler enter,
And there receive her approbation.
Acquaint her with the danger of my state,
Implore her, in mine case, that she make friends
To the first who would shid her selfe alay him,
I have great hope it's for in her youth.
There is a speed and speche in the tech.
Such as men of estate, and the best prosperous Art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can perswade.
Luc. I pray thee, sir, if well for the encouragement of the life, whose els she would end under greene imposicion; as for the enying of thy life, who I would be
Forbid should bee thus foolishly lost; at a great cost he
Tell to her.
Ladie. Thank you good friend Lucas.
Ladie. Within two houses,
Luc. Cane Officer away.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke and Friar Thomas.
Duk. No, holy Father, throw away that thought,
Reconcile not that the driblest dart of Love
Can pierce a compleat heart: why, I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grace, and waked, then the sins, and ends
Of burning yonths.
Fri. May your Grace speake of it?
Duk. My holy Sir, none better knowes then you
How I have euer bold the life removed
And held in idle price, to blame assemblies
Where youth, and costa, and shrewle bruit, keepes,
I have deliver'd to Lord A. Anger
(A man of stature, and name abstinence)
My absolute power, and place here in Vienna.
And he supposes me traulled to Poland.
(For so I have freed it in the common estate)
And it is receiv'd? Now (quia Sir)
You will demand of me, why I do this.
Fri. Gladly, my Lord.
Duk. We have strict Statutes, and most biting Laws,
(The needfull loss and curbs to a headstrong weele)
Which for this fourtie ene yeares, we haue lett slip.
Even like an ore-grownne Lyon in a Cane.
That goes not not to prey: Now as fond Fathers,
Having bound up the threatening twinges of birth,
Onely to fiskie in their childrens fight.
For terror, not to vexe in time the rod,
More mock'd, then feard: so our Decretes,
Dead to imitate, to themselfes are dead,
And liueres, puts Justice by the nose,
The Baby bestes the Nurse, and quite away are
Goes all decorum.
Fri. It resteth in your Grace.
Duk. To unloose this stye-up Justice, when you please'd:
And in you more decedull would have been'd
Thus in Lord A. Anger.
Duk. I doe fear: too decedull:
Sith it was my fault, to give the people scope,
'T would be my errary to strike and pull them,
For what I bid them doe: For, we bid this be done
When evil deeds have their permittive poise,
And not the punishment: therefore indeede (my father)
I have on A. Anger imposed the office,
Who may in this ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet, my nature neuer in the fight:
To do in flander; And to be holden his frow.
I will, as where a brother of your Order,
Viz: both Prince and People; Therefor, I pretend
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bene;
Like a true Friar: More reasons for this sect.
At our more frayish, shall I render you;
Onely, this one: Lord A. Anger is precise,
Stands are guard with Rome: these confesses
That his blood bowes: or that his appetite
Is more to breed then thone: hence shall we see
If power change purposes: what our Seemers be.

Exit. Scena.
Scena Quinata.

Enter Iohann and Francesca a Nuns.

Ioh. And have you Nuns no farther piousedges? Nuns. Are not their large enough? Ioh. Yes truly; I speak not as desiring more, But rather willing a more strict restraint. Upon the Sisterhood, the Votaries of Saint Clare. Luc. Triton.

Luc. Hoa? peace be in this place. Ioh. Who's that which calls? Nuns. It is a mans voice; gentle Iohanna. Turn you the key, and know his business of him. You may? I may not; you are yet unworste: When you have vowel: you must not speake with men, But in the presence of the Friar; Then if you speake, you must not shew your face; Or if you show your face, you must not speake. He calls againe: I pray you answer him. Ioh. Peace and prosperity: who 's that? Ioh. Iohanna. Proclaime you are no leste, can you so feed me, As bring me to the light of Iohanna, A Notice of this place, and the faire Sister To her whannip brother Cleopatra. Ioh. Why her whannip Brother? Let me ask, The rather for a now must make you know I am this Iohanna, and her Sister. Luc. Gentle & faire: your Brother kindly greets you; Not to be weary with you: he's in prison. Ioh. Woe me; for what? Luc. For that, which if my selfe might be his Judge, He should receive his punishment, in thankes. He hath got his friend with childe. Ioh. Sir, make me not your fortes. Luc. His cruel would not, though in my familist fair, With Maidens to secane the Lapwing, and to sell Tongue, far from heart: play with all Vargis to. I hold you as a thing en-skied, and taint, By your renunciation, an innerall spirit And to be talke'd with in sincerity, As with a Saint. Ioh. You do blot the good, in mocking me. Luc. Does not believe: as women, and truth: as thus, Your brother, and his lover embrac'd; As those that feed, grow fawil, as blossoming Time. That from the feeders, the bare follow brings To seeming fisyon: even for her pleasurable woume Exceedeth his full Tith, and studiary. Ioh. Some one with child by him? my cosen, Julia? Luc. Is it the your cosen? Ioh. Adoptedly, as schoolmaids change their names By yong, though apt affection. Luc. She it is. Ioh. Oh, let him marry her. Ioh. This is the point. The Duke is very strangely gone from hence: Bogre many gentlemens (my selfe being one) In hand, and hope of action: but we doe learne, By those that know the very Names of State, His quelling-ou, were of an infinite distance From his true meant defence upon his place,

(And with full line of his authoritie) Governess Lord. Angello: A man whose blood Is very low-born: one, who never feels The wanton flings, and motions of the sense; But doth rebate, and blunt his natural edge. With proues of the minde: Stude, and faith He (to glie fear to vse, and libertie, Which issue, for long, run by the hideous law, As Myce, by Lyons) hath picked one ad. Vnder whole beauty fence, your brothers life Falls into forfeit: he arretts him on, And followes clothe the rigor of the Statute. To make him an example: all hope is gone, Vincile you have the grace, by your faire prays To offend. Angello: And that's my pitch of businesse. Twixt you, and your poor brother. Ioh. Doth he fo, Seke his life? Luc. Has sent it him already, And as I hear, the Prouost hath a warrant For his execution. Ioh. Alas: what poore Abilitie's in me, to doe him good. Luc. Alas, the power you haue. Ioh. My power? alas, I doubt. Luc. Our doubts are traitors And makes us lose the good we oft might win, By fearing to attempt: Go to Lord Angello And let him learn to know, when Maidens fote Men glid like gods: but when they weep and kneele, All their petitions, are as freely theirs As they themselves would owe them: Luc. Ile see what I can doe. Ioh. But speedily. Luc. I will about it forth. No longer playinge, but to guide the Mother Notice of my affaires: I humbly thank you: Recommend me to my brother: Ione at night He send him certaine word of my success. Luc. I take my issue of you. Ioh. Good sir, adieu.
Another thing to fall: I was deep 
The fury pulling on the prisoner's life.
May it be twelve times a thief's life, two
Guilty then him they are what's open made to Tuffuce,
That Tuffuce enacts; What knows the Law
That these do pass on the street? To very, pregnant
The Jewell that we find, we loose, and take's well,
Because we see it; but what we do not see
We read upon, and never think of it.
You may not to extremities, offence.
For I have had such faults: nor rather tell me
When I, that confess him, do so offend;
Let mine own judgment patronize my death,
And nothing come in parallel. Sir, he multifyle.

Enter Prompt.

Efc. Bow's his wife, wild dance will.

Aug. Where's the Prince? what? 

Pro. Here it like: you honour.

Efc. See that Claudius

Be executed by time to morrow morning,
Bring him his Confessor; let him be prepared,
For that's the reason of his pilgrimage.

Aug. Well: he mean's for you; and forgive us all,
Some wife by time, and some by cause fall;
Some run from brake of fee, and are none,
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter Eliius, Fruh, Cloveer, Officers.

Efc. Come, bring them away: if these be good people in a Common-wealth, that does nothing but live their abuses in common houses, I knew no law that brings them away.

Aug. How now Sir, what's your name? And what's the matter?

Efc. His please your honour, I am the poor Duke Con العلاقة, and my name is Elius; I doe leave upon Justice Sir, and doe bring in here before your good honor, two notorious Benefactors.

Aug. Benefactors? Well, what Benefactors are they?

Efc. If please your honor, I know not well what they are: but justice villains they are, that I am sure off, and void of all proclamation in the world, that good Christians ought to haue.

Efc. This comes off well: here's a with Officer.

Aug. Go not: What quality are they of? Elius is your name?

Why do they not speake Elius?

Efc. He cannot Sir: he's out at Elbow.

Aug. What are you Sir?

Efc. He Sir's Tapher Sir's parcell Baud: one that I know a bad woman: whole house Sir was (as they say) pluckt downe in the Suburbs: and now thee procilles a hot-house: which, I think is a very ill house too.

Aug. How know you that?

Efc. My wife Sir: whom I detest before heaven, and your honour.

Aug. How is thy wife?

Efc. I Sir: whom I detest heauen is an honest woman.

Efc. Do'nt thou detest her therefore?

Efc. I say Sir, I will detest my selfe also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a Baud's house, it is prey to her life, for it is a naughty house.

Aug. How do'nt thou know that, Conelihood?

Efc. Matry Sir, by my wife, who, if she had bin a woman Cardinaly given, might have bin accust'd in formi-
Measure for Measure.

E't., if true, very well.

Cl., Nay, I beseech you make it well.

E't., Well, I do so.

Doth your honor not any harm in this face?

E't., Why not?

Cl., He be supposed 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 Frise do the Constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

E't., He's in the right (Constable) what say you to it?

Cl., First, I'll say, you, the house is a respected house, next, this is a respected fellow, and his Mistress is a respected woman.

E't., By this hand Sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Cl., Valer, though jests with my wicked valiant, the time is yet to come that there was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Cl., Sir, she was respected with him, before he was married with her.

E't., Which is the witter here? Insect or Inguine? Is this true?

Cl., O thou straffe, O thou valiant, O thou wicked Hawkeshall, I respected with her, before I was married to her. If ever I was respected with her, or to the world, let not your worship think he meet the power of these Office or no; this, then wicked Hawkeshall, or the have mine election of barley on, she.

E't., If you take you a box, you can very might have a reason of slander too.

Cl., Marry, I thank you my good worship for it; what is't your Worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked Constable?

E't., Truly Officer, because he hath some offenses in him, that you will not let him, if that could, let him continue in his courses, till you know what they are.

Cl., Marry, I thank you my worship for it. Thou findest thou wicked valiant, I wish to come upon thee. Thou art to continue in how thou Valer, thou art to continue.

E't., Where were you, home, friend?

Proth., Here in Vienna, Sir.

E't., Are you of fourteen years a yeare?

Proth., Ye, and 'tis please you sir.

E't., So, what trade are you of, sir?

Cl., A Tapfer, a poor widower Tapfer.

E't., Your Mistresse name?

Cl., Mistresse Ouer-dow.

E't., Hath he not any more than one husband?

Cl., Nine, Sir; one Ouer-dow by the last.

E't., Nine? Come hither to me, Master Proth; Master Proth, I would not have you acquainted with Tapfers; they will do you Master Proth, and you hang them: get you gone, and let me leave no more of you.

Proth., I thank your worship; for mine own part, I never come into any house in a Tapfer house, but I am drawn in.

E't., Well, no more of it. Master Proth: Farewell. Come hither to me, Mr. Tapfer; what's your name.

Mr. Tapfer.

E't., Proth.

Cl., Proth.

E't., What else?

Cl., Proth. Sir.

E't., Truth, and your bun is the greatest thing about you; so that in the best of face, you are Proth the great; Proth, you are parly a straddle, Proth; how ever you colour it in being a Tapfer, are you not come, tell me true, it shall be the better for you.

Cl., Truly Sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

E't., How would you live Proth? by being a Tapfer? what do you think of the trade Proth? is it a lawful trade?

Cl., If the Law would allow it, Sir.

E't., But the Law will not allow it Proth; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Cl., Do your Worship mean to geld and play all the youth of the City.

E't., No, Proth.

Cl., True Sir, in my poor opinion they will not then: if your worship will take order for the drabs and the horses, you need not fear the bands.

E't., There is pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: It is such and such, and hanging.

Cl., If you head, and hang all that offend that way but for ten yeares together, you'll be glad to give out a Commission for more heads: if this law hold in Vienna ten yeares, he rent the fairest house in it after three pence for a bawd: if you like to see this come to paife, say Proth told you so.

E't., Thank you Proth; and in requisit of your profession, barke you: I advise you let me find you before you come again upon any complaint whatsoever, no not for dwelling where you doe: if I doe Proth, I shall have your Test, and prove a foolish Czar, to you in place dealing Proth, I shall have your whip; so for this time, Proth, fare you well.

Cl., I thank your Worship for your good counsell: but I shall follow it as the law and fortune shall better determine. Whimp me! no, no, let Carman whip his Iade, The valiant heart's not whip out of his trade. Exit's.

E't., Come hither to me, Master Elbow: come hither Master Constable: how long have you bin in this place of Constable?

Cl., Seven yeares, and a halfe Sir.

E't., I thought by the readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time; you say seven yeares together.

Cl., A halfe yeare.

E't., Alas, is hath bred great pains to you: they do you wrong to put you so oft out of the way. Are there not men in your Ward sufficient to serve it?

Cl., Faith Sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; do I do for some piece of money, and goe through with all.

E't., Look you bring me in the name of some first or second, the most instructive of your parish.

Cl., To your Worship's house first.

E't., To my house: set you well: what's a clocke, think you?

Elbow, Sir.

E't., I pray you home to dinner with me.

Elbow, I humbly thank you.

E't., It grieues me for the death of Claudio.

Cl., But there's no remedie.

Elbow, Sir.

E't., Lord a Angelus is feare.

Elbow, It is but needful.

Mercy is not in me, that oft looks for Pardon is still the nurse of second woe.

E't., But yet, poore Claudio; there is no remedie.

Exit's.
Measure for Measure.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Provost, Servants.

Serv. He's boarding out of Cashel; he will come straight, I'll tell him of you.

Prov. I pray you, sir, let me know whose pleasure may be he shall remain, alas!

He hath but as offended in a dream, All Selfs, and Ages struck of this vice, and he To die for't! again.

Prov. Now, what's the matter, sir? Pray, is it your will London shall die to morrow?

Prov. No, it do not tell she's the saddest thing in order?

Prov. Why doth it cost so much to me?

Prov. Yet I might be too rash:

Vnder your good correction, I have seene,

When hee was excus'd, judgment had:

Repealed one of light, hee doone.

Prov. Go to, let that be done,

Some you at office, or give vp your Place,

And you shall well be spare.

Prov. I pray you, honorable pardon:

What shall be done Sir, with the groaning Justices? She's no ne'er her woe.

Prov. Disperse of her.

To some more litter place, and that with speed.

Serv. Here is the litter of the man condemn'd,

Defers acced to you.

Prov. Hath he a Sister?

Prov. I say, my good Lord, a very vertuous maid,

And to be short'li of a Sister-hood,

If not already.

Prov. Well; let her be admitted.

See you the Prisoner be removed,

Let her have needfull, but nor lafithe means,

There shall be order for't.

Enter Lucio and Isabella.

Luc. Save your Honour.

Prov. Stay a little while sir are welcome: what's your service?

Luc. I am a wofull Sufferer to your Honour;

Pleaze but your Honor hear me.

Prov. Well; what's your suit?

Luc. There is a vice that must I doe abhorre,

And most desir'd should meet the blowe of Justice;

For which I would not plead, but that I must,

For which I must not plead, but that I am

At wars, twixt will, and will not,

Prov. Well the matter?

Luc. I have a brother is condemn'd to die,

I doe beseech you let it be his fault,

And not my brother.

Prov. Heaven give the mourning graces.

Prov. Condemne the faultes, and not the sufferer of it,

Why every fault's condemn'd ere it be done:

Mine were the worst Ciphers of a Function

To finde the faults, whole fine stands in record,

And get goe by the Astor.

Luc. Oh! lest she return Law:

I had a brother then; heaven keep your honour.

Luc. Give 't not ore for to him again,entrée him,

Kneel downe before him, hang upon his gowne,

You are too cold; if you should need a pin,

You could not with more grace a tongue define it:

To him, I say,

Luc. Must he needs die?

Prov. Maiden, no remedie.

Luc. Yes: I do think that you might pardon him,

And neither heauen, nor man grieue at the matter.

Prov. I will not die.

Luc. But can you if you would?

Prov. Look(2) what I will not, that I cannot do.

Luc. But might you don't & do the world no wrong.

If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse,

As mine is to him?

Prov. He's lamented, it is too late.

Luc. You are too cold.

Luc. Too late? why no: I that doe speak a word

May call it againe: well, believe this.

No ceremony that to great ones longs,

Not the Kings Crowne, nor the deputed sword,

The Marshalls Truncheons, nor the Judges Robes

Become them with one halfe so good a grace

As mercy does: if he had bin as you, and you as he,

You would have flipp'd like him, but he like you

Would not have beene to ferne.

Prov. Pray you be gone.

Luc. I would to heaven I had your paternities,

And you were honest: should it then be thus?

No: I would tell what were to be a Judge,

And what a prisoner.

Luc. I touch him: there's the waine.

Prov. Your Brother is a forfeit of the Law,

And you but write your words.

Luc. Also, also,

Why all the foules that were, were forfeit once,

And keepe that might the vantage best have taake,

Found out the reme'de: how would you be,

If he, which is the top of judgement, should

But Judge you, as you are? Oh, thinke on that,

And mercy then will best the within your lips

Like man new made.

Prov. By your content, (fair Maid)

It is the Law, not I, condemn your brother;

Were he my kindred, brother, or my sonne,

It should be thus with him: he must die to morrow.

Luc. To morrow? oh! that's too late,

Spare him, spare him:

He's not prepar'd for death; even for our kitchen.

We kill the fowle ofessen; shall we (some heaven)

With leffe respect then we doe minifter

To our griff used? good, good my Lord, refhink you;

Who is that hath dill'd for this offence?

There's many have commited it.

Luc. I, well said.

Prov. The Law hath not bin dead, though it hath slept.

Tho' many had not the dill to doe that euell

If the first, that didst the Edde assist,

Had answer'd for his deed, Now is alive.

Takes note of what is done, and like a Prophet

Looks in a glasse that shewes what future eulls

Either now, or by remembrance, new conceit'd,

And so in progress to be hatt'd, and borne,

Are now to have no successe degrees,

But here they liue to end.

Luc. Yet ther some pittie.

Prov. I shew it most of all, when I show Justice;

For then I pittie those I do not know,

Which a dismissed offence, would after gale.
Measure for Measure

And doe him right, that answering one foule wrong
Lines not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your Brother dies to morrow, she consent.
Doth. So you must be, if this that gives this sentence;
And she, 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.
Isabella. Could great his thunder
As loud himselfe do's, Lee would never be quite,
For every peaking petty Officer.
Would vie his heaven for thunder;
Nothing but thunder. Merefull heaven,
Th' other with thy sharpe and fulphercour ball.
Splits the non gracefully, and parted Oke.
Then the Soft Mirth: Butman, proud man,
Durst in a little booke authorise,
Meth ignorant of what's most afflu'd,
(His glasie Essence) like an angry Ape.
Plaies such phantastique tricks before high heaven,
As makes the Angels weep; who with our fleece
Would all themselves laugh mortally.
Luc. Oh, to him, so him weende he will return,
Here's coming: I perceive't.
Pro. Pray heaven ite win him.
Isabella. We cannot weight our brother with our selfe,
Great men may, yet with Saints; his win in them,
But in the selfe lowe proclamation.
Law. Thou hast't right (Girl) more o'th
Isabella. That in the Captaine's but a cholericke word,
Which in the Souldier is far blasphe'me.
Luc. Art suis do'th that? more on't.
Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?
Isabella. Because Authoritie, though one erre like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in it.
That skin the vice o'th top; goe to your bosome,
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
That's like my brothers fault: if it be confesse
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let is not found a thought upon your tongue
Against my brothers life.
Ang. Shre speakes, and this such fence
That my Sence breeds with it; fare you well.
Isabella. Gentle my Lord, returne backe.
Ang. I will bethink me; come againe to morrow.
Isabella. How will he brooke you good my Lord turn back.
Ang. How? baste me?
Isabella. If I, with such gifts that heaven shall share with you.
Luc. You had mas'd all else.
Isabella. Not with fond Sickles of the tefted-gold,
Or Stones, whose rate are either rich, or poor.
As fance value them; but with true prayers,
That shall be at heaven, and enter there
Ere Sunne rise; prayers from prefered soules,
From salting Maudes, whose minds are desiate
To nothing temporal.
Ang. Well: come to me to morrow.
Luc. Go to's well away.
Isabella. Heaven keep you, honour safe.
Ang. Amen.
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers enforce.
Isabella. At what hour to morrow,
Shall I attend your Lordship?
Ang. At any time to-morowe.
Isabella. Save your Honour.

Ang. From thee: even from thy vertue.
What's this? what is this thy fault, or mine?
The Tempter, or the Tempted, who sins most? a
Not thee: nor doth the tempt: but it is J.
That lying by the Violet in the Sunne,
Does as the Cartion do's, not as the flower,
Corrupt with various faction. Can it be,
That Mostelby may more betray our Sense
Then woman's lightnesse hunting waste ground enough,
Shall we require to raise the Sanctuary
And pitch our eul's there? oh he, he, fie
What dost thou? or what art thou Angel?
Dost thou desire her body for these things?
That make her good Pity, lest her brother live.
Thee's for their robbery have authority,
When Judges fleaste themselves: what, doe Ioute her,
That I desire to heare her speake again.
And feast upon her eyes? what is it I doe dream on?
Oh cunning enemy, that to catch a Saint
With Smeu's doth bare thy hookes: most dangerous
Is that temptation, that dost good vs on
To finne, in losing vertue: never could the Scrup\et
With all her double vigour, Art, and Nature
Once firr my temper: but this verious Mald.
Subues me quite: Enter till now.
When men were fond, I milde, and wondred how.

Scene Tertis.

Enter Duke and Prophete.
Duke, Hail to you, Prophete, so I thinke you are.
Pro. I am the Prophete: what's your will, good Friens?
Duke. Bound by my charitie, and my blotter order,
I come to visite the afflicted 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 minster.
To them accordingly.
Pro. I would do more then that; if more were needfull.
Enter Justice.
Look, here comes one, a Gentle woman of mine,
Who falling in the flames of her owne youth,
Hath biffled her repore. She is with child,
And he that got it, fentenc'd a young man.
More fit to doe another such offense,
Then dye for his.
Duke. When must he dye?
Pro. As I do thinke to morrow.
I haue prouided for you, stai a while
And you shall be conducted.
Duke. Repent you (fair one) of the sin you carry?
Inf. I doe: and bear the shame most patiently.
Duke. He teach you how you shall sign your confesse
And try your penitence, if it be found,
Or hollowly put on.
Inf. I'll gladly learn.
Duke. Lose you the man that wrong'd you?
Inf. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.
Duke. So then it feeses your most offenses full set
Was mutually committed.
Inf. Mutually.
Duke. Then was your sin of heautier kind then his.
Inf. I doe confesse it, and repent it (Father.)
Measure for Measure.

Duke. 'Tis meetsto (laughter) but least you do repent.
As that the sin hath brought you to thistheme,
Which sorrow is always toward our sinner, not heaven,
Showing we would not spare heaven, as we love it,
But as we stand in thee.

Is. I doe repent me, it is an error
And take the shame withjoy.

Duke. There rest.
Your partner (as I hear) must die to morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him.
Grace goe with you, Standfast.

Exeunt.

Is. Must she in morrow? Oh intolerable Love.
That refuseth me a life, whose very comfort
Is full a dying horror.

Franc. 'Tis pit only of him.

Scene Quarta.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. When I will pray, I think, I think, and pray
To found all duty to heaven in my empty words,
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabella: heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but openly chew his names,
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil.
Of my conception the flame whereon I lighted
Is like a good thing, being often read.
Growne to height, and tedious: yea, my Causa
Wherein (let no man heare me) I take pride,
Could I, with bower, change for an idle plane
Which the ayre beats for vaine: oh place, oh forme,
How often doth thou with thy ease, thy habit
Wrench away from toiles, and trye the wise and fools
To try false seeming? Blood, then art blood,
Let's write good Angel on the Devils home.
Tis not the Devils Crist thow now? who's there?

Enter Servant.

Serv. One Isabella, Sitter, desires audience to you.

Ang. Teach her the way oh, heavens.
Why doe my blood rushius to my heart,
Making both his visible at felo,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary sustaine?
So play the boylsh throughs with one that wou'd
Come all to help him, and so pep the ayre
By which he should retique: and even so
The general subtlety to a well-washed King
Quitt their own part, and in obliquous fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their vi-sought love
Most needs appear offente: how now faire Maid,
Enter Isabella.

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure. (sigh,
An. That you might know it, would much better please
Then to demand what this is your Brother cannot live.
Isab. Bene so; heaven keep your Honor.

Ang. Yet may he live a while: and it may be
As long as you, or I. Yes he must die.

Isab. Vnder your sentence?

Ang. Yes.

Isab. When I beseech you: that in his Reprieve
Longer, or there, he may be so fitted.
That his foule findeth rest.

Ang. Half the time he liveth: it were as good

To pardon him, that luth from nature flote
A man already made, as to remit
Their favours sweetes; that do coynge heavens frame
Lo stamps that are forbid; his all as easie,
False to take away a life true made,
As to put monsters in restrained mens.
To make a false one.

Isab. 'Tis sett downe so in heaven, but not in earth,

Ang. Say you so then I shall pose you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the most just Law
Now toke your Brothers life, and to redeem him
Gin vp your body to fish sweet vnnulleneffe
As fife that he hath found?

Isab. Sir, believe this.
I had rather give my body, then my soule.

Ang. I take not of yours soule: our compel'd thus
Stand more for number, then for accompe.

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay doe not warrants that so; I can speake
Against the thing I say: Answere to this,
I (now the voyce of the recorded Law)
Proonce on sentence on your Brothers life,
Might there not be a charter in finne,
To fence this Brothers life?

Isab. Please you to doo,
Ile take it as a peril to my soule,
It is no finne at all, but charter.

Ang. Mean'd you do to doo, at peril of your soule
Were equal poise of finne, and charter.

Isab. That I do.

Ang. That he be hanged, hee be hanged.
Heauen let me beare tre you granting of my fauour,
If that be finne, Ile make it my Morn-pauses,
To haue it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answere.

Ang. Nay, but heare me,
Your lence partakes not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or seene so crafty: and that's not good.

Isab. Let be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But gravely to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wilde we wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth rage it selfe: As th' inconstant Maides.
Produce an en-potl'd beauty ten times louder
Then beauty could displaced: but mark me,
To be accustomed plaine, Ile speake more grave:
Your Brother is to dye.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appeares,
Accompanied to the Law, upon that paine.

Isab. True.

Ang. Admire no other way to save his life
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the life of question) that you, his Sitter,
Finding your selfe defor'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your Brother from the Minceles
Of the all-building Law: and that there were
No earthly meanes to tine 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 my poore Brother, as my selfe;
That is: were I under the torment of death,
The impress on of keenes whips, I'd weare as Rubies,
And slip my selfe to death, as to a bed,
That longing have bin stiike for, ere I'd yield.
My body vp to flames.

Ang. That.
Measure for Measure.

Aug. Then must your brother die.

Isf. And 'twere the cheaper way:

Belit, were a brother dead at once,

Then that a sister, by redeeming him

Should die for her.

Aug. Were not you then as cruel as the Sentence,

That you have sign'd for to

Isf. Ignominious in cantones, and free pardon

Are of two bounties lawful in este.

Isf. Nothing kin to fowle redemption.

Aug. You feend'd of late to make the Law a strat

And rather proud the finding of your brother

A torment, then a vice.

Isf. Oh pardon me, my Lord, it is false out

To hate, what we would hate,

We speak not what we were mean;

Something do execule the thing I hate,

For his advantage that I dearly love.

Aug. We are all frail.

Isf. I'll let my brother die,

Knob a fingers but only he

One, and succeed thy weaknoss.


Isf. I, as the glasse where they view themselves,

Which are as faire broke as they made former

Women! Help heauen to men their creation marre.

In profiting by them: Nay, call vs ten times frail.

For we are for, as our compluctions are,

And cedulous to false prints.

Aug. I thinkst well.

And from this tellunme of your owne fear

(Since I suppose we are made to be no stragglers)

Then faults may make vs frame; let me be bold;

I do afraid your words. Be thas you are.

That is a woman; if you be more, you're none.

If you be one (as you are well expect)

By all external warnants it is not now.

For putting on the defiled Curie,

Isf. I have no tongue but one; gende my Lord.

Let me entreat you speak the former language.

Aug. Plainly conceive I love you.

Isf. My brother did not disturb.

And you tell me that he shall die for.

Aug. He said not, Isf. if I were your son.

Isf. Know your virtue faults: a deceit in't.

Which seems a little foolish then it is,

To puzzle on others.

Aug. Beleeue meon mine Honor,

My words expresse my purpose.

Isf. Ha! Little honor, to be much belated,

And most onerous purpose: seeming of seeming.

I will proclaim thee angel, look'st for't.

Sign me a pretent pardon for my brother.

Or with an out-throath threat thee tell the world blood

What manesh shall art.

Aug. Who will believe thee Isf.?

My wish'd name, the aduenturer my life.

My youth against you, and your place will State,

Will do your accustome onc'er weight.

That you shall little in your own report,

And shew of calumii. I have begun.

And now I glue my lentinal base, the reigne,

For thy presence to my sharpe apperite,

Lay by all mine, and projucions blusses.

That banish what they set for: Redeeme thy brother,

By yielding vp thy bodi to my will,
Thou hast neither heart, affection, limbs, nor beauty
To make thy riches pleasant: what's yet in this
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths, yet death we fear
That makes thes stede odde, all even.

Cla. I humble thank you.
To sue to live, I finde I fecke to die,
And seeking death, finde life: Let it come on.

Enter Isabella.

Isa. What how now? Peace here, Grace, and good company.

Pro. Who's there? Come in, she with deferves a welcome.

Duke. Deere Sir, ere long Ile visit you again.

Cla. Most holie Sir, I thank you.

Isa. My butler is a word or two with Claudio.

Pro. And venie welcome: lookes Signior, here's your sister.

Duke. Proue, a word with you.

Pro. I am as manie as you please.

Duke. Bring them to herte me speake, where I maye conceale it.

Cla. Now father, what is the comfort?

Isa. Why,
As all comfort are a most good, most good indeede,
Lord Angelo having affairs to heauen
Intends you for his swift Ambassadour,
Where you shall be an exellent Leiger;
Therefore your last appointment make with speed,
To Morrow you let on.

Cla. Is there no remedie?

Isa. None, but such remedie, as to save a head
To cleare a heart in twaine:
Cla. But is there anie?

Isa. Yes brother, you may live;
There is a disseilfis merci in the judge,
If you implore it, that will free your life,
But letter you till death.

Cla. Perpetual duetance?

Isa. Auff, perpetual duetance, a restraint
Through all the worlds valuaie you had
To a determi'd scope.

Cla. But in what nature?

Isa. In such a one, as you confesing too,
Would bathe your honor from that trauke you bear,
And leaue you naked.

Cla. Let me know the points.

Isa. Oh, I do see your Claudio, and I quake,
Least thou a furious life shoule fine entertaine,
And fix or feaue winters more respet.
Then a perpetual Honor. Don't thou die?
The fence of death is mont in apprehension,
And the poor Beatele that was rade upon
In corporall sufferance, finds a pang as great
As when a Giant dies.

Cla. Why give you me this shame?
Think yo you can a resolution fetch
From flowrie tenderneffe? If I must die,
I will encounter dauntless as a bride,
And hang it in mine name.

Isa. There spake my brother: there my fathers grave
Did vitter forth a voice. Ye, thou must die
Thou art too noble, to continue a life
In base appliancse. This outward laided Deputie,
Where fewed vigfge, and deltitle word
Nips youth in his head, and followe death evenew

As Falcondo the Fowle, is yet a duetel:
His shir within being call, he would appeare
A pond, as deep as hell.

Cla. The prencise, Angelo?

Isa. Oh, tis the cunning Lucrece of hell,
The dammeft bodie to inteme, and couer
In premzige gardes: deift thou thinke Claudio,
If I would yield him my virginitie
Thou mightst be freed?

Cla. Oh heavens, it cannot be.

Isa. Yes, he would gain't thee, from this rank offence
So to offend him fill, This night's the time
That I should do what I abhorre to name,
Or else thou diest to morrow.

Cla. Thou shalt not do't.

Isa. O, were it but my life,
I'd shrow it downe for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Cla. Thanks deere Isabella.

Isa. Be readie Claudio, for your death to morrow.

Cla. Yes, His he affection in him,
This can make him bite the Lawe by th' nose,
When he would force it? Sure it is no time,
Or of the deadly feuen it is the leaf.

Isa. Which is the least?

Cla. Hit were damnable, he being so wise,
Why should he for the momencese tricke
Be perdurable finde? Oh Isabella,

Isa. What faires my brother?

Cla. Death is a fearfull thing.

Isa. And shamed life, a haterfull.

Cla. I, but to die, and go we knowe not where,
To lie in cold obftruction, and to rot,
This fentence warme motion, to become
A kneaded cloe: And the deligted spirit
To bath in fierie floods, or to recede
In thrilving Region of thickes-ribbed ice,
To be impis'd in the viewleffe winde,
And blowne with reftelife violence round about
Of, and savours the sense, and incertene thought,
Imaginatio wing, 's too horrible.

The wearest, and most loathed worldly life
That Age, Asche, pehury, and imprisonement
Can lay on nature, is a Paradise.

To what we fear of death.

Isa. Aias, alas.

Cla. Sweet Sifter, let me line
What sinne you do, to cause a brothers life,
Nature despises with the deede so faire,
That it becomes a vertue.

Isa. Oh you beath,
Oh faithlesse Coward, oh eft beneft wretch,
Wilt thou be made a man, out of my vice?
It's not a kind of Incest, to take life
From thine owne filters flame? What should I thinkes,
Heaven shield my Mother plaid my Fathers faire:
For such a warped slip of wildenefe
Nere lieth from his blood. Take my defance,
Die, persists: Might but my bending downe
Represent thee from thy fate, it should procede.
Ile pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to faue thee.

Cla. Nay heare me Isabella.

Isa. Oh, beeth, beeth.

Cla. The prencise, Angelo?

Thy sinne is not a residentall, but a Trade.
Mercy to thee would provoke it selfe a Bawd, 
"Tis best that those deist quickly.

Cla. Oh hear me Isabella.

Duke. Sacke a word, yong fitter, but one word.

I sa. What is your Will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leyture, I would by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require, is like wise your owne benefit.

I sa. I haue no superfluous leyture, my flay must be stolen out of other affaires: but I will attend you a while.

Duke. Son, I hear one hath heard what hath pass betwixt you & your fitter. Angelo hath now the purpose to corrupt her; surely he hath made an affay of her vertue, to prostitute his judgement with the disposition of nature. She (haueing the truth of honour in her) hath made him that gracious deadfall, which is most glad to receive: I am counsel for Angelo, and I know this to be true: therefore prepare your fitter to death: do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible, to morrow you must die, goe to your knave, and make ready.

Cla. Let me ask my fitter pardon, I am so out of love with life, that I will flee to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there? farewell; Farewell, a word with you,

Pri. What's your will (father)?

Duke. That now you are come, you will bee gone leave me a while with the Maid, my mind promises with my habit, no lesse shall touch her by my company.

Pri. In good time.

Duke. The hand that hath made you fayre, hath made you good; the goodness that is cleare in beauty, makes beauty briefe in goodness; but grace being the soul of your composition, shall keep the body of it ever faire: the affait that Angelo hath made to you, Fortune hath conspired to my understanding; and that fraughtyly hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo: how will you doe to content this Substitue, and to ease your Brothers?

I sa. I am going to refuse him: I had rather my brother die by the Law then my fortune should be unlawfully borne. But (oh) how much is the good Duke deceived in Angelo, it exce all sense, and I can speake to him, I will open my lips in waine, or discourse his government.

Duke. That shall not be much easier, yet as the matter now standes, he will avoid your accustion: he made triall of you once. Therefore fatten your care on my suggestions, to the love I have in defending you; a remedy prefers it, flee. I doe make my fitter believe that you most grauntly do a pure wronged Lady ameited benefit redeem your brother from the angry Law, do no blame to your owne gracios person, and much please the absent Duke, if he adventure he shall ever returne to have hearing of this businesse.

I sa. Let me heare you speake farther, I have spirit to do anything that appears not fowle in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Venus is hold, and goodnesse never fearefull: Have you not heard speake of Mariana the sister of Frederick the great Soulther, who miscarried at Sea? I sa. I have heard of the Lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. She shall this Angelo have married; was affiance to her oath, and the justall apointed betwixt which time of the contract, and limit of the sedentie, her brother Frederick was wrackt at Sea, having in that perished reftell, the dowry of his sister: but make how heavenly this befit to the pure Gentlewoman, there the loft noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her, ever moost kind and natural: with him the portion and fines of her fortune, her marriage dowry with both, her combinate husband, this well-foming.

I sa. Can this be so? I did Angelo to haue her?

Duke. Left her in her teares, & dierd not one of them with his comfort: I swallowed his voices whole, pretending in her, discovering of dishonor: in few, bewold her on her owne lamentation, which she yet weares for his fake: and he, a marble to her teares, is wafilst with them, but relents not.

I sa. What wrets were it in death to take this poor maid from the world? What corruption in this life, that it will lett this man live? But how out of this can thee escape?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easely heale; and the cure of it none easely sues your brother, but keeps you from dishonor in doing it.

I sa. Shew me how (good Father.)

Duke. This fore-named Maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affiction: her vnfiit vnkindnesse (that in all reason should have quenchd her loue) hath (like an impediment in the Current) made it more violent and visous: Goe you to Angelo, anfwere his requirings with a plausible obedience, agree with his demands to the point; send your fitter to this auncient: first, that your fayre with him may not be long: that the time may have all shade, and silence in the place anfwereth to convenience: this being granted in course, and now follows all: you shall adiuise this wronged maid to fee vp your appoimation, goe in your place, and if the encounter acknowledge it felle heacer, it may compel him to her recompence; here is this your brother saved, your honor revivisit, the poor Mariana advanaged, and the corrupt Deputy scaled. The Maid will frame, and make fit for his attempit: if you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reprove: What think you of it?

I sa. The image of fite gives me content already, and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It is much in your holding vpshafe you speddie Supply Angelo, if for this night he intreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction: I will presently to S. Lake: there at the mounted Grove resides this dislieved Mariana; at that place call upon me, and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

I sa. I thank you for this comfort: fare you well good father.

End. Enter Eliz. Clummas, Officers.

Eliz. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needes buy and Fell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drinks brownes & white baird.

Duke. Oh heauens, what stiffe is here.

Clum. T'was never merie world since two vairies the merriest was put downe, and the wererio allowance by order of Law by a fire doth it close to keep him warme and fund with Force and Lame-Arms, so to figure that craft being richer then Innocency, flames for the facing.

Eliz. Come your wayes fit: bless you good Father.

Duke. And you good Brother Father, what offence hath this man made you, Sir?

Eliz. Marry.
Elb. May be Sir, he has offended the Law; and Sir, we take him to be a Thieves' man; for we have found upon him Sir, a strange Picklock, which we have sent to the Deputy.

Duke. Fle, sirrah, a Bawd, a wicked bawd, the call that thou canst not be done, that's thy means to live. Do thee but think what thou canst, or cloth a backe from such a filthy vice? I say to thee, from their abominable and beastly touches, I drink, I ate away my life, and live:

Camillias, his life is a life; so flingingly depending. Come, come, go mend.

Clow. Instead, it doth shun in some sort, Sir:
But yet Sir, I would promise.

Duke. Nay, if there dwell but given thee proofs for so Thou wilt proceed. Take him to prison Officer. Correction, and infraction must both work.

Elb. He must before the Deputy Sir, he has given him warning, the Deputy cannot abide a Whore-monger; if he be a Whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seeme to bee From our faults, as faults from forming trees.

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His necke will come to your wall, a Cord Sir.

Clow. I spy损害, very bawd. Here's a Gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Luc. What noble Pompey? What, at the wheels of Caesar? Art thou led in triumph? What is there none of Pyramids Images? Newly made woman to bee had now, for putting the hand in the pocket, and extraying clatch'd! What reply? Ha! What faith thou to this Tine, Matter, and Method? Is it not drown'd? Art faith raigne? Ha! What faith thou Trust? Is the world as it was Man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words?
Or how? The crick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus: still worse?

Luc. How doth my deere Mortel, thy Mistle? Procures the hill? Ha?

Clow. Thou art, five hath eaten vp all her beeke, and she is her felte in the tub.

Luc. Why so good! Kt is the right of it; it must be so. Ever your teeth Whore, and your pander's Band, an unhand'd consequence, it must be so. Are going to prison Pompey?

Clow. Ye are faith Sir.

Luc. Why so nonsensical? Pompey: farewell: goe say I sent thee there for debts Pompey? Or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Luc. Well, then imprison him. I imprison him be the duc of a bawd, why's his right. Bawd is he doublet, and so an honesty too! Bawd borse. Farewell good Pompey Command me to the prison Pompey, you will turne good husband now. Pompey, you will keep there the house. Confess, Sir, your good Worship will be my bally?

Luc. No indeed will I not Pompey; it is not the wear: I will pray (Pompey) to erecte your bondage if you take it not patiently. Why, your masters is the more. Advise thee Pompey. Befall you Friar.

Duke. And you.

Luc. Do's Braggard paint full. Pompey? Ha?

Elb. Come yow're wives fit, come!
Measure for Measure.

Luc. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Loose tongues with better knowledge, & knowledge with desire loan.

Luc. Sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But if ever the Duke return (as our prayers are that he may) let me desire you to make your answer before him: if he be honest, you have spoke, 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. Sir, I desire you.

Duke. O, you hope the Duke will return no more: or you imagine me to withstand an opponent; but indeed I can doe you little harm: You'll for-bear this agaunce?

Luc. Sir, be hanged for Sir. Thou art deceiv'd in mee.

Friar. No more of this: Canst thou not see if Claudius die to morrow, or no?

Duke. Why shouldst thou die Sir?

Luc. Why? For filling a bottle with a Thunder-draught. I would the Duke were take of it in hand, & against this vigilant Agent will very quickly the Province with Continuance. Sapphires cannot be built in his house, because they are lecherous. The Duke yet would have darke deeds darkele she answered, she would never bring them to light: would bee immortal, Marle this Ladys is condemned for venturing. Farewell good Friar, Intercess pray for mee. The Duke (I say the Duke) would end Mutton on Fridays. He's now past it, and (I say to thee) he would mouth with a beller, though shee finest brooch and Gratucke say that I said so: Farewell.

Duke. No might, nor greatness in mortality.

Canst thou not see if Claudius die to morrow, or no?

Friar. Enter Egeon, fresh and fast.

Ege. Go, away with her to prison.

Lord. Good my Lord be good to mee, your Honor is a merciful man: good my Lord.

Duke. Double, and treble admonition, and still for the same ends: This would make mercy swear and play the traitor.

Friar. A Bawd of eleven yeares continuation, may it please your Honor.

Lord. My Lord, this is one Lucio's information against me. Mistris Kate Keeper-dame was with child by him in the Duke's time, he promises his marriage: his Child is a yeare and a quarter old, Come Philipp and Isabella: I have kept my little, and see how goes about to suicide me.

Friar. That fellow is a fellow of much Licence: Let him be call'd before vs. Away with her to prison: Go, no more words. Proued, my Brother Angelico will not be alter'd, Claudius must die to morrow: Let him be furnished with Distances, and have all charitable preparations. If my brother wronged by my part, it should not be to want.

Friar. Sir, please you, this Friar hath beene with him, and aduised him for the entertainment of death.

Ege. Good day, good Father.

Duke. Bifte, and goodmorning on you.
**Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.**

Enter Mariana, and Boy singing.

Song. Take, oh take these tires away,
Then to sweetness were forsworn,
And the eyes: the break of day
Lights that did lose the Morn.

But my kisst bring again, bring again,
Seals of love felt in music, felt in nature.

Enter Duke, and one of y' companions.

Mar. Break off thy song, and huffe thee quick away,
Here comes a man of comfort, whole advice.

Hath of ten still'd my braving discontent,
I cry you mercy, Sir, and well could with
You had not found me here so musical.

Let me advise you, and believe me,
My mirth it much displeas'd, plesurs'd my woe.

Duk. Tis good, though Malice off hath such a charm
To make bad, good; and good pretense to harme.
I pray you tell me, hath any body enquir'd for mee here
to day; much upon this time have I promis'd to mee.

Mar. You have not bin enquir'd after: I have hat
t here all day.

Enter Ishabell.

Ish. I doe constantly believe you; the time is come
even now. I shall crave your forbearance little may be
I will call upon you anon for some advantage to your selfe.

Mar. I am always bound to you.

Duk. Very well met, and well come:

What is the newses from this good Deputy?
Ish. He hath a Garden circumscrit with Brickw, Whose willer a side is with a Vineyard backw.
And to that Vineyard is a planted gate,
That makes his opening with this bigness key:
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the Vineyard to the Garden leads,
There have I made my promisse, upon the
Heavy midle of the night, to call upon him.

Duk. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?
Ish. I have t' anse a due, and wary note won't,
With whispering, and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me.
The way twice o're.

Duk. Are there no other tokens
Between you're greed, concerning her obedience?
Ish. No; none but the proper in his darke,
And that I have polished him, my mist latch
Can but brie the, for he have made him know,
I have a Servant comes with me along,
That stays upon mee, whose perivision is,
I come about my Brother.

Duk. Tis well borne vp.
I have not yet made knowne to Mariana.

Enter Mariana.

A word of this; what folks, with him come forth,
I pray you be acquainted with this Maid,
She comes to doe you good.

Ish. I doe desire the like.

Duk. Do you perswade your selfe that I respect you?

**Scena Secunda.**

Enter Prince and Clout.

Pro. Come hither first, can you cut off a mans head?
Clot. If the man be a bacheke Sir, I can:
But if he be a married man, he's his wives head,
And I can not cut off a woman's head.

Pro. Come sir, I serve me your entertache, and yield mee
direct answere. To morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnadore; heere is in our prizone a common cecutioner, who in his office lacks a helper, if you will take it on you to affix him, it shall redeem you from your cutes; if too, you shall have your full time of imprisonement, and your deliverance with an enpiuted wappinges for you have beene a notorious bawd.

Clot. Sir, I have beene an unlawful bawd, time out of
minde, but yet I will bee content to be a lawfull hangman; I would be glad to recieve some instruction from my fellow prisoner.

Pro. What hoa, Abhorson: where's Abhorson there?
Enter Abhorson.

Abh. Do you call fir?
Pro. Sir, here's a fellow will helpe you to morrow
in your execution: if you think to mee, compound with
him by the yerce, and let him abide here with you, if not,
we him for the present, and dismis him, he cannot
plead his esteemation with you: he hath beene a Bawd.

Abh. A Bawd Sir? fie upon him, he will discredit our
mysterie.

Pro. Go to sir, you weigh equalitie, a feather will
turne the Scale.

Clot. Pray fir, by your good favor: for faitely fir, a
good favor you have, but that you have a hanging look:
Do you call fir, your occupation a Mystere?
Measure for Measure.

Act 2. Scene 2.

Cla. Sir, a Miller's.

Duke. As near the dawning, Prouost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere Morning.

Pro. Happily.

Duke. You something know; yet I believe there comes
No countermand: no such example have we.
Besides, upon the vice siege of Justice,
Lord Angelo hath to the publick care
Profeft the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his Lords man,
Pro. And here comes Claudio's pardon.
Duke. My Lord hath sent you this note,
And by mee this further charge;
That you ferue nec from the lastfJe Article of it,
Neither in time, matter, or other circumstances.
Good morrow for to take it, it is almost day.

Pro. I shall obey him,
Duke. This is his Pardon purchas'd by such fin,
For which the Pardoner himselfe is in:
Hence hath offence his quicke celerity,
When it is borne in high Authority.
When Vice makes Marce; Merci, so extended,
That for the faults loose, is th' offender friend.
Now Sir, what newes?

Pro. I told you:
Lord Angelo (be-like) thinking me remitt
In mine Office, awakens mee
With this unwonted putting on, methinks strangely:
For he hath not speak'd before.

Duke. Pray you let a hearce.

Enter a Letter.

Whatsoever you may hear at the contrary, let Claudio be
Exeouted by course of the clocke, and in the afternoon Bernaldi,
For my better fall from, let more base Claudio
Be cut out of me by fire. Let this be duly performed with
A thought that more depends on it, then we must yet deliver.
Thus fells due to do your Office, as you will answer it at
Your peril.

What say you to this Sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardius, who is to be execu-
ted in this afternoone?

Pro. A Bohemian boye: But here nust vp & bred,
One that is a prisoner nine yeares old,
Duke. How came it, that the abito Duke had not
either deliver'd him to his libertie, or executed him?
Hauce heard it was err'd his manner to do so.
Pro. His friends will vouchsafe Reparations for him:
And indeed his factus till now in the government of Lord
Angelo, came not to an endfull proofe.
Duke. It is now apparent?

Pro. Most manifest, and not denied by himselfe,
Duke. Hath he borne himselfe penitently in prison?
How seemes he to be touch'd?
Pro. A man that apprehends death no more dreadful,
But as a drunken sleepe, carcele, wakele, and
Fears of what's past, present, or to come; indefinable
Of mortality, and desperately mortal.
Duke. He wants advice.
Pro. He will hear some one hath extroric more had the
library of the prisonke he leave to escape hence, he
would not, Drunke many times a day, if not many dais
entirely Drunke. We hate veire off awak'd him, as if to
earn him to execution, and shew'd him a seeming war-
rant for it, it hath not mov'd him at all.

Duke.
Measure for Measure.

Duke. More of him anon: There is written in your brow that goodly, honest and modest man, if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me: but as the bundle

of my cunning, I will lay my felse in hazard: Claudio,

whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater

peril to the law, than Angelo, who hath sentenced him,

To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I

crave but four days, nay, more, for the which, you are to

do me both a present, and a dangerous service. 

Prs. Pray Sir, in what? 

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prs. Alack, how may I do it? Having the hour illimitated, and an express command, under pittance, to de

line his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my

case go Claudio’s, to crose this in the insidethed.

Duke. By the bow of mine Order I warrant you,

If my instructions may be your guide,

Let this Barnardine be this morning executed,

And his head borne to Angelo.

Prs. Angelo hath borne them both,

And will discover the favour.

Duke. Oh, death’s a great dignifier, and you may

add to it: Shave the head, and strike the breast, and say

it was the desire of the penitent to be bare before his

dead: you know the course is common. If any thing

fall to you upon this, more than thank your bond f
te, by the Saint whom I promis’d, I will plead against

it with my life.

Prs. Pardon me, good Father, it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you not come to the Duke, or to the De

pute?

Prs. To him, and to his Subordinates.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if

the Duke shall suffer the justice of your dealing.

Prs. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty; yet since

I see you fearful, that neither my estate, integrity, nor

perswasion, can with safety approach you, I will go further

then I meant, to placce all faire out of you. Looke

you Sir, here is the hand and Seale of the Duke: you

know the Character. I doubt not, and the Signet is not

strange to you?

Prs. I know them both.

Duke. The Consequences of this, is the returne of

the Duke; you shall anon over-readie at your pleasure:

where you shall finde within these two dyes, he will

be here. This is a thing that Angelo knowes not, for he

this very day receaues letters of strange tenor per

ciance of the Dukes death, perciance entering into some

Mysteries, but by chance nothing of what I write. Looke,
th’infolding Starre calleth vs the Shepherds; put not

your selfe into amazement, how these things should be

difficulties are but easie when they are knowne. Call

your executioner, and with Barnardine head, I will

give him a present kisst, and aduise him for a better

place. Yet you are amaz’d, but this shall absolutely re

solve you: Come away, it is almost eare dawn. Exit.

Scene Tertia.

Enter Clowne.

Cl. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our

house of profession; one would thinke it were Misfits

On late owes house, for where he be manie of her olde

Custome. First, here’s young Mr. Raph: he’s in for a

commodity of broome paper, and olde Ginger, some

store and feanteens poundes, of which he made fine

Markets ready money: marry then, Ginger was not

much in request, for the olde Women were all dead.

Then is there here one Mr. Cooper, at the side of Mr.

Treasurer. Pate the Mercury, for some Ten fates of Pearle

coloured Satin, which now reaches him a beggar.

Then have we here, young Dacie, and young Mr. Damp

son, and Mr. Cooperbeere, and Mr. Vase, and Mr.

shape the Happy, and daggler man, and young Dropp

horse: that held his face to Pudding, and Mr. Forshight the

ringer, and braue Mr. Redfear the great Traveller, and

while Mr. Huggie. Camera that flab’d Pott, and I think there

more, all great doers in our Trade, and are now for the Lords

Duke.

Enter Attorneys.

Abb. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Cl. Mr. Barnardine, you must rile and be hang’d.

Mr. Barnardine.

Abb. What hast Barnardine?

Bar. A pox o’ your thcauses: who makes that noisie

there? What are you?

Cl. Your friends Sir, the Hangman.

Abb. Away you Rogues away, I am sleepy.

Bar. Tell him he must wake.

Abb. And that quickly too.

Cl. Pray Mr. Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abb. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Cl. He is coming Sir, he is coming: I heare his

Straw suffle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abb. Is the Axe upon the blocke, sirrah?

Cl. Vrest readie Sir.

Bar. How now, Abb. sirrah?

Abb. What’s the newes with you?

Abb. Truly Sir, I would desyre you to clip into your

prayers, for looke you, the Warrants come.

Bar. You Rogues, I haue bin drinking all night,

I am not fitted for’t.

Cl. 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.

Abb. Looke you Sir, here comes your ghostly Father:

do we left now thinke you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charitie, and hearing how

necesary you are to depart, I am come to aduise you,

Comfort you, and pray with you.

Bar. Friar, no: I haue bin drinking hard all night,

and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall

beat our my branes with bidentes: I will not content to

die this day, that’s certaine.

Duke. Oh sir, you must: and therefore I beseeche you

Looke forward on the journie you shall go.

Bar. I swears I will not die to day for anie mans

perswation.

Duke. But hear you:

Bar. Not a word: If you have anie thing to say to me,

come to my Ward: for thence will not I to day.

Exit

Enter Prouest.

Duke. Visthe to line, or else: oh grant me heart.

G5

After
Measure for Measure.

After him (Pollowes) bring him to the blocke.

Pro. Now Sir, how do you finde the prisoner?

Duke. A creature vice-pose'd, a woman for death!

And to transport him in the midle he is,

Were damnable.

Pro. Here in the prison, Father,

There died this morning a cruel Fanatic,

One Magazine, a most notorious Pirate,

A man of Londres years, his beard, and head

Lust of his colour, What if we do omit

This Reprobate, till he be well enclin'd,

And satisfie the Deputie with the visage

Of Magazine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. Oh, this is an accident that he cannot provides:

Dispatch it presently, the house draws on

Ascribed by Angelo. See this be done,

And come according to command, whilst I

Perfase this rude wrench willingly to die.

Pro. This shall be done (good Father) presently:

But Barnardine must die this afternoone,

And how shall we converse Claudio,

To save me from the danger that might come,

If he were knowne alive?

Duke. Let this be done,

Put them in secrete holles, both Barnardone and Claudio,

Ere twice the Sun hath his wonted greeting

To yond generation, you shall finde

Your safest maner manifeste.

Pro. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quicke, dispatch, and send the head to Angelo!

Now will I write Letters to Angelo,

(The Proffeshe shall bear them) whose contents

Shall intwist to him I am mete at home:

And that by great Intimations I am bound

To enter publicly him I desire

To meet me at the consecrated Fountain,

A League below the City; and from thence,

By cold gradation, and wealke-ballad'd forme.

We shall procede with Angelo.

Enter Frond.

Pro. Here is the head, Ile carrie it in my fesse.

Duke. Consolament is it: Make a swift returne,

For I would commune with you of such things,

That want no ease but yours.

Ile. Make all speede.

I. Peace hoo, be heere.

Duke. The tongue of Istabel. She's come to know

If yet her brothers pardon be come thither,

But I will keep her ignorant of her good,

To make her heavenly comforts of dispaires,

When it is least expected.

Enter I.istabel.

I. Hoa, by your leave.

Duke. Good morning to you, faire, and gracious daughter.

I. Yet the Deputie sent my brothers pardon?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, I.istabel, from the world,

His head is off, and sent to Angelo.

I. Nay, but it is not so,

Duke. It is no other,

Shew your wife the daughter in our close patience.

I. Oh, I wit to him, and plucke out his ries.

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

I. Vahappie Claudio, wretched I.istabel.

Inlurious world, most damnd Angles.

Duke. This nor burns him, nor profits you nor,

Forbear it therefore, give your caufe to heauen,

Mark what I say, which you shall finde

By every folable a faithful veriste.

The Duke comes hence to morrow: say done your eyes,

One of our Courtiers, and his Confidour

Gives me this instance: Already he hath carried

Notice to Esbalow and Angelo,

Who do prepar to mee him at the gates, (done,

There to gueve up their powres) If you can passe your will

In that good path that I would will it go,

And you shall have your bosome on this wretch,

Grace of the Duke, reuenges to your heart,

And general Honor.

Isa. I am directed by you,

Duke. This Letter then to Friar Peter give,

'Tis that he sent me of the Dukes returne:

Say, by this token, I define his comparte

At Mariana's house to night. Her caufe, and yours

He perfect him withall, and he shall bring you

Before the Duke, and to the head of Angelo,

Accuse him home and home. For my poore selfe,

I am combined by a sacred vow,

And shall be abillent. Werd you with this Letter;

Command them fleeting waters from your eyes

With a light heart; trust not my hollow Order

If I persure your course: whole heere?

Enter Lucio.

Luc. Good even;

Friar, where's the Proost?

Duke. Not within Sir.

Luc. Oh prettie I.istabel, I am pale at mine heart, to

see thines eyes for red: thou must be patient: I am faile

to dine and sup with water and braine: I dare not for my

head fill my belly. One fruitful Meale would let mee

too's: but they say the Duke will be here to morrow.

By my troth I.istabel I had thy brother, if the olden fam

tatical Duke of darke corners had bene at home, he had

listened.

Duke. Sir, the Duke's marvellous little beholding

to your reports, but the belt is, he liues not in them.

Luc. Friar, thou knowest not the Duke to well as I do:

he's a better wittman than thou couldst him for.

Duke. Well you'll answer this one day. But ye well.

Luc. Nay carrie, Ile goe along with thee,

I can tell thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You haue told me too much of him already if

they be true: if not true, none were enough.

Lucio, I was once before him for getting a Wranch
with children.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Luc. Ye was marrie did I; but I was faile to forsake it.

They would else have marrie me to the rotten Medder.

Duke. Sir your company is fairer then honest, tell you

well.

Lucio. By my troth Ile goe with thee to the latter end:

if thou dost offend me, we'll have very little of it.

Friar, I am a kind of Burre, I shall thinke.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Angelo & I.istabel.

Eft. Every Letter he hath writ, hath diffinout'd other.
Measure for Measure

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Frier Peter, Isabella, Angelo, Escalus, Lucio, Cassio, and Citizens at a public place.

Duke. My very worthy Frier, fairly met,
Our old, and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

Escalus. Happy return be to your royal grace.

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both;
We have made enquiry of you, and we hear
Such goods of you, as I am sorry the public thanks
Cannot be yeeld ye forth to publique thanks
For running more requital.

Escalus. You make my hands still greater,
Duke. Oh your deference speaks loud, & I should wrong it
To locke it in the words of courtesy before
When it is defers to the characters of gravity
A forced respect gainst the touch of time,
And rasure of oblivion. Give us your hand
And let the subject see, to make them know
That outward curtesies would faire proclame
Fanours that keep within. Come Frier Peter,
You must waite by vs. on our other hand:
And good supports are you.

Enter Peter and Isabella.

Peter. Now is your time
Speak up, and kneele before him.

Isabella. My noble Duke, I crave your regard
You a wrong'd (I would faine have said a Made)
Oh worthy Prince, difhonor not your eye
By throwing it on any other obiect,
Till you have heard me, in my true complaint,
And given me justice, Isabella, Isabella, Isabella.

Duke. Relate your wrongs;
In what, by whom? be brief;
Here is Lord Angelo shall giue your justice,
Reuoyse your selfe to him.

Isabella. Oh worthy Duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the duell,
Heare me your selfe: for that which I must speake
Mak either punishment not being beleived,
Or wring redresse from you:
Heare me: oh here me, here.

Escalus. My Lord, her wisdome I feare we are not firme:
She hath bin a factor to me, for her Brother
Cutt off by course of Justice.

Isabella. By course of Justice.

Escalus. And she will speake most bitterly, and strange.

Isabella. Moft
Measure for Measure.

The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended againe; the matter proceed.

Ifsb. In briefe, to see the needes be proceed by:

How I persuadde, how I praid, and kneel'd,

How he refuted, and how he replie

(For this was of much length) the wild conclusion

I now begin with griewe, and shame to vter.

He would not, but by gift of his chatel he

To his conspicious intemperature left

Release my brother; and after much debatement,

My finely remonstrate, confutes mine honour,

And I did yeeld to him: But the next morne betimes,

His purpose surpessing, he sends a warrant

For my poor brothers head.

Duke. This is most likely.

Ifsb. Oh that it were so like as it is true. (speaketh)

Duke. By heaven, (t'ord right) I know not what thou

Or else thou art suborn'd against his honor.

In hatefull practise: first his Integrity

Stands without blemishes: next it imports reacon,

That with soch vehemency he should pursue

Faults proper to himselfe: if he had so offended

He would have wondredly by himselfe,

And not have cut him off: one hath set you on

Confect the truth, and say by whose advice

Thou cam'lt here to complain.

Duke. And is this all?

Then eche yeelded Ministers above

Keppe me in patience, and with ripened time

Unfold the cuill, which is here wrappe vp

In countenance: heaven shiled your Grace from woe,

As this wondred, yet vndestood thee.

Duke. I know you'd faile be gone. An Officer:

To prifon with him: Shall we thus permit

A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall

On him so neere thee? This needs must be a practise;

Who knew of your intent and comming hither?

Ifsb. One that I would were here, Prior Lodowick.

Duke. A ghoastly Fisher, beleeke:

Who knows that Lodowick?

Luc. My Lord, I know him, 'tis a medling Fryer,

I doe not like the man: had he been Lay my Lord,

For certaine words he spake against your Grace.

In your retirement, I had wondred him fully.

Duke. Words against mee? this 's a good Fryer beleeke

And to set on this wretched woman here

Against our Substitute: Let this Fryer be found.

Luc. But ye tempest my Lord, he and that Fryes

I saw them at the prison: a scawy Fryer,

A very scurvy fellow.

Peter. Blessed be your Royall Grace:

I have stood by my Lord, and I haue heard

Your royall ear no easse' to: first hatch this woman

Most wrongfully accus'd you Substitute,

Who is as free from touch, or sayle with her

As she from one ynt.

Duke. We did believe no leffe.

Know you that Prior Lodowick, that the speakes of?

Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy,

Not scurvy, nor a temporary medler.

As he's reported by this Gentleman

And on my trust, a man that never yet

Did (as he vouches) mis-report your Grace.

Luc. My Lord, most willinoly: beleeve it,

Peter. Well: he in time may come to cleere himselfe;

But at this instant he is sick, my Lord:
Measure for Measure

Berkelely's edition.

Sirius, no more.
Luc. Enough my Lord.

Ang. My Lord, I must confess, I know this woman, and five years since there was some speech of marriage between my self, and her, which was broke off; partly for that her promises was ungrateful, and came short of composition; but in chief for that her reputation was dis-valued.

In justice; since which time of five years I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her upon my faith, and honor.

Mar. Noble Prince, as there comes light from heaven, and words into breath, as there is force in truth and truth in utterance, I am satisfied this young wife, as strongly as words could make my vowes: and my good Lord, but Tuesday night last gone, in my garden house, he knew me as a wife. As this is true, let me in safety salute me from my knees, or else for ever be confesed here.

A Marble Monument.

Ang. I did but serve till now, now good my Lord, give me the scope of justice, my patience here is touch'd: doe perceive these poor intermall women, are no more but instruments of some more mightier member. That lets them on. Let me have my way, my Lord, to finde this prattle out.

Duke. I, with my heart; and punish them to your height of pleasure.

Thou foolish Friar, and that pestilent woman Compact with her that's gone: thinke thou, thy oaths, though they would sweare downe each particular Saint, were testimonies against his worth, and credit.

Thats feild in approbation? you, Lord Esfina, sit with my Cozen, lend him your kinde pities to finde out this abate, whene'er its devised.

There is another Priere that set them on. Let him be ten for.

Peter. Would he were here, my Lord, for he indeed hath set the women on to this Complaint.

Your Drumm doth knowes the place where he abides, and he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, doe it instantly:

And you, my noble and well-warranted Cozen, whom it concernes to heare this matter forth, doe with your ministrates as you see best to any ch Visiter; I for a while will leave you; but not you till you come.

Well determined upon their Slanders.

Luc. OurDRAMm knowes the place where he abides, and one that hath spoke most villous speeches of the Duke.

Efs. We shall interest you to abide here till he come, and informe them against him: we shall finde this Friar a nestle fellow.

Luc. As any in Prussia, on my word.

Efs. Call that same Istaed here once agayne, I would speake with her: pray you, my Lord, give mee leave to question, you shall see how he handle her.

Luc. Not better then he, by her owne report.

Efs. Say you e.

Luc. Marry Sir, I thinke, if you handled her privately
Measure for Measure.

She would sooner confess per chance publicly she'll be
afraid.

Enter Duke, Provost, Isabella.

Duke: I will goe darkely to worke with her.

Luc: That's the way : for women are light at midnight.

Duke: Come on Mistresse, here's a Gentlewoman, Denies all that you have said.

Luc: My Lord, here comes the rascall I spoke of, Here, with the Provost.

Duke: In very good time: speake not to you, till we call upon you.

Luc: Mum.

Duke: Come Sir, did you see these women ou to slander Lord Angelo? they have confed you did.

Luc: 1st Falle.

Duke: How? Know you where you are?

Luc: Respect to your great place; and let the dull-wit Be sometime honour'd, for his burning throne. Where is the Duke? he should have me speak:

Duke: The Duke: in vs: and we shall hear you speak.

Luc: Looke you speake suitly.

Duke: Boldly at leaft. But oh poore fool, Come you to seekke the Lamb here of the Fox; Good night to your reddell: Is the Duke gone? Then is your cause gone too! The Duke's vowe, Turn to recount your manifest Appeale, And put your trial in the villains mouth, Which here you come to accuse.

Luc: This is the rascal: this he I spoke of. Duke: Why then wou'dst thou, and not shew me Fryer? Is't not enough they haft subordi newe them, To accuse this worthy man? but in soile month, And in the winde of his proper ease, To call him villaine; and then to glance from him, To the Duke himselfe; to take him with justitice? I take him hence to trake him with: we'll towse you loynt by loynt, but we will know his purpose:

What's new?

Duke: Be not so hot; the Duke dare No more stretch this finger of mine, then he Dare racke his owne: his Subject am I not, Nor here Provincial: my businesse in this State Made me a looker on her in Venice, Where I have seen corruption Boyle and bubble, Tillis: one-run the Stew: Lawes, for all faults, But faults so contemnestid, that the strong Statues Stand like the forreis in a Barbers shop, As much in mocke as in marke.

Duke: Slander to th State:

Luc: Away with him to prision.

Duke: What can you touch against him Signior Lucio? Is this the man that you did call vs of?

Luc: 'Tis he, my Lord: some hither goodman baldly, do you know me?


Luc: Oh! did you see, and do you remember what you said of the Duke.

Duke: Must not boldly Sir.

Luc: Do you to Sir: And was the Duke a foolish-monster, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke: You must(Sir) change persouns with me ere you make that my report: you indeed spoke to of him, and

much more, much worse.

Luc: Oh thou damnable fellow: did not I plucke thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

Duke: I protest, I loue the Duke, as I loue my selfe.

Luc: 2nd Falle. 2nd Falle. 2nd Falle. 2nd Falle.

Duke: Stay Sir, stay a while.


Duke: Come sir, come sir, come sir: foh sir, why you bald-pate, lying rascal: you must be hooded thus; you show your knaees village with a pose to you; show your sheepe-biting face, and be hang'd an hour: will't not off?

Duke: Thou art the first knave, that ere mad art a Duke.

Luc: This Provost 1st Provost 1st Provost 1st Provost.

Duke: You are, and I was, for Sir, for Fryer, and you, Must have a word anon: lay hold on him.

Luc: This may prove worse then hanging.

Duke: What have I spoke, I pardon: let you down, We'll borrow place of him; Sir, joy your leau.

Luc: Ha! thou word or wit, or impudence. That yet can doe the office? I'll thou haft it.

Duke: Relly upon it, till my tale be heard, And hold no longer out.

Luc: Oh, my dread Lord, I should be glad thereto my guliness, To think, I can be indiscernible, When I perceive your grace, like pewe diuine,

Hath lookd up on my pages. Then good Prince, No longer Session hold upon my frame, But let my Trial, bee mine own Confession; Immediate sentence then, and sequent death, Is all the gracie I beg.

Duke: Come hither Mariana, Say: was't thou ere contradicted to this woman?

Luc: I was thy Lord.

Duke: Go take her hence, and marry her in lasting.

Luc: Do you the office (Fryer) which committate,


Duke: My Lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonor, Than at the strange office of.

Duke: Come hither Isabella.

Luc: Your Fryer is now your Prince: As I was then

Aduerseings, and holy to your businesse,

(Nor changing heart with habit) I am full,

Ammuled as your seruice.

Luc: Oh give me pardon

That, thy vassalle, have imploid, and pain'd

Your unknowne Soveraigne.

Duke: You are pardon'd Isabella.

And now, dether Made, be you as free to vs.

Your Brothers death. I know firsts at your heart:

And you may maurstake, why I obtaine my selfe,

Labouring to faise his life: and would not rather

Make raff remontrance of my hidden powre,

Then let him to be lofte: oh most kinde Maid,

It was the swift celebratie of his death,

Which I did think, with flower face came on,

That brain'd my purpose; but peace be with him,

That life is better life past fearing death,

Then that which lines to feare: make it your comfort.
So happy is your brother.

Enter Angells, (Maria, Peter, Provost.)

Fak. I do my Lord.

Duke. For this new-married man approaching here, whose fair imagination yet hath wrong'd your well defended honor: you must pardon for Mariana's sake: but as he did in your brother, being criminal in double violation. Offended Charlotte, 2nd of Pomfret's breach, thereon dependant for your brother's life. The very mercy of the Law cries out Most audible, even from his proper tongue. An Angell for Claudio, death for death. Dukes fill pales hate, and jealousy, and were leasure; like doth quite like, and Measure fill for Measure: Then Angells, thy fault's thus manifested, which though thou wouldst deny, denies thee vantage. We do condone thee to the very blockade. Where Claudia stong'd to death, and with hate, hate. Away with him. 

Mar. Oh my most gracious Lord, I hope you will not mock me with a husband? 

Duke. It is your husband mock's you with a husband, consenting to the safe-guard of your honor. I thought your marriage fit in the impression, for he that knew you, might reproach your life, and choscope your good to come: for his solicitations, although by confusion they are ours: We do entangle, and widow you with all, to buy you a better husband. 

Mar. Oh my dear Lord, I crave no other, nor to better man. 

Duke. Ne'er crave him, we are definitive. 

Mar. Gentle my Liege. 


Mar. Oh my good Lord, sweet Isabel, take my part, lend me your knees, and all my life to come. I'll lend you all my life to do you service. 

Duke. Against all fence you do importune her; should the kneele downe, in vincible of this fate, her Brothers ghost, his panel bed would break, and take her hence in horror. 

Isabel. Sweet Isabel, do yet, at kneele by me, hold up your hands, say nothing: I'll speak all. They say bell men are moulded out of faults, and for the most, become much more the better. For being a little bad: So may my husband. Oh Isabella: will you not lend a knee? 

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death. 

Isabella. Moth bounteous Sir. Look if it please ye, on this man condemn'd, as if my Brother be'd; I partly think's, a due sincerite govern'd his deeds, till he did look on me: Since it is so, let him not live: my Brother had but justice, in that he did the thing for which he died. For Angells, his Act did not once take his bad intent, and must be buried but as an intent. That penit'd by the way: thoughts are no subject to intents, but merely thoughts. 

Mar. Merely my Lord. 

Duke. Your fairest unprofitable: stand up I say I have but thought me of another fault. 

Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded at an usuall howre? 

Prs. It was commanded so. 

Duke. Had you a speciall warrant for the deed? 

Prs. No my good Lord: it was by private message. 

Duke. For which I doe discharge you of your office, give vp your keys. 

Prs. Pardon my noble Lord, I thought it was a fault, but knew it not, yet did repeat me after more advice. For remembrance thereof, once in the prison. That should by private order else have done, I have refer'd advice. 

Duke. What's he? 

Prs. His name is Barnardine. 

Duke. I would thou hadst done so by Claudio. Go fetch him hither, let me looke uppon him. Exe. I am sorry, one to learned, and to wife, at you. Lord Angells, have false appear'd, should slip to grophile, both in the bear of blood and lack of temper'd judgment afterward. 

Angels. I am sorry, that such sorrow I procure, And to the deeps, stings in my penitent heart, that I man, death more willingly than mercy, to my damnation, and I doe entreat it. 

Enter Barnardine and Provost, Claudio, Intezer. 

Duke. Which is this Barnardine? 

Prs. This my Lord. 

Duke. There was a Friar told me of this man. Sith he was fait to have a stubborn soule that apprehends no further than this world, and quittance his life according: Then's condemned, and I am out of patience, I quell them all, and pray thee take this mercy to provide for better times to come: Friar advis'd him, I leave him to your hand. What bluest-field fellow's that? 

Prs. This is another prisoner that I told, who should have done it when Claudio loft his head, as like almost to Claudio, as himselfe. 

Duke. He be like your brother, for his fake: is he pardon'd, and for your louellie fake, give me your hand, and say you will be mine. He is my brother too: But first time for that: By this Lord Angells perceives he's fake, methinks I see a quickening in his eye: Well Angels, your earl quite you well. Look if you lease your wife: her worth, worth your I finde an apprenition in my selfe, and yet here's one in place I cannot pardon, you suit, that knew me for a fool, a Coward, One all of Luxurie, an usur, a mad man: Wherein have I so delect'd you: 

That you extoll methis? 

Luc. Faith my Lord, I spoke it but according to the trick: if you will hang me for it you may: but I had rather it would please you, I might be whipt. 

Duke. Whipt first, first, and hang'd after. Proclaim it Provost round about the Citye, If any woman wrong'd by this I will fellow (As I have heard him, and were himselfe there's one whombe a buttock with childe) Let her appeare, and be sheall marry her: the nuptiall be'd, let him be whipt, and hang'd. 

Luc. I beseech your Highness doe not marry me to a Whore: your Highness said even now, I made you a Duke, good my Lord do not recomembe me, in making me a Cuckold.
Measure for Measure.

- Thou shalt not make a false profession of religion, nor deny thy true principles, nor suffer thyself to be misled by false authority, nor be induced to believe any thing that is contrary to thy own judgment, nor suffer thyself to be governed by any thing that is contrary to thy own reason.
- There's more behind that is more gratale, Thanks Pretius for thy care and secrecy, We shall employ thee in a worthier place. Forgive him Angelo, that brought you home The head of Raffino for Claudius, Tho' offence parries in fife, Deere Jakul, I have a motion much imports your good, Whereas if you'll a willing ear incline; What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine. So bring us to our Palleace, where we'll show What's yet behind, that maye you all should know.

The Scene Pienna.

The names of all the Actors.

Vincenzo: the Duke.
Angelo, the Deputie.
Esclau, an ancient Lord.
Claudio, a young Gentleman.
Lucio, a fantastique.
2 Other like Gentlemen.

FINIS.
The Comedie of Errors.

A Hui primus, Scena prima.

Enter the Duke of Ephesus, in the Merchant of Syracuse, Taylor, and other attendants.

Merchant.

To procure my hill.
And by the doom of death, and woes, and all
Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, please no more.
I am not partial for your goods, nor for your lives;
The envy and discord which of late
Spring from the rancorous enmity of your Duke,
To Merchants our well-dealing Countrymen,
Who waiting gilders to redeem their lives,
Hasten to give their faith with their bloods,
Exceed all pity from our threatening looks:
For since the mortall and intempetrate
Twist thy fidelitie Countrymen and so,
It hath in Solomons Synodes beene decreed,
Both by the Strange and and our selves,
To admit no trafficke to our alienet towns:
Nay more, if any borne at Ephesus
Be borne at any Strange Mars and Fayres
Again, if any Strange borne
Come to the Bay of Ephesus, he dies;
His goods confiscate to the Dukes dispose,
Violets a thousand marks be bound.
To quit the penalty, and to ease him;
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount to a hundred marks.
Therefore by Law thou art condemned to die,
Yet is this my comfort, when thy words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening some.
Duke. Well Syracuse! say in briefe the cause?
Why thou departest from thy native home?
And for what cause thou canst not to Ephesus.
Men. A heavier taxe could not have beene impost.
Then I to speake my griefes winpes lesse:
Yet that the world may witteth that my end
Was brought by nature, not by wise offence,
He utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In Syracuse was I borne, and wedde
Into a woman, happy but for me,
And by me, had not our hap beene bad:
With her I lived in joy, our wealth increas'd;
By prosperous voyages I often made:
To Epidamus, till my factors death,
And he great care of goods at randome left,
Drew me from kind embracements of my soule,
From whom my absence was not five months older;
Before her fell, (almost as falling vnder
The plying punishment that women beare)
Had made provision for her following me,
And loose, and safe, arriv'd where I was:
There had fire not beene long, but fire became
A moyfull mother of two goodly fonnes:
And, which was strange, the one he like the other,
As could not be differing in but by names.
Yet such is gentle, and in the self-same time,
A meane woman was delivered
Of such a burden Male, twin, both alike:
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and bought wp to attend my ISSUES.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boyes,
Made daily motions for our home returne.
When I agreed, alas, too soon were we came abroad.
A league from Epidamus had we fali'd
Before the always vayne-obeying deeps
Gainst every Tragicke Inflance of our harnes:
But longer did we not retaine much hope;
For what obliques light the heavens did grant,
Did but cause us to our fears full minimis:
A doubtfull warrant of immediate death,
Which though my fletes would gladly have imbrac'd,
Yet the incessue weepings of my wife,
Weeping for what the law must come,
And pittious playnings of the prettie boyes,
That mourne for fashion, ignorant what to feare,
For I me to seek delays for them and me,
And this it was: (for other manner was none)
The Sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship then falling rive to sea.
My wife, more careful for the latter borne,
Had fill'd him into a small boat Moith,
Such as sea-faring men provide for flornes:
To him one of the other twins was bound,
While if I had borne like hefull of the other,
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt,
Fainst their eyes at eather the end of the sail,
And floating straight, obedient to the streame,
Was carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the same gaz-ing upon the earth,
Differt those vapours that offended vs,
And by the benefit of his wisedd light,
The seas was calmne, and we discovered,
Two lippes from farre, making amaineto vs:
Of Corinth that, of Epidamus this,
But ere they came, oh let me say no more;
Gather the sequell by that went before.
Duke. Nay forward old man, do not break off so,
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Merch. Oh had the gods done so, I had not now
With all the joys of the world.

For the ships could not meet by twice true leagues.
We were encountered by a mighty roche,
Which being violently burnt up,
Our helpless ship was splitted to the mid,
So that in this swift dissuare of vs,
Farrill had left to both or either side,
What to delight in, wise or sorrow for,
Her part, puerous fainting as it were
With lesser wages, but with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind,
And in our fight, they there were taken up.

By Fishermen of Cornwall, as we thought.
At length another ship had left us on vs,
And knowning was it their hap to have,
Gautals, all welcome to their shipwrecked guests,
And would not reft the Fiflers of their prey,
I had not them backe bene very long in saile;
And therefore to homeward they bend their course.
Thus have you heard me reason'd from my bliss,
That by misfortunes was my life prolonged,
To tell sad stories of my owne mis's.

Duke. And for the sake of them thou forsookest for,
Do me the favor to dilate at full.

What have befallen of them and they till now.

Merch. My young boy, and yet my eldest son,
At eighteene yeares became inconsiderable.
After his brother; and importuned me
That his ascendance, so his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but remainder'd his name,
Might bear him company in the quiet of him:
Whom whilom I laboured of a loose to see,
I hazard'd the losse of whom I least.
Fine Sommers have I spent in faithfull Groves,
Roming clean through the bounds of Asia,
And coasting homeward, came to Ephesus:
Hopefully to finde, yet loth to leave outwrit,
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here is must and the story of my life.
And happy were I in my simples death,
Could all my travails wanton me they likes.

Duke. Hecalestae, when whom the heaven have markt
To bear the extremity of these misfeas.
Now trust me, were it not against our Lawer,
A gainst my Crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which Prince would they may not disafford,
My soule should sue for aduocature for thee;
But though thou art aduell'd to the death,
And paffed sentence may not be recall'd,
But our honours great disparragement
Yet will I favour thee in what I can.
Therefore Marci, illimate this day
To fecke thy helpe by beneficall helpe,
Try all the frends thou haft in Ephesus,
Beg thou of borrow, to make vp the flume,
And live: if then thou art doom'd to die,
Isay, take him to thy custodie.

Yonker. I will my Lord.

Merch. Hecalestae and helplesse dost not Envoy rend,
But to procurreth this himselfe end.

Enter Antipholus Egerio, a Merchant, and Dreame.

Merch. Therefore give out you are of Epidamnium,
I lef that your goods too soon be confiscate,
This very day a Straganian Marciant
Is apprehended for a rril here,
And not being able to buy out his life,
Accord to the statute of the towne,
Dies ere the waide fuemnet in the West;
There is your monie that I had to keepe.

Auct. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we hoff,
And flay there Dremin, till I come to thee:
Within this houre it will be dinner time,
Till that he view the manner of the towne,
Peruse the curriers, passe upon the buildings,
And then returne and sleepe within mine home,
For with long trauells I am fieble and weake.
Get thee away.

Dre. Many a man would take you at your word,
And goe indeede, having so good a meanes.

Exit Dreame.

Auct. A traitfull villaine this, that very off,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests,
What will you walk with me about the towne,
And then goe to my house and dine with me?

Exct. I am assured to certaine Marchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefite:
I crave your pardon, sonne at a more clocke,
Peruse you four meete with you upon the Mart,
And afterward comfort you till bed time.
My present businesse calls me to you now.

Auct. Farewell till then. I will goe to take my selfe,
And wander vp and downe to view the Citie.


Auct. Sir, that commends me to mine owne content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get
To see the world smal, like a drop of water,
That in the Ocean feckes another drop,
Who falling there to finde his fellow forth
(Vielle, iniquituous) confounds him selfe.
So I to finde a Mother and a Brother,
To quell of them (unhappy) loose my selfe.

Enter Dreame of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date.
What now? How chance you art return'd so soone.

Exct. Return'd so soone, rather approachs too late.
The Capon burns, the Pig falls from the sky.
The clocke hath strucke twelve upon the bell.
My Myfris made is one upon my cheeks.
She is so hot because the meste is colde.
The meste is colde, because you come not home.
You come not home because you have no stomake.
You have no stomake having broke your fis.
But we that know what his to fast and pray,
Are penitents for your defaults to day.
Where haue you left the mony that I gave you.

Exct. Oh five pence that I had a verday day left.
To pay the Sadler for my Myfris grappes.
The Sadler had it Sir, I kept tenor.

Auct. I am not in a spiritall humour now.
Tell mee, and daily not, where is the monie.
We being strangers here, how darest thou trust
So great a charge from thine owne custodie.

Exct. Sir, I pray you leff sit, as you sit at dinner.
I from my Myfris come to you in post.
If I returnes I shall be god forswear.
A Tragedy. Drameuf Epir.

Adr. Say, is your tande mother now at hand?

Espir. Nay, sir, she's at the house with me, and that my two oars cut winneaux.

Adr. Say, didst thou speake with him? knowest thou his minde?

Espir. Nay, he left his mind on mine care,

Beheld his hand. I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he this doubtfully; thou couldst not feel his meaning.

Espir. Nay, bee stricke to plainly; I could too well feel his blowses and withall to doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.

Adr. But say, I prether, is he coming home?

It teaches he hath great care to please his wife?

Espir. Why mistress, sure my Master is home mad.

Adr. Home mad, thou villain?

Espir. I mean not Cuckold mad,

But sure he is shakke mad:

When I defir'd him to come home to dinner,

He ask'd me for a hundred marks in gold:

'Tis dinner time, quoth I: my gold, quoth he:

Your next doth burne, quoth I: my gold, quoth he:

Will you come, quoth I: my gold, quoth he:

Where is the thousand marks I gaine thee villain?

The Pigge quoth I, is burne: my gold, quoth he:

My mistresse, sir, quoth I: hang up thy mistresse.

I know not thy mistresse, out on thy mistresse.

Luc. Quoth who?

Espir. Quoth my Master, I know quoth he, no house, no wife, no mistresse; so that my affray due onto my tongue; I thank thee, I bare home upon my shoulders.

For in conclusion, he did bear me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slaine, & fetch him home.

Luc. Goe backe again, and be new beaten home:

For God's sake, send some other messanger.
Adr. Backe slave, or I will break thy nose a-croffe.

Dr. And he will bleeke thy croffe with other beating.

Between you, I shall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence praying peasad, fetch thy Master home.

Dr. Am I so round with you, as you with me,
That like a foot-ball you doe promise me thus?
You promise me hence, and I will promise me better.
If I tal in this terre, you must caste me in leather.

Luc. Fie how impatient you are in your face.

Adr. His company must do his missions grace.

Will I at home (itau for a merrie looke.
Hath homely age his alluring beautyooke,
From my poor checkes; then he hath waited it.
Are my discourses dull? Bare them wit,
It valuable and charge discourse be more'd,
Young men blushe it more then marble hard.
Does their gay vehiments his affections bare?
That's not my fault, he's master of my face.
What tunes are in me that can be found,
By him not ruin'd? This is he the ground
Of my defects.

Luc. Self-harming jealousie, so bear it hence.

Ad. V复仇ing, fools can with such wrongs dispence:
I know his eyes doth homage elsewhere,
Or else, what lets it but he would be here?
Sister, you know he promises me a chain,
Would that alone, a thought he would detain,
So he would keep his quarter with his bed.
I see the towell best cram'd
Will hose his beautie; yet the gold hides still
That other touch, and often touching will,
Where gold and no man that hath a name,
By falsehood and corruption doth it shame;
Since that my beautie cannot please his eye,
I live weep (what's left away) and weeping die.

Luc. How manie fond fooles (ere true mad Jealousy?

Enter Antiphilus Erraticus.

Ant. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid vp
Safe at the Centaur, and the lease full fine.
Is wandred forth in care to fetch me out
By corruption and mishaks report.
I could not speake with Dromio; since at first
I trust him from the mast? see here he comes.

Enter Dromio Strangula.

How now sir, is your merrie humored alter'd?
As you loue frolickes, to left with me again;
You know no Centaur? you receiue no gold,
Your Militiffes featt to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the Publicke? Waft thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answere me?
S. Dru. What answer sir, when speake I such a word?
E. Ant. Even now, even here; not haile on hoare fine.
S. Dru. I did not see you since you sent me hence
Home to the Centaur with the gold you gave me.

Ant. Villaine thou didst deny the gold receiue,
And toldg me of a Militiffes, and a dinner,
For which I hope thou felteist I was displeased.
S. Dru. I am glad to fee you in this merrie vaine,
What means this jest, I pray you Master tell me?
Ant. Yes, ouch thou ouch & bowt me in the teeth?
Think of me, hold, take thou that, & that.

Beat's Dru.
S. Dr. Hold it, for Gods sake, now your left is cane.

Upon what bargaine do you give it, then?

Antiphil. Because that I familliar oftentimes
Do you for me for my foole, and chat with you,
Your favoriste will tell upon my love,
And make a Common of my secret houres,
When the sunne shines, let foolish gists make sport,
But except in kennels, when he hides his beames:
If you will have with me, know my speech,
And fathom your demeaner to my looks,
Or I will beat this in your scorne.

S. Dru. Sence call you this? so you would beat bater.
I had rather have a head, and you woule these blows long.
I must get a sence for my head, and Incense it to,
or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders, but I pray
fir, why am I beaten?

Ant. Doth thou not know?
S. Dru. Nothing sir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. Shall I tell you why?
S. Dru. If, and wherefore, for they say, every why
hath a wherefore.

Ant. Why first for flowing me, and then wherefore,
for rigor is the second time to me.

S. Dru. Was there ever ane man thus beaten out of
fession, when in the why and the wherefore, is neither
true nor reason.

Ant. Well sir, I thank you.
Ant. Thank me sir, for what?
S. Dru. Marry sir, for this something that you gave me
for nothing.

Ant. He make you amends next, to give you nothing
for something. But say sir, is it dinner time?

S. Dru. No sir, I think the meat wants that I have.

Ant. In good time sir, what is that?
S. Dru. Bathing.

Ant. Well sir, then 'twill be drie.
S. Dru. If it be, I pray you eat none of it
Ant. What is your reason?
S. Dru. Left it make you chollereke, and purchasme
another drie bathing.

Ant. Well sir, leave to eat in good time, there's a
time for all things.

S. Dru. I dont have denied that before you were to
chollereke.

Ant. By what rule sir?
S. Dru. Marry sir, by a rule as plaine as the plaine bald
pate of Father time himself.

Ant. Let's hear it.
S. Dru. There's no time for a man to recover his haire
that grows bald by nature.

Ant. May he not doe it by fine and recovers it?
S. Dru. Yes, to pay a fine for a perwige, and recover
the loft haire of another man.

Ant. Why, is time such a nagger of haire, being (as
it is) so plentiful an excrement?
S. Dru. Because it is a clewring that bee beleaves on
beasts, and what he hath befeated them in haire, bee hath
given them in witt.

Ant. Why, but there's manie a man hath more haire
then witt.
S. Dru. Not a man of chose but he hath the witt to lose
his haire.

Ant. Why thou didst conclude hisy mam plaine de-
lers without witt.
S. Dru. The plaine dealer, the fonner loft; yet he too-
feth it in a kind of jollite.

Ant. For what reason.
S. Dru. For two, and found ones to.

Ant. Nay.
The Comedie of Errors.

Act. Nay, not found. I pray you.
S. D. Sure anes then.
S. D. Certaine ones then.
Act. Name them.
S. D. The one to save the money that he spends in trying; the other, that or dinner they should not drop in his passage.
Act. You would all this time have prouly, here is no time for all things.
S. D. Marry and did so; namely, in no time to recover hate lost by Nature.
Act. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.
S. D. Thus I mend it: Time himselfe is bald, and therefore to the world end will have bald followers.
Act. I knew twould be a bald conclusion, but so, who waft's vs yonder.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adri. I, I, Antipholus, looks strange and frownes. Some other Mistresse hath thy sweet aspects:
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou us'dst would row,
That never words were musick to thine ear,
That never pleas'd plesing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
That never met sweet-sounding'd in thy soafe.
Voile! I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or care'd to thee.
How comes it now, my Husband, oh how comes it,
That thou art estrang'd from thy selfe.
Thy selfe I call, being strange to me:
That unwin'dable Incorporate
Am better then thy deser't selfe better part.
Ah doth not eare away thy selfe from me.
For know my love is us'tt maist thou fell
A drop of water in the breaking guile,
And take vmenag'dence that drop againe
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thy selfe, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quicke,
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious,
And that this body concomiate to thee,
By hush'd audie should be comminate?
Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurne at me,
And hurke the name of husband in my face,
And tear the fin'ld skin of thy starlet browe,
And from my false hand ent the wedding ring,
And break it with a deepde-doucing vow?
I know thou canst, and therefore see thou do't.
I am poss'd with an adulterous blot,
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
For if we stowe be one, and that play false,
I doe digst the potion of thy flesh,
Being hurk'd up by thy contagon,
Keepen faire league with truthly truth, bed,
I lust diffir'g d'chaus vnfinonoured:
'Speake: Plead you to me faire dame? I know you not
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
At strange where you are come, how you take,
Who every word by all my wit being scraid,
Wants withall, one word to understanding.
Luci. His brother, how the world is chang'd with you.
What were you not to vie my sister thus;
She fees for you with Dromio home to dinner.
The Comedie of Errors.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Antipholus of Elycphus, his man Drume, Angelo the Goldsmith, and Bartholomew the Merchant.

E. Ant. Good signior Angelo you must excuse us all. My wife is in travail when I keep not business. Say that I lingered with you at your shop. To see the making of her Caroline, and that to morrow you will bring it home. But here's a villainess that would face me down. He met me on the Mart, and that I beat him. Andcharg'd him with a thousand marks in gold. And that I did denie my wife and house. Thou drakard thou, what didst thou mean by this?

E. Drus. Say what you will sir, but I know what I know. That you bested me at the Mart I have your hand to show. If's skin were parchment, & if's bowes you gave were ink, your owne hand-writing would tell you what I think.

E. Ant. I think thou art an affe.

E. Drus. MARRY so doth it appeare

By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear, I should kick' be kick'd, and being at that place, You would keep from my heales, and because of an affe.

E. Ant. Yare signior Bartholomew, pray God our cheere. May answer my good will, and your good we come her. I hold your dainties cheap sir, & your welcome dear.

E. Ant. Oh signior Bartholomew, either at fish or fish. I table full of welcome, makes scarce one dainty dish.

Gal. Good meat is comon that charity affords.

Ant. And welcome more common, for that nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer and great welcome, makes a merrie feast.

Ant. I, to squaggardly Holt, and more sparing guest: But though my cates be mean, take them in good part, Better cheer ye may have, but not with better hart.

E. Drus. Munday, Biser, Marest, Cijon, Coscombie, Ildor, Patch, Either get thee from the door, or fit downe at the banch: Dost thou comine to watches, this call for fastfullore. When one is too many, goe get thee from the door.

E. Drus. What patch is made our Porter? my Master stays in the street.

S. Drus. Let him walke from whence he came, left thee catch cold with thee feet.

E. Ant. Who talkes within there? Don't open the door. S. Drus. Right sir, I'll tell you when, and you'll tell me wherefore.

Ant. Wherefore? for my dinner I haden't din'd to day.

S. Drus. Nor to day here you must not come againe, when you may.

Ant. What art thou that keep'st me out from the house I love.

S. Drus. The Porter for this time Sir, and my name is Drume.

E. Drus. O villain, thou hast holte both mine office and my name.
The one more get me credit, the other noke blame: I than't had there Drume to day in my place.

Thou wouldn't have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an affe.

Enter Luc.e.

Luc.e. What a coile is there Drume? who are these at the gate?

E. Drus. Let me Master in Luc.e.

Luc.e. Faith no, hee comes too late, and so tell your Master.

E. Drus. O Lord I must laugh, haue ye at you a Proctor? Shall I let in my staffe.

Luc.e. Have ye at you another, that's when I can you tell.

S. Drus. If thy name be called Luc.e, Luc.e thou hast answer'd him well.

Ant. Do we hear you minion, you'll let us in I hope.

Luc.e. I thought to hauqe ask yt.

S. Drus. And you said no.

E. Drus. So come helpe, well stroke, there was blow for blow.

Ant. Thou baggage let me in.

Luc.e. Can you tell for whose face?

E. Drus. Master, knocke the doore hard.

Luc.e. Let him knocke till it ske.

Ant. You'll cry for this minion, if I beat the doore downe.

Luc.e. What needs all this, and a pair of stocks in the towne?

Enter Adriana.

Adri. Who is that at the doore? keeps all this noise?

S. Drus. By my troth your towne is troubled with villany boites.

Ant. Are you there Wife? you might have come before.

Adri. Your wife I knaue? goe ye from the door.

E. Drus. If you went in painte Master, this knaue would goe fore.

Ang.e. Here's neither chair sir, nor welcome, we would have haue either.

Balu. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.

E. Drus. They stand at the doore, Master, bid them welcome bither.

Ant. There is something in the winde, that we cannot get in.

E. Drus. You would say to 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 cold.

Ant. Go fetch me something, I'll break ope the gate.

S. Drus. Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knaues pate.

E. Drus. A man may brake a word with your sir, and words are but winde:
I and brake it in your face, so he brake it not behind.

S. Drus. It seems thou wast breaking, give upon thee binde.

E. Drus. Here's too much out upon thee, I pray thee let me in.

S. Drus. I, when fowreles haue no seathers, and fitt have no fit.

Ant. Well, I'll break to go borrowe a crow.

E. Drus. A crow without seathers, Master means you fig.
Though others have the same, shew vs the like: We in your motion turne, and you may move vs. Then guide brother get you in againe: Comfort my sister, shew her, call her wife: 'Tis holy sport to be a little vain, When the sweet breath of flatterie conquers first.

S. ANT. Sweetie Muffins, what your name is else I know not:
Not by what wonder you do live of mine.
Leefe in your knowledge, and your grace you show not,
Then our earths wonder, more then earth divine.
Teach me deere creature how to thinke and speake:
Lay open to my ear the groffe conceit:
Smothered in errors, feeble, shallow, weake,
The foolish meaning of your words deceit:
Against my foxes pure truth, why Labour you,
To make it wander in an unknowne field?
Are you a gude? would you create me new?
Transforme me then, and to your powre I yield.
But if that I am, then well I know,
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage doe I owe;
Farre more, farre more, to you do I decline:
Oh traine me not sweet Mercurius with thy note,
To drown me in thy fitter flood of tears:
Sing Siren for thy selfe and I will doe;
Spread ere the fitter wares thy golden hairs;
And as a bud I take thee, and there lie;
And in that glorious supposition think:
He gains by death, that hath such meanes to die:
Let Loue being light, be drowned if the fike.
LUC. What are you mad, what you doe reason so?
ANT. Not mad, but marred, how I doe not know,
LUC. It is a fault that thither goes from your eye.
ANT. For gazing on your beames faire sun being by,
LUC. Gaze when you should, and that will close your sight.
ANT. As good to winke sweet love, as looke on night.
LUC. Why call you me love? Call my fitter so.
ANT. Thy fitter fitter.
LUC. That is my fitter.
ANT. No: this is thy selfe, mine owne selfe beter part;
Mine eies cleere ele, my deere hearts deere heart;
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hopes since;
My faire earths frendes, and my beaters claimes.
LUC. All this is my fitter, barre my elwe should be.
ANT. Call thy felter fitter sweete, for I am thee:
Thee will I loose, and with thee lead my life;
Thou hast no husband and yet not no wife:
Give me thy hand.
LUC. Oh! God be with you all,
I loose my fitter to get her good will.
Exit.
Enter Dromio, Servaunt.
ANT. Why how now Dromio, where run't thou so fall?
S. DRO. Do you know me sir? Am I Dromio? Am I your man? Am I my selfe?
ANT. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thy selfe.
DRO. I am an aife, I am a women man, and besides my selfe.
ANT. What women man? and how besides thy selfe?
DRO. Marrie, besides my selfe, I am due to a woman:
One that claims me, one that hauntes me, one that will have me.
ANT. What.
The Comedie of Errors.

Ant. What claimst he title to thee?
Dr. marry sir, such claimes as you would lay to your horse, and she would have me as a beast, not that I being a beast she should have me, but that being a very beastly creature they claim to me.
Ant. What is hers?
Dr. A very recurent body; I such a one, as a man may not scarce off, without he say sir recurence. Tho' but scarce lacke in the manner, and yet is she a wondrous fair marriage.
Ant. How dost thou make a match marriage?
Dr. marry sir, she's the kitchen wenche, and gentlewoman, and I know not what else to put her too, but to make a lustre of her, and runn from her by her owne light. I warrant, her ragges and the tallow in them, will burne a Poland Winter; if she lives till another day, she shall burne a week longer then the whole World.
Ant. What complexion is the of?
Dr. Swart like my shoe, but her face nothing like to cleane kept: for why? the twain a man may goe other-where in the prime of it.
Ant. That's a fault that water will mend.
Dr. No, 'tis in graine, Nando flow'd could not do it.
Ant. What's her name?
Dr. Not Sir, but her name is three quarters, that's an Elly and three quarters will not measure her from hipto hipto.
Ant. Then she beares some breath?
Dr. No longer from head to foot, than from hipto hipto: she is victual, like a globe: I could find out countries in her.
Ant. In what part of her body stands Ireland?
Dr. marry sir, in her buttockes, I found it out by the beggar.
Ant. Where Scotland?
Dr. I found it by the breechtie, hard in the palm of the hand.
Ant. Where France?
Dr. In her forhead, and returned, making warre against her heire.
Ant. Where England?
Dr. I took'd for the chistle Cisterc, but I could find no whitelse in them. But I guess'd, it stood in her clan by the fair chaine that name between France and it.
Ant. Where Spain?
Dr. Faith I saw it not, but I felt it hot in her breast.
Ant. Where America, the Indies?
Dr. Oh sir, upon her necks, all me embellished with Rubies, Carbuncles, Saphires, declaring their rich Affront to the hot breath of Spaine, who sent whole Armadoes of Carrots to be ballasted at her note.
Ant. Where Rood Belgia, the Netherlands?
Dr. Oh sir, I did not looke far: to conclude, this younge or Duller boyd claim to me, call'd mee Diono, where I was assured to her, told me what prime market I had about me, as the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my necke, the great wart on my left arm, that I saw'd came from her as a witch. And I think'd, if my breath had not beene made of flesh, and my heart of steel, she had transform'd me to a Cartell dog, & made me tum'th where.
Ant. Go hit thee presently, post to the isle:
And if the wind blow any way from thence,
I will not harbour in this Towne to night.
If any Barkes put forth, come to the Mart,

Where I will walk till thou returne to me:
If everie one knowes vs, and we know none,
'Tis time I thonke to trudge, pace, and be gone.
Dr. As from a Bear a man would run for life,
So the I from her that would be my wife.
Ant. There's none but Witches do inhabit here.
And therefore's this time that I was here: I shall call her husband, even my soule.
Doth for a wife abhorre. But her faire fitter
Poffert with such a gentle Soueraygne grace,
Of such inchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me Traitor to my selfe:
But lest my selfe be guilty to false wrong,
I'll fly mine ears against the Mermaid's long.

Enter a Angelo with the Chaine.

Ang. Why tristian.
Ant. That's my name.
Ang. I know it well sir, loe here's the chaine.
And I thought to have tane you at the Parrotwine.
The chaine wherin'd me made stay thus long.
Ant. What is your will that I shall do with this?
Ang. What please your felte sir? I have made it for you.
Ant. Made it for me sir, I'll seeke it not.
Ang. No, once, or twice, but twentie times you have.
Go home with it, and please your Wife withall.
And some at upper time, 'tis visit you,
And then receave my money for the chaine.
Ant. I pray you sir, receave the money now.
For feare you ne're fee chaine, nor many more.
Ang. You are a merry man sir, fare you well.

Enter. What I should think of this, I cannot tell:
But this th' things, there's no man is so vaine,
That would refuse to faire an offer'd Chaine.
I see a man here needs not live by thiefe.
When in the streets he meetes such Golden gifts:
Ile to the Mart, and there for Drosses flay,
If any flipp put out, then straight away.

Achus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Merchant, Goldsmith, and an Officer.

Mar. You know since Peucetia the sum is due,
And since I have not much important you,
Now I have not, but that I am bound
To Perpetual and want Gelders for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this Officer.
Gold. Even thus the sum that I owe to you,
Is growing to me by Antistius,
And in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a Chaine, at fine a clacke
I did receive the money for the same:
Pleach you walke with me downe to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank ye too.

Enter Aristotle Epsias. Demetrius from the Comices.
Off. That labour may you fare: See where he come.
Ant. While I go to the Goldsmiths house, go then.
And buy a rope's end, that will I believe Among my wife, and her confederates, For locking me out of my dooryard day by day. But soft! I see the Goldsmith's gone, Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dra. I buy a thousand pound a year, I buy a rope.

Eph. Ant. A man is well helpe't that truth to you, I present you my presence, and the Chaine, But neither Chaine nor Goldsmith came to me, Be like you thought our love would last too long His were chained together, and therefore cannot not. Gold. Saining your meere lamb, here's the note How much your Chaine weighs to the verst, charge, The fineuse of the Gold, and chargefruit fashion, Which doth amount to three oddie Ducats more. Then I stand debated to this Gentleman, I pray you see him present in charity'd. For he is bound to Sea, and stays but for it.

Ant. I am not furnish'd with the present monie; Besides I have some business in the towne. Good Signior take the strange to my house, And with you take the Chaine, and bid my wife Disbata the summe, on the recet thereof, Perchance I will be there as soon as you. Gold. Then you will bring the Chaine to her selfe.

Ant. No brest in it with you, lest I come not time en

Gold. Well sir, I will; Haue you the Chaine about you?

Ant. And if I have not sir, I hope you have: Or else you may returne without your money.

Gold. Nay come I pray you sir, give me the Chaine: Both winde and tide flays for this Gentleman, And I too blame have held him here too long.

Ant. Good Lord, you see this daimell to excuse Your breach of promisse to the Persimone, I should have chid you for not bringing it,

Mar. But like a thief you first begin to b rave

Gold. The house fires on, I pray you sir dispatch.

Gold. You haue how he importunes me, the Chaine. Ant. Why you give it to my wife, and fetch your money, Gold. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now, Either send the Chaine, or send me by some token.

Ant. Fie, now you run this humor out of breath, Come where's the Chaine, I pray you let me see it.

Mar. My busienss cannot brooke this daimell, Good sir fif, why you should be so, or no. Inset, I leave him to the Officer.

Ant. I answer you? What should I answer you, The monie that you owe me for the Chaine.

Gold. I owle you none, till I receive the Chaine.

Gold. You know I gave it you haile an house since.

Ant. You gave me none, you wrong me much to say so.

Gold. You wrong me more sir in denying it, Consider how it stands upon my credit.

Mar. Well Officer, arreste him at my later.

Off. I do, and charge you in the Duke's name to ob

Gold. This touches me in reputation.

Either consent to pay this summe for me, Or I arreste you by this Officer.

Ant. Consent to pay thee that I owle had Arreste me foolish fellow if thou darst.

Gold. Here is thy sume, arreste him Officer. I would not spare my brother in this case, If thould come it to apparant.

Off. To arreste you sir, you haue the false.

Ant. I do obey thee, till I give thee baile. But sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear, As all the meatall in your shop will answer.

Gold. Sir, sir, I shall have Law in Ephesus, To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter Dramia Sira, from the Bay.

Dra. Mr. Maller, there's a Barke of Epidamnum, That sails but till her Owner comes aboard, And then for the beares away. Our fraughtage sir, I have come aboard, and I have bought The Oyle, the Saltamon, and Aqua-vitiz. The ship is in her trim, the merry wind Howes faire from land thay fly for nought at all, But for their Owner, Maller, and your selfe.


S. Dra. A ship you sent me too, to her waftage. Ant. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope, And told thee to what purpose, and what end. S. Dra. You first me for rope's end as foome, You sent me to the Bay sire, for a Barke.

Ant. I will debate this matter at more leisurle And reach your cares to lift me with more heed: To Adriana Villaine he thee straight: Give her this key, and tell her in the Drike That's couer'd o're with Turkish tarpin, There is a purse of Ducats, let her send it: Tell her, I am arrested in the streets, And thus shall baile me: thee thee fly, be gone, On Officer to prison, till it come, Extrem. S. Dra. To Adriana, that is where we didt, Where Do whall did claim me for her husband, She is too bigge I hope for me to compasse, Thither I must, although against my will: For servants must their Malters mindes fulfill.

Exit

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ah Luciana, my Luciana, what thy look, thou perceiues it in his eye, What eye is it that thou perceiues it in his eye, That he did plea in earnest, yes or no: Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merry? What obserwanse mad'st thou in this case? Oh, his hearts Meeois tilling in his face.

Luc. First he denied you had in him no right.

Adr. He meant he did me none: the more my sight.

Luc. Then swore he that he was a stranger bear.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forworne he were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what said he?

Luc. That long he begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what persuasion did he tempe thy loue? Luc. With words, that in an honest sile might move. First, he did praise my beautye, then my speech.

Adr. Did it speake him faire?

Luc. Have patience I beseche.

Adr. I cannot, nor will not hold me ill,

My tongue, though not my heart, shall loose his will, He is deformed, crooked, old, and fere,

Ill-fac'd, wore bodied, shapelesse every where! Vicious, vengent, foolisht, brut, vnkind.
The Comedie of Errors.

Stigmatical in making w. offe in minde.

Loc. Who would be jealous then of such a one?

No cruel lot is wail'd, when it is gone.

Adv. AB but I think him better then I say:

And yet here I am in others eyes wise.

Hear from her self: the Laying cities, sorrows. 

My heart prays for him, though my tongue doth mutter.

Enter S. Dromio.

S. Dromio. Here goe: the destit, the pure, forew: make haste.

Loc. How hast thou left thy breather?

S. Dromio. By running off.

Loc. Where is thy Master Dromio? Is he well?

S. Dromio. No, he's in Tarter limbo, worse then hell.

A diuell in an eavailing gemen hath him.

On whose hard heart is bountoy vp with blame.

A Feind, a Faite, peti's hire and rife.

A Wolf, a hye wifie, a fellow in boyles.

A back friend, a Belle-clapper, one that earnt the end.

The pdges of ailes, creekes, and nare cross lands.

A hound that runs Counter, and yet draweth it or well.

One that before thejudgmeent causees poore bondage to hel.

Adv. Why man, what is the matter?

S. Dromio. I do not know the matter, kee is tellled on the text.

Adv. What is he escaped to me at whole foile?

S. Dromio. I know not at whole foile, he is arreted well:

but is in a hate of wheels which accitised him, that and tell,

will ye find, that Martha saltation, the more in his dresse.

Adv. Go fetch S. Sister at i. I wonder to.

Thus he knowning me should be in deate.

Tell me, was he arreted on a stand?

S. Dromio. Not on a stand, but on a stronger thing it.

A chaine; a chaine; do you not love it ting.

Adv. What the chain?

S. Dromio. No, no, the bell, his time that were gone:

It was two ess I left him, and now the clockes strikes one.

Adv. The houre come backe, that did I neuer here.

S. Dromio. Oh yes, if any houre meece a serena, a comnes backe for vexe fear.

Adv. As if time were in debts, how fondly do't thou restore?

S. Dromio. Time is a verie bankerous, and owes more then he's worth to facon.

Nay, he's a thief too, shoue you not heard men say:

That time comes stealin on by night and day.

If I be in debt added to, and aStroke the way:

Hath he not othen to turne backe an houre in a day?

Enter Lucius.

Adv. Go Dromio, there she shall, brace it straight.

And bring thy Master home immediately.

Consilier, I am past downe with conceit:

Consilie my counsels and my advice.

Exit.

Enter Antipholus Servitio.

There's not a man I meete but doth shewe me ill.

As if I were them well acquainted friend,

And every one doth call not by my names.

Some trull horse to me, some horse to me,

Some other use me thanks for kindnes.

Some offere me Commodities to buy.

Even now a tailor cal'd me in his shopp, 

And throwd me silkes that he had bought for me, then.

And therewithal dote measure of my body.

Sure there are but imaginare wiles,

And lapland Sorcerers inhabite here.

S. Dromio, here's the golde you sent me for: what have ye lost the picture of old Adam new apparel'd?

Adv. What golde is this? What Adam don't thou mean?

S. Dromio. Not that Adam that keeps the Paradise; but that Adam that keeps the prison.

That see's he that goes in the cloauser, that was kid'd for the Pevray, he sees that came behind you sir, like an euill angel, and bid you forake your libertie.

Adv. I understand thee not.

S. Dromio. Ne'by's a plaines evile: he that once like a Baffe, Viole in a caue of leathers, the man far, that when gentlemen are cast to, giveth them a lob, and reft them:

he first that takes pitie on decayed men, and giveth them faire of durance, he that sets vp his reft to do more exprees with his Maschines, the Morte Male.

Adv. What occasion me not to talk?

S. Dromio. If the, the Servant of the Band: that brings any man to answer it, that breaks his Band: some that thinkes a man always going to bed, and fastes, God give you goes ret.

Adv. Well sir, there ret in your footseate.

Is there any Friday put forth to night? May we be gone?

S. Dromio. Yea, I thought you would arise hence first, that the Banker Expector put forth to night, and there were ye bidden by the Servant to retir for the Big Delay: Here are the angels that you send for to deliver you.

Adv. The fellow is distress'd, and so am I.

And here we wander in illusions: Some blesse power deliner vs from hence.

Enter a Curious.

Curious. Well me, well me, Maffer Antipholus:

I see ye have found the Goldsmith now:

Is that the chaine you promis'd me to day?

Adv. Sathan as I promise, I charge these remem bey.

S. Dromio. Maffer, is this Maffis Sathan?

Adv. Yes, is the diuell.

S. Dromio. Nay, she is wors, she is the diuell damn'd.

And here she comes in the habit of a light wench, and thereof comes, that the wenches say, God damn me, that's as much to say, God make me a light wench: it is written, that the appeare to men like angles of light, light is an effect of fire, and fire will burne, erga, light wenches will burne, come not near her.

Curious. Your man and your are masuolous metriecif.

Will you goe with me, we'll mend our dinner here?

Adv. Maffer, if do expect spoon-meaters, or belpake a long spoon.

Adv. Why Dromio?

S. Dromio. Maffer be must have a long spoon that must est with the diuell.

Adv. Avoid then diuell, what shell thou me of sup?

Thou art, as you are all a sorcerie:

I cannot thee to leave me, and you.

Come me the ring of mine you had at dinner,

Or for my Diamand the Chaine you promis'd.

And I'll be gone sir, and not trouble you.

S. Dromio. Some diuels sake but the pairings of onses name,
The Comedie of Errors.

"But the more courteous, would have a chaine. Master, he be, and if you gite is here, the dulle will make her chaine, and fright you with it."

Cur. I pray you Sir my Ring, or else the chaine, I hope you do not mean to cheate me so?

Ans. Ay, a cheat thou witch. Come Dromio let us go.

S. D. "Elie pride false the Peacocke, Muffris that you know." Ext.

Cur. Now out of doubt. Antipholus is mad; Elie would she never to demeane herselfe, A ring be hath of nine worth forse Dukcers, And for the fame he promised me a chaine, Both one and other he denies me now:

The reason that I gather he is mad,
Besides this present influence of his rage, Is a mad tale he told to day at dinner,
Of his owne dores being rust against his entrance.
Belike his wife acquainted with his fits,
On purpose that the dores might be shut away:
My way is now to his home to his house,
And tell him, that, being Lunaticke,
He rusted in my Bout, and tooke perfirme
My Ring away. This course I first chose,
For force Dukcers is too much to loose.

Enter Antipholus Epist. with a letter.

Ans. Fear me not man, I will not breake away,
I gue the trea to much money
To warrant thee as I am retarde for,
My wife is in a wayward mood to day,
And will not lightly trust the Messanger,
That I should be attach'd in Ephebus,
I tell you well found hastily in her ears.

Enter Dromio Epist. with a paper end.

Hence comes my Man, I think he brings the money.
How now sir? Have you that I sent you for?

E. D. Here's that I warrant you will pay them all.
Ans. But where's the Money?

E. D. Why sir, I gave the monke for the rope.
Ans. Five hundred Dukcers full of a rope?

E. D. He assure you in full hundred at the rate.
Ans. To what end did I bid thee buy the home?

E. D. To a rope end fir, and to that end am I return'd.

Ans. And to that end fir, I will welcome you.
Off. Good fir be patience.

E. D. Nay, sir, for me to be patient, I am in surer fir.

Off. Good now hold thy tongue.

E. D. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.
Ans. Thou whoson of Sefiolle Villaine.

E. D. I would I were tenfolfir fir, that I might not feel your blowes;

Ans. Thou art sensible in nothing but blowes, and so is an Aff.

E. D. I am an Affe indeede, you may prove it by my long ears. I have safford him from the house of my Naisance to this inflame, and hearest nothing at this hands for my servite but blowes. When I am cold, he heats me with beating: when I am warme, he cooles me with beating: I am walk'd with it a sleepes, ta'm'd with it when I fit, driven out of doors with it when I goe from home, welcome home with it when I returne, say..."
The Comedie of Errors.

They must be bound and laide in some darke roome.

Ant. Say wherefore didst thou locke me forth to day. And why dost thou denie the bagge of gold?

Adr. I did not gentle husband locke thee forth. But I confesse, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Difambling Villain, thou speakest false in both.

Dra. Difambling harlot, thou art false in all. And art confederate with a damned packe.

To make a last home absit, done of use: But with these miles, I place out these false eyes, That would behold in met with shamefull sport.

Enter three or four, and offer to bind it.

Ants. Oh bind it, bind it, lest it not come near me.

Adr. More company, the fiend is strong within him

Luc. Aye, a poor man, how pale and wan he looks.

Ant. What will you murder me. thou tailor thou? I am thy prisoner, wilt thou suffer them to make a rescue?

Off. Matters let him go: he is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Luc. Go bind this man, for he is franticke too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, show penitent Officer? Hast thou delight to see a wretch'd man Do outrage and diaplesie to himself?

Off. 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 forthwith unto his creditor, And knowing how the debt grows I will pay it.

Good Master Doctor see him safe convey'd. Home to my house, oh, most unlucky day.

Luc. Oh most unhappy stranger.

Dra. Master, I am here entered in bond for you.

Ant. Out on the Villain, wherefore dost thou mad me?

Off. Will you be bound for nothing, be mad good Master, cry the duel.

Luc. God help poor solus, how idly do they talk here.

Adr. Go bear him hence, fist go you with me; Say now, who's issue is he arrested at?


Off. One Angelus a Goldsmith, do you know him?

Adr. I know the man, what is the femme he owes?

Off. Two hundred Duckets.

Adr. Say, how grows it due.

Off. Due for a Chaine, your husband had of him.

Adr. He did selfe make a Chaine for me, but had not it.

Cur. When at your husband all in rage to day. Came to my house, and took away my Ring. The Bing I saw upon his finge now,

Straight after did I meete him with a Chaine.

Adr. It may be so, but I did neuer see it. Come, tailor, bring me where the Goldsmith is, I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter Antipholus Straccaus with his Bajpor Drama,

Luc. God for the money, they are loose again.

Adr. And come with naked swords; Let's call more helpes to have them bound again.

Runne all out.
Therefore most gracious Duke with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since thy husband freed me in my wars
And to thee in gag'd a Prince's word,
When thou diest make him Master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could,
Go home of you, knock at the Abbey gate,
And bid the Lady Abberle come to me
I will determine this before I there.

Enter a Messenger.

Oh Mithrid, Mithrid, thine and take your selfe,
My Master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the Maidens a-row, and bound the Doctor,
Whose beard they have fin'd and of their brandes of fire,
And ever as it blazed, they threw on him
Great piles of puddled myre to quench the base
My M. preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with Censor's nickes him like a foole:
And sure (unless you send some premeine helpe)
Between then they will kill the Censor.

Mithrid. Peace fool, thy Master and his man are here,
And that is false thou dost report to us,
Mithrid, upon my life I tell you true,
I have not breath'd almost since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows if he can take you,
To search your face, and so disfigure you:

Harke, harke, he here he Mithrid, fie, be gone.
Duke. Come stand by me, lay no things guard with
Halberdi.

Add. Ay me, it is my husband: witness you,
That he is borne about invisible,
Even now we shew him in the Abbey here.
And now he's there past thought of humane reason.

Enter Anthis, and E. Drum of Ephesius.

E. Ant. I trust most gracious Duke, 'tis true I do,
Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I did drive thee in the warres, and tooke
Deepse fearers to save thy life, even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Mar. Add. Unless the fear of death doth make me do it,
I see my home Anthis and Drum.

E. Ant. I trust from my Prince's judg I Woman there
She whom thou gaun'th to me to be my wife;
That hast abused and dishonored me,
Even in the strength and height of injury:
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That this day hath framelefe showed on me.
Duke. Dissembler how, and thou shalt finde me inu't.

E. Ant. This day (grate Duke) she floute the doore
upon me,
While she with Harlots feast'd in my house.
Duke. A greatfeul fault: say woman, didst thou do it?
Add. No my good Lord. My felo, he, and my father,
To day did dine together: for all my foule,
As this is false he burthened me withall.

Luc. Here may I looke on day, nor sleepe on night,
But the tels to your Highnesse simple truth.
Gold. O perjur'd woman! They are both forsworne,
In this the Madman with his childer relevant.

E. Ant. My Liege, I am advis'd what I say,
Neither disturb'd with the effect of wise,
Nor headie-raft pronounced with raging ire,
Albitch my wrongs might make one wist mad.

This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner;
That Goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it: for he was with me then,
Who parted with me to go fetch a Chaine,
Promising to bring it to the Porphentine,
Where Sabisfer and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him. In the street I met him,
And in his company that Gentleman.
There did this perjur'd Goldsmith fear me down,
That I this day of him receiv'd the Chaine,
Which God he knowes, I saw not. For the which,
He did arest me with an Officer.
I did obey, and sent my Petfole home.
For certaine Duckers he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the Officer
To go in person with me to my house.
By this way, we met my wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of wise Confessors. Along with them
They brought one Pinche, a hungry leane-fac'd Villaine;
A mere Anatomie, a Mountebanke,
A thred-bare Fugler, and a Fortune-teller,
A needy-hollow-eyed Harpe-looking wretch.
A living dead man. This pernicious base,
Forsoothcock on him as a Censor:
And gazin in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face (as twere) on[acing me,
Cites out, I was poiff'd. Then altogether
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a darke and darkish vault at home.
There left me and my Man, both bound together,
Till Gawin with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gane my freedome; and immediately
Ran hether to your Grace, whom I beleech,
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deepse flames, and great indignities.

Gold. My Lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him:
That he did not at home, but was lock'd out.
Duke. But had he such a Chaine of thee, or no?
Gold. He had my Lord, and when he ran in here,
These people saw the Chaine about his neck.

Mer. Besides, I will be sworn these carelesse,
Heard you confesse you had the Chaine of him?
After you fell forwere it on the Mart,
And thereupon I drew my sword on you:
And then you fled into this Abbey here
From whence I thinkes you are come by Miracle.

E. Ant. I never came within these Abbey walls,
Nor ever did I draw thy sword on me;
I never saw the Chaine, to holpe me here:
And this is false you burthen me withall.

Duke. Why what an intricate impeach is this?
I think you all have drunk of Ceres cup:
If here you hou'd him, here he would hau'e bin.
If he were mad, he would not please to coldly,
You say he did at home, the Goldsmith beca
Denies that saying. Sirs, what say you?

E. Dra. Sir he di'd with her there, at the Porphentine,

Cur. He did, and from my finger in that Ring.

E. Ant. This true (my Liege) this Ring I had of her.

Duke. Sawst thou him enter at the Abbey here?

Cur. As (my Liege) I do see your Grace.

Duke. Why is this strange? Go call the Abbess ther.

I think you are all mated, or stake mad.

Exit.
The Comedie of Errors.

S. Dream. Oh my oldie Mafter, who hath bound him here?

Abb. Who ever bound him, I will lose his bonds, and gain a husband by his libertie:

S. Dream. Yes, if thou bee fit the man

Abb. That hadd a wife once call'd Amilia.

S. Dream. That bore thee, as a birthet to faire fencers?

Abb. Oh if thou bee't the same Eugen, speake.

S. Dream. And speake who the same Amilia?

Duke. Why here begins his Morning Florie right:

D. Dream. THESE two Antipholus, these two to like, and these two Dromio's, are in enamblance:

Duke. Before her wing of her wrakke at sea,

D. Dream. These are the parents to these children, which accidentally are met together.

Duke. If I dreaume not, thou art Amilia.

S. Ant. If I dreaume not, thou art Amilia.

Duke. Stai, stand apart, I know not which is which.

S. Ant. I came from Carpathy, my most gracious Lord.

Duke. And I wi' him.

S. Ant. I came from Carpathy, my most gracious Lord.

Duchesse. Why is it that my kinswomen are making such a noise?

S. Ant. I aske that who would not be a bitt, my most gracious Lord.

Enter the Duke

S. Ant. You see the Antipholus, with a Stratford, and Dromio Sir.

Abb. Most mightie Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.

S. Ant. All gather to see them.

Abb. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is genue to the other:

Abb. And so of the two, which is the natural man, and which the spirit? Who doth love them?

S. Dream. Sir, where is Dromio?

D. Dream. I pray let me stay.

S. Ant. Eugen art thou not? or else his ghost.

S. Dream. He art no more.

Enter the Abbess with a Stratford, and Dromio Sir.

Abb. Most mightie Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.

Abb. All gather to see them.

Abb. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

D. Dream. One of these men is genue to the other:

Abb. And so of the two, which is the natural man, and which the spirit? Who doth love them?

S. Dream. Sir, where is Dromio?

D. Dream. I pray let me stay.

S. Ant. Eugen art thou not? or else his ghost.

S. Dream. He art no more.

Enter the Abbess with a Stratford, and Dromio Sir.

Abb. Most mightie Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.

Abb. All gather to see them.

Abb. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is genue to the other:

Abb. And so of the two, which is the natural man, and which the spirit? Who doth love them?

S. Dream. Sir, where is Dromio?

D. Dream. I pray let me stay.

S. Ant. Eugen art thou not? or else his ghost.

S. Dream. He art no more.

Enter the Abbess with a Stratford, and Dromio Sir.

Abb. Most mightie Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.

Abb. All gather to see them.

Abb. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is genue to the other:

Abb. And so of the two, which is the natural man, and which the spirit? Who doth love them?

S. Dream. Sir, where is Dromio?

D. Dream. I pray let me stay.

S. Ant. Eugen art thou not? or else his ghost.

S. Dream. He art no more.

Enter the Abbess with a Stratford, and Dromio Sir.

Abb. Most mightie Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.

Abb. All gather to see them.

Abb. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is genue to the other:

Abb. And so of the two, which is the natural man, and which the spirit? Who doth love them?

S. Dream. Sir, where is Dromio?

D. Dream. I pray let me stay.

S. Ant. Eugen art thou not? or else his ghost.

S. Dream. He art no more.

Enter the Abbess with a Stratford, and Dromio Sir.

Abb. Most mightie Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.

Abb. All gather to see them.

Abb. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is genue to the other:

Abb. And so of the two, which is the natural man, and which the spirit? Who doth love them?

S. Dream. Sir, where is Dromio?

D. Dream. I pray let me stay.

S. Ant. Eugen art thou not? or else his ghost.

S. Dream. He art no more.
And we shall make full satisfaction.
Thirteen years have I but gone in travail
Of you my sons, and till this present hour
My heart was then as troubled:
The Duke my husband, and my children both,
And you the Kilders of their Nativity,
Go to a Godspeed, and go with mee,
After so long grieving such Nativitie.

Duke. With all my heart, the Godspeed at this feast.

Enter othert. Mean the two Dramus's and
Two brothers.

S. Dru. Mait, shall I fetch you stuf from shipboard?
S. Dru. Your goods that lay at foot in the Centaur.
S. Ant. He spaketh to me, I am your master Dramus.

Come go with vs, we'll looke to that anon,
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.
Exit

S. Dru. There is a fat friend at your masters house,
That kichin'd me for you to day at dinner:
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

E. D. Me thinks you see my gaffe, not my brother.
I see by you, I am a sweet-faced youth,
Will you walk in to see their goffslipping?

S. Dru. Not I sir, you are my elder.

E. Dru. That's a question; how shall we trie it?

E. Dru. We'll draw lots for the sixpence till then,
Let it fall first.

E. Dru. Nay then, there.
We came into the world like brother and brother,
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.
Much adoe about Nothing.

*Actus primus, Scena prima.*

Enter Leonato Governor of Messina, Leonato's his wife, Beatrice his niece, and Antonio his messenger.

Leonato.

Learne in this Letter, that Don Pedro of Arragon cometh this night to Messina.

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victorie is twice it self, when the architector brings home full numbers: I finde here, that Don Pedro hath bellow'd much honor on a young Florentine, called Claudio.

Mess. Much defcirt'd on his part, and equally rememb'red by Don Pedro, he hath borne himselfe beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a Lamb, the feats of a Lion, he hath indeed better sterr'd expectation, than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an Ynclin betwixt in Messina, will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have alreadie deliv'rit him letters, and there appears much joy in him, ever so much, that joy could not thor it selfe modest enough, without a bough of birch-tree.

Leon. Did he breake out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kinde overflow of kindness, there are no faces truer, then those that are so wals'd, how much better is it to weep at joy, then to joy at weeping?

Beat. I pray you, is Signior Benedick return'd from the wars, or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, Lady, there was none such in the army of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for Neece?

Horatio. My cousin means Signior Benedick of Pidias.

Mess. He's return'd, and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He sent his bills here in Messina, & challeng'd Cupid at the Flight: and my Vnckles foole reading the Challenge, subscrib'd for Cupid, and challenge'g him at the Barbolt. I pray you, how many hath he kill'd and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he kill'd? For indeed, I wou'd to ease all of the killing.

Leon. Faith Neece, you take Signior Benedick too much, but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service Lady in these wars.

Beat. You had mussy virtuall, and he hath holpe to ease it: he's a very valiant Trencher-Man, hee hath an excellent Remarke.

Mess. And a good soldier too Lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a Lady, But what is he to a Lord?

Mess. A Lord to a Lord, a man to a man, flucht with all honourable vertues.

Beat. It is so indeed, he is no lesse then a stoot man: but for the flutting well, we are all mortall.

Leon. You must not (for) 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. Also, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflikt, four of his wits went halting off, and now is the whole man gout't with one, so that if hee have wit enough to keep himselfe warme, let him breare it for a difference between himselfe and his horse: For it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be knowne a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is't possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he weares his fitness but as the fashion of his har, it ever changes with the next block.

Mess. I see (Lady) the Gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. No, and he were, I would burne my braine. But I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young quarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the dukell?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord, he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught then the pellicull, and the taken runs pittily mad. God helpe the noble Claudio, if hee have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pounders he be cur'd.

Mess. I will hold friends with you Lady,

Beat. Do good friend.

Leon. You're run mad Neece.

Beat. No, nor till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approach'd.

Enter don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthasar, and Isabell Baffard.

Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your Trouble: the fashion of the world is so void of all, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the licence of your Grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remaine: but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.
Much ado about Nothing.

Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly; I think this is your daughter.

Leonato. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Ben. Were you in doubt that you ask her?

Leonato. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

Pedro. You have it full, Signior Benedick; we may glee-by this what you are, being a man, truly the Lady father's her self: be happy Lady, for you are like an honest father.

Ben. If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Pedro. I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick; no body marks you.

Ben. What my dear Ladie DIddane! are you yet living?

Pedro. Is it possible DIddane should die, while she hath such meete and food to feed it, as Signior Benedick? Cutte it is, I must consent to Diddane, if you come in her presence.

Ben. Then is cutte she a court-coate, but it certaine I am lound of all Ladys, only you excepted; and I would I could finde in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for truly I am none.

Pedro. A deere happinesse to women, they would else have beene troubled with a penituous Sune, I thank God and my cold blond, I am of your humour for that, I had rather brace my Dog barke at a Crow, than a man swear he loves me.

Ben. God keepe your Ladie in full in that minde, so some gentleman or other shall appe a pedehante face.

Pedro. Scouring could not make it worse, and swear she a face as yours were.

Ben. Well, you are a rare Parrot teacher.

Pedro. A bird of my tongue, is better then a beast of your.

Ben. I would have my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer, but keep your way a Gods name, I have done.

Pedro. You alwayes end with a daztricks, I know you of old.

Ben. This is the summe of all, Leonato, signior Claudio, and signior Benedick, my deere friend Leonato, hath invited you all, I tell you we shall stay here, at the least twelth of March, and he heartly prays some occasion may continue vs longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leonato. If you swear, my Lord, you shall not be forsworne, lest mee bid you welcome, my Lord, beging reconciled to the Prince your brother: I owe you all duee.

John. I thank you, I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leonato. Please it your grace lead on?

Pedro. Your hand Leonato, we will goe together.

Claudio. Marry Benedick and Clarino.

Ben. Benedek, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?

Benedick. I noted her not, but I look on her.

Claudio. Is she not a modest young Ladie?

Pedro. Do you question me as an honest man should doe, for my simple true judgement or would you have me speak after my custome, as being a professed tyrant to their face?

Claudio. No, I pray thee speake in sober judgement.

Ben. Why should I think thee so low for a Hicks proue, too browne for a faire proue, and too little for a great proue, onely this commendation I can afford her, that she was other then she is, she were subhandome, and being no other, because she is, do not like her.

Claudio. Thou thinkest I am in sport, I pray thee tell me truly how thou likest her.

Ben. Would you have her, that you enquire after her?

Claudio. Can the world bee such a jerve?

Ben. Yes, and a scurvy, nor do I speake this with a sad browe, or doe you play the flouting jacker, to tell vs Cipid is a good Hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare Carpenter: Come, in what key shall I make you to goe in the song?

Claudio. In mine ear, she is the sweetest Ladie that ever I lookt on.

Ben. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her coffin, and she were not possed with a feaser, excites her so much in beautie, as she found of Maec after the last of December: but I hope you have no intent to turne husband, have you?

Claudio. I would scarce truft my selfe, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Ben. I come to thee in faith hath not the world one man but he will wear his cap with supplication? Shall I receive a batcheller of three score againe? goe to yaffe, and thou wilt needs thrust thy necke into a yoke, weare the print of it, and figh away fundes: looke, don Pedro is returne to seeke you.

Enter don Pedro, John the bastard.

Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you folowed not to Leonato?

Ben. I would your Grace would constraint mee to tell.

Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Ben. You heare, Count Claudio, I can be secret as a dumbe man, I would have you thinke so (but on my allegiance, mark you this, on my allegiance) he is in love, With who? now that is your Graces part to make how short his answere is, with Hero, Leonato's first daughter.

Claudio. If this were so, so were it vrett.

Ben. Like the old tale, my Lord, it is not so, nor was it so: but indeede, God forbid it should be so.

Claudio. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be other wise.

Pedro. Amen, if you love her, for the Ladie is vast well worthie.

Claudio. You speake this to fetch mee in my Lord.

Pedro. By my troth I speake my thought.

Claudio. And in faith, my Lord, I speake mine.

Ben. And by my two faiths and truths, my Lord, I speake mine.

Claudio. That I love her, I feele.

Pedro. That she is worthie, I know.

Ben. That I neither feel how shee should be lovd, nor know how shee should be worthie, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me, I will die in that the flake.

Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretique in the despishe of Beustie.

Claudio. And could never maintain his part, but the force of his will.

Ben. Thus. 
Much ado about Nothing.

Petr. Thou wilt be like a lower presently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words:
I thou dost lose faire here, cherish it,
And I will break with her: what not to this end,
That thou beginst to twist so fine a story?

Clau. How fawely doe you minifter to love,
That know loues giueth by his complexion?
But left my liking might too fadinke beone,
I would have faid it with a longer treatise.
Fed. What need fbridge much broader then the flood?
The fairest grave is the necessarie:
Look where what feren in it: tis once, thou louefft,
And I will fite thee with the remedie,
I know we fhal have reuelling to night,
I will affume thy part in fome difguife,
And tell faire Here I am Claudio,
And in her behofme He will take my heart,
And take her hearing prifoner with the force
And ftronge incounter of my amorous tale.
Then after, to her father will I breake,
And the conclusion is, thee fhal be thine,
In praficie let vs put it prefently.

Enter Luwes and in an old man brothe of Luwes.

Leo. How now brothe, where is my cotten your son
hath he profounded this mistakke?

Old. He is very buie about it, but brother, I can tell
you newes that you yet dreame not of.

Leo. Are they good?

Old. As the evens famps them, but they have a good
counter: they flew well outward, the Prince and Count
Claudio walking in a thick pleached alley in my orchard,
were thus uer-heard by a man of mine: the Prince dis-
covered to Claudio that he loosed my niefe your daugher,
and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance,
and if thee found her according, he meant to take the
present time by the top, and inftantly breake with you of it.

Leo. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Old. A good fhraple fellow, I will fend for him, and
question him in your felke.

Leo. No, no, we wil hold it as a drancke, till it ap-
peare it felke: but I will acquaint my daughter withal,
that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if pre-
dventure this bee true: goe you and tell her of it: coo-
ins, you know what you have to doe, O I cry you mer-
vie friend, goe you with mee and I will vie your skill,
good cotin have a breach this bune time.

Exit.

Enter Sir John the Bayfard, and Comas his companion.

Com. What the good yeere my Lord, why are you
thus out of meafure fad?

Joh. There is no meafeure in the oceafion that breed,
therefore the fadneeze is without limit.

Com. You shoule hear reafon.

Joh. And when I haue heard it, what belling bringh-
geth it?

Com. If not a prefent remedy, ye a patient futterance,
Joh. I wonder that thou (being as thou faith thou art,
borne under Saturne) good about to apply a morall med-
dicine, to a mortifying mistake: I cannot hide what I am:
I must bee sad when I haue cuftc, and smile as he
mans lefts, ext when I haue flamacke, and wait for no
mans fire: steep when I am drewfly, and tend on no
mass busynfee, laugh when I am merry, and claw no man
in his humor.

Com. Yes, but you must not make the full show of this,
till you may doe it without controlment, you have of
Much ado about Nothing.

Enter Bernardo.

Bar. I came yonder from a great supper, the Prince your brother is royally entertained by Leonato, and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

John. What is the name for any Modest to build mischief on? What is he for a fool that betrays himself to vanity's need?

Bar. Mary it is your brothers right hand.

John. Who, the most exquisite Claudia?

Bar. Even he.

John. A proper squire, and who, and who, which way looks he?

Bar. Mary on Hero, the daughter and Heire of Leonato.

John. A very forward March-chick, how came you to this?

Bar. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was smoking in a smoky room, comes me the Prince and Claudia, hand in hand in sad conference: I whip behind the Arras, and there heard it agreed upon, that the Prince should come here for himself, and having obtained her, give her to Count Claudia.

John. Come, come, let us thither, this may prove food to my displeasure, that young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow; if I can crock him any way, I bless my settle every way, you are both fair, and will add meat.

Cour. To the death my Lord.

John. Let us to the great supper, there chere is the Prince, and Claudia, that young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow; if I can crock him any way, I bless my settle every way, you are both fair, and will add meat.

Bar. We'll wait upon your Lordship. Exeunt.

A few seconds.

Enter Leonato, his brother, his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his niece, and a kinsman.

Leonato. Was not Count John here at supper?

Brother. I saw him not.

Beatrice. How weary is that gentleman's looks, I never can see him, but I am heart-burned at this hour, since Hero. He is of a melancholy disposition.

Beatrice. He was an excellent man that was made in the middle way between him and Benedick, the one so like an image and soul nothing, and the other so like my Ladies eldest sonne, evermore eating.

Leonato. Then this fellow Benedick the tongue in Count John's mouth, and half in Count John melancholy in Signior Benedick's face.

Beatrice. With a legge, and a good foot valiant, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win a woman in the world, if he could get her good will.

Leonato. By my troth, Niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so forward of thy tongue.

Brother. In faith, there's too curt.

Beatrice. Too curt is more than curt; I shall offend God if she offend her: for it is said, God fends a cur to his home, but to a Cow too curt he fends none.

Leonato. So, by being too curt, God will fends you no home.

Beatrice. If, if she send me no husband, for which blessing, I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face; I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leonato. You may light upon a husband that hath no beard.

Beatrice. What shou'd I do with him? despise him in my apparel, and make him my waiting gentle woman, with a beard, and a youth: and he that hath no beard, is less then a youth; and he that is more than a youth, is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take frumenty in the Berer, and lead his Apes into hell.

Leonato. Well then, give you into hell.

Beatrice. No, no, but to the gate, and there will the Devill meet me like an old Cuckold with horns on his head, and say, get you to heaven Beatrice, get you to heaven, here's no place for you maidens, so deliver I vp my Ape, and away to St. Peter: for the Devill, he is where the Butchers eat, and there live we as nayther as the day is long.

Brother. Well neece, I trust you will be brief by your father.

Beatrice. Yes faith, it is my coven duty to make curte, and say, as it please you: but yet, for all this curiosity, let him be a handome fellow, or else make another curte, 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 metal, then earth, would it not gesture a woman to be outmatched with a piece of valiant dust to make a count of her life to a clod of wallward marble no wickick, licentious.

Adam. Come, come, let us thither, this may prove food to my displeasure, that young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow; if I can crock him any way, I bless my settle every way, you are both fair, and will add meat.

Cour. To the death my Lord.

John. Let us to the great supper, there chere is the Prince, and Claudia, that young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow; if I can crock him any way, I bless my settle every way, you are both fair, and will add meat.

Bar. We'll wait upon your Lordship. Exeunt.
Enter Prince, Pedro, Claudius, and Benedictus, and Bagladar,
or spark John, Maiters within them.

Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Bess. So you walk safely, and I see the wine, and so nothing, I am sure for the walk, and especially when I walk away.

Pedro. With me in your company.

Bess. I may so, I may so, I may so.

Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Bess. When I like your humour, for God sends the Lute should be like the cafe.

Pedro. My viri is Fullemore doth, within the house is done.

Bess. Why then your visor should be that one:

Pedro. Speak low if you speak Lute.

Bess. Well, I well, you did well, I did well.

Pedro. So would not I for your own sake, for I have man's ill quality.

Bess. What is one?

Pedro. I say my prayers slow.

Bess. I love you the better, the heaters may cry Amen.

Pedro. Match me with a good dauniche.

Bess. Amen.

Pedro. And God keep him out of my fight when the daunce is done: answer Clado.

Pritula. I know you well enough, you are Signior Antonio.

Aunt. At a word, I am not.

Pritula. I know you by the wagging of your head.

Aunt. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Pritula. You could not due him so ill well, unless you were the very man, there's dry hand up & down, you are hit, you are he.

Aunt. At a word I am not.

Pritula. Come, come, come, do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? I cannot hide it, I am, you are, you are, I am, you are, you are, and there's an end.

Bess. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bess. No, you shall pardon me.

Bess. Not will you not tell me who you are.

Bess. Not now.

Bess. That I was disfainfull, and that I bad my good wit out of the hundred merry tales; well, this was Signior Benedictus that said so.

Bess. What she?

Bess. I am sure you know him well enough.

Bess. Not I, believe me.

Bess. Did he never make you laugh?

Bess. I pray you what she is?

Bess. Why he is the Prince is after, a very dull fool, only his gifts, in deceiving impossible fancies, none but Libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villainy, for he both pleases men and anger them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him: I am sure he is in the fleets, I would be had boarded me.

Bess. When I know the Gentleman, I shall tell him what you say.

Bess. Do, do, but I beseech you, do twice on me, which parodusters (not marks, for I am not laugh'd at) strike him into melancholy, and she that has his head this wing fast, the feet will stand up before th' night. We must follow the leaders.

Bess. In every good thing.

Bess. Nay, if it lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

Bess. Musick for the dance.

John. Sure my brother is amorous on Her, and hath withdrew his father to break with him about it: the Ladies follow her, and but one viour remains.

Bess. And that is Claudius, I know him by his bearing.

John. Are not you Signior Benedictus?

Bess. You know me well, I am sure.

Bess. Signior, you are weary: were my Brother in his house, he isnam'd on Her, I pray, you dismiss me from her, he is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of a honest man in it.

Bess. How know you he leaves her?

Bess. I heard him swear his affection.

Bess. So did I too, and the sores he would make her to night.

John. Come, let us go to the banquet.

Bess. Thus and were I name of Benedictus.

Bess. If he see this ill news, with the cares of Claudio's.

Bess. Tis certain so, the Prince woes for himself: Friendship is constant in all other things.

Bess. None in the Office and affairs of love.

Bess. Therefore all hearts in loue vie their own tongues.

Bess. Let every eye encompass for his self.

Bess. And truth no Agent: for boister is a witch.

Bess. Against whose charmes faith melts into blood.

Bess. This is an accident of hourly proof.

Bess. Which I mistrusted not: Farewell therefore Her.

Enter Benedictus.

Bess. Count Claudius.

Bess. Yes, the fame.

Bess. Come, will you go with me?

Bess. Whither?

Bess. Even to the next Willow, about your own business.

Bess. What fashion will you were the Grass and off? A boat your necke, like an Visions chaine? Or under your arm, like a Lieutenant's scarfe? You would were it one way, for the Prince hath got you Her.

Bess. I with him joy of her.

Bess. Why that's spoken like an honest Drencher, so they call Bullocks: but did you think the Prince would have foster'd you thus?

Bess. I pray you let me.

Bess. Ho now you strike like the blind man, trust the bay that bode your mete, and you'll beat the poth.

Bess. If it will not be, I'll leave you.

Bess. Alas, poor but fowle, now will be creepes into edges: But that my Lady Beatrix should know me, & not know me: the Prince fool! Hah! It may be I gue under that title: because I am merry: yes but so I am apt to do my selfe wrong: I am not unreported. It is the base (though bitter) disposition of Beatrix, that puts the world into her person, and to gives me out: well, I'll be rebuked 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
Faire. I found him here as with an ox as with a Ledge in
a Watch. He told him, and I think so, that your grace
got the will of this young Lady, and I offered
him my company to a bawdy tree, either to make him a
garland, as being forsoaked, or to bide him a vixen, as
being worthy to be slighted.

Pedro. To be whipp'd, what's his faults?
Benedick. The first transgression of a Schoole-boy, who
being over-joyed with finding a birds nest, heaves it in
his companions, and he flees to it.

Pedro. Why then a Trumpet? the
transgression is in the nest.
Benedick. Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been
made, and the garland too, for the garland he might have
worne himselfe, and the rod he might have bestowed on
you, who as I take it, have stolen his birds nest.

Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore to
the owner.

Benedick. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith
you say honestly.

Pedro. The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrell to you; the
Gentleman that daunteth with her, told her she is much
wrong'd by you.

Benedick. O the misuse I put the assurance of a blots:
an oxtail but with one greene leaf on it, would have an
swered her; my very wish began to assistance, and scold
with her: she told me, not thinking I had beene my
selfe, that I was the Prince Leander, and that I was duller
than a great thaw, budding self upon self, with such
impossible constant upon me, that I looke like a man at
a market, with a whole army fluctuating at me, the speakes
payniards, and every wood dabbler; if her breath were
as terrible as tempestations, there were no living near
her, she would infect the most saint. I would not
marry her, though she had beene all that Adam
cared him before he transcended, she would have made
Hercules have turned spit, yes, and have eftsoons kept
him to make the fire too; come, take one of you, you shall
find her the infernal. She is in good apparell. I would to God
some Scholler would instruct her, for certainly while she
is heare, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a sanctuary,
and people faine upon purpose, because they would
gothic, so indeed all disquiet, horror and perturbation
follows her.

Enter Claudio and Beatrice. Leonato, Hero.

Pedro. Lookke here hee comes.

Benedick. Will you grace command mee any service to
the worlds end? I will goe on thehighest arrest from now
to the Antipodes that you can devote to send me on: I
will fetch you a tooth-nicker now from the furnishest inch
of Asia, showing you the length of Prester John's foot, fetch
you a hayre off the great Cham's beard: doe you any em
bassage to the Pigmees; rather then would those three words
conference, with this Happy: you have no employement
for mee?

Pedro. None, but to desir my good company,

Benedick. O God, sir, heere a diu. I love not, I cannot in
duce this Lady tongue.

Pedro. Come Lady, come, you have lost the heart of
Signior Benedick.

Beatrice. Indeed my Lord, he lent me a while, but I
gave him right for it, a double heart for a slye, and marry
once he wotton it of me, with false face, therefore
your grace may well say I have lost it.
maried, they would take themselves in hand.

Prince. Come, Count Clandio, when means you to go to
Chaucer? 

Claro. To morrow my Lord, Time goes on curschlies, till
hous have all his steers.

Leonato. Not till mondye, my deare lorde, which is
hence a laf featen night, and a time tfo overlae, to haue no
thing affer down.

Prince. Come, you blake the head at fo long a breath,
but I warrant thee Clandio, the time shall not goe
dally by vs, I will in the interim, undersake one of
Heriot's labors, which is, to bring Signior Benedick and
the Lady Beatrice into a mountaine of affection, if she will
not be, I would have it a march, and I doubt not to
haue it, if you three will but ministre such affi-

Leonato. My Lord, I am for you, though it cost mee
ten nights watchings.

Clandio. And I my Lord,

Prince. And you to gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my Lord, to helpe
my coffin to a good husband.

Prince. And Benedick is not the vole of my left
husband that I know: thus farre can I praise him, he is of a
noble frame, of approved quality, and confirmed honesty, I
will teach you how to honour your coffin, that the same shall
fall in love with Benedick, and I, with your two helpers, will
so practice on Benedick, that he, in spite of his quicke
wit, and his quicke flomake, shall fall in love with
Beatrice, if I can do this, Cupid will not be longer an Ar-
cher, her glory shall be ours, for thee are the only long-
gods, go in with me, and I will tell you my drift.

John. It is so, the Count Clandio that marry the daugh-
ter of Leonato.

Bona. Yes, my Lord, but I can xot.

John. Any barre, any croffe, any impediment, will be
medecinable to me, I am sick in dislike to him, and
whatsoever comes against his affection, causes either
with mine, how canst thou croffe this marriage?

Bona. Not honestly my Lord, but so covertly, that no
discovery shall appear in me.

John. Show me briefly how.

Bona. I think I told your Lordship so yestere night, how
much I am in the favor of Margaret, the waiting gentle-
woman to Hero.

John. I remember.

Bona. I can in an inexpensive instant 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 mar-
riage?

Bona. The passion of that lies in you to temper, goe
to the Prince your brothers, spare not to tell him, that
he hath wronged his honor in marrying the renowned
Clandio, whose affiination do you mightly hold up, to a
comemination state, such as one as Hero.

John. What proofe shall I make of that?

Bona. Proofe enough to mislead the Prince, to xerve
Clandio, to vende Anne, and kill Leonato, looke you for
any other idior.

John. Only to dispart them, will I enauffe anything.

Bona. Goe then, finde me a meere hoevere, to draw on
Pedro and the Count Clandio alone, tell them that you
know that Hero loves me, intend a kinde of zeale both
to the Prince and Clandio (as in a course of your brothers

honors who hath made this match) and his friends repu-
tation, who is thus like to be courted with the presence
of a maid, that you have discoverd’t thus; they will scarce-
ly beleive this without truth offer them instances which
shall have no leafe likelihood, than to see mee at her
chamber window, heare me call Margaret, Hero, heare
Margaret, Hero, call me Clandio, and bring them to see this
the very night before the intended wedding, for so in the
mean time, I will so fashion the matter, that Hero shall
be abente, and these shall appear such seeming truths of
Hero dishonesty, that eleonora shall be call’d assurance,
and all the preparation overthrown.

John. Grow this to what adverse efficte it can, I will
put it in practive: be cunning in the working this, and
thy life is a thousand durations.

Bona. Besides content in the acquisition, and my cunning
shall not shame me.

John. I will prefulie goe learn their day of mar-
riage.

Enter Benedick and Acton.

Bona. Boy.

Boy. Signior.

Bona. In my chamber window lies a booke, bring it
hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already sir.

Bona. I know not, but I would have thee hence, and
here a piece. I doe much wonder, that one man feeling
how much another man is soole, when he dedicates his
behaviour to soole, will after he hath vaunted at such
shallow follie in others, become the argument of his
owne scarce, by falling in soole, & such a man is Claudi-

I have known when there was no musique with him but
the drum and the fi-

Bona. Take the taber and the pipe: I have known when he would have
walkd ten mile about, to see a good armer, and now will
he lie ten nights awake caring the fashion of a new ob-
ject; he was wont to speake plane, & to the purpose (like
an honest man & a foolish) and now he is tord ortho-

Bona. What is it in that if I cannot sell, I think not: I will not be
sworne, but lose my transforme me to an eyther, but le-
take my oath on it, till he have made an eyther of me, he
shall not make me such a fool: one woman is fate, yet
I am well: another is women, I am well, another voracity,
yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman,
one woman shall not come in my grace: rich fete shall
be, that’s certain: women, or Heroe, or Artur, or He
never cheepen her: faire, or He never looks on her smile,
or come not steere me: Noble, or not for an Angell: of
good diuision a: excellent Musick, and her bate shall
be of what colour it please God, hah! the Prince and
Monseur Leon, I will hide me in the Arbor.

Enter Prince, Leonato, Clandio, and Jacky Wilton.

Prince. Come, shall we haue this musique?

Clandio. Yea my good Lord, how shut the evening is,
As huffed on purpose to grace harmonie.

Prince. See you where Benedick hath hid him selfe?

Clandio. O very well my Lord: the musique ended,
We'll fit the kid - foxe with a penny worth.

Prince. Come Batifalier, we'll haue this song again.

Batifalier. O good my Lord, hence not so bad a voyer,
To flander musique any more then once.

Prince. It is the mistisfe full of excellency,
Much ado about Nothing.

To flander Mustike any more then once.
Princ. It is the witticke full of excellence.
To put a strange face on his owne perfection,
Yet by thee fying, and let me woe no more.
Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will finge,
Since many a woorie doth commence his fite,
To her he thinkes not worthy, yet he wooes,
Yet will he fureare he loves.
Princ. Nay pray thee come,
Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.
Balth. Note this before my notes,
These are not a note of mine that's worth the noting.
Princ. Why these are very crotches that he speaks,
Not notes for death, and nothing.
Bene. Now diuine aire, now is his foule rattish, if it
is not Strange that theepe gus should hale foules out of
men's bodies? well, a borne for my money when all's
done.

The Song.

Sigh no more, Ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceived ever,
One foot in Sea, and one on Shore,
To one thing constant never.
Then sigh no more, but for them so,
And be you dulle and burntie,
Concerning all your fowles of woe,
Into my very song.

Sing no more ditties, sigh no more,
Of swimp is all and bearer,
The friend of men were un so,
Some fumeter first was being,
Then sigh no more.

Princ. By my oath a good song.
Balth. And all this sing, my Lord.
Princ. Hie, no, no faith, thou singst very well for a
shrew.
Bene. And he had been a dog that should have howld
thus, they would have hung'd him, and I pray God his
bad voyce bode no malice, I had as he had heard
the night-ravens, come what plague could have come after
it.

Princ. Yes marry, doth thou heare Balthasar? I pray
thee get vs some excellent musick: for to morrow night
we would have it at the Lady Horus chamber window.
Balth. The bell I can, my Lord. Exeunt Balthasar.

Princ. Do so, farewell. Come hither Leonato, what
was it you told me of to day, that your niece Beatrice
was in love with signor Benedick?
Cla. O, flake on, flake on, the foule stir.
I did neuer thinke that Lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No nor I neither, but most worthy, that she
should so done on Signor Benedick, whom free bathe in all
outward behalfe seems most erse to abhorre.
Bene. It's possible? is ite the made in that corner?
Leon. By my tooch my Lord, I cannot tell what to
think of it, but that he loves him with an impaired
attention, it is the infinite of thought.

Princ. May be the doth but counterfeit.

Cla. Faith like enough.

Leon. O God's counterfeit? there was never counter-
feit of passion, came so near the life of passion as he
does it.
Much ado about Nothing.

109

love, 'tis very possible she will come, if she:/ you know all, thou hast a consummate spirit.

Cl. He is a very proper man.

Prie. He hath indeed a good outward happiness.

Cl. I pray God, and in my mind very wise.

Prie. He doth indeed shew some sparks that are like wit.

Lee. And I take him to be valiant.

Prie. As I tell you, I assure you, and in the managing of quarrels you may see hers is wife, for either because she can mix them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a Christian-like fear.

Lee. If she do fear God, a must not only keep peace, if peace break the peace, she ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

Prie. And to well be done, for the man doth fear God, how soon it comes not in him, by some large issue she will make: well, I am sorry for your niece, (and I go see Benedick,) and tell him of her love.

Gland. Never tell him, my Lord, lest her wearisome be out with good counsel.

Lee. Nay that impossibility, she may wearisome her heart out first.

Prie. Well, we shall hear further of it by your daughter, let it cool the while, I go see Benedick, well, and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is in earnest to love a good lady.

Lee. My Lord, will you walk to dinner to-day?

Cl. If he do not do so on her part this, I will never trust my expectation.

Prie. Let there be the same net spread for her, and that must your daughter and gentlewoman carry.

Lee. This can be no trifle, the conference was badly borne, they have the truth of this from her, they see, in the picture of the Lady, it gains her opinions have the full bent: love me? why must it be required? I have how I am censur'd, they say I shall love my self most, if I perceive the love come from her: they say too, that she will rather die than give any signe of affections: I did never think to marry, I must not love proud, happy are they that have their directions, and can put them to mending: they say the Lady is false: 'tis a truth; I can bear them witness: and venous, to go, I cannot reproach it, and wife, but for loving me, by my truth it is no addition to her wit, nor great argument of her folly; too I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of state broken on me, because I have ril'd too long against marriage: but doth not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quirks and sentences, and these paper bullants of the braine give a man from the carreere of his humour? No, the world must be pleased. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married, here comes Beatrice by this day, she's a faire Lady, I don't see some marks of love in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Against my will I am sent to bid you come to dinner.

Sente. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I take no more pains for these thanks, then you take pains to thank one, if it had been painfull, I would not have come.

Sente. You take pleasure then in the message.

Beat. Yes, 'tis too much as you may take upon a knave point, and choose a daw to walk; you have no fostrake signior, you are you well.

Exeunt. 

Beat. Ha, against my will I am sent to bid you come into dinner: there's a double meaning in that: I take no more pains for these thanks, then you take pains to thank me, that's as much as to say, any pains that I take for you is as easie as thanks: if I do not take pity of her, I am a villain, if I do not love her, I am a fool, I will goe get her picture.

A Has Terius.

Enter Hero, and two Gentlemen, Margaret, and Friese.

Her. Good Margaret, come hither to the parlour, there shall I finde my cousin Beatrice, proposing with the Prince and Claudio,

Friese. She her ears, and tell her I and Friese, we'll walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse is all of her, say that thou ever-hast it,

Her. And bid her flee into the pleached bower, where hony-suckes spring up by the rune,

Friese. Forbid the fanne to enter: I like the loury,

Made proud by Princes, that advance their pride,

Again that power that bred it, and thou shalt hide her.

To liken our purpose, this is thy office,

Beatrice well in us, and leave us alone.

Marg. As I make her come I warrant you presently,

Friese. When Beatrice doth come, as we do expect this, slay up and down, our tale must only be of Benedick,

When I dote not him, let it be thy part,

To praise him more than every man did merit, My talk so thee must be how Benedick is sick in love with Beatrice: of this matter,

Friese. It is little Coppola crafts crow: nought,

That onely wounds by hence-say now begin,

Enter Beatrice.

For looke where Beatrice like a Lapping runs,

Cloze by the ground, to hear our conference.

Friese. The pleasantest angling is to see the fifth

Car well with her golden oes the siluer frame,

And greedily devour the perch the while I gaze:

So angle we for Beatrice, who even now,

Is couched in the wood-borne coverture,

Feare you not my part of the Dialogue.

Friese. Then go we nearer that her ease looos nothing,

Of the false lurer base that we say for:

No truely Friese she is too disdainfull,

I know her spirits are as coy and wilde,

As Haggards of the rooke.

Friese. But are you fute,

That Benedick louses Beatrice so intirely?

Her. So dies the Prince, and my new trothed Lord.

Friese. And did they bid you tell her of it, Madame?

Her. They did intreate me to acquaint her of it,

But I perfwaded them, if they lou'd Benedick.
To wish him wrastle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know it.

**Volumnia.** Why did you so do, doth not the Gentleman
Defence as full as fortunate a bed,
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

**Hero.** O God of love! I know he doth defence,
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But Nature never fram'd a woman's heart,
Of powder flute then that of Beatrice.

Did she her side sparkling in her eyes,
Mid-praising what they looked on, and her wit
Values is felt so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak, she cannot lose,
Nor take no shape nor posture of affection.
Sice is so felt inpressed.

**Volumnia.** Sure I think so,
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his love, let the smart sport at it.

**Hero.** Why you speak so truth, I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, yong, how ready to act.
But she would spelt him in her book, if fair so, she
Would love the gentleman she should be lesser.

If blacke, why Nature drawing of an antique
Made a foul blot if tall, a lance ill headed:
If slow, an apt very vile and cut.
If speaking, why a sable blowne with all wendes?
If silent, why a blake or mouth with none.
So turns the every wise, the wrong out, and
And never guises to Truth and Verue, that
Which shallow and more purchaseth.

**Volumnia.** Sure, sure, such chaping is not commendable.

**Hero.** No, nor to so odd, and from all fashions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable.

But who dare tell her so? if I should speak,
She would mock me into ayre, O she would laugh me
Out of my selfe, presse me to death with wit.
Therefore let Benedick like a couered fire,
Consume away in fiantes, while secretly:
It were abeter death, to die with macker,
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

**Volumnia.** Yet tell her of it, heere what she will say.

**Hero.** No, rather will I goe to Benedick,
And commaine him to fight against his passion,
And truly die loosee from honest blanders.
To staine my coin with, one does not know's.
How much an ill word may imposion liking.

**Volumnia.** O do not doe your coin such a wrong.
She cannot be so much without true judgement.
Having so swift and excellent a wit
As time to guide her, as to refine
So rare a Gentleman as to her Benedick.

**Hero.** He is the onely man of Italy,
Always excepted, my deare Claudi.

**Volumnia.** I pray you be not angry with me, Madam,
Speaking my fancy: Signior Benedick,
For hope for hearing argument and ymer,
Goes form of in report through Italy.

**Hero.** Indeed he hath an excellent good name.

**Volumnia.** His excellence did earn it as he had it:
When are you married Madam?

**Hero.** Why, curious day to morrow, come goe in,
Blew thee some airs, and have thy counsel.
Which is the belt to furnish me to morrow.

**Volumnia.** She's too wise for you,
We have caught her Madam?

**Hero.** Hit proue so, then hearing goes by haps,

Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

**Beatrice.** What fire is in mine ears? can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and come so much?
Contempt, farewell, and so maire pride, adieu,
No glory lives behinde the backe of such.

And Benedick, I love on, I will require thee,
Teasing my wilde heart, to thy loving hand:
If thou dost love, my kindnesse will incline thee.
To bind our lovers vp in a holy band.
For others say thou dost defende, and I
Believe it better then reporting.

**Enter Prince, Cludio, Benedick, and Leonato.**

**Prince.** I doe but stay till your marriage be comman-
mate, and then go I toward Aragon.

**Cludio.** He bring you thither my Lord, if you'll vouch-
slave me.

**Prince.** Nay, that would be as great a forle in the new
gliss of your marriage, as to throw a childe his new cap
and forbid him to weate it, I will only bee bold with
Benedick for his companie, for from the crowne of his
head, to the sole of his foot, he is all mirrour, he hath twice
or thrice cut Cupids bow string, and the little hang-man
dare not sete at him, he hath a heart as sound as a bell,
and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinkes,
his tongue speakes.

**Benedick.** Gallants, I am not as I have bin.

**Leonato.** So say I, methinkes you are fadder.

**Claudio.** I hope he be in love.

**Prince.** Hang him truant, there is no true drop of blood
in him to be truly toucht with love, he be sad, he bearn money.

**Beatrice.** I haue the tooth ake.

**Benedick.** Draw it.

**Beatrice.** Hang it.

**Claudio.** You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

**Prince.** What flight for the tooth ake.

**Beatrice.** Where is bee a humane or a wearme.

**Benedick.** Well, every one cannot master a griefe, but he
that hathe it.

**Cludio.** Yet say I, he is in love.

**Prince.** There is no appearance of fancie in him, yolest
it be a fancy the hath to frange disguises, as to bee a
Dutchman to day, a Frenchman to morrow; valletcher
lies a fancy to this toothly, as it appeares he hath, he
is no foole for fancy, as you would haue it appeares he
is.

**Cludio.** If he be not in love with some woman, there
is no beleaung old signes, a brusth his hart a mornings.
What should that bode?

**Prince.** Hath any man feacheth them at the Barbers?

**Cludio.** No, but the Barbers man hath beene seen with
him, and the oleaer of his cheeke hath a reddie
fluff tennis balls.

**Leonato.** Indeed he looketh yonger then he did, by the
lofe of a beard

**Beatrice.** Nay, he behisselfe with Clouts, can you smell
him out by that?

**Cludio.** That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in
love.

**Prince.** The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

**Cludio.** And what when you seem to say his face?

**Prince.** Yes, or to paint himselfe? for the which I heart
whats the say, say of him.

**Beatrice.** Nay, but his ielligent spirits, which is now crept
into a slute, and as now generall daylopes.
Much ado about Nothing

Cia. Yes, and his ill conditions, and in despite of all, dies for him.

Prin. Shall be buried with her face upwards.

Bass. Yet this is no charm for the tooth-ache, old fiddler, walkes aside with mee, I have flouds 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 Bessieres.

Cia. To euen so, here and Margaret have by this played their parts with Bessieres, and then the two Bessies will not hire another who wear them.

Enter John the Taffiard.

Bass. My Lord and brother, God use you.

Prin. Good den brother.

Bass. If your leasure be a, I would speak with you.

Prin. In pricte.

Bass. I must prithee, you Count Clesca may heare, for what I would speake of concernes him.

Prin. What is the matter?

Bass. Means your Lordshippe to be married to morrow?

Prin. You know he does.

Bass. I know not that when he knows what I know.

Cia. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

Bass. You may think I love you not, let that appear hereafter, and syne better be me by that I now will miscarry, for my brother (I think) he holds you well, and in dearness of heart, hath hodge to effect your ensuing marriage; surely are amfe, spent, and labour ill bestowed.

Prin. Why, what is the matter?

Bass. I came hither to tell you, and circumstanes concerned (for she hath beene too long a walking of) the lady is disyoll.

Cia. Who here?

Bass. Even three, Lemanost here, your here, every mans here.

Cia. Disyoll?

Bass. The word is too good to painte out her wickedness, I could lay the words worse, than 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 windowe enclued, even the night before her wedding day, if you love her, then to morrow weel her: But it would better fit your honour to change your minde.

Cia. May this be so?

Prin. I will not think it.

Bass. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know, if you will follow mee, I will shew you enough, and when you have seene more, & heard more, proceed accordingly.

Cia. I see any thing to night, why should I not marry her to morrow in the congregation, where I should wedde, there will I shame her.

Prin. And as I would, to obtaine her, I will journy with thee to disfigure her.

Bass. I pray you do her no farther, till you are my witnessesse, because it coldly but still niggles, and one soneth it.

Prin. O day most wonderfully turned!
Verger. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must

Call to the nurse, and bid her tell it.

Watch. How if the nurse be asleep and will not

Hear you?

Dog. Why then depart in peace, and let the child
Wake her with crying; for the eve that will not hear her,
Shall be the worse that way, as well when he bleedeth
As when he blazeth.

Verger. Tis verily true.

Dog. This is the end of the charge: you Confab
Are to prevent the Prince owne person, if ye meet the
Prince in the night, you shall slay him.

Verger. Nay, but this I think is a matter

Dog. Jus tis that I think this a matter

That knows the statist, he may slay him, for

Against the prince being willing, for indeed the watch was to

Offend no man, and it is an offence to stay a man against

His will.

Verger. But this I think is a matter.

Dog. Had a man, well master good night, and there be

Matter of weight charge, call me, keep your

Fellowes counsellors, and your owne, and good night,

Come to me.

Watch. Well masters, we hear your charge; let us go

In up the Church bell two times, and then all to

Bed.

Dog. One word more, keep your counsellors. I pray you

Watch about, lest any Law be taking care, for the wedding

Being there to morrow, there is a great cocke to night,

And I think be vigowt of this thing.

Exeunt. Enter Barathy and Conrade.

Bar. What? Comrade?

Watch. Peace, comrade.


Comrade. Here am I, as thy servent.

Bar. And my eel, whether, I thought there would be

A feasbe follow.

Comrade. I will owe thee as answere for that, and, now

Forward with thy tale.

Bar. Stand thee close then under this penhouse, for it

Drifft a little rain, and I will, like a true drummer, utter all to

Times.

Watch. Some treason matter, yea stand close.

Bar. Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a

Thousand Ducates.

Comrade. Is it possible that such villains should be so dear?

Bar. Thou shouldst rather make it if were possible a

Villainie should be so dear when rich villains have

Neece of poor ones, poor ones may make what price

They will.

Comrade. I wonder at it.

Bar. The barons are not accustomed, thou knowest not

That the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloack, is no thing to a

Man.

Comrade. Yea, it is apparel.

Bar. I mean the fashion.

Comrade. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bar. Tush, it may as well, (as the foole's the foole, but

Tush thou not what a foole does this fasion is.

Watch. I know that it appareth, it has bin a very cheere,

This vis, yeares a goe y e and downe like a gentle man

I remember his name.

Bar. Did it not please some body?

Comrade. No, but you was on the horse.

Bar. Seest thou not it? (I say) when a foole does this

Fashion how giddily it returns, as all the Hot

Bloods, how some fourteen or fifteen, sometimes

Fashions them like Phoebus soildiers in the toodie

Painting, some time like a good Bells priest in the old

Church window, sometime like the hounor Heron, in

The limince worn un the theatra, where his good-peace

Fermes as magle as his club.

Com. All this I see, and see that the fasion weares on

More apperell then the man, but are not thin, what

Giddles with the fasion too that they have flatterd out of

The tale into telling of me the fasion.

Bar. Not in nother, but know that I have to night

Wooded Margaret the Lady Heron, gentle woman, by

The name of Heron, she leaves me out at her mistress chamber-

Window, and sue a thousand times good night: I tell

This tale, very, I should first tell the how the Prince

Claude and my Master planned, and placed, and hasted

By my Master Don John, saw a far off in the Orchard that

Amiable encounter.

Com. And thought thy Margaret was Heron.

Bar. Two of them did, the Prince and Claude, but the

Diet, my Master knew she was Margaret, and partly by

His oaths, which first professed them, partly by the dark

Night which did demoniate them, but chiefly by my villian,

Which did confirm my hauer that Don John had

Made away with Claude escaped, some few would

Messe her as he was, outmost next morning at the Tem-

Dele, and there, before the whole congregation shamed

With what he was of night, and sent her home again

Without a husband.

Watch. 1. We charge you in the Prince name stand.

Watch 2. Call vp the right Master Confable, we here

Reconcile the most dangerous piece of lechery, that

Ever was known in the Common-wealth.

Watch. 1. And one Deformed is one of them, I know

Him appears a allock.

Comrade. Masters, masters.

Watch 2. Youle be made bring deformed forth I warrant

You.

Comrade. Masters, never speak, ye charge you, let vs

Bey vs, to goe with vs.

Bar. We are like to prose a grandy commodite, being

Taken parts of these men, bits.

Com. A commodity in question I warrant you come

Vrecche obey you.

Exit. Enter Heron, and Margaret, and Inshall.

Heron. Good Princes make my cofin Beatrices, and

Defere her to safe.

Usurp. I will Lady.

Bar. And bid her come hither.

Vif. Well.

Mar. Trust I think your other rebates were better.

Bar. No praty they good Meg, the baron shent.

Mar. By my coifs not so good, and I warrant your

Cofin we'll lay lo.

Bar. My coifs a foole, and then a suter, she

Vercs not this.

Mar. I like the new trey within excellently, if the

Haire were a shagol skane browner, and your cow's a more

Rare fashion, faith, I saw the Dutchesse of Montane

Gowne that they prale to.

Bere. Q that exceeds they say.

Mar. By my tooth's but a little, though in respect of

Yours, that a gold and chink, that but with a

Teeth, a little a little, the sleeves, the frocks, round

Bald was born with a belvimenti, but for a fine quent grace-

Full and excellent fashion, yours is worthen on.
Enter Beatrice.

Horr. Good morrow, sweetie.
Beat. Good morrow, sweet受.
Horr. Why now? do you speake in the sick tyme?
Beat. I am out of all other tyme, me thinkes.
Mar. Claps into Lightes a loute, (that goe without a burden,) do you thinke it and ike it dance.
Beat. Ye lute alone with your hecles, then if your husband haue laboured enough, you'll looke he shall lacke no barters.
Mar. O illegitimate construction I foretold that with my hecles.
Beat. 'Tis almost five a clocke, for it is time you were ready, by my troth I am exceeding ill, I do.
Mar. For a hauke, a horse, or a husband?
Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.
Mar. Well, and you be not turn'd Turkie, there's no more sayles by the Harre.
Beat. What meanes the foole trow?
Mar. Nothing I, but God send every one their harzes desire.
Horr. These playes the Count sent mee, they are an excellent perfume.
Beat. I am must coln, I cannot smell.
Mar. A maid and full! there's goodly catching of cold.
Beat. O God lende me, God help me, how long haue you profest apprehension?
Mar. Ever since you left me, dost not my wit become me rare?
Beat. It is not from enough, you should weary it in your cap, by my troth I am sick.
Mar. Get you some of this diffill & carousal hennel and lay it to your heart, it is the only thing for a qualm.
Horr. There thou prickst her with a daffell.
Mar. Marcelli no by my troth, I haue no morall meaning, I meant plainely h en thiffles, you may think perhaps that I think you are in loue, my lady, by troth, I am not such a foole to think what I lift, nor lift not to think what I can, nor indeed I cannot thinke, if I would thinke my hart out of thinkeing, that you are in loue, or that you will be in loue, or that you can be in loue: yet Benedict was such another, and now he is became man, he fowre he would not marry, and yet now in despite of his heart he eats his meat without grudgung, and how you may be converted I know not, but me thinkes you looke with your eies as other women doe.
Beat. What peace is this that thy tongue keepes.
Horr. Not a false gallop.

Enter Prufida.

Prufida. Madam, withdraw, the Prince the Count, light the Count, Don John, and all the gallants of the towne are come to fetch you to Church.
Horr. Help to drive mee good coze, good Moge, good Prufida.

Enter Leonato, and the Confidant, to be Headstron, Leonato. What would you with mee, honest neighbour?
Conf. Dog. Mary sit I would have some confidence with you, that deecrues you near.
Leon. Briefe I pray you, for you see it is a busie tyme with me.
Conf. Dog. Mary this it is it.
Moge. Yes in truth it is it.
Leon. What is thy good friend?
Conf. Dog. Goodmen Verges for speaks a little of the matter, an old man fit, and his wits are not obsolete, as God helpeth I would desire they were, but in faith honest as the skin between his bowers.
Leon. Yes I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no boisterer then.
Conf. Dog. Companions are odorous, palarias, neighbour Verges.
Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.
Conf. Dog. It pleases your worship to say for we are the poore Dukes officers, but truly for mine owne part, if I were as tedious as a King, I would finde in my heart to bellow it all of your worship.
Leon. All the tedious is to me?
Conf. Dog. Yes, and twoe a thousand times more than 'tis, for I hear as good exclamations on your Worship as of any man in the Citie, and though it be not a poore man, I am glad to heare it.
 Leon. And so am I.
Leon. I would faine know what you haue to say.
Conf. Dog. Marry for our watch to night, excepting your worship's presence, have taken a couple of as strait knaves as any in Metlinna.
Conf. Dog. A good old man fit, he will be talking as they say when the age is in the wit is out, God help you, it is a world to see: well said yea, and Verges well, God's a good man, and two men ride a horse, one must ride behind, an honest and yea, and Verges, by my troth he is, as ever broke bread, but God's a good worship, all men are not alike, alas good neighbour.
Leon. Indeed neighbour he comes too short of you.
Conf. Dog. Gifts that God gies,
Leon. I must leave you.
Conf. Dog. One word sir, our watch fit have indeed comprehended two spirituos persons, & we would have them this morning examined before your worship.
Leon. Take their examination oon your telle, and bring it me, I am now in great haste, as may appeare vnto you.
Conf. It shall be sufficeng.
(Exit)
Leon. Drink some wine ere you goe: fare you well,
Mefitinger. My Lord, they fay for you to give your daughter to her husband.
Leon. Be wait upon them, I am ready.
Dog. Go good partner, goe get you to Francis Scod, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the Chaste: we are now to examine those men.
Verges. And we must doe it wisely.
Dog. We will spare no wisette I warrant you: here,
Enter Prince, Baffard, Leonato, Friar, Claudius, Benedict, Hero, and Beatrice.

Leonato. Come Friar Francis, be brief, only to the plain form of marriage and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Fric. You come hither, my Lord, to marry this Lady.

Claud. No.

Leon. To be married to her: Friar, you come to marry her.

Fric. Lady, you come hither to be married to this Count.

Claud. Good Friar, I do.

Fric. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoyned, I charge you on your soul to publish it.

Claud. Know you any, Friar? Her.

Fric. None, my Lord.

Claud. Know you any, Count? None.

Leon. What manner do I what men may do? What men daily do?

Bened. How now 1 interjections? why then, some be of laughter, as ha, ha, ha.

Claud. This is, by Friar, father, by your leave, will you with free and uncontrained soul give me this maid your daughter?

Leon. As freely justice as God did give me her.

Claud. What haste I to give you back, whose worth I and may be well called a treasure. May contempt be this new and precious gift?

Fric. Nothing, except you render her again.

Claud. Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulness: There Leonato, take her back again. Give not this rotten Orange to your friend, she's but the signe and semblance of her honour: Behold how like a maid the blushes here! O what authority and awe of truth can cunning infinite cost with will! Comes not that blood, as modest evidence? To witness simple Vertue would you not swear All them that see her, that the fire were a maid, by these exterior flames? But fire is none: She knows the heat of a luxuriant bed. Her blush is guiltineflo, not modesty.

Leonato. What does you mean, my Lord?

Claud. Not to be married, not to kiss my foule to an appreinted wanton.

Leon. Deere my Lord, if you in your owne proofs, have vassalise the resistance of her youth; And made defiance of her virginity.

Claud. I know what you would say: I have known You will say, she did embrace me as a husband, And do execute the foreland sinne: No Leonato, I never tempted her with word too large; But as a brother to his sister, the word Baffinfull sincerity and comely tone.

Leon. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Bened. This looks not like a nuptial.

Claud. True, O God!

Leonato. Stand I here?

Claud. Is this the Prince? is this the Princes brother? Is this the face? are our sisters own?

Leon. All this is so, but what of this my Lord?

Claud. Let me but more one question to your daughters, and by that fatherly and kindly power, that you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. I charge thee, do, as thou art my child.

Claud. O God defend me now am I fist, what kind of cathetizing call you this?

Leon. To make you answer truly to your name.

Claud. Is it not here? who can blot that name With any suit reproach?

Claud. Marry that can, Hero.

Leonato. O Hero, o felice can blot our Hero's name. What man was he, that spake with you yesternight? Out at your window between twelwe and one? Now if you are a maid, answer to this.

Leon. I talk with no man at that hour my Lord.

Claud. Why then you are no maiden. Leonato, I am sorry you must hear: upon mine honor, my felle, my brother, and that grieved Count Did see her, hear her, at that house last night, talk with a suitor, as her chamber window, who hath indeed most like a liberal villaine, confesse the vile encounters they have had A thousand times in secret.

John. Fie, fie, they are not to be named my Lord, Not to be spoken of; there is not chaste enough in language, Without offence to venter them: thus pretty Lady, I am sorry for thy much misapprehension.

Claud. O Hero: what a hero hadst thou beene! If all thy outward graces had beene placed About thy thoughts and countenances, how farre, but faire thee well, most foule most faire, farewell Thou pure impiety, and impious puritie, For thee it locks up all the gates of Louie, and on my eie-lids shall Condemned hang, to cause all beauty into thoughts of hame, and never shall it more be gracious.


Beat. How doth the Lady?

Beat. Dead I think, helpe vp.

Hero, Why Hero, Uncle SIgnor Benedict, Friar. Leonato. O Fate I take not away thy heavy hand, death is the fairest couer for her frame, that may be wished for.
Much ado about Nothing.

Beau. How now, cousin Kate?  
Fri. What comfort Lady?  
Lyon. Doft thou looke vp?  
Frier. Yes, wherefore should I no?  
Lyon. Wherefore? Why does not every thing  
Cry shame upon her? Could the heare desire  
The noise that is imparted in her blood?  
Do not the Heavens, do not open thine eyes?  
For did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,  
Though I thy spirits were stronger then thy frame,  
My felle would on thee make the reward of reproaches  
Strike at thy life. Ouid'd I, I had but one?  
Child I, for that so frail. Nature's frame?  
O, one too much by thee: why had I done?  
Why ever was't thou louellie in my eyes?  
Why had I not with charitable hand  
Tooke vp a beggar's illuse at my gates,  
Who festered thus, and starved with infamy,  
I might have paid, no part of it to mine.  
This frame desir'd it selfe from whom she loines.  
But mine, and mine I lou'd, and mine I prais'd,  
And mine that I was proud on mine so much,  
That I my selfe, was to my selfe not mine;  
Viewing other, why the, O she is false  
Into a pit of hate, that all the widows  
Hath drops too few to wash her cleanse againe,  
And salt too little, which may season give  
To her soule, tainted filthy.  
Beno. Sir, this be patience: for my part, I am so attired  
in wonder, I know not what to say.  
Beno. O my soule, my soule is hel'd.  
Beno. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?  
Beno. No truly: not although ye went last night,  
I have this evill secrete bin her bedfellow.  
Lyon. Confirmed, confirmed, O that is stronger made  
Which was before born'd vp with ribs of iron.  
Would the Prince's life, and Claudio lie,  
Who lou'd her so, that speaking of her soulless,  
Woful'd it with tears? Hence from her, let her die.  
Fri. Hear me a little, for I have onely been silent so long,  
And glisten wyse this course of fortune, by noting  
of the Lady, I haue marks.  
A thousand blushing apparitions,  
To flash into her face, a thousand innocent frames,  
In Angel white, belles here away those blusses,  
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire  
To burne the errors that these Princes hold  
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool,  
Truth not my reading, nor my observations,  
Which with experimental scale doth warrant  
The tenure of my bookes: trust not my age,  
My reverence, calling, nor dominion,  
If this sweet Ladie ye not guiltlesse here,  
Vinder some biting error,  
Lyon. Frier, it cannot be:  
Thou seest that all the Grace that she hath left,  
Is, that she will not add to her damnation,  
A kind of purgery, the not denotes it:  
Why seekst thou then to cover with excuse,  
That which appears in proper nakednesse?  
Fri. Ladie, what man is he you are accus'd of?  
Here. They know that do accus' me, I know none:  
If I know more of any man alie  
Then that which maiden modesty doth warrant,  
Let all my times lacke mercy. O my Father,  
Prove you that any man with me consort,  
At hours venuer, or that I yet call me  
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature.  
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.  
Fri. There is some strange misprision in the Prince.  
Ben. Two of them haue the vire benc of honor.  
And if their widows be miffed in this:  
The practice of it lies in false the baffard,  
Whole spirits toke in frame of villaines.  
Lyon. I know not if they speake but truth of her,  
These hands shall bear her: If they wrong her honour,  
The profounde of them to all well heart of.  
Time hath not yet so diert this bloud of mine,  
Nor age to close vp my intention,  
Nor Fortune made sike hallocke of my mesnes,  
Nor my bad life relef me no much of friends,  
But they shall finde, awak'd in such a kinde,  
Both strength of limb, and policie of minde,  
Ability in means, and choice of friends,  
To quire me of them throughly.  
Fri. Peace awhile.  
And let my counsell way you in this caue,  
Your daughter here the Prince?left for dead.  
Let her alwayes be secretly kept in,  
And publish it, that the is dead indeed:  
Maintaine a mourning ostentation,  
And on your Families old moniments,  
Hang mournfull Epitaphs, and do all tyme,  
That appertaine unto a burial.  
Lyon. What shall become of this? What wil this do?  
Fri. Marry this well caried, shall on her behalfe,  
Change flander to remortge, that is some good,  
But not for that dreame I on this strange course,  
But on this truastle lookes for greater birth.  
She dying, as it must be so main'tain'd,  
Upon the inform of the she was accus'd,  
Shall beamented, stinted, and excus'd  
Of every heare, for it is false out,  
That what we have, we prize not to the worth,  
While we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,  
Why then we rank the value, then we finde  
The verite that possession would not have us  
While it was ours, so will it fare with Claudio:  
When he that here the dyed upon his words,  
This'd of her life till sweetly creep  
Into his study of imaginacion  
And every Louely Organ of her life,  
Shall come apparel'd in more precious habite:  
More mourning delicate, and full of life,  
Into the eye and prospect of his soule  
Then when the lie'd indeed, then that he mourne,  
If ever Lot had inter in his Liver,  
And with he had not so accus' her:  
No, though he thought his accusatjon true:  
Let this be so, and don't but freece'sselle  
Will fission the exeit in better shape,  
Then I can lay it down in likelihood,  
But if all syme but this be lesse'd falls,  
The fopposition of the Ladie death,  
Will quench the wonder of her infamie.  
And if it be not well, you may conceal her,  
As both behis her wounded reputation,  
In some reccitance and religious life,  
Out of all eyes, consenate, minds and injuries.  
Beno. Signor Leonato, let the Frier advisse you,  
And though you know my inwardnesse and houre  
Is very much vnto the Prince and Claudio.
Yet, by mine honor, I will deal with thee. As secretly and slyly, as your soul should with your body.

Bess. Being that I floor in green, the smallest woe may lead me.

Friar. To well contented, preferly away, for to strange foes, strangely they chance the cure. Come, lady, to live, this wedding day. Perhaps is but prolonged, have patience & endure. Exit. Bess. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yet, and I will weeps a while longer.

Bess. I will not define this.

Beat. You have no rest, I doe it freely.

Bess. Suffer, I do believe your fair coin is wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man defend of me that would right her!

Bess. Is there any way to have such friendship? Beat. A true one way, but no such friend.

Bess. May a man doe it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bess. I doe love 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 say, I loved nothing so well as you, but believe me not, and yet I doe not, I confesse nothing, nor I deny nothing, I am sorry for my cousin.

Bess. By my sword Beatrice thou lovest me.

Beat. Doe not swear by it, and eat it.

Bess. I will swear by it that you love mee, and I will make him eat it, that says I love you.

Beat. Will you not eat your words?

Bess. With no ope not that can be denied to it, I protest I love thee.

Beat. Why then God forgive me.

Bess. What offence sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have saddled me in a happy howe, I was so hard to protest I loved you.

Bess. And doe it with all thy hearts.

Beat. I love you, and to much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

Bess. Come, bid me doe any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudius.

Bess. His not for the world.

Beat. You kill me to denote, farewell.

Bess. Tarte sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here, there is no loose in you, may I pray you let me goe.

Bess. Beatrice.

Beat. Infaith I will goe.

Bess. We'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with mee, than fight with mine enemies.

Bess. Is Claudius thine enemy?

Beat. Is a noble man in the height a villain, that hath flattered some, disowned my kind woman? O that I were a man! what, were her in hand, till then they come to take hands, and then with publike accusation uncovered slander, revettred, rancour? O God that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bess. Heare me Beatrice.

Beat. Walk with a man out at a window, a proper saying.

Bess. Nay but Beatrice.

Beat. Sweet Hero, she is wrong'd, she is slandered, she is undone.

Bess. Beat?
Would give precept all medicine to rage,
Fester strong madness in a fallen head.
Charm her with stye, and agony with words.
Methinks to do men utter, to speak patience.
To these the wrongs under the lead of sorrow.
But no man's version nor sufficeance.
To be so mortal, when he shall endure.
The like himself: therefore give me no countenance.
My griefs cry louder then advertisements.

Broth. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee peace, I will be leath and blood.
For there was never yet Philosopher,
That could endure the toothache patiently.
How sure they have writ the fate of gods,
And made a path of chance and sufferance.

Brut. Yet bend not all the harms upon your selfs,
Make those that do offend you, suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak it reason, nay I will do so.
My foule dost tell me, I was belied,
And that shall Claudius know, so shall the Prince,
And all of them that thus dishonour her.

Enter Prince and Claudius.

Brut. Here comes the Prince and Claudius hastily.

Prin. Good day, good day.

Cla. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you my Lord?

Prin. We have some haste Leonard.

Leo. Some haste my Lord, I are you well my Lord,
Are you to be happy now? well, all is one.

Prin. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

Brut. He is could sit himself with quarrelling.
Some of us would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry, doth wrong me, thou diffamist, thou.
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword.
I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry, before my hand,
I should give you some such cause of fear,
Intail upon thee, nothing to my sword.

Leon. True, true, man, never thee and me at me,
I speak not like a doltard, nor a foolie,
As voice prudence of age to bragge.
What have done being young, or wise would do,
Were I not old, know Claudius to thy head,
Thou hast to wrong'd me, innocent child and me,
That I am forced to lay my cureste by,
And with grey hairs and bristles of many dotes,
Doe challenge thee to rissail of man,
Tay their fault belied mine innocent child.
Thy childer hath gone through and through her heart,
And she lies buried with her ancestors.
O in a tomb where never can fall slept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy Villanie.

Claud. My villainy?

Leon. D Insurance Claudius, thus I say.

From. You say not right old man.

Leon. My Lord, my Lord,
He pruse it on his body, if he dare,
Delight his nice fence, and his stile profound,
His Mace of youth, and flower of lath and head.

Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Canst thou do daffie methi thou, I kill my child,
If thou kill me, thou shal kill a man.

Brut. He shall kill two of vs, and men indeed,
But that's no matter, let him kill one first.
Win me and wear me, let him answer me,
Come follow me, boy, come sir, boy, come follow me
Sir boy, I will whip you from your fornicating fence,
Now, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother.

Broth: Content your self, God knows I lovd my niece,
And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains,
That dare as well answer a man indeede,
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue.

Boy: Yes, sirs, the gardians, lackeys, milk-men.

Leon. Brother Anthony.

Broth: Hold you content, what man? I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the virtuoste purile,
Screaming, out-facing, fashion-mongers boys,
That lie, and cog, and floor, deprave, and slander,
Go antiquated, and how outward licentious,
And speak of halfe a dozen daungerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst.

And this is all.

Leon. But brother Anthony.

Anth. Come, it is no matter,
Do not ye meddle, let me decline this,
Pro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience,
My heart is sorry for your daughters death,
But on my honour she was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proofe.

Leon. My Lord, my Lord.

Pro. I will not hear you,

Enter Benedick.

Len. No come, brother away, I will be heard.

Broth. And shall, or some of vs willsmart for it.

Pro. See, see, here comes the man we went to seek.

Cla. Now signior, what news?

Ben. Good day my Lord.

Pro. Welcome signior, you are almes com to part
Almost a fray.

Cla. Wee had like to have had out two noyes snap'd
Off with two old men without teeth.

Pro. Leonato and his brother, what think you? the good
Woman, I doubt we should have been too young for them.

Ben. In a false quarrell there is no true valour; I came
to seek you both.

Cla. We have beene vp and downe to seek thee, for
We are high proofe melancholy, and would have it
Bennedick be away, wilt thou with thy wife?

Ben. It is in my kist, shall I draw it?

Pro. Doth thou so weare thy wife by thy side?

Cla. Never any did, though verse many have beene
Beside their wife, I will bid thee draw it, as we do the
Mind's, draw to pleasure vs.

Pro. As I am an honest man he lookes pale, art thou
Sick, or angry?

Cla. What, courage men what though care kill'd a
Cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Ben. Sir, I shall meete you in the carriage, and
You charge it against me, I pray you chuse another
Fishter.

Cla. Nay then give him another flate, this last was
Broke crooked.

Pro. By this light, he changes more and more, I think
He is angry indeed.

Cla. If he knoweth how to turne his girdle.

Ben. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Cla. God blinde 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 profess your cowardise: you have
Killed a sweete Ladie, and her death shall fall upon you,
Let me hear from you.

Cla. Well, I will meete you, so I may have good
Chere.

Pro. What a feafe, a feafe?

Cla. I faith, I thank he hath bid me to a card
And a Capon, the which if I do not cause mutt;
My knife is的手, shall I not finde a woodcock to eat?

Ben. Sir, your wife amables well, it goes easily.

Pro. He tell the how Beatrice prais'd thy wife the
Other day: I said thou hadst a fine wit, to thine a fine
Lacke, one: no said I, a great wit: right faire she, a great
Groffe one; nay said I, a good wit; last said the, it hurts
No body; nay said I, the gentleman is wise: certain said
She, a wife gentleman: nay said I, she hath the tongues:
That I believe said she, for she knows to thing to me on
Monday night, she is for to me on Tuesday morning;
There's a double tongue, there's two tongues: thus did
She an howe to together transfigure thy particular
Vest, yet left she concluded with a lighe, thou wilt
The proper man in it.

Cla. For the which the wept heartily, and said the
east card.

Pro. Ye that did, but yet for all that, and if thee
Did not hate him deadly, shee would louse him dearly;
The old mans daughter told vs all.

Cla. All, all, and moreouer, God saw him when he
Was hid in the garden.

Pro. But when shall we see the fangeth Bulls borne
On the tender Benecky head?

Cla. Yea and yet under-next, heere dwells Benecky
The married man.

Ben. Fare you well, Boy, you know my mind, I will
Leave you now to your golles, like humor, you break
Left as braggards do their blades, which God be thank'd
Hurt not, my Lord, for your manie courtesies I thank you,
I must discontinue your company, your brother
The Balfard is fled from Messina: you have among you,
Kill'd a sweet and innocent Ladie: for my Lord Lick
Heard here, and I shall meete, and till then peace be
With him.

Pro. He is in earnest.

Cla. In most profound earnest, and he warrant you,
For the louse of Beatrice.

Pro. And hath challenge'd thee.

Cla. Maffs sincerly.

Pro. What a pitiable thing is; when he goes in his
Doublets and hose, and leaves off his wit.

Enter Constance, Claudio, and Berenice.

Cla. He is then a Giant to an Ace, but then is an Ace
A Doctor to such a man.

Pro. But, sith you, let me be place, put vp my heart,
And be sad, did he not try my brother was fleed?

Cla. Come you, sir, if I cannot tame you, then shall
Here weigh more reasons in her balance, nay, you and
She be a curbing hypothesis once, you must be look to.

Pro. How now, two of my brothers men bound? Be-
Rachio one.

Cla. Harken after their offense my Lord,

Pro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Con. Marrio
Much ado about Nothing.

Conf. Must I, sir, they have committed false report, moreover they have spoken with you, secondly they are slanderers, first and lastly, they have belied a Lady, thirdly they have verified vain things, and to conclude they are lying knaves.

Prim. First I ask thee what they have done, thisdicke I ask thee what's their offence, first and lastly why they are committed, and to conclude, what you lay to then charge.

Clut. Rightly reposed, and in his owne division, and by my troth I know one thing well fitted.

Prim. Who have you offended matters, that you are thus bound to your answer this learned Constable is too cunning to be understood, what's your offence?

Bar. Sweete Prince, let me go no further to mine enuioce, do you hear me, and let this Comte kill me: I have decreted upon your verie eies, what your wife's amours could not discover, these shallow foolees have brought to sight, who in the night one night me confiding to this man, how Don luna your brother committed me to slander the Lady here, how you were brought into the Orchard, and saw me courtes Margete in Heres garments, how you disgraced her when you should marry her, your villanie they have upon record, which I had rather see with my death, than be anything to my shame: the Lady is dead upon mine and my masters false accusations: and brieferly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villaine.

Prim. Runs not this speech like yron through your blood?

Clut. I have drunk potion whiles he vrest it.

Prim. But did my Brother see thee on this?

Bar. Yes, and paid me richely for the practis of it.

Prim. He is compos'd and sound of apprehension, and he is upon this villaine.

Clut. Sweete Here, now why image doth appear in the crosse fenel, since that I look'd at it.

Conf. Come, bring away the plaintiffs, by this time our Sexton hath reformed Sigoru Leonato of the matter: and matters do not forget to specify when time & place shall serve, that I am an Aife.

Con. Here, here comes matter Sigoro Leonato, and the Sexton too.

Enter Leonato.

Leon. Which is the villaine? let me see his eies, that when I see another man like him, I may escoate him, which of these is he?

Bar. If you would know your wronges, looke on me.

Leon. Are thou thow the face that with thy breath hast kild mine innocent child?

Bar. Yes, euery one.

Leon. No, not to villaine, thou believest thy selfe, hers 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 desire, I am but done, if you bear in you of it.

Clut. I know noe how to make you patience, Yet I must speake of the vengeance you sall see, Impose me to what prencipe your quietures?

Can lay upon mine euen, ye dont I knowe, But in my sight.

Prim. By my soule not I, And ye are my owne and this good old man.
Much adoe about Nothing.

Act IV, Scene IV

**Benvolence**

Benvolence: Will you then write me a Sonnet in praise of my beauteox?  

**Lost.**

Lost: In so high a file, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it, in most comely truth thou declarest it.  

**Benvolence.**

Benvolence: To have no man come over me, why, shall I always keep below these?  

**Benedick.**

Benedick: Thy wit is as quick as the grey-hounds mouth, it catches.  

**Benvolence.**

Benvolence: And yours, as bounte to the Fencers foiles, which hit, but hurt not.  

**Benedick.**

Benedick: A most madly wit, Margaret, it will not hurt a woman; and do I prye thee call Beatrice, I give thee the bucklers.  

**Benvolence.**

Benvolence: Give us the swords, we have bucklers of our own.  

**Benedick.**

Benedick: If you we them Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice, and they are dangerous weapons for Maids.  

**Benvolence.**

Benvolence: Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who I think hath legges.  

**Benedick.**

Benedick: And therefore will come. The God of love that fits above, and knows me, and knows me, how pitiful I declare. I mean in no fair, but in loving, Leander and his g Kammer, I know not the first imploiter of panders, and a whole book full of these quandam ex- cet-monsters, whole name yet runne unnoted in the eter- rite of a blank verse, why they were never to really turn out and over as my poor selfe in love: matters I cannot shew it, but have tried, I can finde out no time to Lade but babcie, an innocent times.  

**Benvolence.**

Benvolence: One lent owld, and thereupon I will kisse thee.  

**Benedick.**

Benedick: Sonnet words are but sonne wind, and sonne wind is but sonne breath, and sonne breath is notitle, therefore I will depart vackit.  

**Benvolence.**

Benvolence: Thou hast frighted the word out of his right fence, so forcible is thy wit, but I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge, and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward, and I pray thee now tell me, for which of my bad partes didst thou first fall in love with me?  

**Benedick.**

Benedick: For them all together, which maintaine, do politicke a fate of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them; but for which of my good partes didst thou first fall in love for me?  

**Benvolence.**

Benvolence: Suffice it was a good epithet, I do suffer lose indeed, for I love thee against my will.  

**Benedick.**

Benedick: In plight of your heart I think, alas poor heart, if you plight it for my sake, I will plight it for yours, for I will never love that which my friend hate.  

**Benvolence.**

Benvolence: Thou and I are too wise to wish peaceable.  

**Benedick.**

Benedick: It appears not in this confession, there's not one wise man among twentie that will praise himselfe.
Much ado about Nothing.

Then this for whom were rendred vp this woe.

Enter Lovers, These, Maria, Pheas, old men, Frier, Florz.

Frier: Did I not tell you she was innocent?

Lovers: So are the Prince and Claudius which accuseth her.

Frier: Upon the errour that you heard debated;

But Margaret was in some fault for this,

Although against her will it appears,

In the true conte of all the question.

Old: Well, I am glad that all things are as well.

Frier: And so am I, being eft by faith enframed.

To call young Claudius to a reckoning for it.

Beat: Well daughter, and you gentlewomen all,

Withdraw into a chamber by your several,

And when I tend for you, come hither mask'd.

The Prince and Claudius promis'd by this houre.

To wit, you know your office Brother,

You must be father to your brothers daughter,

And give her to young Claudius. Exeunt Ladies.

Old: Which I will done with commendable countenance.

Frier: I must increas your paines, I thinke.

Frier: To do what Signior?

Beat: To bind me, or vnde me one of them.

Signior Leonato, trust it is good Signior,

Your nece accords me with an ey of favour.

Beat: That eye my daughter lent her, it is most true.

Beat: And I do vnde an ey of love respect her.

Beat: The light whereof I thinke you had from me,

From Claudius and the Prince, but what is your will?

Beat: Your answer is an Enigmatical,

But for my will, my will is, your good will.

May stand with ours, this day to be comyned,

In the state of honourable marriage,

In which (good Frier) shall define your helpe.

Leon: My heart is with your liking.

Frier: And my helpe.

Exit Prince and Claudius, with attendants.

Leon: Good morrow to this faire assembly.

Leon: Good morrow Prince, good morrow Claudius.

We here attend you, are you yet determin'd?

To day to marry with my brothers daughter?

Claudius: I do hold my minute were an Ethiopie.

Leon: Call her forth brother, here's the Frier ready.

Frier: Good morrow Benedick, why is this the matter?

That you have such a February face,

So full of frost, off forme, and cold within.

Claudius: I thinke it thinkes upon the sausive bull:

Tuft, fere nor man, we'll tip thy homys with gold,

And all Europæ shall rejoyce at thee,

As once Europæ did at lofty Jove,

When he would play the noble beast in love.

Benedick: Jove, fere nor man, we'll tip thy homys with gold,

And some saucy bull kept thy fathers Cows,

A got a Calfe in that same noble feast,

Much like to you, for you have fust his blast.

Enter brother, thence, Margaret, Visala.

Claudius: For this I owe you here comes other reckonings.

Whose is the Lady I must once upon?

Leon: This fame is fit, and I doe give you her.

Claudius: Why then she's mine, sweet let me see your face.

Leon: No that thou shalt not, till thou take her hand,

Before this Frier, and I scarce to marry her.

Claudius: Give me your hand before this holy Frier,

I am your husband if you like me.

Here. And where? I thinke I was your other wife,

And when you were, you were not other husbands.

Claudius: Another Here!
Loues Labour's lost.

Aulus primus.

Enter Ferdinand, King of Navarre, Berowne, Longavil, and Damoise.

Ferdinand.

Ferd. In Farnie, that all hunt after in their lives, Line required upon our brazen Tombe, And then grace vs in the disguste of death: When flight of constant deeming Time, 

-To enbrace of this pretie breed may buy: 
This honour which shall taste his fishes lower edge, 
And make vs heere of all certainty. 
Therefore brave Conquerours, for so you are, That warre against your owne effections, And the huge Armie of the worlds defects. 
Our crew exto shall strongly hand in force, 

-Never shall be the wonder of the world. 
Our Court shall be a little Achademe, 
Still and contemplative in living Art.

You three, Berowne, Damoise, and Longavil, 
Have sworn for three yeares terme, to live with me: 
My fellow Scholars, and to keepe those statutes 
That are recorded in this feedle heere. 
Your clothes are pass, and now subscribe your names: 
That his gone hand may brush his honour down, 
That violates the smallest branch heretofore, 
If you are amill to deye, as lovers to do, 
Subscribe to your deare esthates, and keep it to. 
Longavil. I am resolv'd, it is but a three yeares faile. 
The minds shall banquet, though the body pine, 
Pat paunches have lean pastes: and dainty bits, 
Make rich the ribs, but barren the wits. 

Damoise. My loving Lord, Damoise is mourndy, 
The greatest maistie of these worlds delights, 
He throwes upon the grottie word as better phane: 
To love to wealth, to pompe, I pine and die, 
With all these living in Philosophie.

Berowne. I can bit say their profession over, 
So much dearlie. I have already sworn, 
That is to line and study before three yeares, 
But there are other thinke obseruations: 
As not to see a woman in that terme, 
Which I hope well is not enrolle there. 
And one day in a weke to touch no foode: 
And but on meate on every day beside: 
The which I hope not enrolle there. 
And then to sleepe but three hours in the night, 
And not be fone to write of all the day, 
When I was wont to think no harme all night, 
And make a darke night too of halfe the day.
So to the Lawes at large I write my name,
And he that breaks them in the least degree,
Stands in an tender of eternal blamme.
Suggetions are to others as to me:
But I beseech although I seeme so loth,
I am the last that will let keep his oath,
But is there no quicke recreaction granted?
For, I think there, our Court you know is hanted
With a refined trasluer of Spaine,
A man in all the worlds new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of paraphes in his braine:
One, who the musike of his owne vaine tongue,
Doth rashly like enchanting harmonie:
A man of complements who right and wrong
Hate chose as empire of their ministe.
This childe of fancie that Armanda Right,
For interim to our studies shall relate,
In high-sorne words the worth of many a Knight:
From time to time Spaine left in the worlds debate.
How you delight my Lords, I knowe not I,
But I protest I loose to hear him lie.
And I will use him for my Ministe.

Bero. Armanda is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire, new words, fullsions owne Knight.
Loo. Colard the swaine and he, shall be our spott,
And to to finde, three yeares is but short.

Enter a Confesse with Colard with a Letter.

Conf. Which is the Dukes owne person.
Cau. This fellow, what would he?
Cau. I may sey reprehend his owne person, for I am his graces Tharborough.
But I would see his owne person in fleshe and bloud.
Bero. This is he.
Conf. Signe or Arma, Armer commends you:
There's villanie abroad, this letter will tell you more.
Clen. Sir the Cumbrians thereof we as touching me.

Bero. A letter from the magnificant Armanda.
Bero. How lowe fover the matter, I hope in God for high words.
Cau. A high hope for a low heaven, God grant vs patience.
Bero. To heare, or forbear hearing.
Loo. To heare meekely sit, and to laugh moderately, or to forbear beech.
Bero. Well sit, be it as the side shall give vs cause to elinme in the meattre.
Cleo. The matter is to me sir, as concerning Iugnisseta.
The manner of it, I was taken with the manner.
Bero. In what manner?
Cleo. In manner and forme following for all chose three.
I was seene with her in the Manner house, sitting with her upon the Forme, and taken following her into the parkes: which put togethers in manner and forme following. Now for the manner; it is the manner of a man to speake to a woman, for the forme in forme forme.

Bero. For the following sir.
Cleo. As it shall follow in my correction, and God defend the right.
Bero. Will you heare this Letter with attention?
Bero. As we would hear an Oracle.
Cleo. Such is the simplicitie of man to broken after the flesh.
Loves Labour's lost.

Ferdinand.

Gentlemen, the Wiltshire Regiment, and late dominion of Nauz, my sole desire, God, and bodies suffering patience:

Capt. Not a word of Cæsar yet.

Ferd. So it is.

Capt. It may be so; but if he say it is so, he is in selling true; but so.

Ferd. Peace.

Clown. Beo me, and any man that dares not fight.

Ferd. No words.


Ferd. So it is beguiled with false coloured melancholy. I did command the blustering sergeant home to the most wholesome Physician of the land growing aye. And as I am a Gentleman, because my self to make the time about the first hour, when beaus must graze, lords must peck, and men sit down to that unwelcome which is called supper, I summon the ground which I mean for myself, as a jest, to the Park. Then for the place where here I mean I do encounter that office, and may proceed with that which is drawn from my tawny-white fox, and the own-coloured fuchs, which bear, than any fuch, behold; for the place where. It standeth North East forth, and by East from the wall corner of the chaste knitted pait. There did I set for that law justified, which has a down of its north. (Clown. Melent) that vulture, finding its way, that it shall fall upon. (Clown. Still me;) which as I remember, like Cæsar, (Clown. O me;) sated and comforted contrary to the evil fulness of Roman Edit and Comus. Which with a jest, but such was my passion to thy whereat:

Clown. With a jest.

Ferd. With a child of our Gran Damson Ee, a female; or for thy more sweet understanding a woman: him, I (as my empty courser doth press me) was sent to shear, to scour the need of punishment to the Gourmet. Grocers. Officer, Anthony Dull, a man of good grace, cunning, bearing, & eloquence.

Ami. Me, an't shall please you? I am Anthony Dull.

Ferd. For laquenetta (so the weaker sauce is called) which I apprehended with the offic'd Justice, I keep her as a wench of thy loves sirie, and shall at the least of thy service, bringing her to truth. Those in all compliments of devotion and heart-burning heat of taste.

Don Adriano de Armado.

Ber. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

Ferd. The best, for the worst. But first, What say you to this?

Clown. Sir, I confess the Wench.

Ferd. Did you hear the Proclamation?

Clown. I do confess much of the hearing it; but little of the marking of it.

Ferd. It was proclaimed a yeeres imprisonmente to bee taken with a Wench.

Clown. I was taken with none sir, I was taken with a Damofell.

Ferd. Well, it was proclaimed Damofell.

Clown. This was no Damofell neither sir, shee was a Virgin.

Ferd. It is so hard to bee, for it was proclaimed Virgin.

Clown. If it were, I densie her Virginity. I was taken with a Maid.

Ferd. This Maid will not serve your turns sir.

Clown. This Maid will serve your turns sir.

Kyn. Sir I will pronounce your sentence: You shall fast a week with Branne and water.

Clown. I had rather pray a month with Murton and Porridge.

Kyn. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.

My Lord Zorner, Sir, here is deliver'd o're.

And goe we Lords to put in practice that.

Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

Ber. He lay my head to any good mans hat, These oaths and lawes will proue an idle leone.

Sirra, come on.

Clown. I suffer for the treach sir: for true it is, I was taken with laquenetta, and laquenetta is a true girl, and therefore welcome the fourwce cup of prosperitie, affluence may one day smile again, and vnlcl then fit downe sorrow.

Don Adriano de Armado and Malebe Page.

Arm. Boy, What figure is it when man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Boy. A great figure sir, that he will look sad.

Brad. Why? laquenetta is one and the selle-same thing dear impe.

Boy. No no, O Lord sir no.

Brad. How canst thou part laquenetta and melancholy.

Boy. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough figure.

Brad. Why tough figure? Why tough figure?

Boy. Why tender Insomma; Why tender Insomma?

Brad. I spoke it tender Insomma, as a congruent apatharon appertaining to thy youth days, which we may nominate tender.

Boy. And I tough figure, as an appertinent title to thy old time, which we may name tough.

Brad. Pretty and apt.

Boy. How meanest thou, pretty, and my saying apt?

Brad. Thou pretty because little.

Boy. Little pretty, because little; wherefore apt?

Brad. And therefore apt, because quick.

Boy. Speakest thou this in thy praise Master?

Brad. In thy condition praise.

Boy. I will praise an Eelee with the same praise.

Brad. What that an Eelee is ingenuous.

Boy. That an Eelee is quick.

Brad. I doe say thou act quicke in answers. Thou hast my bloud.

Boy. I am answer'd sir.

Brad. I love not to be crost. (him)

Boy. He speakes the more contrary, crostes I love not.

Brad. I have promis'd to study unto yeeres with the Duke.

Boy. You may doe it in a houre sir.

Brad. Impossible.

Boy. How many is one thiree told?

Brad. I am ill at recking, it fitts the spirit of a Tapster.

Boy. You are a gentleman and a gamester sir.

Brad. I confesse both, they are both the vnrnisme of a compleat man.

Boy. Then I am sure you know how much the grasse fumme of deufs-ace amounts to.

Brad. It doth amount to one more then two.

Boy. Which the base pulgas call three.

Brad. True. Boy, Why sir is this such a piece of flufy?

Now here's three studied, e're you'll thirce wink, & how eafe it is to pur yeres to the world three; and flufy those yeeres in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

Brad. A
Brag. A most fine figure. 
Boy. To praise you a cypher. 
Brag. I will be upon confesse I am in louse: and as it is base for a sollidier to louse: so am I in louse with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection, would deliver me from the repugnate thought of, I would take defile prisoners, and ransom him to any French Couriers for a new des'd curfew. I think for to fight, me think I should out-swear Cupid. Confume me boy, what great men have beare in louse? 
Boy. Hercules master. 
Brag. Most sweete Hercules: more authority deare boy, name more; and sweete my child, let them be men of good reput and carriage. 
Boy. Samsam, master, he was a man of good carriage, great carriage: for he carried the towne-gates on his backe like a porter, and he was in louse. 
Brag. O well-knit Samsam, strong ioysted Samsam; I doe excell thee in my rapiere, as much as thou didst mee in carrying gates. I am in louse too, who was this deare Samsam love my deare master? 
Boy. A woman, master. 
Brag. Of what complexion? 
Boy. Of all the faire, or of the three, or of the two, or of one of the faire. 
Brag. Tell me precisely of what complexion? 
Boy. Of the sea-water Greene fir. 
Brag. Is that one of the faire complexion? 
Boy. As I have read, and the best of them too. 
Brag. Greene indeed is the colour of Lovers: but to have a louse of that colour, methinks Samsam had small reason for it. He freely affected her for her wit. 
Boy. It was so, for she had a Greene wit. 
Brag. My louse is most immaculate white and red. 
Boy. Most immaculate thoughts master, are mask'd under such colours. 
Brag. Define, define, well educated infant. 
Boy. My fathers witte, and my mothers tongue assist mee. 
Brag. Sweet invocation of a childe, most pretty and patheticall. 
Boy. If thee be made of white and red, her faults will bee knowne: for blush-n cheekes by faults are best, and tears by pale white downe: then if she fear, or be to blame, by this you shall not know, for still her cheekes posseffe the same, which marke the doth ove: 
A dangerous time master against the reason of white and red. 
Brag. Is there not a ballet boy, of the king and the beggar? 
Boy. The word was very guilty of such a ballet some three ages since, but I think now'tis not to be found, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune. 
Brag. I will have that subtile newly write one, that I may example my degreffe by some mighty president. Boy. I doe louse, that Country girls that I looke in the Parke with the rational hitte Cofard; she deceives well. 
Boy. To bee whipp'd, and yet a better louse then my master. 
Brag. Sing boy, my spirit grows heavy in louse.
Enter the Prince, of France, with three attending Ladies, and three Lords.

Boyet. Now Madame summon vp your dearest spirits, consider who is the King, your father sends:
To whom he sends, and what's his Embassie.
Your ladyship, held precious in the world's esteem,
To praise with the sole intestution
Of all perfecions that a man may owe,
Marry, Madam, Nature, the plea of no lesse weight.
Then Aquitaine, a Dowrie for a Queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dearest grace,
As Nature was in making Graces desire,
When she did frame the generall world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.
Queen. Good Boyet, my beauty though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourishes of your praise:
Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye,
Not vittled by false tale of champaign tongues.
I am lesse proud to hear you tell my worth,
Then you much willing to be counted wise,
In spending your wit in the praise of mine,
But now to take the tasker, good Boyet.

Prin. You are not ignorant all-telling fame
Doth noisy abroad Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful scourge shall out weare three years.
No woman stay approach his front Court:
Therefore to's freemeth is a needfull course.
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure, and in that behaife,
Bold of your worthinease, we finge you,
With our best moving faire soliter:
Tell him, the daughter of the King of France,
On furious buffo slide, crusing quick despatch.
Importance personal conference with his grace.
Haste, signifie so much while we attend,
Like humble visag'd pusters his high will.

Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I goe. Exit.

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.
Who are the Vorticis of my longing Lords, that are vow'd fellows with this victorious Duke?

Lu. Longuemais is one.

Prin. Know you the man?

1. Lad. I know him Madame at a marriage feast,
betweene L.Persipt and the beauteous heir
Of Turgis. Francebridge solemnized,
In Normandie I wis this Longuemais,
A man of louersigne parts he is esteem'd:
Well fitted in Arts, glorious in Armes:
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The onely yole of his faire ventures glorie,
If venturs goe off, Raine with any fail.
A sharp wit, match'd with too blunt a Will,
Whose edge hath power to cut whole will full wills,
It should none spare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking Lord belike, it be? Lad. They say so, and now he cannot mingle.

Prin. Such scorneful wits do wither as they grow.

2. Lad. The young Domains, a well accomplisht youth.
Ber. I know you did.
Ref. How needlesly was it then to ask the question?
Ber. You must not be so quick.
Ref. It is long of you to put me with such questions.
Ber. Your wisest best speeds too far, 'twill tire.
Ref. Not till it leave the Rider in the place.
Ber. What time a day?
Ref. The horse that loves should ask.
Ber. Now faire fale your masque.
Ref. Fare fill the face it roosters.
Ber. And send you many lovers.
Ref. Amen do you become.
Ber. Nay then will I be gone.
Kim. Madam, your father hence doth intimate,
The paiment of a hundred thousand Crownes
Being but thine half, of an entire summe,
Disbursted by my father in his worrs,
But say that he, for we, as neither haue
Receiv'd that summe; yet there remains unsaid
A hundred thousand more: in fancy of the which
One part of Aquitaine is bound to us,
Although not valued in the monies worth.
If then the King your father will restore
But that one half which is unsatisfied,
We will give up our right in Aquitaine,
And hold our friendship in this Masterpie.
But that it seems but little purposeful
For here he doth demand to have repair,
An hundred thousand Crownes, and not demands
One paiment of a hundred thousand Crownes,
To have his title live in Aquitaine,
Which we much rather had depart withall,
And have the money by our father lent,
Then Aquitaine, so guelded as it is.
Dear Princesse, were not his requests for faire
From reason yielding, your faire selfe should make
A yielding against some reason in my brede,
And goe well satisfied to France again.
Priu. You doe the King my Father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so vaineing to come to receiue
Of that which hath so faithfully beene paid.
Em. I doe protest I never heard of it,
And if you prove it, I repay it backe,
Or yeeld up Aquitaine.
Priu. We arrest your word.
Buyett. you can produce acquestances
For such a summe, from speciall Officers,
Of Charles his Father.
Kim. Satisfie me fro.
Buyett. So please your Grace, the packet is not come
Where that and other specialties are bound,
To morrow you shall have a flight of them.
Kim. If shall suffice me at that encounter.
All liberal reason would I yeeld vore:
Mean time, receive such welcome at my hand.
As Honour, without breach of Honour may
Make tender of, to thy true worthynesse.
You may not come faire Princesse in my gates,
But here without you shall be receiued.
As you shall come faire to be lodg'd in my hearth,
Though to deny'd faire to be lodg'd in my house;
Your owne good thoughts execute me, and farewell,
To morrow we shall visit you againe.

Priu. Sweet health & faire desires content your grace.
Kim. Thy word with it the in every place. Exe.
Dowd with his forme, in his eie pride expresst.  
His tongue all impatient to speake and note, 
Did humble with half his eie-fight to be, 
All faces to that fence did make their repaire, 
To feel onely looking on fairest of faires. 
Methought all his fences were lockt in his eye, 
As Jews in Christall for some Prince to buy. (glaft. 
Who rendring their owne worth from whence they were 
Did point out to buy them along as you past. 
His faces onely margent did coate such amazes, 
That all eies saw his eies incantet with gaze. 
He givel you Aqutinius, and all that is his, 
And you give him for my sake, but one louing Kifte. 
True, Come to our Pavilions, Brua is dipisize. 
Brut. But to speake that in words, which his eies hath disfigued 
I oue hae made a mouth of his eie, (clos'd. 
By adding a tongue, which I know will not lie. 
Lest. Ra. Thou art an old Louse-monger, and speakest skillfully. 
Lest. Ma. He is Capite: Grandfather, and learns news of him. 
Lest. 2. Then was Venus like her mother, for her face 
there is no grim. 
Bey. Do you hear my mad wench? 
Lest. 1. No. 
Bey. What then, do you see? 
Lest. 2. I, our way to be gone. 
Bey. You are too hard for me. 

Actus Tertius.

Enter Braggart and Bey. 

Song.

Bey. Wobble child, make passionate my fenie of hearing. 
Bey. Concolin. 

Bey. Sweet Ayer, go tenderemst of yeares : take 
this Key, give enlargement to the swaine, bring him fa- 
finitely hither: I must imploy him in a letter to my 
Lose. 
Bey. Will you win your lose with a French brasil? 
Bey. How measeft thou, brasing in French? 
Bey. No my complest matter, but to ligge off a tune 
as the tongue end, canst thou with the feste, humour 
it with turning vp your eye: figh a note and fing a note, 
sometime through the throate: if you swallowed lose 
withe finging, lose sometime through: note it if you 
shuff wp lose by sninge lose with your har pethouse- 
lke or the floe of your eies, with your arms crost on 
your thumpel doublet, like a Rabbit on a spig, or your 
hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting, 
and keepenst too long in one tune, but a snip and away: 
these are complements, these are humoures, thes be the 
rare note which would be contrayd without these, and 
make them men of note: do you note men that are 
affected in theire? 

Bey. How hast thou purchased this experience? 
Bey. By the penne of observation. 
Bey. But O, but O, 

Bey. The Hobble-horse is forger. 

But have you not your Lose? 

Bey. A im off I had. 

Bey. Negligent studen, learene her by heart. 

Bey. By heart, and in heart, Bey. 

Bey. And out of heart Matter: all those three I will 
prone. 

Bey. What will thou prone? 

Bey. A man, if I live (and this) by, in, and without, yp- 

gun the instant: by heart you lose her, because your heart 
cannot come by her: in heart you love her, because your 
heart is in love with her: and out of heart you lose her, 
being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her. 
Bey. I am all the three. 
Bey. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all. 
Bey. Fetch hither the Swaine, he must carrie mee a letter. 
Bey. A messaige well sympathis'd, a Herse to be em- 
bassloured for an Ake. 
Bey. Ha, ha, What saist thou? 
Bey. Marrie sir, you must fend the Ake vpon the Horle 
for he is very slow gatet: but I goe. 
Bey. The way is but short, away. 
Bey. As swift as Lead fir. 
Bey. Thy meaning peticel ingenious, is not Lead 
a mortal hazard, shall, and slow? 
Bey. Misnative honet Mather, or rather Mather no. 
Bey. I say Lead is slow. 
Bey. You are too swift fir to say lo. 
Bey. Is that Lead slow which is fir'd from a Gunne? 
Bey. Sweet smoke of Powder, he 
Bey. Repleat me a Cannon, and the Bullet that's he: 
Bey. I choote thee as the Swaine. 
Bey. Thump then, and I flee. 
Bey. A most acute Juemall, voluble and free of grace, 
By thy famous face, Welkin, I must fight in thy face. 
Most rude melancholy! Valour gives thee play: 
My Herald is reun'd.

Enter Page and Clamwise. 

Pag. A wonder Mather, here's a Cofarad broken in a 

Ar. Some origina, some riddle, come, thy Lenay 

Clas. No egma, no riddle, no lenay, no sale, in the 

Pag. Or fis, Plantan, a plaine Plantan : no lenay, no 

Ar. By vertue thou inforcite laughter, thy sillie 
thoughts, my spiceme the beaying of my imagines provokes 
to rediculous writing: O pardon me my storks, dost 
the inconfidente take fake for lenay, and the word lenay 
for a fake? 

Pag. Due the wife thinke them other, is not lenay a 

Ar. No Page, it is an epilogue or discourse to make 

Pag. The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee, 

Ar. Vanill the Goose came out of doore, 

Pag. A good Lenay, ending in the Goose? would you 

Clas. The Bay haif held him a bargaine, a Goose, that's 

flat
SIR, your penny-worth is good, and your Goose be fat.  
To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose;  
Let me be a fat Louse, I that's a fat Goose.  
Ar. Come hither, come hither:  
How did this argument begin?  
Boy. By saying that a Coffard was broken in a shin.  
Then call'd you for the Louse.  
Clown. True, and I for a Plantain:  
Thus came ye to your argument in:  
Then the Boys call Louse, the Goose that you bought,  
And he ended the market.  
Ar. But tell me, how was there a Coffard broken in a shin?  
Pagan. I will tell you faincibly,  
Clown. Thou hast no feeling of it, Meth.  
I will speak to the Louse,  
Coffard coming out, that was safely within,  
Fell over the threshold, and broke his shin.  
Arms. We will take no more of this matter.  
Clown. Tell thee there be more matter in the shin.  
Arms. Sirs, Coffard, I will infranchise thee.  
Clown. O, marry me to one France, I will call some Louse,  
Some Goose in this.  
Arms. By my true foil, I mean, setting thee at liberty.  
Entertaining thy person, thou wast enlarged, restrained, captivated, bound.  
Clown. True, true, and now you will be my purgation,  
And let me loose.  
Arms. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from distress,  
And in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this:  
Bear this significant to the country Made, Iniquities;  
there is remuneration, for the best ward of mine hoists  
is rewarding my dependants. Meth, follow.  
Pagan. Like the sceurr.  
Exit.  
Signet. Coffard adiew.  
Clown. My sincere concord of men steal, my insinuate Jew:  
Now will I look to his remuneration.  
Remuneration. O, that's the Latin word for three-farthings:  
Three-farthings remuneration. What's the price of this yoke? I, do, lie you are remuneration? Why?  
I carry'st it remuneration? Why? It is a fairest name then a French-Crown. I will never buy and fell out of this word.  

Enter Birdwood.  

Ber. O my good kinsman Coffard, exceedingly well met.  
Coffard. Pray you sir, how much Camaroa Ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?  

Ber. What is a remuneration?  
Coffard. Marrie sir, halfpenny farthing.  
Ber. Why then these farthings worth of Silver?  
Coffard. Thank your worship, God be with you.  
Ber. O stay, fellow, I must employ thee.  
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,  
Do one thing for me that I shall intreat thee.  
Clown. When would you have it done so?  
Ber. O this after-moon.  
Clown. Well, I will do it so: Fare you well.  
Ber. O thou knowest not what it is.  
Clown. I shall know it, when I have done it.  
Ber. Why willst thou must know that?  
Clown. I will come to your worship to morrow morning.  

Ber. It must be done this after-moon;  
Haste have it as it this:  
The Prince sets come to hunt here in the Park.

And in her train there is a gentle Lady:  
When tongues speak sweetly, then she pronome her name,  
And Katellie they call her, and ask for her:  
And to her white hand they do commend  
This seal d'yp counfile. Their's thy guerdon: goe.  

Coffard. Garden, O sweetie garden, better then remuneration, a leasomness-farthier better; most sweetie garden. I will doe it so in print: gardon, remuneration.

Ber. O, and I forsooth in lone,  
I that have bene louses whip?  
A verie Bebled to a honesse figh. A Criticke,  
Nay, a night-watch Constable.  
A dominating pedant are the Boy,  
Then whom no mortall so magnificent.  
This wimpled, whyning, purblinde waiward Boy,  
This signor Inex, gyant drawse, don Cupid,  
Reigns of Louse-tymes, Lord of folded armes,  
That amonted foureraigne of sightes and groanes:  
Ledge of all joyesseyes and unceentress:  
Dread Prince of Palaces, King of Conquests.  
Sole Emperor and great general,  
Of roaring Pariaros (O my little heart).  
And to be a Corporal of his field,  
And wear his colours like a Tumblers hoope.  
What? I love, I love a wife,  
A woman that is like a German Cloake,  
Still a rapping, ever out of frame,  
And never going a right, being a Watch.  
But being watchet, that is it still goe right.  
Nay to be pursed, which is worth of all:  
And among these to lose the world of all,  
A whilte wanton, with a welter brow.  
With two pitch bals stucke in her face for eyes,  
And by heauen, one that will doe the deed,  
Though Aym were her Emmuch and her garde.  
And I too figh for her, to watch for her,  
To pray for her, to go to it is a plague.  
That Cupid will impose for my neglect,  
Of his almighty dreadfull little night.  
Well, I will love, write, figh, pray, thus, grone,  
Some men must lose my Lady, and some lone.

A D N Quartus.

Enter the Prince, a Forrester, her Ladies, and her Lords.

Qu. Was that the King that spuri'd his horse so hard, 
Against the steep ebriety of the hill?  
Boy. I know not, but I think it was not he.  
Qu. Who ere a was, a swi'd a mounting minde:  
Well Lords, to day we shall have our dispatch,  
On Saturday we will return to France.  
Then Forrester my Friend, Where is the Bull?  
That we may stand and play the murcherers in?  
For. Hereby upon the edge of yonder Coppice,  
A band where yew may make the fairest shoote.  
Qu. I thank my beatuie, I am faire that shoote,  
And thereupon thou speakest the fairest shoote.  
For. Pardon me Madam, for I meant not so,  
Qu. What, what? First praise me, & then again say no.  

Far. Ye.

Enter the Prince, a Forrester, her Ladies, and her Lords.
Lowe's Labour's lost.

For. Yes Madam face.

Quant. Nay, never paint me now, I desire it is not, paint it on the brow.

For. (good my glasse) take this for telling true.

Quant. False painting in sofe words, is more then due.

For. Nothing but true is that which you intire.

Quant. See, see, my beaute will be fail'd by merits.

O here's in faire, for these days, a guing hand, though faire, shall have faire prais,

But come, the Bow. Now Mercie goes to kill,

And dooing well he then account'd it. Thus I will base my credit in the shoote.

Not wounding, pittie would not let me do:

If wounding, then it was to shew my skill,

That more for pittie, then purpose meant to kill,

And out of question, so it is sometimes:

Glory grows guilt of delited crimes,

When for Fames sake, for prais an outward part,

We bend to, that, the working of the hart.

As I for prais alone now seek to spill,

The poore Deerees blood, that my heart mernes no ill.

Boy. Do not curst words hold that else, forego a signe

Onely for prais sake, when they trie to be

Lords ore their Lords?

Quant. Onely for prais, and prais we may afford,

To any Lady that, duly owes a Lords.

Enter Cleone.

Boy. Here comes a member of the common, wealth.

Cleo. God dig you well, pray you which is the head

Lady. Quant. Thou shal know her fellow, by the rest that have no heads.

Cleo. Which is the greest? Lady, the highest?

Quant. The thickest, and the tallest.

Cleo. The thickest, and the tallest; it is so, truth is truth. And your waite Militia, were as slender as my wit.

One a thief Maidens guides for your waite should be fit. Are you the chiefe woman? You are the thickest here?

Quant. What's your will? What's your will?

Cleo. I have a letter from Montes Berewearne,

To one Lady Reference.

Quant. On thy letter, thy letteridge is a good friend of mine.

Stand a fide good bearer.

Boy. You can cause,

Break up this Capone.

Boy. I am bound to ferue.

This Letter is in forme: it importeth none here:

It is writ to Montes Berewearne.

Quant. We will read it, I sweare.

Break the necks of the Waite, and every one guie care.

Boy. reads.

BY heare, that thou art faire, is most infallible: true

That thou art beauteous, trouth is false, that thou art

lovely: more faire then faire, beautfull then beautious,

true, yet truth it affers hour consideration on thy hero-

call. Vaillall. The magnanimus and most illustreate King

Cephas sette vp the prencious and inbivisible Bergmen: and he it was that might rightly saies Pre-

vall, odes, rives: Which so amoseante in the vulgar,

O base and obstinate vulgar: and witts, He came, and overcame: hee came one; fee, two, couer two, three: Who came to the King. Why did he come to see. Why

did he come to overcome. To whom came he? to the

Begger. What saw he? the Begger. Who overcame he? the Begger. The conclusion is victorie; On whose side? the King; the captive is in tracht. On whose side? the Begger. The catastrophe is a Nutritu on whose side? the King; no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the King for & i am the comparison thou the Berg-


Thus expecting thy reply, I propone my lips on thy loote, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy azure part.

Three in the dearest fleges of endearisse.

Don Adriana de Armaho.

Thus doth thou hear the Nemean Lion roar;

Gamut thee thou Lambe, that fandest that as thy prayer;

Submit not fall thy princely fetche before.

And he thron for rage will incline to play.

But if thou triue (poore foul) what art thou then?

Voyce for his rage, reparture for his den.

Quant. What plumes of feathers is hee that indisc this

Letter? What voice? What Wethercocke? Did you ever hear better?

Boy. I am much decried but I remember the file.

Quant. Elie your memorie is bad, going ere it ere while.

Boy. This Armauno is a Spaniard that keeps here in court

A Phantaime, a Monarchio, and one that makes sport

To the Prince and his Bookes-mates.

Quant. Thou fellow, a word.

Who gave thee this Letter?

Cleo. I told you my Lord,

Quant. To whom should it thou glue it?

Cleo. From my Lord to my Lady.

Quant. From which Lord, to which Lady?

Cleo. From my Lord Berewearne, a good materly of mine.

To a Lady of France, that he callit Reference.

Quant. Then hadst thou taken his letter. Come Lords away.

Here it weare, put vp this, I will be thine another day.

Exit.

Boy. Who is the shoote? Who is the shoote?

Reference. Shall I teach you to know.

Boy. I may contemnt of beautie.

Reference. Why he that beares the Bow. Finely put off.

Boy. My Lady goes to kill horses, but if thou marrie, Hang me by the necke, if horses that yeere miscarrie.

Finely put on.

Reference. Well then, I am the shoeeter.

Boy. And who is your Darke?

Reference. If we choose by the horses, your selfe come not here.

Finely put on interede.

Marie. You full wrangle with her Boyet, and light

skeee at the bow.

Boy. But the other is hit lower:

Hau I hit her now.

Reference. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that

was a man when King Pippin of France was a little boy, at

touching the hit it.

Doy. So may we sure thee with one as old, that

was a woman when Queene Conours of Britanysta was a

little wench, as touching the hit it.
His intelliqce is not replenished, hee is onely an animal, onely touchable in the olde partes: and such barren plants are set before vs, that we thankfull shoulde be: which we taste and feeling, are for those parts that doe fructifie in vs more then he.

For as it would bie me to be vaine, indiscreet, or foole:
So were there a patch set on Learning, to see him in a Schoole.

But some base say I being of an old Fathers minde,
Many can brooke the weather, that lose not the winde.

Dut. You two are book-men: Can you tell by your
 która, what was a month old at Cainer birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dut's one goodman Dut, dut'sima goodman Dut.

Dut. What is dut'sma?

Nath. A title to Plaka, to Lena, to the Moore.

Hol. The Moore was a month old when Adam was
no more,

(Stole.

And wrought not to five weckes when he came to find
Thallution holds in the Exchange.

Dut. 'Tis true indee, the Collusion holds in the
Exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity, I say theallution holds in the
Exchange.

Dut. And I say the pollution holds in the Exchange:
for the Moore is newer but a month old, and I say be
side that, twas a Pricket that the Princeckle kill'd

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you have an extreme word
Ephraim on the death of the Deare, and to humble
the ignorant call'd the Deare, the Princeckle kill'd a

Nath. Prrage, good M. Halsferne, prrage, so is it all
please you to abrogate feculitie.

Hol. I will sometimel affeckt the letter, for it argu
facilit.

The truefull Princeckle sleep't and pricks
apress to pricking Pricket.
Some say a Sure, but an a fore
still our maide fore with houl.

The Doges did at first to Sure,
then Sewell sung from a boughing:
Or Pricket a fore, or else Surell,
the people fall a houlage.
If Sure be sure then all to Sure;
makest seis fore O forell:
Of one fore an hundred makke
by adding but not more.

Nath. A rare talent.

Dut. It is a talent a claw, looke how he claws him
with a talent.

Nath. This is a gift that I have simple, simple,
foolish extravagant spirit, full of figures, figures, ab
ideas, apparitions, motions, revelations. There
are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourish'd in the
womb of primurt, and deliver'd upon the mellowing of
cation: but the gift is good in those in whom it is
acute, and I am thankfull for it.

Hol. Sir, I pratis the Lord for you, and so may my
parishioners, for their Sonses are well u'd by you,
and their Daughters profit very greatly under you: you
are a good member of the common-wealth.

Nath. Me berto, if thet Sonnes be ingenious, they shall
Shall want no instruction, if their Daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But if any who please requisite, a Soule Feminine saluteth vou.

Enter Laugieretta and the CLOWNE.

Laug. God give you good morrow, Master Person.

Nath. Master Person, good morrow! And if one should be perill, Which is the one?

CLOWNE. Master Maries Schooleman, hee that is likest to a hoghhead.

Nath. Of putting a Hoghhead, a good liquor of conceit in a cuphe of Earth, Fie enow for a Flint, Pearle enough for a Swine: his pretie it is well.

CLOWNE. Good Master Person be so good as read mee this Letter, it was given mee by Cawfard, and sent mee from Don Armando: I beseech you read it.

Nath. Faire peace & salutis, quando possums omnis pugne corurans neque, and so forth. Ah good old Massimio, I may speake of thee as the travailer doth of Person, come-ere, at this pheasant, now to subdue and save preference. Old Massimio, old Massimio. Who vnder standeth thee not, we say falsa missa. Vnder pardoner, What are the contents or rather as Horace knew in this. What my loue verus, Hor. Ist, and very learned.

Nath. Let me be a little, a llanos, a verie, Legendario mine.

If Loue make me forsworne, how shall I sweare to loue? Ah neuer faiths could hold, if not to bene a vowed. Though to my selfe forsworne, title He faithfull proue. Tho those thoughts to mee were Okes, to thee the Icers bowed. Sudde his byes leaves, and makes his booke thine eyes. Where all those pleasures line, that Art would comprehend.

If knowledge be the mark, to know the shall suffice. Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee escomend. All ignorant that loue, that feare thee without wonder. Which is to me some praine, that I thy pears admire; Thy eloquent lightning bearer, why voyce thy dreadful thunders.

Which not to anger bente, is musique, and sweet fire. Celestial as thou art, Oh pardon loue this wrong. Thou singst heare praise, with such an earthly tongue. Fed. You finde not the spoide pass, and so milde the amit. Let me imperate the cangene.

Nath. Here are many to be ratificed, but for the elegancy, facility, & golden cadence of pugne of Massimio Nasso was the man. And why in deed Nasso, but for smelling out the odorable flowers of fancie? the lyes of intention imitate is nothing: So doth the Hound his master, the Ape his keeper, the hyede his rider: But Damselfs of yours. Was this directed to you?

Eng. I flie from one mounter Berowe, one of the strange Queenes Lords.

Nath. I well enquire the superfract.

Eng. I flie from the white bands of the most beautiful Lady Roseline. I will entreate againe on the intellect of the Letter, for the nomination of the partic written to the perfon written unto.

Your Ladyships in all desirable employment, Berowe.

Per. Sir twofacer, this berowe is one of the Vottaries with the King, and here he hath framed a Letter to a feuel of the strange Queens, which accidentially, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and goe my sweate; deliever this Paper into the hand of the King, it may concern much: I say not thy complement. I for give thy duest, aude.

Maid. Good Cawfard go with mee.

Sir. God faine your life.

Caw. Have with thee thy girl.

Exit.

Hal. Sir you have done this in the fear of God very religiously: and as a certaine Father faith.

Fed. Sir tell not me of the Father, I do feare colourable colours. But to returne to the Vortes. Did they please you for Nathaniel?

Fed. M. M. M. M. Massimio well for the pen.

Peda. And do I doine to day at the fathers of a certaine Papill of mine, where if (being repaide) shall you please to gratifie the table with a Grace. I will on my prilude which I have with the parents of the forefaire Childre or Papill, vndertake your bene vnderstand, where I will please those Vortes to be very vulerased, neither favouring of Pectoris, Wit, nor Invention. I beseech your Societie.

Nat. And thank you to: for societie (faith the text) is the happinesse of life.

Peda. And certes the text most infallibly concludes it: Sir I do inty me you too, you shall not may me: may as many works.

Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

Exeunt.

Enter Berowe with a Paper in his hand, alone.

Berowe. The King he is hunting the Deere,

I am courting my lilies.

They have pitchte a Foyle, I am soeing in a paper.

They presented it to me, I am afoile.

Fed. You will send me the paper, and to the amit. Let me imperate the cangene.

Nath. Here are any numbers ratificed, but for the elegancy, facility, & golden cadence of pugne of Massimio Nasso was the man. And why in deed Nasso, but for smelling out the odorable flowers of fancie? the lyes of intention imitate is nothing: So doth the Hound his master, the Ape his keeper, the hyede his rider: But Damselfs of yours. Was this directed to you?

Eng. I flie from one mounter Berowe, one of the strange Queenes Lords.

Nath. I well enquire the superfract.

Eng. I flie from the white bands of the most beautiful Lady Roseline. I will entreate againe on the intellect of the Letter, for the nomination of the partic written to the perfon written unto.

Your Ladyships in all desirable employment, Berowe.

Per. Sir twofacer, this berowe is one of the Vottaries with the King, and here he hath framed a Letter to a feuel of the strange Queens, which accidentially, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and goe my sweate; deliever this Paper into the hand of the King, it may concern much: I say not thy complement. I for give thy duest, aude.

Maid. Good Cawfard go with mee.

Sir. God faine your life.

Caw. Have with thee thy girl.

Exit.

Hal. Sir you have done this in the fear of God very religiously: and as a certaine Father faith.

Fed. Sir tell not me of the Father, I do feare colourable colours. But to returne to the Vortes. Did they please you for Nathaniel?

Fed. M. M. M. M. Massimio well for the pen.

Peda. And do I doine to day at the fathers of a certaine Papill of mine, where if (being repaide) shall you please to gratifie the table with a Grace. I will on my prilude which I have with the parents of the forefaire Childre or Papill, vndertake your bene vnderstand, where I will please those Vortes to be very vulerased, neither favouring of Pectoris, Wit, nor Invention. I beseech your Societie.

Nat. And thank you to: for societie (faith the text) is the happinesse of life.

Peda. And certes the text most infallibly concludes it: Sir I do inty me you too, you shall not may me: may as many works.

Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

Exeunt.

Enter Berowe with a Paper in his hand, alone.

Berowe. The King he is hunting the Deere,

I am courting my lilies.

They have pitchte a Foyle, I am soeing in a paper.

They presented it to me, I am afoile.

Fed. You will send me the paper, and to the amit. Let me imperate the cangene.

Nath. Here are any numbers ratificed, but for the elegancy, facility, & golden cadence of pugne of Massimio Nasso was the man. And why in deed Nasso, but for smelling out the odorable flowers of fancie? the lyes of intention imitate is nothing: So doth the Hound his master, the Ape his keeper, the hyede his rider: But Damselfs of yours. Was this directed to you?

Eng. I flie from one mounter Berowe, one of the strange Queenes Lords.

Nath. I well enquire the superfract.

Eng. I flie from the white bands of the most beautiful Lady Roseline. I will entreate againe on the intellect of the Letter, for the nomination of the partic written to the perfon written unto.

Your Ladyships in all desirable employment, Berowe.

Per. Sir twofacer, this berowe is one of the Vottaries with the King, and here he hath framed a Letter to a feuel of the strange Queens, which accidentially, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and goe my sweate; deliever this Paper into the hand of the King, it may concern much: I say not thy complement. I for give thy duest, aude.

Maid. Good Cawfard go with mee.

Sir. God faine your life.

Caw. Have with thee thy girl.

Exit.

Hal. Sir you have done this in the fear of God very religiously: and as a certaine Father faith.

Fed. Sir tell not me of the Father, I do feare colourable colours. But to returne to the Vortes. Did they please you for Nathaniel?

Fed. M. M. M. M. Massimio well for the pen.

Peda. And do I doine to day at the fathers of a certaine Papill of mine, where if (being repaide) shall you please to gratifie the table with a Grace. I will on my prilude which I have with the parents of the forefaire Childre or Papill, vndertake your bene vnderstand, where I will please those Vortes to be very vulerased, neither favouring of Pectoris, Wit, nor Invention. I beseech your Societie.

Nat. And thank you to: for societie (faith the text) is the happinesse of life.

Peda. And certes the text most infallibly concludes it: Sir I do inty me you too, you shall not may me: may as many works.

Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

Exeunt.
But doth not love thy selfe, then thou wilt keepe
My teares for glisse, and fyll make me wepe.
O Queen of Queens, how farre dost thou excel
No thought can thow nor tongue of mortall tell.
How shall she know my griefes? He drop the paper.
Sweet leaues these folly, Who is hee seeing here?

Enter Languish. The King steps aside.
Lan. What Languish, and reading: listen are.
Ber. Now in thy likeness, one more foole appear.
Lan. Ay me, I am forsworne.
Ber. Why he comes in is like a picture, wearing papers.
Lan. In love I hope, sweet fellowship in shame.
Ber. One drunkard loves another of the name,
Lan. Am I the fifth? have been peril'd so? (know)
Ber. I could put thee in comfort, not by two that
Thou wast hee the triumph, she, the corner cap of loTie.
The shape of Loues Tabernacle, that change up simplicitie.
Lan. I leave these hubber lines lack power to move.
O sweet Emarg, Empresse of all Love;
The members will lament, and write in prose.
Ber. O Rime are guards on Charge Cato's hole,
Disguise not his Shop.
Lan. This fame shall goe. He reads the Sonnet.
"Didst not the heav'nly Jovia detract his eye.
Canst? dost thou all the world canst hold argument,
Perduce my heart to thy false passion?"
"Venus for thee breaks the fairest of my pomfret,"
A woman! I forswear, I will presume,
Though being a Goddesse, I forswear not me.
"Alas! was ever man, than also me same.
The grace being said, leaves all deport in me."
"Venus are but breath, and breath a vapour is."
"Then thou faire Sun, which on my earth doth shine,"
"Exult in this vapour, in thee it is."
"If foreign, then it is not mine, mine."
"If by my brokes, what doth seem false."
"To look at earth, to win a Paradise?"
Ber. This is the line, which makes him a deity.
A greene Goddess, Goddesse, pure pure Idolatry.
God amend vs, God amend, let us our otherway.

Enter Dumaine.
Lan. By whom shall I send this (company) Say.
Ber. All hid, all hid, an old intaine play
Like a dense God, here lies in the shade.
And wretched solees secretes heedfully o'ere.
More Sacks to the myl: O heauen I have my wish.
Dumaine transformed, foure Woodcockes in a dight.

Dum. O most divine Kate.
Ber. O most profuse做成 romance.
Dum. By heauen, the wonder of a mortal eye.
Ber. By earth shee is not corporall, there you lie.
Dum. Her Amber, for shee hath amber cored.
Ber. An Amber, coloured Ruben was well noted.
Dum. As virtuous as the Cedar.
Ber. Stoope I say, her shoulder is with child.
Dum. As farre as dawn.
Ber. I saw some dates, but then no name must shine.
Dum. O that I had my wish?
Lan. And I had mine.
Km. And mine too good Lord.
Ber. Alas, no that I had mine! Is not that a good word?
Dum. I would forget her, I would forget her.
Rages in my blynd, and will remember be.
Ber. A Fetter in your blynd, why then incision

Would let her out in Sawers, sweet misprision.
Dum. Once more I read the Ode that I have writ.
Ber. Once more I take how love can vartie Wit.

Dumaine reads his Sonnet.

On a day, alack the day:
Lone, whose month is every day,
Sighed a lostesse passing faire,
Playing in the warmest aire.
Through the veins, leaves the windle,
All serene, can passage smute.
That the Loue sickle to death,
Whyle himselfe the heauen breath:
Ayre (quoth he) thy cheeks may blome,
Ayre, would I might triumph be.
But alacke my hand is wounde,
Nore to playcke thee from thy throne:
Few alcke for yowr innocente,
Touch fo oft to playke a feast.
Dowis or dowe is some so me,
That I am forsworne for thee.
Then for whomis Loue would vartie for,
Ino but an ethere were,
And deme himselfe for Loue.
Turning mortal for thy lone.

This will I end, and something else more please.
That shall expresse my true lous infallig desire,
O would the King, Dumaine and Languish,
Were Louers too, ill to example ill,
Would from my forehand wipe a persue'd note:
For none offend, where all alike doe done.
Lan. Dumaine, thy Loue is faire from charitie.
That in Loues griefe dete loTie.
You may looke pale, but I should bluse I know,
To be ore head, and taken mappenge.
Km. Come sir, you bluse rais his your face is such.
You chide at him, offending twice as much.
You do not lose, Messis I Long sale,
Did neuer Sonnet for her false compell.
Nor ever lay his wreathed armes aswheel.
His loving before, to keep the edge of his heat.
I have brente closely toward in this bush,
And markes you both, and for you both did bluse.
I heard your guilty Rimes, old and your fashion:
Saw thytsekees fetch from you, noted well your passion.
Aye me, fayes one! O loose, the other cries.
On her hairies were Gold, Chiffell all the others eyes.
You would for Paradifie breake Faith and truth,
And loose for your Loue would infringe an oath.
What will someone say when that he shall heare
Faith infringed, which heuiz zeal did smette.
How will he come how will he spend his wis?
How will he triumph, Jespe, and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.
Ber. Now sir, I forth to whip hypocrify.
Ah good my Ledge, I pray thee pardon me.
Good heart, What grace halfe thou thus to reproove
Thesee worried for loosing that art most in love?
Your eyes doe make no couches in your teares.
There is no certaine Princess that appeares.
You'll not be prind, 'tis a hartewfull thing:
Tuth, stone but Mindstrels like of Sonneting.
But are you not sham'd Fary, are you not.
All three of you, to be thus much one that?
You found his Monst, the King your Monst did see
But I amone does find in each of three;
O what a Scene of foolery have I seen;
Of fitches, of groans, of sorrow, and of tears:
O me, with what frail patience have I sat,
To see a King transformed to a Gait
To see great Heroes whipping a Gigge,
And profound Salmons tuning a lygge,
And Nefer play at puff-pin with the boyes,
And Cristly Tyme laugh at idle toys.
Where lies thy griefs? O tell me good Dame Mine
And gentle Langian, where lies thy paine?
And where my Ledges all about the brest:
A Candle bose!
Toot bittar, that is thy left.
Are wee betrayed thus to thy outer-view?
Bar. Not you by me, but I betrayed to you.
I that am honest, I that hold is fame
To break the vow I am ingaged in,
I am betrayed by keeping company
With men, like men of inconstancy.
When shall you see me write a thing in time?
Or gone for love or spent a minutes time,
In prunig mee, when shall you hear that I will praise a hand,
A foot, a face, an eye: a gait, a face, a brow, a breath,
A walle, a legge, a limne.
Kim. Soft, Whither a way to find it?
A true man, or a cheefe, that gallops so?
Bar. I poit from Loure, good Loure let me go.

Enter Langettia and Cloynes.

Lan. God blefe the King.
Kim. What Prellant hath thou there?
Clo. Some certaine treason.
Kim. What makes treason heere?
Clo. Nay it makes nothing fir.
Kim. If there is nothing neither,
The treason and you go in peace away together,
Lan. I beseech your Grace let this Letter be read,
Our persoun mis-doubts it: it was treason he said.
Kim. Berowne, read it over. He reads the Letter.
Kim. Where hadst thou it?
Lan. Of Colfard.
Kim. Where hadst thou it?
Col. Of Duns Adrmead, Duns Adrmead.
Kim. How now, what is in you? why dost thou trust it?
Bar. A toy my Lidge, a toy your grace needs not fear it.
Lan. It did move him to passion, and therefore let's hear it.

Dum. It is Berowe's writing, and here's his name.
Bar. Ay, your horeson loggerhead, you were borne
to doe me shame.
Golly my Lord, guily: I confesse, I confesse.
Kim. What?
Bar. That you three foolees, lack't mee foolse, to make vp the meffe.
Hehe, and you, and you my Lidge, and I,
Are picke-plastes in Loure, and we deterue to die.
O dissemble this audiance, and I shall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is even.
Berowr. True true, we are foure: will these Turtles be gone?
Kim. Hence far away.
Clo. Walk aside the true folk, & let the craytors stay.

Bar. Sweet Lords, sweet Loures, O let us inbrace;
As true we are as steals and bloud can be,
The Sea will ebe and flow, heaven will shew his face:
Young bloud does not obey an old decree,
We cannot croffe the enemie why we are borne;
Therefore of all hands must we be forsworne.
Kim. What, did these rent times shew some lour of thine?

(Roaring.)
Bar. Did they, quoth you? Who fees the heavenly
That (as a rude and stagger man of Inde)
At the first opened of the gorgeous East,
Bowses not his visfahl head, and floes as blind,
Kisses the bate ground with obedient breath,
What peremptory Eagles fighted eye
Dares deoke upon the heauen of her brow,
That is not blinded by her mateitie?

Kim. What zeal, what fume, how inspir'd thee now?
My Loure (her Misfres) is a gracious Moone,
Sire (an attending Sterre) shape some a light.
Bar. My eyes are these no eyes, nor I Berowe.
O, but for my Loure, day would turne to night,
Of all complacions the col'd fonstragny,
Do mee at as a faire in her faire cheek.
Where feurall Worships make one dignity,
Where nothing wanteth, that want it felle doth felle:
Tend mee the flouris of all gentle tonguys.

Pie painted Pherenick, She needs it not,
To things of fale, a sellers praise belongs:
She paffes, then prase too foon doth blott.
A windered Hermite, fustreee winters warme,
Might slacke off fittle, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth warme Age, as if new borne,
And gies the Cutch the Credles infancie.
O'tis the Sunne that makes all things thine.

Kim. By heauen, why Loure is blackes as Ebiont?
Barow. Is Ebiont like her? O word diuin?
A wife of such wood were felicitie.
O who can give an oath? Where is a book?
That I may sweare Beauty doth beauty lacke,
If that the leane not of her eye to looke:
No face is faire that is not full to blacke.

Kim. O paradyse, Blacke is the badge of hell;
The hue of dungeons, and the Schoole of night:
And beauties erst becomes the heauens well.

Bar. Dues do not those spirits of light,
O if it blacke my Ladies bowres be deckt,
It montures, that painting vifuring hair.
Should safth docters with a false speet;
And therefore is the borne to make blacke, faire.
Her favoure turns the faffhon of the dyers,
For true blood is couened painting now:
And therefore red that would souer dypprife,
Paints it felle blacke, to imitate her brow.

Bar. To look like her are Chimny-sweepers blacke.
Lov. And since her time, are Collivers counted bright.
Kim. And Ethiops of their sweet complexion crake.

Bar. Dark meadoes do not Candles now, for dark is light.
Bar. Your mans frets were never come in raine,
For fear there coulours should be wafted away.
Kim. Twere good yours did: for sir to tell you plain,
He finde a fairer face nor waft to day.

Bar. Hee proche his faire, or talk to doome-day here.
Kim. No Dues will not feele thee then so much as flater.

Bar. I never knew man holde vile fluffe to deere.
Lan. Look, here's thy loye, my foot and her face.
Bar. If the streets were paved with thin eyes,
Loves Labour's lost.

Her feet were much too dainty for such tread.

Dame. O vile, then is the guise what outward eyes?
The feet should bear the walk'd owre facing heads.

Kne. But what of this, are we not all in love?

Bess. Nothing, sir, and therby all forsworn.

Kne. Then leave this chat, & good Beruc now proue

Our fouling lawfull, and our faith thou art not come.

Dunn. I cannot there, some fustrecty for this enuil.

Long. O some authority how to proceed,

Some tricks, some quibbles, how to cheat the dull.

Dunn. Some false for pericles.

Bess. 'tis more then need.

Hauce as you then affections men at arms.

Consider what you said I sweare unto;

To seal, to stude, and to see no woman.

Flat treason against the Kingly face of youth.

Say, can you fall your flamstocks are too young;

And allwight inginskiets maytresses.

And where that you have vow'd to stude (Lords)

In that each of you has forworn his Book.

Can you still dream on, and there, and there.

For when would you my Lord, or you, or you

Have found the gound of stude excellance,

Without the beauty of a woman's face;

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive.

They are the Gracious, the Bookes, the Academies.

From whence doth spring so many pure Promethean fire.

Why, winter fall plowing payntions up

The nimble spirits in the arteries,

As motion and long duration tythes.

The snowly vigour of the transaltor.

Now for not looking on a woman's face,

You have in that forworn the vif of eyes:

And stude too, the cvery of your vow.

For where is any Author in the world,

Teaches such beauty as a women's eye.

Learning is but an adjute to our selfe,

And where we are, our Learning likewise.

Then when our fantasies we fee in Ladys eyes,

With our felates,

Doe we not like wise set our learning there?

O we have made a vow to stude, Lords,

And in that vow we have forworn our Bookes:

For when would you (my Lord,) or you, or you

In leeuus contemplation issue found out

Such fire Numbers as the prompting eyes, Of beauties tutors have instrud you with:

Other fine Arts intently keep the brain:

And therefore finding barraine praefachers, Sceare thy wares for all of their beauty toyle.

But Louse still learned in a Ladies eye,

Lines not alone emmed in the braine:

But with the motion of all elements,

Courses as swift as thought in every power,

And glides to every power a double power.

Aoutes their fuctions and their offices.

Rables a precious footing to the eye:

A Louse eyes will gare an Eagle blinde.

A Louse care will share the lowest found.

When the fulpicious head of theft is flipt.

Louse feeling is more soft and tender.

Then are the tender horns of Cockled Snailes.

Louse tongues do proue dainty, Bastus grothe in tafle.

For Valoys, is not: Louse a Heroicke, and charonick.

Still climbing trees in the Hesperides.

Substit as Sphain, as fower and muscull.

As bright Aspidea's Lute, fixtung with his hair.

And when Louse speakes, the viue of all the Gods,

Make heavenes drowne with the harmonie.

Never dun. Poets touch of pen to write,

Vnist his Inke were tempered with Louse s giftes.

Othen his lines would raund fround ages,

And plant in Tyran's milde humiliation.

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive.

They sparcle full the right promethean fire,

They are the Bookes, the Arts, the Academies.

That they, containe, and nourish all the world,

Elfe none at all in ought proues excellent.

Then fooles you were the women to forsware: Or keeping what is forsworne, you will prove foole.

For if a woman do laugh in your face,

Or for Louse fake, a word that lones all men.

Or for Menes fake, the author of thefe Women:

Or Women fake, by whom we may se Men.

Let's once loose our oates to finde our oates,

Or else we loose our felates, to keep our oates.

It is religion to be thus forworne.

For Charity is fette fulfils the Law.

And who can fource loose from Charity.


c

Stem. Capit. then, and Souldiers to the field.

Bess. Advance your standards, & upon them Lords.

Pell mell downe with them: but be first admitt'd.

In conflict that you get the Same of them.

Long. Now to plaine dealing. Lay these gloves by,

Shall we refuse to wste these girtles of France?

Aue. And wste them too: therefore lett vs deuide.

Some entertainment for them in their Tours.

Bess. First from the Park lett vs conduct them thither,

Then homeward every man attach the hand

Of his fine Mistresse, in the afternoone.

We will with some Strange paphone solace them:

Such as the hunte feasting of the time can shape,

For Roasts, Dances, Maskes, and merry hours.

Pore runne faire Louse, frowing her way with flowers.

Aue. Away, away, no time shall be omitted,

That shall be time, and may by vs be fitted.

Bess. Alone, alone forsook Cockell, resist no Comme,

And justice always winnes in equal measure,

Light Wenchers may proue plaques to men forsworne.

If our Coper buyes no better treasur.

Exeunt.

Aequus Quartus.

Enter the Pedant, Curate and Dull.

Pedan. Satuus quid sit seipus?

Curat. I praise God for you sir, your reasons at dinner have beene so sharp & satifaciously pleasant without scrupility, witty without affectation, audacious without impudence, learned without opinion, and strange without heretrix: I did converse this quernand day with a companion of the Kings, who is intublished, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armas.

Ped. Nonne inarum tanquam ivi. His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptorius: his tongue filed, his eye ambitions, his gate majestic, and his person behawour sainctious, and charonick. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too perigrinat, as I may call it.

Curat.
Curtas. A most singular and chaste Epistlara.  
Pedes. He draws out the third of the verb, after the, first then the fulture of his argument. Laid the fitch phantomatical phantoms, such as, invisible and point deceit companions, such jacks of ortragipus, as, to speake dout fine, when he should say doubt, dot, when he should pronounce doubt, be, but to det the deepen a Call Cuite, half, having the bottle, see not, the, behoy, such abracadabra: this is abominable, which he would call abominable, it is, utterance, of infamie; see, interes domine, to make franticck, lunaticke?  
Curat. Lisio is, done so lately.  
Pedes. Come, for what preface, a little startech, his will serue.

Enter Dragges. Dragges.  
Curat. Vitae neque voce?  
Pedes. Vides & gendas?  
Brag. Chirra.  
Pedes. Quies chirra, nostris ?  
Brag. Men of peace well instructed.

Pedes. Mist will stand in Education.  
Brag. They have been at a great feast of Languages, and frolick the feasps.

Clear. O they have lid long on the almes-basket of words. I must say, they have not eaten thee for a word, for though not long by the head as hennorice, bulling-dinneribus: Thou art escheat followed then a slipper upon.

Page. Peace, the sect begins.  
Brag. Monnifer, are you not letterd?

Page. Yes, yes, he teaches boys the Horne-books: What is Abfpield backward with the horn on his head?

Pedes. B, gipes with the horn added.

Page. So most freely Sheppee, with a hornite, you bare his leaning.

Pedes. Qui sunt, ho! Constans?

Page. The last of the five. Vowels if you repeat them, or the lift.

Pedes. I will repeat them. a e i.

Page. The sheep, the other two concludes it ou.

Brag. Now by the fall wave of the mediterraneum, a sweet rushes, a quicke vene we of wit, ship, snip, quick & honeftit; rejoynest my intellect, true wit.

Page. Offered by a child of an olde man which is wit-old.

Pedes. What is the figure? What is the figure?

Page. Horus.

Pedes. Thou disputes like an Inflator; goe whisper thy Gigge.

Page. Lend me your Horne to make one, and I will whisper about your Inflame, omnivora: a gigge of a Cock-olds horne.

Clear. And I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy Ginger breads. Hold, there is the very Remuneration I had of thy Maitriss, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou Pidgeone-egg of disfortion. O the heavens were so pleased, that thou were but my BALLARD! What a joyfull father wouldst thou make mee Gosta, thou hast it dowing, at the fingers ends, as they say.

Pedes. Oh! I fally falle I name, daunger for vongam.

Brag. Artesman prævulabat, we will bee fingled from the babronays. Do you not educate youth at the Chang house; on the top of the Mountains?

Pedes. Or throw the hill.
on the taber to the Worthy, & let them dance the they.


Enter Ladi.

Q. Sweet hearts we shall be rich ere we depart;

If so good a time this plate shall fill.

A Lady walk about with Diamonds: Look you, what I have from the losing King.

Ref. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Q. Nothing but this: yes as much love in Rome,

As would be crammed in a sheet of paper.

Write on both sides the leafs, margent and all,

That he was just to be done on Captains name.

Ref. That was the way to make his godhead wax;

For he hath beene five thousand years a Boy.

Kath. A, and he wrought with happy gale too.

Ref. You'll see he be friends with him, a kind your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy,

And in the end, loved her like you, of such a merrie nimble dancing spirit, she might be a true Grandam ere the died. And so may you: For a light heart lives long.

Ref. What's your darke meaning montee, of this light word?

Kat. A light condition in a beauty darke.

Ref. We need more light to finde your meaning out.

Therefore ile darkly end the argument.

Ref. Look what you do, you do it all in the darke.

Kat. So do not you, for you are a light Wench.

Ref. Indeed I wagh not you, and therefore light.

Kat. You wagh me not, O that's you care not for me.

Ref. Great reason: for past care is past cure.

Q. Well banded both, a sot of Wit well played.

But Reflone, you have a favour too?

Who sent it? and what is it?

Kat. I would you knew.

And if my face were but as fair as yours,

My Favour were as great, he witticke this.

Nay, I have Veres too, I thanke you Brewe,

The numbers true, and were the numbering too.

I were the fairest goddesse on the ground.

I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairies.

Q. Anything else?

Ref. Much in the letters, nothing in the prase.

Kat. Beauteous as Jucce: a good conclusion.

Ref. Faire as text B, in a Coppie book.

Ref. Ware pensifs, how? Let me see thee thy debtor.

My red Domini call, my golden letter.

Q. That you were full of Oes.

A Box of that issue, and I believe all Shrewes.

Kate Katherine, what was sent to you

From faire Damois?

Kat. Madame, this Glove,

Q. Did he not fend you swaine?

Kat. Yes Dame, and moreover.

Same thousand Veres of a faithfull Lover.

A huge translation of hypocrisie.

Vividly compiled, profound similitude.

Mar. This, and these Pearls, to mee Lenguals.

The Letter is too long by halfe a mile.

Do, I think no left. Doth thou wish in heart

The Chaste were longer, and the Letters short.

Mar. Lo, I should these hands might never part.

Q. We are wise girls to mocke our Lovers so.

Ref. They are woful foole, so purchase mocking fo.

That same Brewe, Ile torture ere I go.

O that I knew he were but in by th'weekes,

How I would make him tawne, and begge, and seeke,

And wait the leasion, and observe the times,

And spend his prodigall was in booeles rimes,

And shape his face to be done on Captains name,

And make him proud to make me proud that same.

So persuade like would I relieve his state,

That he should be my fool, and I his face.

Q. None are so freely catcht, when they are catcht.

As Witte turnt a fool, folke in Wifde dace hasth'd

Hath wittious warants, and the helpe of Schoole,

And Wits owne grace to grace a learned fool.

Ref. The bloud of youth burns not with such excelsse,

As gratuities resolve to wantons be.

Mar. Folie in Foole, see not soo strong a note,

As foolery in the Wife, when Wit don't do it.

Since all the power thereof doth apply,

To phrase by Wit, worth in similitude.

Enter Boyet.

Q. Here comes Boyet, and mirth in his face.

Boy. O I am hab'd with laughter. Where's her Grace?

Q. Thy names Boyet I.

Boy. Prepare Madame, prepare.

Arme Wench's arm, ineconders mounted are,

Against your Peace, Love doth approach, diguous'd

Armed in arguments, you'll be surpriz'd.

Murther your Wits, hand in your owne defence,

Or hale your heads like Cowards, and die hence.

Q. Saint Dienne to S. Cypid: What are they

That charge their breath against vs? Say stout say.

Boy. Under the cool shade of a Sycresse,

I thought to close mine eyes some halfe an houre.

When lo to interrupt my purpose drefl,

Toward that shoote I might behold addrest,

The King and his companions warely

1 hole into a neighbour thicke-by,

And out her-here, what you shall one hearer:

That by and by diguous'd they will be here.

Their Herald's a prettie knave of a Page;

That well by heart hath con'd his embassage,

Athon and discreet did they teach him there,

Thus must thou speake, and thus thy body beare.

And ever and anon they made a douls,

Presence maniestall would put him out.

For quoth the King, an Angell must thou see,

Yet fare not thou, but speake subtly.

The Broy I spake, no Angell is not euil.

I should have fear'd her, had she been a devill,

With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the shoulder,

Making the bold wagg'd by their praises bolder.

One shud'd his elbow thus, and hider'd, and swore,

A better speake was never spoake before.

Another with his finger and his thumb,

Cry'd war, we will doo't, come what will come.

The third he esper'd and cried, All goest well.

The fourth turned on the toe, and downe he fell:

With that they all did tumble on the ground,

With such a salsous laughter so profound,

That in this pleane ridiculous appears,

To check their folly passions solemnse tears.

Quere. But what, but what, come they to visit us?

Boy. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,

Like Nymansses, or Nymphans, as I hope;

Their purpose is to passe, to court, and dance,
And every one his Lovers heart will advance,
Who his fawshare Mintique, which they'll know
By famous severall, which they did before.
Queen. And will they for the Gallant shall be taunt?
For Ladies we will easily one be maked,
And not a man of them shall have the grace
Delight suffice, to see a Ladies face.
Hold Reuole, this F Destroy than that were,
And then the King will court thee for his Desire:
Hold, take that thus my sweet, and give the thine,
So shall Aurora take me for Reuole.
And change your fancy too, to shall your Lovers
Woo contrary, deceipt for their remon.
Reuole. Come on there, where the fawshare most is light,
Kath. But in this changing, What is your intent?
Queen. The effect of my intent is to cradle theirs;
They do it in mocking Merriment,
And mocks for mocks is only my intent.
Their floral conquest they yield of some shall,
To Lones mistooke, and to be mock whitish.
Upon the next occasion that we meete,
Whiles Visions display to talk and greete.
Reuole. But shall we dance, if they desire us not?
Queen. No, to the death we shall not moue a foot,
Nor to our pens speech render we no grace:
But while it's spake, eather thine away his face.
Reuole. Why that contempice will kill the keepers heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his pen.
Kath. Therefore I doe it, and I make no doubt,
The rest will ere come in, the be out.
There no such sport, as sport by sport opportunue.
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our owne.
So shall we flay mocking entwined gone,
And they well mock, deep in away with thine. Sound.
Reuole. The Trumpets sound, be maked, the maskers come.

Enter Black, moore with mists, the Boy with a spear,
and the rest of the Lords disguised.

Page. All know the richesse of the beauties on the earth.
Reuole. Beauties no richer than rich Tassia.
Page. A holy power of the fairest dames that ever turn'd
their backs to mortal viewes.
The Ladies turne their backs to him.
Reuole. Then eyes vallue their eyes.
Page. That ever turn'd above eyes to mortal viewes.

Out.
Reuole. True, our indeed.
Page. One of your famours beame is spirits unsuicase.
Reuole. No to beholds.
Page. Once a beholds with your our beamed eyes,
With your beamed eyes.
Reuole. They will not answer to that Epiphyle,
You were best call it Daughter beamed eyes.
Page. They doin mark me, and that brings me out.
Reuole. Is this your mistress, a god your rouge,
Reuole. What would they strangers?
Know their minds' desires.
If they doe speak our language, 'is our will
That some plaine man recount their purposes,
Know what they would.
Reuole. What would you with the Printers?
Reuole. Nothing but peace, and gentle vization,
Reuole. What would they say they?
Qu. Will they return?  
Ros. They will, when the sun is high,  
And when the sun is high, they will  
Therefore return.  
Qu. When?  
Ros. In the summer.  
Lu. How blow? how blow?  
Ros. Speak to bee tender flood.  
Ros. Faire Ladies make, are Roses in their bud?  
Difusart, their damask sweet, commixture showes.  
Are Angels flying clouds, or Roses blowne?  
Qu. Anant perplexities: What shall we do?  
If they return in their own shapes to bee.  
Ros. Good Madam, if by you I be aduertis'd,  
Let me crave them first, as well knowne, as dilig'd.  
Let vs complain to them, what lookes were heart.  
Dilig's like Musconies in shapelesse gresse.  
And wonder what they were, and to what end  
Their hollow showes, and Prolonge wildly p'ted.  
And their rough carriage goe ridiculous,  
Should be prescibed at our Tent to vs.  
Ros. Ladies, withdraw, the gallants are at hand.  
Enact. Whips to our Tentes, as Roses runnes are Lost.  

Enter the King and the rest.  

King. Faire fit, God sue you. Where's the Prince?  
Ros. Gone to her Tent.  

Pleas't is your Majestie command mee any stroke to bee?  
King. That you should me audience for one word.  
Ros. I will, and do will the, I know my Lord.  
Enact. This fellow picket up wit as Pigeons peace.  
And vts it againe, when God doth please.  
He is Wits Poeler, and vntables his Wrist.  
At Wakes, and Wafels, Meetings, Markets, Faires.  
And we that fell by groffe, the Lord doth know.  
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.  
This Gallus spins the Wenches on his kneel.  
Had he his Adam, he had tempted Eve.  
He can cause too, and life: Why this is he.  
That kille away his hand in courteis.  
This is the Ape of Fortune, Monsieur the Parce.  
That when he pleases, Tables, chide the Dice  
In honorable terms: Nay he can sing.  
A meane moyst meony, and in Vibeing  
Mend him who can the Ladies call him friends.  
The fairest as he treats with them, kisses his fire.  
This is the flower that smiles on euerie one.  
To shew his teeth as white as Whores bone.  
And confessions that will not die in debt,  
Pay him the ducat of homstongued Beijts.  
King. A blither on his sweet tongue, with my hart,  
That put Armastes Page out of his part.  

Enter the Ladies.  

Br. See where it comes. Behauour what we're thing.  
Till this mannes thow't it? And what art thou now?  
King. All haile for eet Madam, and faire time of day.  
Qu. Fareing in all Hail, is fowles, I conceiue.  
King. Confirm my speeches better, if you may.  
Qu. Then with me better, I will give you leave.  
King. We came so to you, and purpose now.  
To educe you to our Court, vouche safe is then.  
Qu. This thall thold me, and do hold your word.  
Nor God, nor I, delights in prou'd men.  
King. Rebuke me not for that which you provokes?
The victor of your eie must breake my oath.  
If you say so true, you do say true to me:

For if you say so true, your true grace and faith,
Now by my harte and promise, yet as pure
As the unspotted lilly, I promise;
A world of torments though I should endure,
So much I have a breaking caufe to be
Of heauenly oath, vowe'd with integrity.

You have here in declaration here;
Vouchsafe, vouchsafe, much to our shame.

Not so to my Lord, it is not so I swear.
We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game.
A mire of Ruth, as left here, but of late.

How Madame Russianers?

Q. In truth, my Lord.

Trim gallants, full of Courtship and of state.

Ref. I had spoke true. It is not so to my Lord:
My Lady, to the manner of the daies
In curtsey gives vendering praise.

We foure indeed contented were with foure
In Russianers' habit: Here they layes and bower,
And talked aspace: and in that house (my Lord)
They did not bleffe vs with one happy word,
I dare not call them fooles; but this I thynke,
When they are shrille, fooles would faine have drinke.

This is the time to me. Gentle sweete,
Your wilt makes the thinges of fooleth when we gree.
With eyes best seeing, heaven, faire eie;
By light we lose light in your capacete.
Is of that nature, that so by a base brooke,
Wife things seeme foolishe, and rich things but poore.

This proves you wise and rich: for in my eie
I am a fool, and full of poore.
But that you take what dost to you belong,
It were a fault to mistrust words from my tongue.

O, I am yours and all that I poifie.
All the foole mine.

I cannot give you lefe;
Which of the Vizars what is that you were?
Where's when? What Vizard?
Why demand you this?

There, then, that vizard, that so precious vulous,
That hid the worke, and shew'd the better face.
We are disquieted,
They return to the night.

Let vs confede, and turne to it a self.

A thanke my Lord? Why lookes your Highnesse

Ref. Help me hold his bowse, hee? found why looke

Sea-fieke I think comming from Muscinnie.

Thus pourse the waters downe all for periury.
Can any face of bleffe hold longer one.
Here stand, Lady darst thy skill at me.
Be like with me thence, confound me with a flower.
Swift thy harpe wit quit through my ignorance.
Cure me to pieces with thy keen conceit:
And I will with thee more to dance,
Nor neuer more in Russian habit wait.
Of divers will I truant to speaks pen'd,
Not to thee motion of a Speeches-bones tongue.
Nor neuer come in vizard to my friend,
Nor will in time like a blind-harpers songe,
Taffate phantes, fiken earsmes preste,
Three-pitd Hyperbolyes, spruce affections;

Figures pedantick, these summer flies;
Have browne me full of muggar of offension.
I do forswear them, and I heere profe.
By this white Glowe (how white the white God knowes)
Henceforth my weeping minde shall be exprest
In ruffet yere, and honett kenetie yere.
And to begin Wench, so God helpes me law.
My love to thee is found, fame cracke or flaw.

Ref. Say, say, I pray you.

Yet have a tricke.

Of the old rage, peace with me, I am sick.

I say it by degrees: soft, let vs see,
Write Lord love versus us, on those three.
They are infectid, in their beasts it lies:
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
Theire Lords are visitid, you are not free:
For the Lords tokens on you do I see.

No, they are free that gauve theire tokens to vs.
Our fathers are forset, seek not to vendo vs.
I dare not, for how can this be true,
That you stand forset, being close vs face.

Peace, for I will not have to do with you.
Not shall not, if I do as I intend.

Speak for your selfe, my wite is at an end.

Teach vs to wete Madame, for our rude trans.

getion, some faire excuse.

The fairest is confession.

Were you not heere but even now, disqui'd?

Madam, I was.

And were you well advis'd?

I was fair Madame.

When you then were heere,

What did you whisper in your Ladies ear?

That more then all the world I did respect her?

When then shall challege this, you will relent her.

Upon mine Honor no.

Peace, peace, forbear;

your oath once broke, you face not to forswear.

Defile me when I brake this oath of mine,

I will, and therefore keep it.

What did the Russian whisper in your eare?

Madam, he wove that he did hold me deare,

As precious eye-light, and did value me.

About this World radding thereon more over,

That he would Wed me, or else die my Louer.

God give thee by of him: the Noble Lord
Most honorably doth uphold his word.

What meanes you Madame?

By my life, my troth,

I neuer swore this Ladie such an oth,

By heaven you did; and to confirme it plainy,
you gaued me this: But take it for again.

My Faith and this, the Prince let I did give,

I knew her by this jewell on her fleace.

Pardon me, this Jewell did at eare,

And Lord Bemore (I thank him) is my deare.

What will you hau me, or your Prettie againe?

Neither of either, I remit both waiue.

I see the tricke on'ts: Here was a comers,

Knowing a sort of our torment,

doth ill like Christmas Comedie.

Some carry-tale, some plesseman, some flight Zanie,

Some muscie-newes, some trencher-brothe, from Dick

That smites his cheeke in yeares, and knowes the trick

to make my Lady laugh, when she's dispos'd;
Told our intents before: which once disco\ld\r
The Ladies did change Favour, and then we\r
Following the figures, would but the figures, the\r
Now to our particular, to add more terror,\r
We are again for worse in will and error,\r
Much upon this is: and might not you\r
Foretell our spirits, to make us thus severe?\r
Do you know my Ladies flow by the letter?\r
And laugh upon the apple of her eye?\r
And hand between her back and the fire,\r
Holding a sneaker, feasting in her ear.\r
You put our Page out; go, you are slowed.\r
Die when you will, a milomack shall be your freedow.\r
You were upon me, do you? There's an eie.\r
Wounds like a living sword.\r
Bye. Full merrily hath this brave manager, this career, ere bene run.\r
Berr. Lo, thee is sitting straight. Peace, I save don.

Enter Camus.

Welcome pure wit, thou purest a faire fray.\r
Clo. O Lord sir, they knew none.\r
Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.\r
Berr. What, are there three but three?\r
Clo. No sir, but it is vaine fine,\r
For every one pretends three.\r
Berr. And three times three is nine.\r
Clo. Not so sir, under correction sir, I hope it is not so.\r
You cannot beg, sir, I can assure you sir, we know what we know: I hope sir three times three is nine.\r
Berr. Is not nine.\r
Clo. Under correction sir, we know where till it doth amount.\r
Berr. By loue, I talwe toke three three for nine.\r
Clow. O Lord sir, it were pity you should get your living by reckoning sir.\r
Berr. How much is it?\r
Clo. O Lord sir, the parties themselves are in the sight, sir, will grow where, till it doth amount, for mine owne part, I am (as they say, but to perfect one man in one poore man) Pompy the great sir.\r
Berr. Art thou one of the Worthies?\r
Clo. It pleased them to think me worth of Pompy the great, for mine owne part, I know not the degree of the Worthies, but I am to stand for him.\r
Berr. Go, bid them prepare.\r
Clo. We will tune it finely off sir, we will take some care.\r
King. Berrone, they will shame us:
Let them not approach.\r
Berr. We are in fame-proof my Lord; and if some pel inte, to have one shew worse then the Kings and his companie,\r
King. I say they shall not come.

Qn. Nay my good Lord, let me one-rate you now;\nThat sport best pleaseth, that doth least know how.\nWhere zeal set up to contest, and the contestors\nDied in the Zeal of that which it presents:\nThis fame confounded, makes most fame in mirth,\nWhen great things labouring grace in their birth.
Berr. A right description of our sport my Lord,\n
Enter Braggier.

Brag. Annointed, Timpole to much essence of thy royall sweetbreath, as will vete a brace of words.
Qn. Doth this man serve good?\nBerr. Why ask you this?\nQn. He speaks not like a man of God's making.\nBrag. That's all one my faire sweet heart. Montifich.\nFor I profess, the Schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical.
Too too vaine, too too vaine. But we will put it (as they say) to fortune and devoir. I wish you the peace of mind most royal complection.
King. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies;\nHe pretends Elieor of Troy, the Swaine Pompy the great, the Parish Curate Alexander, Armatures Page, Heracle.\nThe Pedant Indus Machabead: And if these four Worthies in their first threw twice, these four will change habits, and pretend the other fine.
Berr. There is five in the first shew.\r
Km. You are deceived, sir, not so.\r
Berr. The Pedant, the Braggier, the Hedge-Priest, the Fool, and the Boy,\nAbate throw at Novan, and the whole world againe,\nCannot precise out five such, take each one in his vaine.
Km. The shew is under vaine, and here the comic amain.

Enter Pompy.

Clo. I Pompy am.\r
Berr. You lie, you are not he.\r
Clo. I Pompy am.\r
Lg. With Labards hild om one.\r
Berr. Well said old mocker,\nI must needs be friends with thee.\r
Clo. I Pompy am, Pompy forward is the big.\r
Bna. The great.\r
Clo. It is great sir: Pompy forward is the great:\nThat off in field, with Targe and Shild,\ndid make my foe to flinst.\nAnd transaluing along this coast, I have now come by chance,\nAnd lay my Arms before the legs of this great Lade of France.\nIf your Ladyship would say thankes Pompy, I had done.\r
La. Great thankes great Pompy, Clo.\r
Lg. Tis not so much worth: but I hope I was perfect. I made a little fault in great.\r
Berr. My hat to a halfe-pence, Pompy proues the best Worthie.

Enter Curate for Alexander.

Curat. When in the world I lived, I was the worthies Commander.\r
By Earl of North, North and South, I spread my conquering might.\nMy Southern place declars that I am Alexander.\r
Berr. Your name faire no, you are not.\nFor it stands too right.\r
Berr. Your name faileth, no, in this most tender soul-deaking Knight.\r
La. The conqueror is dissuaded:\nProceede good Alexander,\r
Curat. When in the world I lived, I was the worthies Commander.\r
Berr. Most true, 'tis right; you were to Alexander.\r
Clo. Pompey the great.\r
Clo. Your tenants and Coffard.\r
Berr. Take away the conqueror, take away Alexander.\r
Clo. Or, ye olde enbrowne Alexander the conqueror: you will be scrap'd out of the printed cloth for this.
this: your Lion that holds his Pollux firing on a close
foole, will be given to Alcias. He will be the ninth wor-
thire, A Conqueror, and afraid to speake? Runne away
for shame Alcias. There an't shall please you; a foot-
lisht noble man, an honest man, tocke you, & soon dasie.
He is a matchless good neighbour infold, and a very
good Bowler, but for Alcias, alas you see, how it's a
little out-passed. But theee true Wobbeys a comming,
will speak their daure in some other sort. Exit Cn.

Qui. Stand aside good Pompey.

Enter Pechant for Indus, and the Boy for Heronel.

Pch. Great Heronel is prestuned by this Impe,
Whole Club kill'd Carusus that three-headed Ca
And when he was a bafe, a child, a friteping,
Thus did he fraingle Serpents in his Marcos.

Rogues, he feenth him in murderite,

Etta, I come with this Argument,

Keep some shade in thy eay, and stand. Exit Boy.

Pch. Indus! I am.

Dnn. A Judas?

Pch. Not a Javert nor.

Judas I am decyep Machebeus.

Dnn. Indus! Machabean chipt, is plaine Indus.

Ber. A kisling traitor! How art thou proud Indus?

Indus 1 am.

Dnn. The more shame for you Indus.

Pch. What meane you for?

Bo. To make Indus hang himselfe.

Pch. Begin for, you are my elder.

Ber. We will follow'd, Indus was hang'd on an Elder.

Pch. I will not be put out of conveniance.

Bo. Because thou hast no face.

Pch. What is this?

Bo. A Citizen head,

Dnn. The head of a bodkin.

Ber. A death face in a ring.

Lun. The face of an old Roman race, garce scene.

Bri. The pummel of Citer Pauclus.

Dnn. The car'd bone face on a Flaske.

Ber. S. George's halfe checke in a brooch.

Dnn. 1, and in a brooch of Lead.

Ber. I, and worn in the cap of a Toth-drawer.

And now forward, for we have put thee in countenance
Pch. Falle, we have given thee faces.

Bo. But you have out-faced them all.

Bo. And thou wert a Lion, we would do so.

Bo. Therefore as he is, an Affe, let him go:

Bo. To adde sweet Indus. Nay, why don't thou stay?

Ber. For the latter end of his name.

Bo. For the Age to the Indus; give it him. Indus 1 am a-
way.

Ped. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Bo. A light for monsieur Judas, it grows darke, he mayumble.

Qui. Alas poor Machebeus, how hath he beene

Ned. Enter Braggart.

Ped. Hide thy head Achilles, here he comes Hether in

Dnn. Though my meakes come home by me, I will

Ped. Hether was but a Troyan in respect of this.

Bo. But is this Hether?

Bo. I thinke this Hether was not to come timber'd.

Lun. His legge is too big for Hether.


Bo. No, he is drift in the small.

Bo. This cannot be Hether.

Dnn. He's a God or a Painter, for he makes faces.

Bo. The Armipotent, Mars of Wars the almagie,

Dnn. Heeds a gift.

Bo. A gift Nutmegge.

Ber. A Lemmon.

Lun. Snack with Cloues.

Dnn. No cloues.

Lun. Mars in the armipotence of Mars the almagie,

Dnn. Heeds a gift, the here of inflam:

A man so breathes, that certaine he would fight yea

From morne till night, out of his Pavillun.

I am that Flower.

Dnn. That Mint.

Bo. That Cullimine.

Bo. Sweet Lord Longanimity thy tongue.

Lun. I must rather give it the reines: for it summer a-

Dnn. I, and Hethet's a Grey-hound.

Bo. The sweet War-man is dead and rotten.

Bo. Sweet Cheeks, but not the bones of the buried:

Dnn. But I will forward with my deuces;

Dnn. Sweet Royalty beflow on me the face of hearing.

Bo. Enter Hether.

Erio. Speak eunucus Hector, we are much delighted.

Bo. I do adore thy sweet Graces flippes.

Bo. Louis her by the foot.

Dnn. He may not by the yard.

Dnn. This Hether fear's from mounted Hannibal.

The part is gone.

Clt. Fellow Hether, she is gone; she the two months

Clt. What meanest thou?

Clt. Faith wilt thou play the honest Troyan, the

Clt. Doth thou infamize me among Potentates?

Then shalt thou,

Clt. Then shall Hether be wise for Laughetta that

Clt. Hecules trembles.

Clt. Hecules is moused, more Attes more Attes flur

Clt. I, he do it in my shirt.

Dnn. Merciful Pompey.

Clt. Master, let me take you a button hole lower.

Clt. Do you not see Pompey is vancing for the combat; what

mean

Clt. Hecules will challenge him,

Clt. I, he do it in my shirt.

Clt. I will not fight with a sole like a Northern man:

Clt. I will not fight with a pole like a Northern man:

Clt. I will not fight with a pole like a Northern man: I

Dnn. Ronsense for the incensed Worthies.

Clt. He do it in my shirt.

meane you? you will lose your reputation.

Brig. Gentlemen and Souldiers pardon me, I will not combat in my shirt.

Dro. You may not deny it, Pampy hath made the challenge.

Brig. Sweet bloods, I both may, and will.

Ber. What reason have you for it?

Brig. The naked truth of it, I have no shirt, I go wooldward for pence.

Boy. True, and it was injoyed him in Rome for want of linen; since when, I le be sworn, he wore none, but a disuance of sauciness, and that he wearers next his heart for a favour.

Enter a Messenger, Mesier Marcado.

Mar. God save you, Madame.

Qn. Welcome Marcado, but that thou interruptest our merchant.

Marc. I am forcie Madam, for the resoves I bring is beautie in my tongue. The King your father.

Qn. Dead for life.

Mar. Even to. My tale is told.

Ber. Worthies away, the Scene begins to cloud.

Brig. For mine owne part, I breath free breath: I have seene the day of wrong, through the little hole of defertion, and I will right my selfe like a Souldier.

Exit Worthies

Kum. How fare's thy Maiestie?

Qn. Boyer prepare, I will away to night.

Kum. Madame nor so, I do beaten thus you say.

Qn. Prepare I say. I thank you gracious Lords,

For all your faire endeavours and enterprizes:

Out of a new fad-foulse, that you vouchsafe,

In your rich wisedome to excute, or hide,

The liberal opposition of your spirits,

If our boldly we have borne our feloves,

In the countesse of breath (your gentleness,

Was guiltie of it) Farewell worthy Lord:

A beautie heart bears not a humble tongue.

Excute me so, comming to short of thankes,

For my great suitte, so easily obtayned.

Kum. The extreme parts of time, extremenece forms

All cause to the purpose of his freed.

And oftest at his vertue looke doth decide.

That, which long proceece could not arbitrate,

And though the mouinge brow of progenie

Forbid the smiling curese of Loue:

The holy suite which space it would consume,

Yet since such argument was fir'd on foot,

Let not the cloud of sorrow suffiste it.

From what it poues'd: since to waltie friends left,

Is not by much to wholsome profitable,

As to relencey at friends but newly found.

Qn. I understand you not, my greete are double.

Ber. Honest plain words, heft piece the ears of grief.

And by these badges understand the King,

For your faire sakes have we neglected time,

Plaid foulse play with our easies; your beautie Ladies

Hath much deformed vs, fattening our humor.

Even to the opposed end of our intents,

And what in vs hath seem'd ridiculous:

As Loue is full of unfeiting flame,

All wanton as a childle, skipping and vaine.

Form'd by the eie, and therefore like the eie.

Full of swaying shapes, of habits, and of forms

Varying in subiects as the eie doth route,

To waite varied obiect in his glance:

Which partie-coated presence of loose Loue

Put on by vs, if in your heauenely eies,

Hate miscom'd our cashes and granities.

Those heauenely eies that looks into these faults,

Suggesed vs to make: therefore Ladies

Our loue being yours, the error that Loue makes

Is likewise yours. We to our feloves proue false,

By being once false, for euer to be true

To those that make vs both, faire Ladies you.

And even that falihood in it felle a siege,

Thus purifies it felle, and turns it to grace.

Qn. We have received your Letters, full of Loue:

Your Favours, the Ambassadors of Loue.

And in our maidsen counc_else raked them,

At courtship, pleasant left, and curetie,

As bumbast and as living to the time:

But more desowse then these are our respectes.

Haus we not bense, and therefore met your loues.

In their owne fashion, like a mercerement.

Qn. Our letters Madam, shewed much more than left.

Lou. So did our lookes.

Qsn. We did not count them so.

Kum. Now at the lasttminute of the house,

Grant vs your loues.

Qn. A time me thiknesse too short,

To make a world-without-end bargaine in;

No, no my Lord, your Grace is persw'd much,

Full of deare gultiness, and therefore this:

If for my Loue (as there is no doubt cause)

You will do ought, this shall you do for me.

Your oath I will not truth: but go with speed

To some forctome and naked Hermitage,

Remote from all the pleasures of the world;

There lay, vs till the twelve Celestiall Signes

Have brought about their annual reckoning.

If this suffer inscrutable life,

Change not you offer made in heat of blood:

If frosts, and fatts, hard lodginge, and thin weeds

Nip not the gaultie blostomes of your Loue,

But that it bear this trial, and laste long;

Then at the expiration of thee year;

Come challenge me, challenge me by these defets,

And by this Virgin pale, now kissing thine,

I will be thine: and till that infame fruit.

My wofull selfe vp in a mourning house,

Raining the teares of lamentation,

For the remembrance of my Fathers death.

If this thou do deny, let our hands part,

Neither intarled in the others bare.

Kum. If this, or more then this, I would deny,

For to flatter vp these powers of mine with reft,

The sodaine hand of death clofe vp mine eie.

Hence euer then, my heartes in thy breft.

Ber. And what do me my Loue? and what to me?

Qsn. You must be purged too, your sins are rank'd,

You are attaine with faults and pernicious;

Therefore if you favor means to get,

A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never reft,

But seek the wares bed of people sile.

Qn. But what to me my Loue? but what to me?

Kum. A wife is a beare, faire heath, and honestie,

With three-fold loue, I wish you all these three.

Qn. O shall I say, I thank thee gentle wive.

Kum. Not to my Lord, a twelvemonth and a day,
Loves Labour's Lost.

He marke no words that smooth the heart of woe; he say;
When the King doth to his Lady come:
Then if I have much love, I'll sue you home.

_Don._ He kneels the true and faithfully tell then.

_Kat._ Yet swear me, lest ye be forsworn again.

_Lou._ What stays Maria?

_Mari._ At the twelvemonth's end,

_Lou._ He change my blacke Gowne, fora faithful friend.

_Mari._ He stay with patience; but the time is long.

_Lou._ His grace, few taller are so young.

_Mari._ Studies my Ladye's Mbresse, looke on me,

_Ber._ Behold the window of my heart, mine eye;

_Imo._ What humble suit ascendeth thy answer there,

_Don._ I have perhaps of yourn Lord Berowne;

_Ber._ Before I saw you, and the worlda large tongue;

_Imo._ Proclaimes you for a man replete with mooke,

_Don._ Full of compositions, and wounding Rountes;

_Imo._ Which you on all elates will execute,

_Don._ That he within the mite of your wit;

_Ber._ To weed thid Worsted woad from your fastfull braine;

_Don._ With all the frite endour of your wit;

_Ber._ Without the which I am not to be won;

_Imo._ You shall this twelvemonth come from day to day,

_Ber._ Visit the speedelesse flacke, and still corueres;

_Imo._ With groning wretches; and your taste shall be,

_Don._ With all the pained impatient to smle.

_Ber._ To sce wilde laughter in the throat of death?

_Imo._ It cannot be, it is impossible.

_Ber._ Mirth cannot move a soule in agonie.

_Don._ Why that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,

_Ber._ Whereof influence is begt of this longe grace;

_Imo._ Which fain would have gellers grace to fools;

_Don._ A leath prosperities, lies in the eare.

_Imo._ Of him that hears it, never in the tongue.

_Ber._ Of him that makes it: then, if fickle eares,

_Imo._ Deal with the clamors of their owne deare groans;

_Don._ Will have your side fumeys continue then,

_Ber._ And I will have you, and that fault withall,

_Imo._ But if they will not, throw away that spirits,

_Don._ And I shall finde you empey of that fault,

_Ber._ Right joyfull of your reformation.

_Imo._ At twelvemonths Well, be fall what will befall,

_Ber._ Left a twelvemonth in an Hospital.

_Imo._ Sweet my Lord and lo I take my leave.

_King._ No Madam, we will bring you on your way.

_Ber._ Our going doth not end like an old Play;

_Isack._ hath not Gill these Ladies courtsey;

_Might it be made our Sports Comedye.

_Com._ Come sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day;

_Ber._ That's too long for a play.

Enter Braggart.

_Brag._ Sweet Maistrelly voucheface me.

_Que._ Was not that Hector?

_Don._ The worthie Knight of Troy.

_Brag._ I will kille thy royal finger, and take leave.

_I am a Votarie, I have vow'd to Teusinetta to hold the

Finis.

When Daffes pied, and Violets blew,
And Cuckow-buds of yellow hew:
Do paint the Medowes with delight.

The Cuckow then on even tree,
Mockes married men, for thus sings he:
Cuckow.

Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married care.

When Shepards pipe on Gaten straues,
And merry Ladkes are Ploughmans clockes:

When Tortles tread, and Rockes do Dawes,
And Maidens bleach their venom smocks:

The Cuckow then on even tree
Mockes married men; for thus sings he:
Cuckow.

Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married care.

When Innes hang by the wall,
And Dickes the Shepheard blowes his pipe;

And Tom bears Logges into the hall,
And Milke comes frozen home impale;

When blood is nipt, and waies be towele,
Then nightly sings the flaring Owle.

_Tu-whit to-who-

_A merrie note,

While greatie done doth keele the pot.

When all aloud the winde doth blow,
And cowling drownes the Parsons sawe;

And birds in brooding in the snow,
And Murks and nose kneakes red and rawe:

When roasted Crab shift in the bawle,
Then nightly sings the flaring Owle.

_Tu-whit to who-

_A merrie note,

While greatie done doth keele the pot.

_Brag._ The Words of Mercurie,
Are bash'd after the songs of Apollo:

_You that way, we this way._

End of story.
A MIDSOMMER Nights Dreame.

Actus primus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, with others:

Theseus.

Now fair Hippolita, our royal drive home
Draws on aspace: faire happy dayes bring in
Another Moon; but oh, how shee, how slow
This old Moon wanes: shee lingers my desires
Like to a Step-daunger, a Dowager,
Long withthestng out a young mans revery.

Hipp. Faire dayes will quickly dreaume away the time:
And then the Moone, like to a silver bow,
Now best in heaven, thal behold the night
Of our solemnities.

Thee. Go Philippa,
Stirre up the Athenian youth to merrimentes,
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth,
Tune melancholy forth to Funerals:
The pale companion is not for our pompe,
Hippolita, I woe thee with my sword,
And woe the day, doing thee injustice:
But I will weep thee in another key,
With pompe, with triumphs, and with retelling.

Enter Egeus and his daughter Hermia, Lysander, and Demetrius.

Egeus. Happy be Theseus, our renowned Duke.
Theseus. Thanks good Egeus what's the news with thee?
Egeus. Full of vexation, come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.
Stand forth Demetrius,
My Noble Lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.
Stand forth Lysander,
And my gracious Duke,
This man hath bewitched the bofore of my child:
Thus thou, Lysander, thou hast given her times,
And interchanging done tokens with my child:
Thus haft by Moone-light at her window sung,
With taining voice, very oftaining love,
And broke the impression of her fantasie,
With bracelets of thy hairs, rings, gawde, coines, threads, trophies,
Knackes, trille, Noise-gaites, sweet meats (messengers
Of strong persuasion in unhardned youth)

With cunning haft thou stealed my daughters heart,
Tamed her obedience (which is due to me)
To thirborne handfast. And my gracious Duke,
Be to the will not here before your Grace,
Content to marrie with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient priviledge of Athens,
As I am mine, I may dispose of her;
Which (shall be either to this Gentleman,
Or to her death, according to our Law,
Immediately provided in this case.

Thee. What say you Hermia? be advis'd a faire Maid,
To your Father should be a God;
One that compos'd your beauties, yes and one
To whom you are but as a form in wase
By him improved: and within his power,
To change the figure, or disfigure it.

Demetrius is a worthy Gentleman.
Hermia. So is Lysander.
Theseus. In such a cause, wait your fathers royce.
The other must be held the worshiper.
Her. I would my fathers look'd but with my eyes.
These. Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.
Hermia. I do entreat your Grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concerne my modestie.
In such a cause here to pleade my thoughts;
But I believe your Grace, that I may know
The word that may betell me in this case.
If I refuse to wed Demetrius,
These. Either to dye the death, or to obestre.
For enter the society of men,
Therefore sure Hermia question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whicker (if you yeeld not to your fathers choice)
You can endure the horse at a Nanne,
For my to bee in fiery Cloyster now'd,
To liue a barren fitter all your life.
Chanting faire hymnes to the cold fruitlesse Moones,
Tirice blisst they that matter to their blood.
To under go such maiden pilgrimage,
But catherst happy is the Nole diffird,
Then that which withering on the virgin thorne,
Growes, lines, and dies, in fine blest mee.
A Midsummer night's Dreame.

For. So will I grow, so live, so die my Lord,
For I will yield my virgin Patience up
Unto his Lordship, whose unwrinn'd voice
My loue confesses not to give for常ity.

To. Take time to pause, and by the news new Moon
The fealing step between my love and me.
For curulating bond of fellowship:
Upon that day either prepare to dye,
For disobedience to your fathers will,
Or else to wed Demetrius as he would,
Or on Disraeli Alaric to pretend:
For aie, subility, and single life;
Durn. Helen twixt Hermia, and Lysander, yeide

Thy crazed title to myselfe certaine right.

Lyf. You hate your fathers loue, Demetrius;
Let mee have Hermia: do you marry him;
Eggs. Scornful Lysander, true, he hath my loue;
And what is mine, my loue shall render him,
And she is mine, and all my right of her,
To either witt Demetrius.

Lef. I am your Lord, as well deser'd as he,
As well possest: my loue is more then his:
My fortunes every way as fairly ranck'd
(If not with vantage) as Demetrius,
And (which is more then all these heats can be)
I am beloy'd of beautifolds Hermia.
Why should not I the professing my right?
Demetrius, Ile acquit it to his head,
Made love to Ninos daughter, Hellen,
And won her soule: and the (sweet Lady's)dores
Devoutly dores, dores in Tindalry,
Upon that spotted and inconstant man.

To. I must confesse, that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spake thereof:
But being over-full of selfe-affaires,
My munde did lose it. But Demetrius come,
And come Eggs, you shall go with mee,
I have some private schooling for you both.
For you faire Hermia, looke you arm your selfe,
To fit your fancies to your Fathers will;
Or else the Law of Athens yeelds you vp
(Which by no means we may estimatte)
To death, or to a row of single life.
Custome doth require, what clearest my loue?
Demetrius and Eggs go along:
I must impart you in some businesse
Against our nuptiall, and conferre with you.
Of something, necesarily that concerns your fututes.
Eggs. With dute and desire we follow you. Exeunt.

M. Lysander and Hermia.

Lyf. How now my loue? Why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the Roes there do fade so faint?

Her. Behinde for want of raine, which I could well
Bettearme them, from the tempest of mine eyes.

Lyf. For ougle that ever I could read,
Could see a thing by tale or historie,
The course of true loue never did run smooth,
But either it was different in blood.

Her. O croset too high to be eathir'd to loue.

Lyf. Or else mistraith'd, in respect of yeares.

Her. O spight too old to be engag'd to yong.

Lyf. Or else it was on the choice of merrit.

Her. O hell! to choose loue by others eie.

Lyf. Or if there were a sympathy in choise,
Warre, death, or fickness, did lay siege to it;
Making is monemontes, as a found:

Swift as a shadow, short as any dreame,
Briefe as the lightning in the collied night,
That (in a state) vents both heauen and earth;
And createth new, and sepures old, his world;
The lives of dishonour do destroy it vp.
So quicke bright things come to confuscion.

Her. If true Lawes heau'n have bene ever crost,
It stands as an edict in definite:
Then let vs take our truall patience,
Because it is a counterfeit crost.

As heau'n as thoughts, and dreames, and fighes,
Wishes and cares, poor Fancies followers.

Lyf. A good perveruation: therefore here me Hermia,
I have a Widowd Aunt, a dowager,
Or great returnne, and she hath no childe.
From Athens is her house remou'd seven leagues.
And she resists me, as she only imme:
There gentle Hermia, may I marrie thee,
And to that place, the sharpe Athenian Law
Cannot pursue vs. If thou list me, then
Steale forth thy fathers house to morrow night:
And in the wood, a league without the towne,
(Where I did meet thee once with Helen,
To do observance for a month of May.)
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good Lysander,
I swore to thee, by Cypads strongest bow,
By his feast arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicitie of Venus Doues,
By that which knitteth loues, and prospers love,
And by that fire which bum'd the Carthage Queene,
When the false Troyan under faile was scene,
By all the vowes that ever men have broke,
(In number more then ever women spoke)
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To morrow truly will I meete with thee.

Lyf. Kenge promise loue: looke here cometh Helen.

Enter Helen.

Her. God spede the faire Helen, whither away?

Helen. Cry you me faire thereof against the valley,
Demetrius loves you faire: O happy faire!
Your eyes are louden fares, and your tongues sweet syre
More tunable then Lyske to the shears ear,
When wasse is greeene, when hauhorne birds appear,
Sicknesse is catching: O were I so,
Your words I catch, faire Hermia are I go,
My eare should catch your voice, my eye, your eye,
My tongue should catch your tonguest sweet melody,
We're the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest Ile gue be to you transeled.
O teach me how you looke, and with what art
You flow the motion of Demetrius haste.

Her. I bowne upon youm, yet he loues me still,
Helen, O that your foures would teach my smiles
Such skil.

Her. I give him curses, yet he gues me loue.

Helen. O that my prayers could such affect ion move.
Her. The more I hate, the more he followes me.
Helen. The more I loue, the more he hateth me.
Her. His folly Helen is none of mine.
Helen. None but your beauty, wold that fault were mine.
Her. Take comfort: he no more shall see my face.

Lysander and my selfe will flie this place,
Before the time I did Lysander see.

Senn'd Athens like a Paradise to mee.
O then, what graces in my Loue do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven into hell.
Lys. To-morrow night, when Pedagog doth behold
Her Admirable grace in the warre of sole.
Decked with liquid pearl, she blazed so faire
(A time that Louers flight doth full concile)
Through Athens gates, hasted we to steale.
But. And in the wood, where ofen you and I,
Upon fainst Primrose beds, we went to lye,
Emptying our bonomes of their counsell wold:
There my Lysander, and my selfe shall meete,
And hence from Athens twice away our eyes
To seeke new friends and strange companions,
Farwell sweet play-fellow, pray thou for vs,
And good lucke grant thee thy Dominius.
Lys. Keep word Lysander we must starue our fight,
From louers food, till morrow wee awake.

Exeunt Lysander and Hermia.

Lys. I will sing her Hermia Helene adieu,
As you on him, Dominius dothes on you. Exit Lysander.

Hels. How happy come, or else how we can be?
Through Athens I am thought as faire at the.
But what of that? Dominius thinkes not so:
He will not know, what all, but he doth know,
And as he cares, doting on Hermia eyes.
So I, admiring of his qualities:
Things base and Wilde, holding no quantity,
Loue can transport to forme and dignity.
Loue looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is wing'd Cupid pounced blinde.
Nor hath loues mind of any judgment safe:
Wings and no eyes, figure unheedly haste.
And therefore is Loue said to be a child.
Because in choice lieth often beguiled,
As waggit boys in gaine them selues for scarce;
So the boy Loue is period every where.
For ere Dominius look on Hermia eye,
He haid doth outhe that he was onely mine.
And when this Halle some here from Hermia felt,
So he dischold, and out of othes did melt,
I will get tell him of faire Hermia Flights.
Then to the wood will he, to morrow night
Pursue her; and for his intelligence,
I'ld have thanke, it is a desre expence.
But herein meane I to enrich my paine,
To haue his fight thither, and backe again.

Enter Quintus the Carpenter, Swing the Swain, Bottom the Weaver, put the Durers, the sun the Tinker, and Serenading the Taylor.

Quin. Is all our company here?
Bot. You were brest to call them generally, man by man, according to the script.
Qui. Here is the swaron of every mans name, which is thought fit through all Athens, to play in our Emeru-
lude before the Duke and the Dutches, on his wedding day at night.
Bot. Full good Peter Quinque, say what the play treat
on; then read the names of the Actors: and so grow on to a paine.
Louv. Marry our play is the most lamentable Comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thiside.
Bot. A very good piece of work, I knew you, and a
curry. Now good Peter Quinque, call forth your Actors
by the crowne. Masters spread your felours.
Quin. Answere as I call you. Nick Bottome the Weaver.
Bot. Ready; name what part I am for, and proceed.
Quin. You Nick Bottome are set downe for Py-
ramus.
Bot. What is Pyramus, a lover, or anysone?
Quin. A Louer that killing himselfe most gallantly for love.
Bot. That will make some teares in the true performinge of it: I do it, let the audience looke to their eyes.
I will move their faces: it will conclude in some measure.
To the rest yet, my chiefe humour is for a tyrant. I could play Ercole surely, or part take of a Satyr, to make all split the raging Rocks; and thinner Cheeks shall break the locks of prison gates, and Phidias carve shall frisse from farre, and make and move the foolishe Fates.

Exeunt Nick Bottome.

Bot. You are now the rest of the Players. This is Ercole, that is a tyrannic: a souerain is more con-
doling.
Quin. (To a Slave.) Fine Finte the Bellows-mender.
Bot. Hence Peter Quinque.
Quin. You must take this image on you.
Bot. What is this a wondering Knight?
Quin. It is the Lady that Pyramus must love.
Bot. Nay fair, let us now play a woman, I have a beard comming.
Quin. That's all one, you shall play in a Maske, and
you may speake as fast as you will.
Bot. And I may hide my face, let me play Thisbe too:
He speake in a mostmonious; little voice; Thisbe, Thisbe, ah
Pyramus my lover deare, thy Thisbe deare, and Lady deare.

Quin. No no, you must play Pyramus, and Finte, you
Thisbe.
Bot. Well, proceed.
Bot. Robin Serenading the Taylor.
Bot. Hence Peter Quinque.
Quin. Robin Serenading, you must play Thisbe
mother.

Enter the Tinker.

Tou. Thynke the Tinker.
Quin. Hence Peter Quinque.
Quin. You, Pyramus father; myselfe, Thisbe father
Sungge the layne, you the kyngs part: and I hope there
is a play fitted.
Bot. Have you the Liona part written? pray you if
begin time; I am now of holde.
Quin. You may doe it extemposely; for it is nothing
but roaring.
Bot. Let me play the Lyon too, I will roare that I
will doo any mens heart good to heare me. I will roare
that I will make the Duke say, Let him roare againe, let
him roare againe.
Quin. If you should doo it so terribly, you would
fright the Dutcheff and the Ladies, that they would
frische, and that were enouge to hang vs all.
All. That would hang vs every mothers sonne.

Bot. Hence ye friends: if that you should
fright the Ladies out of their Winters, they would
have no more discovery but to hang vs: but I will
agraphe my voyce so, that I will roare you as greatly as
any fucking Dout; I will roare and twere any Nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus, for Py-
rama.
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Enter a Fairy as one doth, and Rubie good-fellow as another.

Rob. How now spirit, where wander you?

Faerie. Over hill, over dale, through bush, through brier, Over park, over pale, through flood, through fire. I do wander euclike where, sweeter then Moons sphere; And I serve the Fairy Queen, to dew her orbs withon the

The Cowslips tall, her perfumes bee, (green) In their gold coats, spots you see,

Thot be Rubies, sainte Louers, In these greene fields, like their sweotes,

I must go seke some eden drops here,

And hang a pearle in every cowslips eare.

Fairwell thou Lob of spirits, Ile be gone,

Our Queen and all her Elusse come here anon,

Rob. The King doth keep his Reuel here to night,

The bed the Queen cometh nor without his sight,

For Ophir is passing fell and wrath,

Because that she, as her attendant, hath

A lovely boy Borne from an Indian King,

She never had so sweet a changeling,

And tisles Ophir would have the childe

Knight of his traine, to grace the Forrests Wilde.

But she (perforce) with holds the loved boy,

Crownes him with flowers, and makes him all her key.

And now they never meete in grove, or greene,

By fountain clear, or spangled star-liue neene,

But they do passe, that all their Elusse see.

Creep into Azure cups and hide them there.

Lee, Fie, I must take thy shape and make you quite,

Of else you are that fawnd and limnate spirit

Cal'd Robin Good-fellow. Are you not bee,

That frights the maides of the Villager,

Skin sike, and sometimes hollow is the queene,

And bootstille make the breathlefe butsile chere,

And sometime make the drinker be scarce barne,

Mislike night-wanderers, laughing at their barme,

Thou that Hobgoblin callest you, and sweet Pucke,

You do their worke, and they shall have good lucke.

Are not you he?

Rob. Thou Speakest right,

I am that mote wanderer of the night

Left to Ophir, and make him solme,

When I a fat and beame-fed horse beguile,

Neighing in likenesse of a sylly foale,

And sometyme lurke I in a Griffith hole,

In very likenesse of a roaste crab.

And when the drinke, against her lips I bob,

And on her withered dewlop pour the Ale,

The wifist Aunt telling the fastile tale,

Sometime for threes-foot fooles, misfakteth me,

Then flit I from her buen, downe topples fire,

And tailour cries, and falls into a coile,

And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe,

And ware in their mirth, and neece, and sweare,

A merrier house was never waitted there.

But rompe Fairy, herre comes Ophir.

Fair. And heere my Mistleit,

Would that he were gone.

Enter the King of Fairies as one doth with his traine,

and the Queen as another doth with bees.

Ob. Ill met by Moone-light,

Proud Tytiana,


I have forsworne his bed and companie.

Ob. Terriestis Waston; am not I thy Lord?

Ob. Yes, I must be thy Lady: but I know

When thou wast Borne from Fairy Land,

And in the shape of Corin fact all day,

Playing upon pipes of Corin, and verie love

To amorous Philida. Why art thou here

Come from the farthest deep of India?

But that forthwith the bounding Ammon

Your busknd Mideat, and your Warrior lone,

To Thebus must be Walled; and you come,

To giue their bed joy and prosperite,

Ob. How canst thou sing for Famous Tytiana,

Glance at my eres, with Euphonia?

Knowing, I know thy love to Thebus.

Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night

From Persian, whom he raffiied?

And make him with faire Eagles breakes his faith

With Arand, and Asia?

Ob. These are the fragtries of teaseloue,

And never since the middle Summers spring

Met vein on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,

By poynted fountain, or by bendy brooke,

Or in the beached margent of the sea,

To dance our ringlets to the whistling Windes,

But with thy bladeis thou hast disturb'd our sport.

Therefore the Windes piping to win in vaine,

As in revenge, hue flack'd up from the sea

Lourious fugises: Which falling in the Land,

Hath errie perty Riuere made to proud,

That they have over-borne their Continents.

The Oxe hath therefore stretched his speake in vaine,

The Poughman left his forest, and the greene Corne

Hath rettled, ere his youth attain'd a beard.

The fold flakes empty in the drowned field,

And Crowes are fassht with the motion flacke.
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

The nine men's Morris is fild vp with mud,
And the queint Mazer in the wanton greene,
For lack of tread are undistinguishable.
The humane mortals want their winter heare,
No night is now with hymne or caroll bled;
Therefore the Moones the goome of Beasts
Pule in her languish, with all the sale;
That Rhinomastick deceases do abound.
And through this distemperate, we see
The leaft after; hoar'd headed farts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson Rose,
And on loft Heate change and lese crowne,
An odiour Chaplet of sweet Sommer buds!
Is as in mockery set. The Sping gone Sommer,
The chilling Autumne, angry Winter change
Their wonted Literes, and the freeze world
By their increase, now knowes not which is which;
And this some propety of fruits.
Comes from our debate, from our diffension,
We see their parents and original.
Oker. Do you amend them? is he in you,
Why should Titania croffe her Oberon?
I do not beg a little changeling boy,
To be my Huntsman.
Qu. Set your heart as rest.
The Fairy land bussy nor the childe of me,
His mother was a Vouette of my Order,
And in the spiced Indian aire, by night
Fall often hath the gollipt by mine eye,
And far with me. Neptunas yellow sands,
Making them banked traders on the flood,
When we have laughd to see the faules conceit,
And grow'd belli'd with the wanton winds;
Which the with prettie and with swimming gate,
Following her womb then rich with my yang iiquete;
Would imitate, and fail upon the Land,
To fetch me triall, and trouble againe.
As from a voyage, rich with merchandize,
But the being mortall, of that boy did die,
And for her sake I doe revere vp her boy,
And for her sake I will not part with him.
Oker. How long within this wood may you stay?
Qu. Purchasing all after 2 before wedding day.
If you will patiently dance in our Round,
And see our Moone light rennels, goe vp vs;
If not, thun me and I will spare your haunts.
Oker. Give me that boy, and I will goe with thee.
Qu. Not for thy Fairy Kingdome. Fairies away;
We shall abide doore night, till morrow day.
Oker. We doe thy way then that not from this grove,
Till I termine thee for this injury,
My gentle Pucke come hither; thou rememberest
Since once I lay upon a promontory,
And heare a Metre made on a Dolphins backe,
Vrnting and sulier and harmonious breech.
That the rude sea-god grew cituell at her long,
And certaine farts that madly from their Spheres,
To heare the Sea-gods musick.
Puck. I remember.
Oker. That very time I lay (butchery could not me)
Flyinge betweene the cold Moone and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd; a certaine sike he trake
At a faire Vertall, throned by the West,
And loo'd his loose shaff from his bowe,
As if shold pierce a hundred thousand hearts,
But I might see young Cupids fiery shaff
For you in my respect are all the world.
Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. He run from thee, and hide me in the brake,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hed. The wild beasts hath not such a heart as you;
Rime when you will, the flower shall be changd:
Apollis flies, and Daphne holds the chafe:
The Duche pursueth Grumius, the mild Hinde
Makes speed to catch the Tygger, Bootlesse speeede,
When cowardlie pursueth, and valour flies.

Demit. I will not stay thy questions, let me go;
Or if thou follow me, do not belieue,
But I shall doe thee mischief in the wood.

Hed. Lit the Temple, in the Towe, and Field
You doe me mischief. Eye Demitris,
Your wrongs doe fall on me:
We cannot fight for lone, as men may doe:
We should be wood'd, and were not made to woe.
I follow thee, and make a heauen of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well.

Oh! Fare thee well nymph ere hee leave this grove,
Thou shalt flie him, and he shall seek thy lost.
Hast thou the flower there? Welcome wanderer.

Enter Puck.

Puck. I, there it is.

Oh! I pray thee gine it mee.
I know a bane where the wilde time blower,
Where Osflips and the nodding Violet groves,
Quite over-canaeped with lucreious woodbine,
With sweet muske rouces, and with Egantain.
Three heepes Tytaniam, sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers, with dances and delight:
And there the fayke throwes her enamelled skinne,
Weld wide enough to rap a Fairy in.
And with the myce of this Ie breake her eyes,
And make her full of barefull fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and feed through this grace:
A sweet Athenian Lady is in love
With a disdainfull youth: amoint his eyes,
But doe it when the next thing he epies,
May be the Lady. Thou shalt know the man,
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Distract it with some care that he may prone
More fond on her, then flye upon her love;
And looke how meet thee mee ere the first Cocke crow.

Pu. Fear not my Lord, your tenant shall do so. Exit.

Enter Queen of Faeries, with her traine.

Que. Come now, see Roundell, and a Fairy song:
Then for the third part of a minute hence.
Some to kill Cankers in the muske rouce bode,
Some were with Remisfe, for their leathern wings,
To make my small Flies costes, and some keepe backe
The clausious Owle that nightly howls and wonders.
As our quiet spirits: Sing me now asleepe,
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

Exit. Song

I am jotted Smokers with doule tangles,
Thynged Vagabongs be not syne,
None: and blinde wrens do no wrong,
Come out were our Faery Queene.
Philomel with martial.

Sing in your sweet Lullaby,
Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby.
Never harme, nor hell, nor harme,
Come our lovely Lullaby.

She good night with Lullaby.

2. Fairy, Woeing Spiders come not here,
Hence you long leg'd Spiders, hence
Beetles blacke aspectus no offence,
Philomel with martial.

1. Fairy, Yence away, now all is well,
One alight, and Centinell.
Shoo sleepe.

Enter Oberon.

Ober. What thou feelest when thou dost wake,
Doest it for thy true Louse take:
Lowsie and languish for his sake.
Be it Ounce, or Carse, or Beare,
Pard, or Boare with bristled haire,
In thine eye that shall appeare,
When thou wakest, it is thy deere,
Wake when some vile thing is neere.

Enter Hillsander and Hermia.

Lys. Faire louse you faint with wandring in these woods,
And to speake truch I have forgot our way.
We'll rest vs Hermia, if you think it good,
And carrie for the comfort of the day.

Herm. Be it so Lysander; find you our bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

Lys. O one turce shall serve as pillow for vs both,
One heart, one bed, two boomes, and one troth.

Herm. Nay good Lysander, let my take my deere,
Lie further off yet, do not lie to neere.

Lys. O take the fayre sweet, of my innocency,
Louse takes the meaning, in loues conference,
I mean that my heart unto yours is knite,
So that but one heart can you make it:
Two boomes interchange with one oath,
So then two boomes, and a single troth.
Then by your side, no bed room me deny,
For lying to, Hermia, I do not lye.

Herm. Lysander riddles very prettily:
Now much beflaw my manners and my pride
If Hermia meant to say, Lysander lied.
But gentle friend, for loute and courtesie
Lie further off, in humane modesty,
Such separation, as may well be said,
Receives a verius batchelor, and a maiday,
So faire be diffant, and good night sweet friend,
Thy louse o'er ater 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, sleepe gine thee all his rest.

Herm. With hale that with the widers eyes be prof.

Enter Puck.

Pu. Through the Forest hue I gone,
But Athenian find I none.
One whole eyes a I might apprope.
This flowers force in turning louse.

Night and silence: who is here?
Weeds of Athenian doth weare.
This is he (my masters name)
Dedidled the Athenian maid.
And here the maiden sleeping found.
For as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the romache brings:
Or as the hercules that men do erounce,
Are hasted most of those that did decline:
So thou, my surfeit, and my hercules,
Of all be hasted; but the most of me:
And all my powers address ye: your love and might,
To honour Helen, and to be her Knight.

Exit. Her. Help me Lyfander, helpe me; do thy best
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breath.
Aye me, for pity, what a dream was here?
Lyfander, look, how I do shake with feare
Me thoughts a serpent eate my heart away,
And yet I find him at his cruel prey.
Lyfander, what comonod d? Lyfander, Lord,
What, out of hearing, gone? No found, no word.
Alack where are you? I speake and you heare?
Speak of all loues: I found almos in feare.
No, then I well perceiue you are not nye,
Either death or you I finde immediately.

Exit.

A Midsummer Night's Dream.
A Midsummer Night's Dreame.

requestest you, or I would estreat you, not to fear, nor to trouble my life for yours: If you think me come hither as a Lyon, it were pity of my life. No, I am no such thing, I am a man as other men are; and there indeed let him name his name, and tell him plainly here is Diggis the lover.

Queen. Well, it shall be so: but there is two hard things, that is, to bring the Moone-ght into a chamber for you know, Piremanus and Thisby mete by Moone-light.

Sn. Doth the Moone shine that might we play our play?

Bess. A Calendar, a Calendar, looke in the Almanack, finds our Moone-shine, finds our Moone-shine.

Enter Puck.

Queen. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bess. Then when may you leave a caliment of the great chamber window (where we play open), and the Moone may shine in at the caliment.

Shakes. For else one must come in with a buss of thorns and a lanthorne, and say he comes to disjure, or to present the perfen of Moone-shine. Then is another thing, we must have a wall in the great Chamber for Pirumus and Thisby (ает the story) did talke through the chink of a wall.

Sn. You can never bring in a wall. What say you?

Bess. Some man or other must present wall, and let him have some Pisser, or some Lame, or some rough cat about him to signifie wall; or let him hold his fingers thus; and through that cranny shall Pirumus and Thisby whilome.

Queen. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit downe every mother sonne, and rehearse your parts.

Pirumus, you begin your when you have spoken your speech, enter into that Brake, and so every one according to his cue.

Shakes. What heven home-spuns have we swaggering here?

So neere the Cradle of the Fairie Queen?

What a Play toward? I lie an audience.

Queen. Speake Pirumus. Thisby stand right.

Pir. Thisby, the flowers of odious fauns sweete.

Queen. Odours, odours.

Pir. Odours fauns sweete.

So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby cleare.

But haue a voice! I say thou but here a while,

And by and by I will to thee appeare.


A stranger Pirumus then are plaied here,

Pir. Must I speake now?

Pir. I marry must you. For you must vnderstand he goes but to see a noyse that he heard, and is to come againe.

Pir. Most radiant Pirumus, most Lilly white of hue,

Of coloure like the red rose on triumphate bryers,

Most briskly busie, and the most loyally lowe,

As true as euer horse, that yet would tenure tyres,

I name thee this Pirumus, as Nineties toome.

Pir. Nineties toome? why, you must not speake that yet; that you must to Pirumus: you speake all your part at once, cues and all. Pirumus enter, your cue is past. It is your tyre.

Pir. Of true as truest horse, that yet would tenure tyres.

O. If I were faire, Thisby I was one tyne.

O. O monstrous. O strange. We are bann'd; pray matters, flye matters, help.

The Chorus all. Exit.

Pir. Ile follow you, Ile lead you about a Round,

Through bogghe, through babbie, through braise, through braise.

Sometimes a horse Ile be, sometimes a hound: (byer,

A hogg, a headleffe berr, sometimes a fire,

And neighe, and barke, and grum, and ore, and burre,

Like horse, hound, hogg, berr, berr, berr, fire, at ev'ry turne. Exit.

Enter Pirumus with the Affe-head.

Bess. Why do they run away? This is a knoarsey of them to make me afraid.

Sn. O Bottom, thou art chang'd: What do I see on thee?

Bess. What do you see? You see an Affe-head of your owne, do you?

Enter Peter Quince.

Pir. Bleste thee Bottom, bleste thee; thou art transfigured.

Bess. I see their knoarsey; this is to make an affe of me,

to fright me if they could, but I will not flye from

this place, do what they can. I will walk vp and downe

here, and I will sing that they shall beare I am not

afraid.

The Woodell cocke, so blake of hew,  
With Oringe rayny ball.

The Throttle, with his nose to true,

The Wren and little quill.

Tyt. What Angel waketh me from my flowery bed?

Bess. The Feast, the Sparrow, and the Larkie,

The plaintive Cuckow grey;

Whole note full many a man doth make,

And dures not enuie may.

For indeede, who would let his wite to so foolish a bird?

Who would give a bird the hey, though be cry Cuckow,

never so?

Tyt. I pray thee gentle mortal, sing again,

Mine ear is much enamoured of thy note;

On the first view to say, to sweare I love thee,

So is mine eie enthrall'd to thy shape,

And thy true virtue force (perforce) doth move me.

Bess. Me-thinks misriffere, you shoulde have little reason for that: and yet to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together, now-adays.

The more the pittie, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends.

Nay, I can gieke upon occasion.

Tyt. Thou art as wise as thou art beautifull.

Bess. Not to neither, but if I had wit enought to get

out of this wood, I haue enought to tisse mine owne

tune.

Tyt. Out of this wood, do not defile to goe,

Thou that remaine here, whether thou wilt or no,

I am a spirit of no common rate: The Sumer full doth tend vpun my face,

And I doe love thee; therefore goe with me,

Ile give thee Fairies to attend on thee;

And thee shall fell thee Jewels from the deepest

And ginge, while thou on prestfyl flowers dost drea.

And I will purge thy mouth with gret new bile,

That thou shalt like to surfe spirituall.

Enter Puck. Holo! Holo! Come, Mischief, Mischief.

Tyt. Be ready, and land, land, land, Where shall we go?
A Midsummer Night's Dream

So at his fight, away his fellowes flye, 
And at our rande, here are one and one preat.
He murtheres cries, and helpe from Athenus cats.
Then shee thus spake, left with their rains they may go.
Made franticke things begin to do them wrong.
For brats and chortes at their apparel shriek:
Some tues, some hackes, from yeelders all things catch,
I led them on in this distracted heare,
And left sweete Piramus tran slate there:
When in that moment, so it came to passe
Tyndall walked, and strait away loud an Aff.
Ob. This falls out better then I could desire;
But haue thou yet, see the Atheniaus eyes,
With the love in ye, as I did bid thee doe it?
Rob. I took him sleepeing (that is sufficient)
And the Athenius woman by his side,
That when he wak, hee turne the miste be eye.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Ob. Stand close, this is the same Athenius.
Rob. This is the woman, but not this the man.
Dem. O why troublest thou him that loves you so?
Lay his breath so bitter on thy bitter face.
Her. Now I but chide, but I should we thee woes.
For thou (I fear) hast given me cause to cry,
If thou hast (as I say) Lyndard in his sleep,
Being once in flowers, plunge in the deeps, and kill me too.
The Sunne was not to true unto the day,
As he to me. Would hee (at length) decay,
From sleeping Hermia! O he believe as done.
This whole earth may be lost, and that the Moone
May through the Center creep, and so dispisse,
Her brethren remorseles, with the Antipode.
It cannot be, but thou hast invited him,
Therefore haue a further looke, to dead, for grim.
Dem. So should the murderer looke, and so should I,
Piered through the heart with thy frenzied cruelty;
Yet you the murderer looks as bright as cleere,
As yeares of Days in her gemminy sphere.
Her. What siths this to Lyndard? where is he?
Ah good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?
Dem. I doo give such a site to my handes.
Her. Out dog, our cursshion drie the bound.
Of mens in patience. Haft thou slaine him then?
Henceforth be never numbered among men.
Oh, once tell true, even for my sake,
Durst thou a lookes upon him, being as wak.
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brute uetle.
Could not a worme, an Adder do so much?
An Adder did it: for with doublet gone
There dines (how fortly) better. Adder thing,
Dem. You spend your passion on a mispainted mood,
I am not guilty of Lyndard 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 it could, what should I get therefore?
Her. Know, knowledge, never to be in warre.
And from thy best presence part I see me no more
Whether be dead or no.
Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vine.
Here therefore for a while I will remaine,
So for heres beauty she doth better growe.
For she was then a flower she doth now growe,
Which now in some fight most for it may pay.
For his tender here I make some stay. 

Oh! What hast thou done? Thou haft mistaken quite
And laid the love joyce on some true loves light:
Of thy mirth, my heart perchance enjoy:
Some true love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.
Yet, that fair rule, that one man holding truth
A million falle, confounding oath on oath.

Oh! About the wood, go swifter then the wind,
And Helena of Athens looke thou finde.
All fancy fickle is and pale of cheer,
With fitches of love, and clouds of heighth cloudes.
By some illusion false thou bring her here,
He charme his eyes against the cloth appears.

Re-enter. I go, I go, looke how I go,
Swifter than arrow from the Taurian bowe.

Oh! Flower of this purple die,
Hit with Cyparissus arciety,
Sink in apple of his eye,
When his true he doth eke it,
Let her shone as gloriously
As the sunne of the sky.
When thou wakst it flie be by,
Beg other for mercie.

Enter Puck.

Puck, Captain of our Fairy band,
Helena is here at hand,
And the youth, mistooke by me,
Pleading for a Louers tee.
Shall we feign our Peasants see?
Lord, what foolest these mortals be.

Oh! Stan astond they see not they look.
We will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck, Then will two at once woe one,
That must needs be faire alone.
And those things doe best please me,
That be all perfecftly

Enter Lysander and Helena.

Lys. Why should you think I should wrooe in scorn?
Somee and derision never comes in tears.
Lookes when I vow, and winter doth come.
In their nature all truth appears.
How can these things in my scene come to you?
Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true.

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more,
When truth kills yobb, and truth doth holy lay.

These vows are Hermia. Will you giue her more?
Weight oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh.
Your letters to her, and me. (out in two (sides)
Will even weight, and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgeme, when I see him wear.

Hel. Not one in my minde, now you give her ore.


Dem. O Helen, goodly nymph, perfect, divine,
To whom my love, shall I compare these eyes,
Chisell'd in muddie. O how fine in show.

The lips, those lifting chyseres, tempting grow.
That pure compasse white sylphs sweetly show.

I fear not, I will walk the stone, that gows.
When thou hold'ft up thy hand. O let not life.
The burnings of pure flame, this flame of life.

Hel. O friege! O friege! I fee you are all here.
To fear not is, for your instrument.
If you were guilt, and knew mistake
You would not do as much injury.

Can you not hate me, as I know you doe,
But you shall injure me in false course of love.
If you are men, men you are grown false.
You would not be a gentle Lady joy.

To vow, and forswear, and superfluous praise,
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are evil, and love Hermia.
And now both Rivals to mocke Helena.
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise.
To contume tears wp in a poore maid's eyes,
With your derision; none of noble sort,
Would I ofkend a Virgin, and extort.
A poore foules patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are vnkind Demetrius, be not so.
For you love Hermia; this you know I know.
And here with all good will, with all my heart.
In Hermia I yield you wip my part.
And yours of Helena, to me bequest.
Whom I do love and will do to my death.

Hel. Never did mockers want more idle breath.

Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia, I will none.
Farewell; I see her, all that love is gone.
My heart to her, but as quick as unlaid, and
And now to Helena I am home return'd,
There to remaine.

Lys. She is not to.

D. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know.
Left to thy peril thou abide it deere.
Looke where thy love come, tender is thy deere.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The rarest more quicke of apprehension makes,
When in doth impair the seeing sense.
It pass the hearing double recompenence.
Those are not by mine eye, Lysander found,
Mine ear (I thank it) brought me to that found.
But why vnkindly didst thou leave me so? (go)

Lys. Why should he say thus whom Lysander didst.

Her. What love could preface Lysander from my side
Lys. Lysander, love (that would not let him but)
Farewell Hermia, who more engilds the night,
Then all on fierie oes, and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? Could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee, made me leave thee so?

Her. You speak not as you thinke; it cannot be.

Hel. See, she is one of this confederacy.
Now I perceive they have confin'd al three,
To fashion this false part in fright of me.
Insurmountable Hermia, most ingratefull said,
Have you confir'd, have you with them conspir'd?
To bite me, with this foul derision?
Is it the counsell, that we two hate this friar
The satisfied weights hours that we have spent,
When we have shed the hally footed time.
For parting vs, is all forgot.

All schooled as friendship, child-hood innocence.
We Hermia, like two Arachnean gods.
Have we in our needles, created both one flower,
Both on one simple stem, having one bud.
Both blossoming, et cetera, in one keeps.
As if our linds, our fides, voices, and minde
Had bene incorporat. So we grew to gether,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet a rich in particolare.
A Midsummer night's Dream.

Hathme, wherefore? O, me, what newes my Louie?

Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?

I am as faire now, as I was ere while.

Since night ye lou'd me yet since night ye left me.

Why then ye left me? (O the gods forbid)

In earnest, shall I say?

Lys. I, by my life;

And never did desire to see thee more.

Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt;

Be certain, nothing true: 'tis no self;

That I doe hate thee, and lose Helena.

Her. O, you sugar, you canker blossom,

You theief of love; What have you come by night,

And stolen my loues heart from him?

Her. Fine y'ath:

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,

No touch of bashfullness? What will you teare

Impatient and full of my soules gentle tongue?

Fie, fie, you coxcomb, you puppet, you.

Her. Puppet? why so? [that way goes the game.

Now I perceive that she was made compare

Between our features, the hath vrg'd her height,

And with her personage, her tall personage.

Her height (forsooth), the hath picciat'd with him.

And are you grown to high in his esteem?

Because I am to dwarge, and to low?

How low am I, thou painted May-pole? Speake,

How low am I? I am not yet so low.

But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Lys. I pray you though you mock me, gentleman,

Let her not hurt me; I was never hurt.

I have no gift at all in fire wither:

I am a right maid for my cowardize;

Let her not strike me; you perhaps may thinke,

Because she is something leaves then my tale,

That I can match her.

Her. Lower? strike again.

Her. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me,

I riermore did lose you Hermia,

Did ever kepe your counsellors, never wronged you,

Sure that in love with Demetrius,

I told him of your fairest vriso this wood.

He followed you, for love I followed him.

But he hath chid 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 address will I bear my folly backe,

And follow you no further. Let me go.

You see how simple, and how found I am.

Her. Why get you gone: who that flatter hinders you?

Her. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind me.

Her. What, with Lysander?

Her. With Demetrius.

Lys. Be not afraid, she shall not harme thee Helena.

Dem. No fir, she shall not, though you take her part.

Her. O when she's angry, she is knee and fire-proof,

She was a whirring when she went to schoole,

And though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little again? Nothing but low and little?

Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?

Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone you dwarfe,

You minimum, of hindering knot-grasse made,

You brus, you scorne.

Her. You are too officious,

In her behalfs this scorces your services.
A Midsummer night's Dream.

Let her alone, she is not of Helena,
Take not her part. For thou dost not intend
Never to taste the sweete of love to her,
Thou liest abide it.

Ly. Now she holds me not,
Now follow it thou darst to try whole right;
Of thine or mine is most in Helena.

Dem. Follow, Nay. He goes with thee checkes by
Note. Exit Lyndard and Demetrius.

Her. You Mistissis, all this cloyse lasting of you,
Nay, goe not backe.

Hel. I will not trust you, I,
Not longer stay in your curtie companie.
Your hands then mine, are quicker for a stay,
My legs are longer through to runne away.

Susan Oberon and Puck.

Ob. This is thy negligence, list thou mislike?
Or else commit it thy lasuries wilfully.

Puck. Beleeue me, King of this house, I muttnote,
Did not you tell me, I should know the man,
By the Athenian garments he hath on?

Ob. And to my noble friend, you be my erie,
That I have no mind to any Athenian eter,
As this thy saying I come to your sport.

Puck. Thou leasest me, gentle Lovers seek a place to fight,
The fairest Wiltkin counter thou anon,
With drooping faces as blacke as Abdon,
And the fairest feast thine selfe so fair,
As one come not within another way,
Like to Lyndard, some time forme thy tongue,
Then thrice Demetrius vp with bitter wrong;
And sometime saile thou like Demetrius;
And from each other looke thou lead them thus,
Till ore their bowres, death-conterfeiting sleepe,
With leaden legs, and darre-wings doth creepe;
Then curtains this head, into Lyndard eie,
Whole liuer hath this vertuous property,
To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eie-balls role with wasted light.

Ob. When they next wake, all this disson
Shall seems a dreame, and frutille vision,
And back to Athens shall the Lovers wend,
With league, whose date till death shall never end.

Puck. That is an aduice do they imply,
Ile to my Queene, and beg her Indian Boy,
And then I will her charmed eie relese.

Ob. From moosters view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My Fairies Lord, this must be done with haste,
For nighte-fowt Dragons curst the Clouds fall fast,
And ander skies Aurora as harbingers,
At whose approach Ghosts wandering here and there,
Troope home to Church-yards; damned spirits all,
That in croues-waies and floodes have buried,
Alarumed to their worme beds are gone;
For fear of death they take their charmes upon,
They will fully thence their skyle from light,
And with full for eie comfort with blacke browe night.

Ob. But as we spirits of another for:
I, with the mornings louchae off made sport,
And like a FORREST the greeneest may tread,
Even till the Balleme grace all finis red,
Opening an NYPE, with thine blest bleed bedes,
Turns into yellow gold, his sate greene dreams.

But notwithstanding busses make no delay
We may effect this businesse, yet ere day.

Puck. Vp and downe, vp and downe, I will ledger
Them vp and downe: I am lead in field and towne:
Goblins, lead them vp and downe; here comes one.

Enter Lyndard.

Ly. Where art thou, proud Demetrius?
Spakes thou now.

Rob. Here villain, drawne & readie. Where art thou?
Ly. I will be with thee straighte.

Ob. Follow me then to plaine ground.

Enter Demetrius.

Ly. Follows me again.

Ob. Thou runnaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Spake in some bufls: Where dost thou hide thy head?

Rob. Thou coward, art thou braggling to the hars,
Telling the buffets that thou lookst for wars,
And wilt not come? Come recreant, come thou child.
Ie whip thee with a rod. He is del'd.

That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea, art thou there?

Ob. Follow my voice, I'ye try no manhood here. Ob.

Ly. He goes before me, and till I am,.

Ob. When I come where he calls, then he's gone.

Enter Demetrius.

Ob. He, ha, ha, coward, why canst thou not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou darest. For well I wot,
Thou runnest before me, flieting every place,
And dar I not stand, nor looke me in the face.

Ob. Where art thou?

Rob. Come hither, I am here.

Dem. Nay then thou meek't me; thou shalt buy this deed.

Ob. If ever I thy face by day-light see,
Now goe thy way: I am no longer conterfeite me,
To measure out my length on this cold bed,
By dates approach loose to be visited.

Enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abase thy hours, these comforts from the East,
That I may backe to Athens by day-light.

Enter Lysander, if they means a fraye.

Ob. Yet but three! Come one more,
Two of both kindes makes vp foure.
Here she comes, curtie and lad,
Cupid is a knaife lad.

Enter Hermia.

Thus to make poor females mad.

Her. Never so weare, neuer so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torne with brims,
I can no furthur crawl, no furthur goe;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I tell thee the brake of day,
Heavens a shield Lysander, if they means a fraye.

Rob. On the ground sleepes found,

Ob. Use thy ele gentile lourer, remedy:
When thou wakst, thou takst.

True delight in the sight of thy former Ladies eye.
A Midsummer Night's Dream

And the Country Proverbs known.
That every man should take his work,
In your walking shall be flower.
Lack shall have left, morn shall be ill,
The man shall have his Marie again, and all shall be well.

They sing ad lib.

Actus Quatrus.

Enter Queen of Fairy, and Charmian, and Fairy, and the King behind them.

Tit. Come, fit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy smaille cheake doe toy,
And hicke meuste royce in thy sleeke buled head,
And kisse thy faire large eare, my gentle joy.

Clow. Where's Pomfrett thus?

Pro. Ready.

Close touch my head, Pomfrett thus. Where's his Moun-
feuer Cobbe.

Cob. Ready.

Clow. Mounfeuer Cobbe, good Mouneer put your 
weapons in your hand, & kiss me a roat hipt humble bee,
on the top of a thistle, & good Mounfeuer bring me 
the honie bag. Doe nor fret your selle too much in 
the action, Mounfeuer, & good Mounfeuer have a care 
the honie bag break not, I would be lost to have you over-
flowne with a honie-bag signification. Where's Mounfeuer 
Mouthardised?

Mof. Ready.

Ob. Give me your nesse, Mounfeuer Mouthardised.
Pray you leave your courtesie good Mounfeuer.

Mof. What's your will?

Ob. Nothing good Mounfeuer, but to help Cautley Cobbe to scratch. I must to the Barbers Mounfeuer, for 
me-thinks I am marvellous faint about the face. And I 
imagine a tender withe, if my hair do play tike me, I will 
scratch.

Tita. What wilt thou have some musicke, my sweet 
love?

Clow. I have a reasonable good ear in musicke. Let vs 
have the songs and the bower.

Musick. Thus, thus, thus, thus.

Tita. Or say sweete Lones, wise thou destitute to eat.

Clow. Try me a pecke of Prouender; I could munch 
your good dry Dates. Me-thinks I have a great desire 
to a bottle of hony: good hony, sweete hony hath no 
love.

Tita. I have a venturous Fairy, 
That shall secke the Squirrels bower,
And fetch thee new Nuts.

Clow. I had rather have a handfull or two of dried 
pease. But I pray you let none of your people trouble me, I 
have an expedition of sleepe come upon me.

Tita. Sleepe thou, and I will winde thee in my arms,
Fairies be gone, and be always away.
So doth the woodbine, the sweet Honickfleece,
Gently entwists the female lay to
Entwists the bawdy fingers of the Elme.

O how I love thee! how I date on thee!

Enter Robin goodfellow and Oberon.

Ob. Welcome good Robin.
Seest thou this sweet figure? 
Her dace my soul doth begin to pity.
For meeting her at last behinde the wood, 
Seeking sweet London for this lastfull fools,
I did upbraid her, and fell out with her.
For the his fairy temples ther had rondled, 
With corone of fresh and fragrant flowers.
And that same dew which fonitime on the bude,
Was wont to swell like round and orient perries;
Stood now within the pretty flowers eyes,
Like tears that did the owre discipline besides.
When I had at my pleasure tamed her,
And she in mide terme beg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her, her changeling child,
Which straight she gave me, and her Fairy sent 
To heare him to my Bowre in Fairy Land.
And now I have the boy, I will vnder:
This hatrefull imperfection of her eyes,
And gentle Pinke, take this transformed Raleigh,
From of the head of this Ashen swaine:
That he wakkeing when the other dow,
May all to Ashen back againe repair,
And thinke no more of this nights accidents.
But first I will release the Fairy Quene,

Be thou as them most wont to be,
See as thou wilt want to see.
Ditzy bad, or Condy flower,
Hath such force and blessed power.

Now my Titania wake you my sweet Quene.

Tit. My Oberon, what visours have I senne!
Me-thinks I was enamoured of an Aife,
O. Where let your love.

Tit. How came their things to passe?
Oh, how mine eyes doth loath this village now!
O. Silence a while. Robin take off his head:
Titania, mufick call, and strike more sad
Thus commen flees: of all these, fine the foot.

Tit. Mufick, be mufick, such as charne with sleepes,

Musick. Thus, thus, thus.

Ob. When thou waketh, with thine owne folies cast 
peere,

O. Sound musick, come my Queen, take hands with 
And rocke the ground whereas heeke it openes be.

Now thou and I are new in amity,
And will to morrow midnight, solemnly
Dance in Duke Theseus house triumphantely,

And blisse to all faire pereverie,
There shall the paires of faithful Lovers be.

Wedded, with Theseus, all in lofely,

Ob. Faire King attend, and marde,

I doe hear the morning Lark.

Ob. Then my Queen in silence sat,
Trip we after the nights shade;

The Globe can compasse soone.
Swift then the wandering Mouse.

Tit. Come my Lord, and in our flightes,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found,

Sleepi pi la se
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

With these mortals on the ground.

Enter Theseus, Egeus, Hippolyta, and all their train.

Thes. Go one of you, and find out the Forrester.

For our owne purification is performed.

And since we haue the vaward of the day.

My Lord shall hear the musicke of my hounds.

Vouchsafed in the Welford valley, let them go.

Diaspatch I say, and finde the Forrester.

We will make Queen, up, to the Mountains top.

And mark the fantastical division
Of hounds and hoots in confusion.

Hipp. I was with Hercules and Calamides once.

When in a wood of Ptelea they bayed the Bear.

With hounds of Sparce, nether did I hear.

Such gallant chiding, farst the greatest.

The skies, the fountaines, every region there.

Scene at one momentary. I never heard.

So staid a discord, such sweet thunder.

Thes. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kinde.

So few'd, so fanned, and their heads are hung.

With ears that sweep away the morning dew,

Crooked kneed, and dew-laps, like Thracian Bells.

Slow in puffing, but taught in mouth like bells.

Each under each. A cry more tuneable.

Was never hallowed to, nor cheer'd with horse.

In Cretan, in Sparta, nor in Thesus's:

Judge when you heart. But loth, what nimphs are these.

Egeus. My Lord, this is my daughter here sleepe.

Egeus. My Lord, this is Demetrius.

This Helena, old Nymphs Helena.

I wonder of this being here toegther.

Tho. No doubt they rote vp early, to obserue.

The right of May, and hearing our intent.

Came here in grace of our solemnity.

But speake Egeus, is not this the day

That Hermia should goe anwer of her choice?

Egeus. It is, my Lord.

Thes. Go bid the band of men wake them with their hornes.

Hermes and they wake.

Show within, they all flatter vp.

Thes. Good morrow friends! Saint Valentine is past,

Begin these woode birds but to couple now.

Lyf. Pardon my Lord.

Thes. I pray you all stand vp.

I know you two are Rival enemies.

How comes this gentle concert in the world.

That hatred is so to farre from inconstancy.

To sleep by fate, and fate no enemis.

Lyf. My Lord, I shall reply amazely.

Haffe sleep, haffe waking. But as yet, I sleepere.

I cannot truly say how I came here.

But as I thinke (for truly would I speake)

And now I doe beseeche 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.

Ege. Enough, enough, my Lord: you have enough;

I beg the Law, the Law, upon his head:

They would have foise away, they would Demetrius,

Thereby to have defated you and me:

You of your wife, and me of my consort.

Of my confederate, that should be your wife.

Dem. My Lord, faire Helois told me of their Health.

Of this the purpos that, of this woode.
Actus Quintus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus and his Lords.

Ege. This strange my Theseus, these mylour speaks of. Thee more strange then true. I never saw beleue These antick fables, nor the Fairy toyes, Lovers and mad men haste in feathing braines, Such depring phantastick, that appeare more Then Cooke reason ever comprehends. The Lunaticke, the Louter, and the Poet, Are of imagination all compasse. One sees more ditties then verses fell can hold; That is the mad man. The Louter, all as frantick, Sees Helen beautie in a browe of Egypt. The Poets eye in a fine frenzy rolling, doth glance From heavenes to earth, from earth to heavenes, And as imagination bodith the forms of things Unknowne; the Poets pen turns them to fantaies, And gives to airy nothing, a local habitation, And a name. Such tricks hath strong imagination,

That if it would but apprehend some joy, It comprehends some bunter of that joy. Or in the night, imagining some fear, How esse is a bushe suppos'd a Bear? Hipp. But all the flower of the night told oer, And all their minds transfug'd do together, More wit in trash then fancie images, And groves to somthing of great constancie; But howeouer, strange and admirable.

Enter Theseus, Egeus, Demetrius, Herme, and Helena.

These come the lovers, full of joy and mirth To joy, gentle friends, and refresh thy souls Of house accompany your hearts.

Ege. More then ove, warie in your royall vallies, your board, your bed.

These. Come now, what marks, what dances shall we have, To ware away this long age of three hours, Between our after supper, and bed-time? Where is our visuel manager of mirth? What Revels are in hand? Is there no play, To excite the anguish of a torturing heart?

Call Egeus.

Ege. Heere mighty Theseus.

These. Say, what abridgement have you for this evening? What marks? What musicke? How shall we beguile The late time, if not with some delight?

Ege. There is a Breeze how many sports are ripe Make choise of which your Highnes will see first.

Lys. The bavell with the Centaurs to be sung By an Athenian Emanc, to the Harpe.

These. Wee none of that. That have I told my Lute In glory of my kinman Hercules.

Lys. The riot of the pipe Bacchus, Tearing the Thristian spring, in their rage.

These. That is an old deuite, and it was plaid When from Thebes came last a Conqueror,

Lys. The thrice three Muses, mourning for the death Of leaning, late destroyed in beggiscene.

These. That is some ancient scene and critical, Not forspitten with a rare ceremonial.

Lys. A tedious briefe scene of young Perseus, And his bride These; very tragical mirth.

These. Merrie and tragical? Tedious, and brife? That is, hot ice, and wonderful strange fowle. How shall we finde the concord of this discord?

Ege. A play there is, my Lord, some ten words long, Which is a briefe, as I have knowne a play; But by ten words, my Lord, it is too long; Which makes it tedious. For in all the play, There is not one word apt, one Player fitted. And tragical my noble Lord it is for Perseus: Therein doth kill his life. Which when I saw Rehearsed, I must confesse, made mine eyes water: But more merrie scenes, the passion of loud laughter Never fled.

These. What are they that do play it?

Ege. Hard handed men, that work in Athens here, Which neither labour'd in their minde till now; And now have roysted their unbreathed memories With this same play, against your supplication.

These. And we will hear it.
Enter the Prologue.

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To this our simple skill.
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then, we come but in delight.
We do not come, as thinking to convince you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not here. That you should here repent you,
The Actors are at hand; and by their show,
You shall know all, that you are like to know.

Thos. This fellow doth not stand upon points.
Lyf. He hath hid his Prologue, like a rough Colt: he knows not the fap. A good marow my Lord. It is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Thos. Indeed hee hath plaid on his Prologue, like a child on a Recorder, a sound, but not in government.

Thos. His speech was like a tangled chaine nothing impaired, but all disorderred. Who is next?

Enter Pyramus and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, and Lyon.

Pro. Gentles, peradventure you wonder at this show,
But wonder on, till truth make all things plaine.
This man is Pyramus, if you would know it,
This beauteous Lady, Thisbe is certaine,
This man, with lyone and rough-call, doth profess
Well, that vile wall, which did these lovers hinder:
And through walls chink, their content
To whisper. At the which, let no man wonder,
This man, with Lanthorne dog, and bath of thorne,
Prefethcho moone-shine. For if you will know,
By moonshine did thence the Lovers thynke no noome.
To meet at Noon in roome, there, there to woe:

This gucye beast (which lyone hight by name)
The trusty Thosby, coming first by night,
Did sheare away, or rather did atinge:
And as she fled, her mantle she did fall:
Which lyone with bloody mouth did claine,
Anne comes Pyramus, sweet youth and talle.
And findes his Thisbe Manasse flame.
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blunted blade,
He bravely brought his boiling bloody breath,
And Thosby, tarrying in Mulberry baste,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let Lyon, Moonshine, Pyrame, and Lovers awake,
At large discourse, while here they doe remaine.
Exit all but Thos.

Thos. I wonder if the Lion be to speake.

Deme. No wonder, my Lord: one Lionnay, when many Alexes doe.

Exit Lyon, Thosby, and Moonshine.

Wall. This same Interlude, doth behold
That I, these Sone (by name) present a wall.
And such a wall, as I would have you think,
That haide it in a crammed hole or chinkie.
Through which the Lovers, Pyramus and Thisbe
Did whisper often, very secretly.
This loame, this rough-call, and this flower doth draw,
That I am that same Wall: the truth is so.
And this the cranny sight, and further,
Through which the fearless Lovers are to whisper.
Thos. Would you desire Lime and Haire to speake better?

Deme. It is the wittiest partition, that ever I heard during, my Lord.

Thos. Pyramus draws near the Wall, silence.

Enter Pyramus.

Pr. O grim look night, 0 night with hue to bleake,
O night, which ever art, when day is not:
O night, 0 night, alacke, alacke, alacke,
I fear my Thisbe's promise is forgette.
And thos 0 wall, thou dost ete and louely wall,
That stands betweene her fathers ground and mine,
Thou wall, 0 wall, 0 wall, 0 sweet and louely wall,
Shew mee thy chinkie, to blikke through with mine eyn.
Thankes courteous vvall, now fylde thee vvell for this.
But what see I No Thosby doe I see.
O wicked wall, through whom I seee no blisse.
Curst be thy stones for this deceiuing mee.
Thos. The wall me thynking be was feblous, should curie again.

Pr. No in truth sf, he should not. Disceiuing me,
Is Thisbe cue; she is to enter, and I am to spy
Her through the vvall. Thou shalt see it vvall fall.

Enter Thisbe.

Pr. As I told you; yonder she comes.

Thos. O vvall full often hast thou heard my mones,
For parting my fayse Pyramus, and me.
My cherry lips have ofteen kilt thy stones.
Thy stones with Lime and Haire kit up in theee.

Pyram. I fea a voyce; now vvall I to the chinkie,
To spy and I can hear my Thisbe face. Thisbe?

Thos. My Loute thou art, my Loute I thynke.

Pr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy Louters grace,
And like Lernander am I truly fill.

Thos. And like Haim till the Fates me kill.

Pr. Not Shafalles to Pyramus I to you,

Pr.
Enter Piranesi.

**Pir.** Sweet Moone, I thank thee for thy many beautes,
I thank thee Moone, for shining now so bright: For by thy gracions, golden, glittering beautes,
I trust to call of truest Thunkit light.

**But.** But say, O right! but make, poore Knights,
What dreadfull dote is here?

**Eyes.** What do you see? How can it be?

**O.** O mighty Duck: O Deere!

**Duck.** Thy mantle good; what flaund with blood!

**Approch** you Faeries fell.

**O.** O Faeries come: come: Cured her and thrum, 
Quale, crufh, conclude, and quell.

**Duck.** This passion, and the death of a deere friend, 
Would go to see to make a man looke fed.

**But.** Rehrew my heart, but I pitie the man.

**Pir.** Wherefore, O Nature, did thou thon Lions frame?
Since Lion wild hath beere defour'd my thire: What is this, no, no, which was the fairest Dame 
That bu'd, that loud, that lik'd, that look'd with cheere: Come teares, confound: Our sword, and wound 
The paps of Pirasnesi: I, that left app, where hearth doth hop;
Thus dye I, thus, thus, thus.

Now am I dead, now am I fled, my_fault is in the sky: Tongue false thy light, Moone take thy flight, 
Now dye, dye, dye, dye, dye, dye.

**Duck.** No Die, but rage: for him: for he is but one.

**A.** Lethe then an ace man, for he is dead, he is nothing.

**But.** With the help of a Surgeon, he might yet recover, and bye an Alfe.

**Duck.** How chance Moone-shine is gone before? 
Thubsy comes backes, and findes her Louers.

Enter Thubsy.

**Duck.** She will finde him by starr-light.
Here he comes, and her passion ends the play.

**But.** Me thinks he should not live a long one for sucha Piranesi: I hope this will be breve,

**Duck.** A Moath will turne the ballance, which Piranesi which Thubsy is the better.

**Eyes.** She hath dyed him already, with those sweete

**Duck.** And thus the meanes, mithelc.

**Eyes.** Allege my Love? What, dead my Doue?

**Piranese.** atis:

**Speake, speake.** Quite dumb a Dead, dead? A tombe 
Must couer thy sweet eyes.

Thise Lilly Lips, this cherry nose,
That yellow Cowslip cheeks.
Are gone, are gone: Louers make mone?
His eyes were green as Leekes,
O fitter three, come, come to me,
With hands as pale as Milke,
Lay them in gore, since you have shore.
With theeres, his throat of flack.
Tongue not a word: Come truly swords:
Come Blade, my brest imbors.

Enter Thubsy.

**Thubsy.** This is old Nimmers tombs: where is my love?

**Duck.** Oh.

**Thubsy.** The lion roostes, Thubsy runs off.

**Duck.** Well run Thubsy.

**Duck.** Well gone Moone.

**Duck.** Truly the Moone shines with a good grace.

**Duck.** Well mount'd Lion.

**Duck.** And then came Piranesi.

**Duck.** And to the Lion vanisht.
And far well friends, thus Thisbe ends;
Adieu, adieu, adieu,
Duke, Moon, shine to Lien are left to boxie the dead.
Dame, I, and Will too.

No, if you please, the wall is down, that parted
these Fathers. Will it please you to see the Epilogue, or
to hear a Bergomask dance, betweene two of our company?

Duke. No Epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs
no excuse. Never exculpate, for when the players are all
dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that
writeth this had played Piranesi, and hung him selfe in
Thibes garter, it would have bene a fine Tragedy: and so it
is truly, and very nobly discharge d. But come, your
Burgomask: let your Epilogue alone.
The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelue.
Louse to bed, 'tis almost Fairy time,
I fear we shall out-flye the comming morn,
As much as we this night have ouer-watched.
This palpable prose play hath well begun:
The heavy gate of night, Sweet friends to bed.
A fortunite hold we this folovmethy.
In nightly Renels and new allite

Enter Puck.

Puck. Now the hungry Lyons roars,
And the Wolves behold the Moon:
Whilest the heavy ploughman sleepe,
All with weary shoes for-done.
Now the weated brands doe glow,
Wilt the scotch-owl screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a hourled:
Now is the time of night:
That the graces, all gossip wide,
Every one leaforth his sprite,
In the Church-way paths to glide.
And we Fairies, that do runie,
By the triple Mecclote teame,
From the presence of the Sunne,
Following drunkenly like a dreame,
Now are frollicks, not a Moutie
Shall disturb us this hallowed house.
I am sent with broomme before,
To sweep the dust behind the doore

Enter King and Queen of fairies, with their traine,

Oft. Through the houle of gius shimmering light,
By the dead and drowstic fer,
Euerie Elle and Faerie spight,
Hop as light as bird from tree,
And this Ditty after me, sing and dance it trippingly,
This. First rehearse this song by roste,
To each word a warbling note.
Hand in hand, with Faerie grace.
Will we sing and blaffe this place.

The Song.

Now until the breaks of day,
Through this hole in every stray.
To the left Bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall be staid be.
And the faire there create.

Exeunt.

Enter Queen.

Queen. If we shadrows have offended,
Think but this (and all is mended)
That you have but slumberd here:
While the viunts did appear.
And this weake and idle theme
No more yeelding but a dreame,
Centes, do not reprehend.
If you pardon, we will mend;
And as I am an honest Puck,
If we have unearn'd lucke,
Now to scape the Serpents tongue,
We will make amends ere long:
Elfe the Puck a lute call.
So good night wasp you all,
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends.

FINIS.
The Merchant of Venice.

Actus primus.

Enter Antonio, Salerio, and Solanio.

Antonio.

A footing I know not why I am so sad,
It wearies me: you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff'ret's made off, whereof it is borne,
I am to learn: and such a want-wit faddeff helps make of me,
That it cost me much ado to know my selfe.
Salerio. Your minde is casting on the Ocean,
There where your Argories with portly faire
Like Signioris and rich Burgers on the flood,
Or as it were the Pageants of the sea,
Do once-perce the petty Traffickers
That currie to them, do them currency
As they flye by them with their women wings.
Solanio. Beleeve me sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections, would
be with my hopes abroad. I should be full
Plucking the greene to know where sits the winde,
Peping in Maps for ports, and peering, and nosing
And every object that might make me fear
Mifortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.

Solerio. My wondr cooling my broth,
Would blowe me to an Anegue, where I thought
What banne a wind too great might doe at sea,
I should not see the sandle hoarde-grasse runne,
But I should think of shallows, and of flats,
And see my wealthie Andrew dockes in hand,
Vailing her high top lower then her ribs
To kilfher burlesse, should I goe to Church
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And see not beerke me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which drawing, but my gentle Vessells slide
Would scatter all her spieces on the streame,
Entere the raging waters with my wheels,
And in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I hate the thought
To think on this, and shall I rack the thought
That such a thing becometh me to make me sad?
But tell not me, I know Antonio
Is sad to thinke on his merchandise.

Antonio. Beleeve me, I thankes my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottome tost,
Nor so one place, nor is my whole estate,

Upon the fortune of this prefous yere:
Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad.

Solerio. Why then you are in love.

Antonio. I say, sir, I say,
Salerio. Not in love neither; then let us say you are sad
Because you are not merry, and you are not easy
For you to laugh and leape, and say you are merry
Because you are not sad. Now by two-headed Jacob,
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will enure more pepe through their eyes,
And laugh like Purges at a bag-piper.

And other of such vnegeralement,
That they'll not flow their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nephew mercies the selfe be laughable.

Enter Baggiano, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.

Baggiano. Here comes Baggiano,
Your most noble Kinman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Farewell,
Weleeue you now with better company.

Salerio. I would have had till I had made you merry,
If another friend had not prevented me.

Antonio. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it you ownne businesse calls on you,
And you embrace th' occasion to depart.

Salerio. Good morrow my good Lords: (when?)

Baggiano. Good signioro both, when shall we laughesly,
You grow exceeding strange must be for.

Salerio. We'll make our letters to attend on yours.

Baggiano, Salerio, and Solanio.

Lor. My Lord Bagiano, since you have found Antonio
We two will leave you, but at dinner time
I pray you have in mind where we must meete,

Baggiano. I will not fade you.

Gratiano. You looko not well signior Antonio,
You have too much respect upon the world;
They lose it that doe buy it with much care,
Beeleeve me you are maruellously chang'd.

Antonio. I hold the world but as the world Gratiano,
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

Gratiano. Let me play the foolie,
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkle's come,
And let my Liuer rather heat with wine,
Then my heart coole with mortifying groanes.

Why should a man who sits by wine
Sleepe when he wakes? and creep into the Jaundies
By being prudent? I tell thee what Antiochus,
I love thee, and let thy love that speaks;
There are a sort of men, whose visions
Do charm and mantle like a floating pond,
And do a willful kitten seem to entertain,
With purpose to be drest in an opinion
Of widows, grantes, profound conceits;
As who should say, I am an Oracle,
And when I open my hips, let no doggie taste.
O my Antiochus, I do know of thee
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing when I am erum fere
If they should speake, would almost dim those ears
Which hearing them would call their brethren fools:
Ile tell thee more of this another time.
But fishe not with this melancholy baits
For this fool is Guiding, this opinion:
Come good Lorenzo, farewell a while.
Ile end my extorition after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner time.
I must be one of these same durnke wisemen,
For Gratiana never lets me speake.
Gra. Well, kepe my company but two yeares more,
Thou shalt not know the found of owne tongue.

Ant. For you well, he grow a talker for this geare.
Grat. Thanks Guiding, for silence is only commendable
In a nestle tongue dier'd, and a mad not vendible. Exit.

Ant. It is that any thing now.
Grat. Gratiana speaks an infinite deal of nothing,
More than any man in all Venice, his reasons are two
Graines of wheat in two bulks of chaffe; you shall
Seek all day ere you find them, & when you have them
They are not worth the search.

Ant. Well, tell me now, what Lady is the same
To whom you prize a former pilgrimage
That you to day promised to tell me of?

Bass. This notwithstanding to you Antiochus.
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something heaving a more swelling port
Then my faint meane would grant continuance;
Yet do I now make more to be a bridg'd
From such a noble rate, but my cheere care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts
Wherein my time is spent to prodigall
Hast left me gag'd to you Antiochus.
I owe the most in money, and in love,
And from your love I have a warrant
To whett then all my pleas and purports,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you good Bassington let me know it,
And if it stand as you your selfe do tell
Within the eye of honour, be affraid
My purue, my perficrion, my extremest means
I will all unlock to your occasions.

Bass. In my schoole days, when I had left one shaft
I thouk his fellow of the falfame flight
The selfsame way, with more aduised watch
To finde the other forth, and by adventuring both,
I oft found both. I vrged this child-likee proue,
Because what falls least is pure innocens.
I love you much, and as a willful youth,
That which I owe is left: but you please
To shooe another shaft that selfe way
Which you did shooe the fuff, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the shone: or to finde both,
Or bring your letter lazed back again,

And thankfully let debters for the first.

Ans. You know me well: and herin spend butt time
To winde about my love with circumstance,
And out of doubt you do more wrong
In making question of my yttermost
Then if you had made waffles of all I have:
Then doe but say to me what I should doe
That is your knowledge may beyme be done,
And I am pright unto it therefore speake.

Bass. In Belmont a Lady richly set,
And the is faire, and faire and then that word,
Of wondrous vertues, sometimes from her eyes
I did receive faire speechlesse messages:
Her name is Portia, nothing undervalued
To Cates daughter, Erwin Portia,
Nor is the wide ignorant of her worth,
For the four winds blow in from every cost
Renowned sultars, and her funny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
Which makes her face of Belmont Choise & Lond,"
And many ladies come in quest of her.
O my Antiochus, had I but the means
To hold a relation with one of them,
I have a minute preparis me such thrife,
That I should questionlesse be fortunate.

Ant. Thou knowest that all my fortunes are sthe.
Neither have I money, nor comodity
To raise a present summe, therefore goe forth
Try what my credit can in Venice doe,
That shall be raitted even to the yttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont to faire Portia.
Go prently acquire, & to will I
Where money is, and no question make,
To have it of my truelor for my sake.

Exit.

Enter Portia with her waiting woman Nerissa.

Potia. By my truth Nerissa, my little body is a vestige
Of this great world.

Ner. Your grace, I was teas, if you left the
place abundance as your good fortunes are:
And yet for ought I see, they are as fickle that fret with
too much, as they that thare with nothinge; it is no fault
happines therefore to be seated in the meane, superfluities
comes soome by white hairis, but temporada
lives longer.

Potia. Good entences, and well pronouncd.

Ner. They would be better if well followed.

Potia. If too were as easie as to know what were
good to doe, Chappels had beene Churches, and poor
men's cottages, Princes Palaqe: it is a good Diuine that
follows us owne instrutions; I can easier teach twen
ty things what were good to be done, then be one of the twen
ty to follow mine own teaching: the braine may de
tale laws for the blood, but a hot temper leeres or a
cold decueur, such a hare is madnisse the youth, to skip
ofe the methodes of good counsaile the cripple: backe but
this reason is not in fashion to choose me a husband: O me
the word choose, I may neither chose whom I would,
not chose whom I dislike, so is the will of a loving daugter
curst by the will of a dead father, it is not hard Ner
risa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none.

Ner. Your father was ever vertuous, and holy men
at their death have good inspirations, therefore the lot
tere that bee hast desdous in these three cheseth of gold,
silver, and lead, whereas he chooses his meaning
chooses
chooses you, will no doubt be sure to be chosen by any right
ly, but one who you shall highly love but what warmth
there is in your affection towards any of these Prinets
shall by that occasion alone.

Par. I pray you name them, and as you name them, I will
define them, and according to my description, I shall
answer you.

Ner. First there is the Neapolitan Prinets.

Par. I think you have, but you do not name them, nor
name them but the former and latter of the house, and
how much the greater appraisement his own good part
has as it can do him, and so I am much afraid, madam;
his mother paid false with a Smyth.

Ner. That is true of the Count Palatine.

Par. He doth nothing but frown at you, who should
say, and you will not name your wife, as he bears no
suspicion of being left in his youth, and to be marrie
d to a death with a bone in his mouth, and then to dis
chir of thee: God defend me from their two. (Exeunt)

Ner. How say you by the French Lord, Monsieur
Le Brun?

Pro. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a
man, in truth I know it is a name to be a meeker, but he,
why he was a better, but the Neapolitan, a bet
ter bad habit of frowning then the Count Palatine, he
is every man in a man, but a Trallion hind, he fain
thinks to be a perfect, he will fence to his own advant
ge. If this man marries me, I should marry twenty husbands: if he
would delive me, I would forgive him, for if he lout me
to madness, I should never require him.

Ner. What say you then to Lancaster, the young
Baron of England?

Par. I say nothing to him, but he understands me, not I:
he has neither Latin, French, nor Italian, and you will
come into the Court of France that I have a poor penny-worth in the English, he is a
proper man but, but alas who can converse with a
dumbbe show? how odly she is twisted, I think he bought
his doublet in fancy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in
German, and his behaviour everywhere.

Ner. What think you of the other Lord his neighbour?

Par. That he hath a verilyly certificate in him, for
he borrowed a boxe of the care of the Englishman,
and I have not heard the game what he is, I think
the Frenchman became his suitor, and shall take for
another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the Duke of
Saxony's Nephew?

Par. Very vividly in the morning when he is sober,
and most vividly in the afternoon when he is drunk.
When he is sober, he is a little worse than a man, and when
he is worst, he is little better then a hest: and the worst
fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go
without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right
Casker, you should refuse to perform your fathers will.

Par. Therefore for fear of the worst, I pray thee set a
deep draught of red wine on the contrary Casker,
for if the diewell be within, and the temptation without,
I know he will choose it. I will do anything. Negotia
ture will be married reaping a spring.

Ner. You must not steal Lady the hasting any of
these Lordes, they have acquainted me with their deter
minations, which is indeed to return to their white
man, and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may
be won by some other means than your fathers impotu-
dation, depending on the Casker.

Par. If I live to be so old as Sir John; I will dye as
chaste as Diana; vaille if. I be obtained by the manner
of my fathers will: I am glad this piece of woe is
so reasonable, for there is not one among them but
I do on his very absence; and I wish them a faire de
parture.

Ner. Do you not remember Lady in your Fath
ters time, a Venetian, a Scholler and a Souldier that
came hither in company of the Marquesse of Mon
tefort?

Par. Yes, yes, it was Bassano, as I think, so was she
called.

Ner. True Madam, here of all the men that ever my
foulth eyes look'd upon, was the best defending a faire
Lady.

Par. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy
of thy praise.

Enter a Servingman.

Ser. The foure Strangers seek you Madam to take
their leave: and there is a fore-runner come from a
fift, the Prince of Venetia, who brings word the Prince
his Matier will be here to night.

Par. If I could bid the fift welcome with so good
heart as I can bid the other foure farewell, I should
be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a
saint, and the complexion of a diewell, I had rather he should
throw me then wipe me, Come twril firmly, go before;
whiles were thus the gate upon one woe, another
knocks at the door.

Exit.
Enter Antonio.

Bass. This is Antonio's house.

Low. How like a surly publican he looks.

I shall know him for he is a Christian.

But more, for that in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of interest here with us in Venice.

If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed for the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates me, and the Sacred Nation, and he hates,
Even though merchants most do congregate
On me, my bargains, and my well-worn shrewd,
Which he calls interest: Curf'd be my Trybe
If I forgive him.

Bass. This is lack, do you see there?

Shy. I am debating of my present lover,
And by the receit given of my memenry
I cannot trust any of the groats.
Of all the three thousand ducats: what of that?

Tell me, a wealthy Hebrew of my Tribe
Will furnish me but lost, how many months
Do you defere? I rest you far good Nation,
Your worship was the Isthmian man in our houses.

Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow
By taking, nor by giving of cesse,
Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
He scarce a custom is he yet posset
How much he would?

Shy. I'll have three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot: three months, you told me so.
Well then, your bond; and let me see, but hear you,
As thoughts you said, you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage,

Ant. I do not mean it.

Shy. When Jacob gave his Uncle Laban thy eare,
This Iscacob from our holy Aquen was
(As his wife mother went it in his behalfe)
The third poissifer; he was the third.

Ant. And what is of him? Did he take interest?

Shy. No, not take interest, nor as you would say
Directly interest, make what Isaac did,
When Laban and himselfe were comparyn'd
That all the candelings which were freake and pied
Should fail as Isaac hier, the Ewes being ranke,
In end of Autumn return to the Ramme,
And when the work of generation was
Betweene seethe woolly breedes in the satt.
The spille bigg spilke, and the spilke was
And in the budding of the deede of kinde,
He bude them vp before the fullsome Ewes,
Who then conceiving did in earing time
Fall parry-coloured lambs, and those were Isaac.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest.

And thrift is blest: if men steals is not

Ant. This was a venture for this Iscacob's end for
A thing not in his power to bring to passe,
But why it and fashion'd by the hand of heaven,
Was this inferred to make interest good?

Shy. I cannot tell, I make it breed as it may.

But note me signior,

Ant. Mark thee this Bassano.
The Jew can cite Scripture for his purpose,
An eunuch producing holy writs,
Like a villaine with a smiling cheek,
A goodly apperousent at the heart.
O what a goodly outside falshoon hath
Shy. Three thousand ducats, it's a good round sum.
Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

Ant. Well Shylock, shall we be heeding to you?

Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies and my wagers:
Still have I borne it with a patient spirit,
(For suffrance is the badge of all our Tribe)
You call me misbeliever, cut-throate dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And for the sake of which I am mine owner.
Well then, it now appeares you neede my help;
Go to then, you come to me, and you say,
Shylock, we would have monies, you say so:
You that did void my name upon my bond,
And make me as you a strange currie
Over your threshold, monies is your suiter.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
Hath a dog money: it is possible
A currie would lend three thousand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bond-mans key
With bathe breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this: Faire sir, you spit upon me on Wednesday last;
You prued me such a day; another time
You called me dog; and for these currieries
Ile lend you this much monies.

Ant. I am as like to call thee so againe,
To spit on thee againe, to spurne thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends, for when did friendship take
A breede of barrennesse of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemies,
What if he breaketh thou maitth with better face
Exact the penaltie.

Shy. Why looke you how you spierme,
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the haunts that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doate.
O where's my monies, and you'll not hear me,
This is kindle I offer.

Bass. This was kindle.

Shy. This kindle will I shewe,
Goe with me to a Notarie, sealle me therre
Your single bond, and in a merrie sport;
If you repaire me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sign or forms at are
Expert in the condition, let the forfeit be
Benediction for an equal pound
Of your faire self, to be cut off and taken.
In what part of your body it pleaseth me.

Ant. Content in faith, Ile seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindle in the Jew.
That flew the Sophie, and a Persian Prince
That wan three fields of Sultain Solyman,
I would once see the fairest bees that euer I sawe:
Our house the heart most dear and tender on the earth.
Plucke the yong chaff from the fayre Beare,
Yes, mocke the Lion when he rous to pray
To win the Lady. But alas, the while.
If Heromey and Mycheau playe at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw.
May tyme by tyme from the weaker hand,
So is Alisander beaten by his rage,
And so may I blinde fortune leading me.
Mille that which one worthless may attain,
And die with yewing.

Tur. You must take your chance,
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or teweaze before you choice, if you choose wrong,
Never to speake to Lady afterward.

Mor. Not will not, come bring me into my chance.

Ceat. First forward to the temple, after dinner.
Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then,

Enter the Clouce alone.

[The rest of the scene is not transcribed.]

Enter Messer Gaston before all in white, and three or four followers accordingly, with Parley, Nerissa, and their train.

Par. Ceremonies.

Mr. Mirth me not for my conjunction,
The shadowed hue of the burnish'd flame
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature North-west born,
Where Phebe fire first source the yeller,
And let vs make ineision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell you Lacie this aspect of mine
Hath feard the valiant, (by my love I sweere)
The best regard'd Virgins of our Clime.

Mr. How loud is it? I would not change this but
Except to steal your thoughts my gentle Queene.

Par. In seamen of choice I am not follied
By nice direction of a maidens eyes:
Besides, the latter of my demeanour
Bias me the right of voluntarie choice:
But if my Father had not seene me,
And hegovt me by his wit to yeade my selfe,
His wife, who wins me by that meanes I told you,
Your felic (renowned Prince) than flood as faire
As any other I have looked on yet.

For my affection,

Par. Even for that I thank you,
Therefore I pray you lead me to the Caskers
To trye my fortune: By this symboll are

Gob. Master young-man, you I praise you, which is the waie to Master Jesu?

Lun. O heavens, this is my true begotten Father, who being more then hand-blinde, high grael blinde, knows me not, I will trie the confusions with him.

Gob. Master young Gentleman, I praise you which is the waie to Master Jesu.

Lun. Turne upon your right hand at the next turni
Enter Baffio with a follower or two.

Baff. You may do so, but let it be so halffed that
upper be reach'd at the fartherst by five of the schoole;
see these Letters delivered, put these Licentes to making,
and desire Gratians to come anon to my lodg-

Len. To him Father.

Baff. God blest your worship.

Len. Gramercy, would it thou ought with me.

Baff. Here's my fomme for a poore boy.

Len. Not a poore boy, but the rich Tewes man
that would fir as my Father shall specify.

Baff. He hath a great infection for, as one would say
for feare.

Len. Indeede the short and the long is, I ferue the
Tew, and have a desire as my Father shall specify.

Baff. He may be seen in your worship's presence;
see these care caesus.

Len. To be breifed, the verie truth is, that the Law
having done me wrong, doth confess me as your Father,
I hope in an old man shall fruifte unto you.

Baff. I have here a letter of Doues that I would bollow
upon your worship, and my fine is.

Len. In verie breif, the suit is important to my selfe,
as your worship shall know by this honest old man,
and though I say it, though old man, yet poore man my
Father.

Baff. One speake for both, what would you?

Len. Seeke you this?

Baff. That is the verie deeed of the matters.

Baff. I know thee well, thou haft obtayned thy five,
Shylock thy Maister, spoke with me this day,
And hath preferred thee, if it be preferred
To leaue a rich Tewes fortune to become
The follower of so poore a Gentleman.

Len. The old poorebe is verie well parted between
my Maister Shylocke and you sir, you haue the grace of
God sir, and he hath enough.

Baff. I haue speake it well; go Father with thy Son,
Take leaue of thy old Maister, and entreate
My lodging our, give him a Lirencie
More guarded than his fellows; see it done.

Len. Father in, I cannot get a lernece, no, I have next
tongue in my head, well; if ane man in Italy have a
fairer table which doth offer to owere upon a books,
I shall have good fortune; goe too, here's a simple line
of life, here's a small tripe of wile, and fifteen wile
is nothing, a leuer woman and nine maidens is a sim-
ple coming in for one man, and then to espoe dom-
ing thence, and to be in perill of my life with the edge
of a featherbed, here are simple faire; if Fortune
be a woman, she's a good wench for this scene; Father
come, I take my leaue of the few in the twinkling.

Len. You have a gentleman.

Len. My best endeavours shall be done hereby.

Len. Where's your Maister.
The Merchant of Venice.

[Scene: Venice.]

Enter:—

Leon. You speak truly, I have revisited the place where my father's house stood. But I do not find it there. Let us go to the house of the Jew, Shylock, and see if he knows of it.

Shy. What do you want to see my house for? You are not one of my debtors.

Leon. No, I am not. But I wish to see the house where my father lived before he was forced to sell it to you.

Shy. You are welcome, my lord. But I cannot show you my house. It is occupied by other tenants.

Leon. I understand. But I do not want to enter the house. I only wish to see the place from the outside.

Shy. Very well. Follow me. But remember, I have no time to wait.

Leon. I understand, my lord. Let us go.

[Exeunt Leonato and Shylock.]
Here dwells my father Jew. Ho, who's within?

Isaac above.

If ye Who are you? Tell me for more certainty. Albino. He swears that I do know your tongue.

Loren. and thy Lord.

Loren. Lorenzo, and I am sure, indeed, For who I am. Do you know? And now who knows? But you Lorenzo, whether I am yours? Is. Heavens and thy thoughts are witness that they are.

If ye Here, catch this basket, it is worth the pains. I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me. For I am much ashamed of my exchange. But loue is blinde, and lost in love can see The pretty follies that themselves commit. For if they could, Omid he selfe would blush To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Loren. Defend, for you must be my torch-bearer. If ye What, must I hold a Candle to my flames? They in themselves good deeds are too too light. Why, 'tis an office of discourtesy Loue, And I should be oblied.

If ye So you are fowre.

Loren. Even in the lowly servants of a boy but come at ones. For the clofe night doth play the run-away, And we are fad for a Bastino's feast.

If ye I will make fafe the doors and guide my selfe With some more duces, and be with you straight.

Gra. Now by my hood, a gentle, and no Jew. Loren. He threw me, but I bouthe heartily.

For the is wife, if I can judge of her, And faire the is, if that mine eyes be true, And true the is, as the hath proud her selfe: And therefore like what she is, wife, faire, and true, Shall she be placed in my constant fide.

If ye Is. What, art thou come? on gentlemen, away, Our masking mates by this time for vs play.

Enter Ambrose.

Ant. Where's there?

Gra. Signior Ambrose! Ant. Signior, Sir, Lorenzo, where are all the rest? Tis nine a clocke, our friends all fly for you. No maske to night, the windle is come about. Bastiano presently will goe aboard, I have sent twenty out to seeke for you.

Gra. I am glad on't, I desire no more delight. Then to be vnder fide, and gone to night. Excuse.

Enter Portia with Moorish, and both their trances.

Por. Gore, draw aside the curtains, and disclose The general Caskets to this noble Prince: Now make your choice.

Mar. The first of gold, who this inscription beares, Who choose me, shall gain all hee may desire. The second letter, which this promise carres, Who choosest me, shall get as much as hee desires. This third shall lead, with warning all is blinde, Who choosest me, must take and hazard all he hath, How shall I know if I doe choose the right?
The Merchant of Venice.

171

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 with all.

Mer. Some God direct my judgment, let me see,

I will survey the inscriptions, back again.

What fates this leaden casket?

Who choosest me, must glue and hazard all he hath,

Mull glue, for what? for lead, hazard for lead?

This casket threatens men that hazard all

Doth it in hope of faire advantages:

A gold en mine floops not to shovers of doth,

He then nor glur nor hazard sought for lead.

What fates the Silver with her virgin hue?

Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserveth.

As much as he deserveth; paucity there Meretcon,

And weighty value with an euene hand,

If thou best rated by thy estimation

Thou dost not discern, enough yet enough.

May not extend so farre as to the Lady:

And yet to be afraid of my deserving,

Wert but a weak disabling of my selfe,

As much as I deserveth, why that is the Lady,

I doe in birth deserveth her, and in fortune,

In grace, and in qualities of breeding:

But more then these, in love I do deserveth.

What if I then had no farther, chooseth here?

Let's see othen more this sayyng gru'd in doth.

Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire:

Why that's the Lady, all the world deserveth her,

From the four corners of the earth they come

To kiss this fine, this mortall breathing Saint.

The Hircanct defers, and the vaffe wildes

Of wide Arabia are 33 thousandes now

For Princes to come view faire Partia.

The wester Kingdom, whose ambitious head

Spots in the face of heauen, is no barre

To flop the fairest spirit, but they come

As ore a brooke to see faire Partia.

One of the three contains her heavenly picture.

It's like that Lead contains her; were damnation

To thinke to safe a thought, it is too grosse.

To rib her strecthroath in the obscure grave:

Or shall I thinke in Silver she's immur'd

Being ten times vndervalued to tride gold;

O foulst thought, never so rich a term.

Was se in world then Gold? They have in England

A coynce that bears the figure of an Angel.

Stamps in gold, but that's insculpt upon

But here an Angel in a golden bed

Lies all within. Deliver me the key:

Here do I choose, and thrive as I may.

Por. There take it Prince, and if my forme lyeth there

Then I am yours.

Mer. O hell! I have none here, a carion death,

Within whose empty eare there is a written freatlone

Ile read the writing.

Mer. Cold indeed, and inbore loft,

Then farewell heate, and welcome frost:

Portia shew, I have too greed to desire,

To take a sedius leaue, thus follower part.

Por. A gentle ridance: draw the curtain, go.

Let all of his complexion choose me to.

Enter Salaroine and Solanio.

Sal. Why man I saw Baffnos under slate,

With him is Orasius gone along,

And in their ship I am sure Lucius made not.

Sal. Then may the villaine fear with execution raidst the Duke.

Who went with them to search Baffnos ship.

Sal. He comes too late, the ship was vnderstaile;

But here the Duke was gotten to vnderstand

That in a Gondola were some together

Lorens and his amorous lady.

Befides Animus certified the Duke

They were not with Baffnos in his ship.

Sal. I never heard a passion to confound,

So strange, outrageous, and so variable,

As the dogge low did vise in the forests

My daughter, O my ducats, O my daughter,

Fled with a Christen, O my Christian ducats!

Justice, the law, my ducats, and my daughter;

A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,

Of double ducats, stolen from me by my daughter,

And jewels, two ducats, two rich and precious stones,

Stolen by my daughter: Justice, finde the girl,

She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats.

Sal. Why all the boys in Venice follow him,

Crying his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Sal. Let good Animus looke he keepes his day

Or he shall pay for this.

Sal. Marry well rememberd,

I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,

Who told me, in the narrow seas that part

The French and English, there miscarried

A vessel of our country richly fraught:

I thought upon Animus when he told me,

And within in flesche that it was not his.

Sal. Yo were beft to tell Animus what you heare.

Yet do not fuddainly, for it may grieve him.

Sal. A kinder Gentleman treads not the earth,

I love Baffnos and Animus part,

Baffnos told him he would make some speede.

Of his returne he answered, doe not so,

Stubber not busiuse for my sake Baffnos,

But play the very riping of the time,

And for the lesser bond which he hath of me,

Let it not entertaine your mindes of none;

Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts

To courtship, and such faire offends of love

As shall 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 fisible

He writing Baffnos hand, and so they parted.

Sal. I think he only loses the world for him,

I pray thee let vs goe and finde him out

And quicken his embraced beautifie.

With some delight or other.

Sal. Doe we so.

Mer. Quick, quick, I pray thee draw the curtain straight.

Enter Nerisile and a Servant.
Enter Aragon, his traine, and Pertius.

_Por._ Behold, there stand the caskets noble Prince,
If you choose that where I stand contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial sights be solemniz'd:
But if thou fail, without more speech my Lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

_Ar._ I am mov'd by oath to observe three things:
First, ne'er to yield to any one
Which casket twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To wo of a maid in way of marriage;
Lastly, if I doe fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you, and be gone.

_Por._ To these intimation every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthie self.

_Ar._ And so I have addressed me, fortune know
To my heart's hope: gold, silver, and base lead.
We choose thee must give and hazard all he hath,
Yi shall look for faire ere I give or hazard.
What fares the golden chief, ha, let me see:
Who chooseth me, shall gaine what many men desire;
What many men desire, that many may be mean.
By the foolc multitude that chooseth by draw
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach:
Which proves not to the interior, but like the Marcell
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
E'en in the force and pride of enthusiasm.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not hume with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitude.
Why then to thee, Sutherstrate house, there is
Tell me once more, what title thou dost bestow;
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he defers:
And well said too: for who shall go about
To cost Fortune, and be honourable
Without the flame of merit, let none presume.
To wear an undervalued dignity;
O the ediles, degrees, and offices,
Were not dignified, and that clear honours
Were patch'd by the merit of the weaser;
How many then should cover that stand bare?
How many be commanded that command?
How much low pleyantish would then be gleaned
From the true seeds of honor? And how much honor
Picket from the chiefe and trine of the times,
To be new varnish'd: Well, but to my choice.
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he defers,
I will affume defers; give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

_Por._ Too long a paus'd for that which you finde there.

_Ar._ What's here, the portrait of a blinking idiot
Preferring me a feeble, I will rest it:
How much unlikes art thou to Pertius?
How much unlikes my hopes and my defersings?
Who chooseth me, shall have as much as he defers:
Did I defore no more then a fooles head,
Is that my prize, are my defers no better?

_Por._ To offend and judge are difficult offices,
And of oppossed natures.

_Ar._ What is here?

The first seven times tried this.
The Merchant of Venice.

Sal. I would fain try whether by the end of his letters,
Sal. Commen traits, look the diuell croffe my prayer, for he is come in the likeness of a Jew, I wot not whether he is so or no. Why, now Shylock, what news among the merchants?

Enter Shylock.

Shy. You know none so well, none so well as you, of my daughters flight.
Sal. That's certain, I for my part knew the Tailor that made the wings the fly withal.
Sal. And Shylock for his own part knew the bird was fledg'd, and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is a damned one it.
Sal. That's certain, if the diuell may be her judge.
Shy. My owne flesh and blood to rebull.
Sal. Out upon it old carrion, rebels it at these yeres.
Shy. I say my daughter is my flesh and blood.
Sal. There is more difference betweene thy flesh and hers, then betweene let and iuocr, more betweene your bloods, then there is betweened wine and reminiscet, but tell vs, doe you hear whether Antonio have had some lesst at the embe?
Shy. There is another bad match, a bankrupt, a prodigall, who dare to likewit my head on the Royalte, a begger that was vy to come to impo upon the Mare: let him look to his bond, he was wont to call me Viner, let him look to his bond, he was wont to lend money for a Christian currie, let him look to his bond.
Sal. Why is I am sure it be forfeitate, thou wilt not take his fleshe, what's that good for?

Shy. To haste fleshe withal, if it will feed nothing else, it will feede my revenge, the diuell disgrace'd me, and hardned me half a million, laugh'd at my lesst, mocked at my gaine, forc'd my Nation, dropt my siege, cooled my friends, heerd mine enemies, and what's the reason? I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions, one fed with the same foode, hurt with the same weapons, sick at the same diseases, healed by the same medicines, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Christian is: if you prick vs, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison vs, do we not die? and if you wrong vs shall we not revenge? if we seke revenge, we seek revenge.

Shy. How now Tuball, what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I spake with one of the Stylers that escaped the wrekke.

Shy. I thanke thee good Tuball, good even, good news: I am glad here in Genoa.

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa was, I heard, one night fourteen ducats.

Shy. Thou blinkest a dagger in me, I shall never see my gold again, fourteen ducats at allstoning, fourteen ducats.

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it, Ie plague him, Ie torture him, I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a Monke.

Shy. Upon this, thou tortured me Tuball, it was my fortunes, I had it of Leech when I was a Bachelour: I would not have given it for a wildness of Monkes.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly vnodie.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true, got Tuball, see me an Officer, be spake him tommorrow before, I will have the heart of him to fetwret for we are out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will: goe Tuball, and mee me at our Sinagoge, goe good Tuball at our Sinagogue Tuball.

Enter Basso, Portia, Gratiano, and all their traveile.

Por. I pray you turrie, paufe a day or two, before you hazard for in choosing wrong.

Iloose your companie; therefore to wriate a while, there's something tells me (but it is not late), I would not lose you, and you know your selfe, hate countenices not in such a quallitie, but lest you should not understand me well, and yet a maiden hath no tongue, but thought, I would deschew you here a month or two, before you ventour for me, I could teach you how to choose right, then I am for right, so will I never be, tomorrow thou mist me, but if you do, you make me with a thyme, that I had bene forwret, before your eyes, they have no lookes but they have, one halfe of me is yours, the other halfe yours, mine owne I would say; but so mine then yours, and for all yours; all these numbreous times, puts bars betweene the owners and their rights, and so though yours, not yours (proue it so), let fortune goe to hel for it, nor let, I spake too long, but 'tis to proue the time, to ioch it, and to draw it out in length, to fay you from election.
The Merchant of Venice.

Bass. Let me choose,
For as I am, I love upon the rack.

Port. Upon the rack! Then confess.

What treason there is mingled with your soul?

Bass. None but that vile treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear the enjovy of my peace,
There may as well be amity and life,
Twelve snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Port. I, but I care you speak in the rack,
Where men endued do speak any thing.

Bass. Promise me life, and I confess the truth.

Port. Well then, confess and live.

Bass. Confess and live!

Had bene the very sun of my contentation:
The happy torment, when my torture
Doth teach me answer for divulgence:
But let me to my fortune and the casker.

Port. Away then, I am locked in one of them;
If you do lose me, you will find me out,

Nerissa and she will stand alive.

Let misfortune found while he doth make his choice,
Then the look he makes a Swan-like eye,
Fading in muses. That the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the fire
And warrick death-bed for him: the man will,
And what is musick than? Than musick is
Even as the fourth, when true habitude born
To a new crowned Monarch: Such is it:
As are those dutch sounds in breaking of day,
That escape into the dreaming bride-groomes care,
And furnish him to marriage. Now he goes

With no alike presence, but with much more love
Then young Alcides, when he did deliberate
The virgin tribute, paid by bowing Troy
To the Scæ-sones: I stand for sacrifice,
Their aloof is the Dardanian wives:

With bereed villiges come forth to view
The issue of the exploit: God Hercules,
Licht bough, I live with much more dilly
I view the sight, then thou that mak'st the fray.

Hymn Musick.

A Song to whil Bassanio comments on the Casker's sense himself.

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head.

How beggarly nourisht,
It is enshrined in the eyes,
With graces fed, and fancy dieted,
In the cradle where it lies:
Let it continue both,
It begin it,
Ding dong bell,

All, ding dong bell.

Bass. So may the outward honour be lead themselves
The world is full descend with ornament.
In love, what Plato to taint and corrupt,
But being scented with a gracious voice,
Obstures the show of evil? In Religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will blest is, and approv'd with a text,
Hiding the glorious with fair ornaments?
There is no voice so simple but one
Some masker of vertue on his outward parts.

How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As flayers of hands, were yet upon their thron.
The beards of Hercules and crowning Mars,
Who inwardly fear Thurs, have their sides as white as milk,
And there assurance but valor expresseth
To render them rebuked. Like on beautie,
And th' gold in the purchase by the weight,
Which thence a wile works a miracle in nature,
Making them look on the water.

So are those clipped snaky golden locks
Which makes such wanton gambols with the wind.
Vpon suppos'd fairest, often knowne
To be the crown of a second head.
The gull that bred them in the Sepulchre.

Thus ornament is but the guided shire
To amon dangerous sea: the beautious scarfe
Vailing an Indian beautie. In a word,
The leaming truth which cunning times put on
To enrap the wifflf. Therefore then thou godly gold,
Hard food for Medus, I will none of thee,
Not none of thee thou pale and common drudge.

Twome man and man: but thou, thou meager lead
Which rather thanst then wilt promis' ought,
Thy pale-face mortes me more then eloquence,
And here choose thou, they be the confederation.

Port. Have all the other pathens thee so ayre,
As doubtfull thoughts, and craft imbres d'espiares,
And fludding fear, and green-eved jealousye.
O luce be moderate, allay thy extasie,
In mesure raine thy joy, learn this excelsie,
I feele too much thy blest, make it lesse,
For tears I surfeit.

Bass. What finde I here?
Faire Porcius counterfeits. What demic God
Hath come so near creation? most these ies?
Or whether riding on the halls of mine
Seeme they in motion? Here are four'd lips
Parted with biger breath, to fervce a baste.

Should Sunder, in twent friends, there in her haires
The Painter plaiteth the Spider, and siach women
A golden must in tripe the hearts of men
Fulke then gnats in colwebs; but her eyes
How could he see to do them? having made one.
Me thinkes it should have power to stile both his
And leave it selfe naturall? Yet, looks how faire
The subsistance of my praise, doth wrong this shadow
In undersiping it, to farre this shadow:
Doth limpe behind the subsistence. Here's the froulage,
The continent, and sumner of my torture.

You that choose not by the women
Chance as faire, and choose as true:
Sache this fortune fall to you,
Be content, and seek no more,
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your life,
Turn where you your Lady at,
And claim her with a loving kiss.

Bass. A gentle froulage: Faire Lady, by your leave,
I come by note to give, and to receive,
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinkes he hath done well in peoples eyes,
Hearing applauses and waterfull drops,

Gazing in his thoughts, till gazing in a double.

Whether those peales of praise be his or no.
So thence faire Lady stand, I euer so,
As doubtfull whether what I see be true,
Vainly confirm'd, sign'd, ratify'd by you.
Par. You see my Lord Bagelott where I stand,
Sach is I am; thought for my selfe alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish my selfe much better, yet for you,
I would be troubled, wony, times my selfe,
A thousand times more faire, ten thousand times,
More rich, that onely to stand high in your account,
I might in esteeme, beauty, linesings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full summe of me
Is sum of nothing: which to terms in groffe,
Is an vnrioted girl, with all she's, supercius'd,
Happy this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn stiappiter then this
She is not bred to dull but the can leaue;
Happy of all, is that her gentle spirit
Commits she telle to yours to be directed,
As from her Lord, her Guayeur, her King.
My selfe, and whith is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted, as when I was the Lord
Of this faire maute, matter of my fantaue,
Queen of my selfe: and even now, but now.
This house, these strains, and this name my selfe
Are yours, my Lord, I give them with this ring,
Which when you part from these or give away,
Let it preage the lour of your own,
And be my vantage to exclame on you.
Bag. Madam, you have bene of me all words,
Only my blood desire to you in vaine,
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As after some coration faire (po[le])
By a brested Prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude,
Where every thingmost being meest together,
Turns to a crise of nothing, (here of my Expedit, and not expedit: but when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence,
O then hebold to say Bagelott's dead.
Nor. My Lord and Lady, it is now our time
That have flood by and feece our wishers proper,
To cry good joy, good joy my Lord and Lady,
Gra. My Lord Bagelott, and my gentle Lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish:
For I am sure you can with none from me.
And when your Honours means to solemate
The bargain of your faith: I doe beseech you
Even at this time I may be married too.
Bag. With all my heart, to sheue neath can get me none.
Gra. I make you Lordship, you gave me none:
My eyes my Lord can look as twit as yours,
You saw the mistres, I beheld the maid.
You lord, I lost for intermission,
No more pertesance to my Lord then you,
Your fortune flood upon the cads there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls:
For weeing here incally with fetes againes,
And having till my very rough was dry
With othes of love, as if to promise still,
I got a promise of this time once here.
To have her love preserved that your fortune,
Achted her mistees.
Par. Is this true Norriffa?
Norriffa. It is so, you hand pleast withall.
Bag. And do you Granpare me EVE good faith?

\[\text{\textit{The Merchant of Venice}}\]

175

\[\text{Bag. Yes faith my Lord.}
\text{Gra. Our feast shall be much honored in your marriage.}
\text{Nor. And so shall be the rest.}
\text{Bag. Weele play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.}
\text{Nor. What and flake downe?}
\text{Gra. No, we shall bere win at that sport, and flake downe.}
\text{But who comes here? Lorenzo and his his Infidell?}
\text{What and my old Venetian friend Salerio?}

\[\text{Enter Lorenzo, Iphicca, and Salerio.}
\text{Bag. Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome heather,}
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome: by your leave
I bid my vere friends and Countrimen
Sweet Porcia welcome.
Par. So do I my Lord, they are entirely welcome.
Lor. I thank you honest, for my part my Lord,
My purpose was not to have feene you here,
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did increate mee past all saying nay
To come with him along.
Sal. Sir, I did my Lord,
And he beseech me to be present, Signior Antonio
Commends him to you.
Bag. Erre I doe his Letter
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.
Sal. No I took my Lord, enleave it in his mende,
Nor yet, enleave it in mine: his Letter there
Will shew you his elatus.
Par. Open the Letter.
Gra. Norriffa, cheere yond stranger, bid her welcom.
Your hand Salerio, what's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal Merchant good Antonio
I know hee will be glad of our successe,
We are the Inferm, we have won the fleete.
Sal. I would you had won the fleete that hee hath lost.
Par. There are some newed contents in yond same Paper.
That steeles the colour from Bagelott checkes,
Some deere friend dead, else nothing in the world
Could turne so much the constitution
Of any countable man. What, worse and worse?
With Leave Bagelott I am halfe your selfe,
And I must freely have the halfe of any thing
That this same paper brings you.
Bag. Of sweet Porcia,
There are a few of the vnplesantstt words
That ever blotted paper. Gentle Lady
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you all the wealth I had
Run in my vaine. I was a Gentleman,
And then I told you true: and yet deere Ladie,
Rating my selfe no thing, you shall see
How much I was a Bragatt, when I told you
My fate was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was wroth with nothing: for indeed
I have ingratt my selfe to a deere friend,
Ingratt my friend in his more enemie
To seede my enemie. Here is a Letter Ladie,
The paper as the body of my friend,
And everie word in it a gaping wound
Lifing life blood. But it is true Salerio.
Hath all his ventures fail'd, what not one hit, 
From Tripolis, from Mexico and England, 
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India, 
And not one reliell scape the dreadfuld touch 
Of merchant-marring rocks?

Sal. Not one my Lord, 
Besides, it should appeare, that if he had 
The present money to discharge the Jew, 
He would not take it sooner did I know 
A creature that did bear the shape of man 
So keen and greedy to confound a man. 
He flies the Duke at morning and at night, 
And doth impeach the freedome of the state 
If they deny him justice. Twenty Merchants, 
The Duke himselfe, and the Magnificoes 
Of greatest part have all perwaded with him, 
But none can drudge him from the emounse plea 
Of forfeiture, of sufferings, and his bond.

Iaff. When I was with him, I haue heard him sweare 
To Inshall and to Chow, his Countri-men, 
That he would rather bare Antonio's sheff, 
Then twenty times the value of the summe 
That he did owe him: and I know my Lord, 
If I say authenticiye, and power deny me, 
It will goe hard with poore Antonio. 
Por. Is it your deere friend that is thus in troubl? 
Baff. The deerest friend to me, the kindlest man, 
The beff condition'd, and untreasted spirit 
In doing currerities: and one in whom 
The ancient Romans honour more appears 
Then any that draws breath in Italy. 
Por. What summe owes he the Jew? 
Baff. For me three thousand ducats. 
Por. What, no more? 
Pay him five thousand, and deface the bond. 
Double five thousand, and then treble that, 
Before a friend of this description 
Shall lose a heart through Bassanio's fault. 
First goe with me to Church, and call me wife, 
And then away to Venice to your friend: 
For neither shall you lie by Porrius side, 
With an unquiet soule. 
You shall have gold 
To pay the petty debt twenty times over. 
When it is paid, bring your true friend along, 
My maid Nerissa, and my selfe meantime 
Will line as maidis and widdowes: come away, 
For you shall hence upon your wedding day: 
Bid your friends welcome, bow a merry cheere, 
Since you are here brought, I will lose you dere. 
But let me heare the letter of your friend.

Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, 
My Creditor growe cruell, my affaret very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since I payning it, it is impossible I should ever, all debts are charged between you and I, if I should pay you at my death, notwithstanding your pleasures, if your love doe not persuade you to come, let not me latter.

Por. I shall discharch all busines and be gone. 
Baff. Since I have your good issue to goe away, 
I will make halt but till I come againe, 
No bed shall ere be guilty of my fray, 
Nor seft be Interposer twist vs twaine. 

Enter the Jew, and Solanio, and Antonio, and the Lego.

Iaff. I shall look to him, tell not me of mercy.
The Merchant of Venice

The husbandry and manage of my house, 
Vainly my Lords returne; for mine owne part, 
I have toward house beate, eke, a faire view, 
To live in prayer and contemplation, 
Onely attended by 

Vain her husband and my Lords returne. 
There is a monster too miles off. 
And therewith I will abide, I doe desire you, 
Not to deme this imposition, 
The which my love and some necesity, 
Now layes upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart, 
I shall obey you in all these commands. 
Par. My people doe already know my mindes, 
And will acknowledge you and 
In place of Lord Baffaine and my selfe. 
So far you will till we shall meete again. 

Inf. Fair thoughts & happy, hours attend on you. 
Inf. I wish your Ladship all hearts content. 
Par. I charge you for your will, and am well lea'd 
To with it backe on you: fare you well Inf. 

Enter Zabulon, he is a staffe euer founde them selfe true, 
So let me make thee thine: take this staffe letter, 
And use thou all the judicature of a man, 
In speed to Mansius, see thou render this, 
Into my cousin hand, Doctor Beth, 
And look what notes and garments he doth glue thee, 
Bring them I pray thee with imagin'd speed 
Vigo to the Tract, to the common Tract. 

Which trades to Venice; wallen no time in words, 
Burger thou gone, I shall be there before thee, 
Beth, Madam, I goe with all convenient speed. 

Par. Come on, Nerrina, I have worke in hand, 
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands 
Before they think of?

Nerrina. Shall they see us?

Par. They shall Nerrina: but in such a habit, 
That they shall think we are accomplished 
With that we lacke: I lea thee any wager 
When we are both encountered like young men, 
Ile proue the prettiest felloe of the two, 
And weare Thy dagger with the liauter grace, 
And speake between the change of man and boy, 
With a recrede voyce, and tune two mincing locksmiths, 
Into a manly childe: and speake of frays 
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint eyes, 
How honourable Ladies fought my love, 
Which I denying, they fell sickle and died, 
I could not doe withall: then Ile repent, 
And with for all that, that I had not kill'd them; 
And twelue of them Ile tell, 
That men shall sowre: I have disdained schoole. 
Above a twelve month: I have within my minde 
A thousand bare tricks of these bragging lads, 
Which I will prattle.

Nerrina. Why, shall we turne to men?

Par. Ere, Ile, what question of this? 
Iff thou wert there a lewee interpreters 
But come, I lea thee all my whole device 
When I am in my coach, which lyes for vs 
At the Parke gate: and therfore haste away, 
For we must measure twenty miles today.

Enter Clowns and Juffes. 

Clown. You truly: for looke you, the faire of the Parke 

thee are to be laid upon the children, therefore I promise, 
you. Ifeare you, I was alwaies plane with you, and to 
now I speake in agitation of the matter, therfore be of 
good cheere, for truly I think you are dauns'd, there is 
bout one hope n it that can doe you any good, and that is, 
but a kindle of bafard hope no ther. 

Ioffes. And what hope is that I pray thee?

Clown. Marrie, you may partake hope that your father 
got you not, that you are not the lewes daughter. 

Ioff. That were a kinde of bafard hope indeed, for the 
sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Clown. Truly then I fear ye are damned both by fa ther 
and mother: thus when I hum Sevra your father, I 
fall into Charisba your mother; well you are gone both 
waits.

Ioff. I shall be fand by my husband, he hath made me 
a Christiian.

Clown. Truly the next to blame he, we were Christi anes 
nowe before, we is many as could we live one by an 
other: this making of Christi ans will raise the price 
of Hogs, if we grow all to porke-eaters, we shall not 
shortly have a rattier on the cooles for money.

Enter Lorenzo. 

Ioff. I lie tell my husband Launcelot what you say, here 
he comes. 

Loren. I shall growe essentials of you goshly Launcelot, 
if you thus get my wife into corners?

Ioff. Nay, you need not feare vs, Lorenzo, Launcelot 
and I are out, he tells me daily there is no mercy for me 
in heaven, because I am a lewes daughter: and he tells 
you are no good member of the commonwealth, for 
in computing, lewes to Christi ans, you raise the price 
of Porke.

Loren. I shall answere that better to the Commonwealth, 
than you can get up of the Negroes belee, the Moore is 
with chilid by you Launcelot?

Clown. It is much that the Moore should be more then 
reason: but if the be lively an honest woman, there is 
indeed more then I took her for.

Loren. How curtie foole can play vpou the word, I 
think the best grace of wister will shortly turne into 
flour, and discurse grow commendable in none other, 
but Paracels go in faire, bid them prepare for dinner?

Clown. That is done first, they have all stomacks?

Loren. Goody Lord, what a wriete-shapper are you, 
then bid them prepare dinner.

Clown. That is done to fit, only order is the word.

Loren. Will you come than fit?

Clown. Not so far neither, I know my dutie.

Loren. Yet more quarrelling with occasion, will thou 
shew the whole wealth of thy wit in an instante: I pray 
thee understand an a plan man in his plan meaning: goe 
to thy fellows, bid them cover the table, issue in the 
meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Clown. For the table fit, it shall be serv'd in, for the 
meat fit, it shall bee covered, for your coming in to 
dinner fit, why lest it be as humors and conceits shall 
governe.

Loren. O dearer discretion, how his words are lated.

The foole hath planted in his memory 
An Armine of good words, and I doe know 
A many foolest that stand in better place, 
Garmitt like him, that for a trisque word 
Defe the matter: how cheere'll thou Juffes.

And now good sweet say thy opinion, How
The Merchant of Venice.

How dost thou like the Lord Baffanie’s wife?

Jew. Paff all expressing is very mete.
The Lord Baffanie live an upright life.
For having such a blessing in his Lady,
He findes the joys of heaven here on earth,
And if on earth he do not mean it, is it
Is reason he should never come to heaven?
Why if two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Parts one: there must be something else
Paund with the other, for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Laven. Eaten such a husband
Haft thou of me, as she is for a wife?

Eft. Nay, but take my opinion to of that?

Laven. I will anonish tis vs goe to dinner?

Eft. Nay, let me pacifie you while I have a homacke?

Laven. No pray thee, let it serue for table talkes,
Then how for if she do speak as other things,
I shal digget it?

Eft. Well, I let you forth.

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Duke, the Magnifico, Antonio, Baffanie, and Gratiano.

Duke. What is Antonio here?

Antonio. Ready, to please your grace?

Duke. I am sorry for thee, thou art come to answer
A base adversary, an inhuman wretch,
Vengeable of pity, voyd, and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Antonio. I have heard
Your Grace hath cause great paines to qualify
His rigorous course: but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawfull means can carry me
Out of his enmity, I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am arm’d
To suffer with a quiefnesse of spirit,
The very triamph and rage of his
Do. Go one and call the Jew into the Court.

Sal. He is ready at the doore, he comes my Lord.

Enter Shylock.

Do. Make roome, and let them stand before our face.
Shylock the world thinkes, and I thinke so too
That he must haue a lawfull formes of trading
To the last hour of his life, and then tis thought
Thou’st flown thy mercy and remorse more strange,
Than is thy furie apparent cruelty;
And where thou know’st exact if the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor Merchant’s flesh,
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
But touch’d with humane genttieele and love,
Forgive a noytie of the principal,
Glanceing an eye of pity on his losses
That haue of late so hadded on his backe,
Enow to preffe a royall Merchant downe;
And placke comemeration of his parte
From barbarie borne, and rough hearts of flints;
From bulbous Turkes and Tarters never trained
To offices of tendre curtesie,
We all expect a gentle answer Jew?

Jew. I have profest your grace of what I purpose,
And by our holy Sature, I swerne
To haue the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you desire it, let the danger light
Upon your Charter, and your Cities frendes,
You’ll take me why I rather choose to haue
A weight of carrion flesh, then to receive
Three thousand Dukates: I do not answer that:
But sayt it is my humor: Is it answered?
What if my house be troubled with a Rat,
And I be pleased to give ten thousand Dukates
To have it bain’d? What, are you answer’d yet?
Some men there are lose not a gaping Piggie.
Such men are mad, if they behold a Cat;
And others, when the bag-pipe singes t’th noife,
Cannot containe their Yrme for affiction.
Matters of passion frayses to the moode
Of what is like or loathes, now for your answer
As there is no firme reason to be refused
Why he cannot abide a gaping Piggie?
Why a harmfull necessarie Cat?
Why be a woollen bag-pipe: but of force.
Muf the yoke to such inhuman frame,
As to offend himself e being offended:
I can I judge no reason, nor I cannot
More then a lond’ly hate, and a certaine loathing
I bare Antonio, that I follow thus
A looking lute against him? Are you answered?

Duke. This is no answer than ventiling man,
To excite the currant of thy cruelty.

Jew. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Duke. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Jew. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Duke. Euerie offence is not a hate at first,

Jew. What wouldst thou have a Serpent sting thee
Twice?

Antonio. I pray thee think you question with the Jew:
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the maine flood bathe his vital bright,
Or even as well we question with the Wolfe,
The Ewe bleate for the Lambe:
You may as well forbid the Mountaine Pines
To wear their high tops, and to make no noife
When they are fretted with the grunts of heaven:
You may as well do any thing moost hard,
As feake to tosten that, then which what harder?
His Jewish here. Therefore I do beseech you
Make no more offers, vie no further matier,
But with all breake and plaine conuenience
Let me haue judgemenst, and the Jew hit will.

Duke. For thy three thousand Dukates heere cis fix.

Ivan Gascoigne. If everie Duke in three thousand Dukates
Were in three parts, and every part a Dukate,
I would not draw them, I would haue my bond?

Duke. How shall I haue of me, rendring none.

Ivan Gascoigne. What judgement shall I dread doing no wrong?
You have among you many a punchaft fue;
Which like your Affes, and your Dogs and Mules,
You vie in abode; and in lawfull parts
Because you bought them. Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heires.
Why foest they vnder burthen? Let their beds
Be made as feate as yours: and let their pallats
Be feason’d with such Vsiands: you will answer
The Merchant of Venice. 

The names are ours, So do I answer you. The pound of flesh which I demand of him is dearly bought, it is mine, and I will have it. If you deny me, tis you, not I, that shall have it. There is no force in the decrees of Venice; I stand for judgment, answer; Shall I have it? Do you, by your power, I may dismiss this suit? Vindice Belarius, a learned Doctor, whom I have sent for to determine this, come hither to say.


doe, You hear the learned Belarius what he writes, and hear (I take it) is the Doctor come: Give me your hand: Can you serve Belarius? 

Por. I am the Lord. Do you, you are welcome: take your places; Are you acquainted with the difference? That holds this present question in the court. Which is the Merchant here? and which the Jew? Do you that old Shylock, both hand forth. 

Por. your name Shylock? 

Jew. Shylock is my name. 

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow, yet in such rule, that the Venetian Law cannot impose you as you do proceed: You stand by his son's daughter, do you not? 

Ant. 1. To he says, Do you confesse the bond? 

Por. Do you confesse the bond? 

Ant. I do. 

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful. 

Jew. On what compulsion must I? Tell me that. 

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd, that drops on the gentle from the gracious. Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest. It blest them that gave, and him that takes. This might be in the mightiest, it becomes the throned monarch better than his crown. 

His scepter shows the force of temporal power, The attribute to awe and majesty, wherein doth sit the dread and fear of Kings: But mercy is above this sceptred sway, it is enthroned in the hearts of kings, it is an attribute to God himself. And earthly power doth then show likest God. When mercy seasons justice. Therefore I tell you, Though justice be thy plea, consider this, that in the course of justice, none of vs should see excision: we do pray for mercy. 

And that same prayer, doth teach us all to render 

The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much To mitigate the justice of thy plea; Which if thou follow, this brief est course of Venice Must needs give sentence against the Merchant there. Shy. My deeds upon my head, I crave the Law, the penalty and forfeiture of my bond, 

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money? 

Bel. Yes, here I tend it for him in the court. 

Por. 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 shall appear That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you, Wield once the Law to your authority, To do a great right, do a little wrong, And curb this cruel will of his will. 

Por. It must not be, there is no power in Venice. Can alter a decree established. 

Twill be reported for a President.


to all the rest of your Letter I am very sorry, but the informer, whose name came, in loving mitigation, was with me a young Doctor of Rome, his name is Belthafar. I acquainted him with the cause of commissary, between the Jew and Antonio the Merchant, to such wise, in many books together: here li furthest refresh'd with my opinion, which he entrusted with this true learning, the greatest whereof I cannot enough commend, for, and

Enter Balthasar.

Duke. You hear the learned Belarius what he writes, 

And hear (I take it) is the Doctor come: 

Give me your hand: Can you serve Belarius?

Por. I am the Lord. 

Do. You are welcome: take your places; 

Are you acquainted with the difference? 

That holds this present question in the court.

Which is the Merchant here? and which the Jew? 

Do. Your name Shylock? 

Jew. Shylock is my name. 

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow, 

Yet in such rule, that the Venetian Law cannot impose you as you do proceed:

You stand by his son's daughter, do you not?

Ant. I. To he says, Do you confesse the bond?

Por. Do you confesse the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Jew. On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd, 

That drops on the gentle from the gracious. 

Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest. 

It blest them that gave, and him that takes. 

This might be in the mightiest, it becomes 

The throned monarch better than his crown. 

His scepter shows the force of temporal power, 

The attribute to awe and majesty, 

Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of Kings: 

But mercy is above this sceptred sway, 

It is enthroned in the hearts of kings, 

It is an attribute to God himself. 

And earthly power doth then show likest God. 

When mercy seasons justice. Therefore I tell you, 

Though justice be thy plea, consider this, 

That in the course of justice, none of vs should see excision: 

We do pray for mercy. 

And that same prayer, doth teach us all to render 

The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much 

To mitigate the justice of thy plea; 

Which if thou follow, this brief est course of Venice 

Must needs give sentence against the Merchant there. 

Shy. My deeds upon my head, I crave the Law, 

The penalty and forfeiture of my bond, 

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money? 

Bel. Yes, here I tend it for him in the court. 

Por. 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 shall appear 

That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you, 

Wield once the Law to your authority, 

To do a great right, do a little wrong, 

And curb this cruel will of his will. 

Por. It must not be, there is no power in Venice. 

Can alter a decree established. 

Twill be reported for a President.
And thus an error by the same example,
Will rush into the state. It cannot be.

Jer. A Daniel come to judgment, yet a Daniel.
O wife young Judge, how do you reason there.
Per. I pray you let me know where you stand.
Jer. Here's this matter end Doctor, here it is.
Per. Say what, there's this thing more offered there.
Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven;
Shall I say mine upon my life?
No not for Venice.
Per. Why, his bond is forfeit.
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim.
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off.
Next the merchant he'll be mercifully,
Take thirty shillings, and the rest the bond.
Jer. Wherein it is paid according to the tenure,
It doth appear you are a worthy judge:
You know the Law, your expedition
Hath been most found. I charge you by the Law,
Whereof you are a well-deferring pillar,
Proceed to judgment: By my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man.
To alter me: I this here is on my bond.

An. Most hardly shall I deliver the Court
To give the judgment.
Per. Why then thus it is
you must prepare your bosom for his knife.
Jer. O noble Judge, O excellent young man,
Per. Forthwith and purpose of the Law
Hath full relation to the penalties,
Which here appeared true upon the bond.
An. This true true: O wise and virtuous Judge,
How much more elder art thou than thy looker?
Per. Therefore lay bare your bosom,
Jer. I, his breast,
So in the bond, doth hence noble Judge?
Near his heart, there are the very words.

Per. It's to: Are there shall once here to weigh the flesh?
Jer. I have them ready.
Per. Have by some Surgeon Shylock on your charge
To stop his wounds, lest he should bleed to death.
Jer. It is not nominated in the bond?
Per. It is not to express, but what of that?
Were good you do so much for charity.
Jer. I cannot find it, it's not in the bond.
Per. Come Merchant, have you any thing to say?
Ans. But little! I am first and well prepared.
Get me your hand, Shylock, fare you well.
Green not that I am false to this for you:
For be in fortune she was his more kind
Then is her fortune, it is full her vice.
He let the wretched man cut up his flesh,
To view with hollow eyes, and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty, From which lingering penance
Of the care of him, (off flame it's off)
Commend me to your Honourable Wife,
Tell her the proceed of Anthinio's end:
Say how I lead you; speaks me fairest in death.
And when the tale is told, let her be judge,
Whether Ruffino had not once a Lion:
Remain not you that you shall know your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt.
For if the Jew the cut be deep enough,
He pays it instantly, with all my heart.

Shy. Anthinio, I am married to a wife.

Which is as dear to me as life it tells,
But life it is my wife, and all the world.
Are not wish the other's above thy life.
I would look all, I sacrifice all,
Here to this day, to deliver you.
Per. Your wife would give you little thanks for that.
If I were by to hear you make the offer.
Ora. I have a wife whom I proceed I lose,
I would be in heaven, for the could
Invent some power to change this curse.
Ner. Thus will you offer it behind her back?
The wish would make little an inequite bond.
(For
Jer. Thus be the Christian husband I have a daughter.
Would any of the flock of Damocles
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian.
We sit in time, I pray thee sit in patience.
Per. A pound of that time merchant flesh is chaste,
The Court awards it, and the law doth give it.
Shy. Molt the wishful Judge.
Per. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast,
The Law allows it, and the Court awards it.
Jer. Molt learned Judge, a sentence come prepared.
Per. I pray a little, there is something else,
This bond death give then hence no lot of good.
The words expressly are a pound of flesh.
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh,
But in the cutting it, it then doth find
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are by the Law of Venice confisicate
Vero the state of Venice.

O. An upright judge,
Mark he, a learned Judge,
Shy. Is that the law?
Per. Thy signet shall see the Act:
For so thou must judge, be aware
This bond death give thou more then thou desire.
Ora. O learned Judge, mark he, a learned Judge,
Jer. I take this offer then, pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian goe.

Bass. Here is the money.
Per. Soft, the Jew fhall have all the money.
He shall have nothing but the penalty.
Ora. O learned Judge, a learned Judge,
Per. Therefore prepare thee to cut off this flesh,
Shed thou no blood, nor may thou let off more.
But in a pound of flesh: if thou takke it more
Or let off a thout pound, but to much
As makes it light or heavy in the sublicence;
Or the delution of the twentieth part.
Of one so poor, may it the scale decoy
But in the commutation of a shreyne
That thou doest, and all thy goods are confiscate.
Ora. A second Daniel, a Daniel I sue,
Now infall! I have thee on the lips.
Per. What shall the Jew favour take thy suit, Sir?
Shy. Give me my principal and let me goe.
Bass. I haue it ready for thee, hear it is.
Per. He hath refuse it in the open Court,
He shall have the penalty and his bond.

Ora. A Daniel full say I, a second Daniel,
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me these words.
Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?
Per. Thou shalt have nothing, but the forfeiture,
To be taken fe at thy peril I sue.
Shy. Why then the Deall I shall give him good of it!
He say no longer question.
The Law hath yet another hold on you. It is incensed in the Laws of Venice, that by direct or indirect attempts he shall lose the life of any citizen, the party gain the which he doth contrive, shall forfeit one half his goods, the other half comes to the private coffers of the State, and the offender lies in the mercy of the Duke only. But I will not meddle with that. In which pretence I say thou standest. For it appears by manifest proceeding, that indirectly, and directly too, thou hast contrived against the very life of the defendant: and thou hast incurred the danger formerly by me rehearsed. Downe therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke, may be well, do thou pay the debt, and yet thy wealth being forfeit, thou hast not left the value of a cord, therefore thou must be hang'd at the states charge. Duk. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit, pardon thee thy life before thou askest. For halfe thy wealth, is it Anthony's? The honest man comes to the general state, which humblest thou mayst vouch a fine. Per. I for the state, not for Anthony. Shy. Nay, take my life and all, and pardon not that. You have my house, where you do take the prop that doth sustaine my house, you take my life. When you do take the means whereby I live, Per. What mercy can your reader have? Gran. A halfe, gratis, nothing else for God's sake. Shy. So please my Lord the Duke, and all the Court. To quit the fine for one halfe of his goods, I am content: so he will let me have the other halfe in rife, to render it upon his death, unto the Gentleman that lately stole his daughter. Two things prouided moreover, for this favour he freely become a Christian: the other, that he doe record a gift here in the Court of all he dies possess of unto his cousin Lorenzo, and his daughter. Duk. He shall doe this, or else I doe rescant the pardon that I late pronounced here. Per. Art thou converted Jew? what dost 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, lend the deed after me, and I will signe it. Duk. Get thee gone, but doe it. Gr. In christening thou hast two godfathers, had I beene judge, thou shouldst have had ten more. To bring thee to the gallows, not to the font. Exit. Duk. Sir, I trust you with the meane to dinner. Per. I humbly doe desire your Grace of pardon, I must away this night towards Padua, and it is meete I presently get forth. Duk. I am sorry that your life doth suffer you not. Anthony, gratulate this gentleman, For in my mind, you are much bound to him. Exit Duke and his train. Baff. Most worthy gentleman, I am your friend.
The Merchant of Venice

Enter Lorenzo and Iffio.

Lor. The moon shines 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 Trojan me thinkes mounted the Ilian walls, And frighted his soul toward the Grecian tents, We're craggy by that night.

Iff. In such a night did Iffio carefully one trip the dove, And saw the Lyons shadow on the hillside, And ranne dismayed away.

Loren. If in such a night stood Dido with a Willow in her hand, Upon the wild sea bankes, and said her Lute To come again to Carthage.

Iff. In such a night Medea gathered the enchant'd thumbs That did renew old Efes.

Loren. If in such a night did Iffio steal from the wealthy Iwe, And with one Drust, Looe did run from Venice, As farre as Belmont.

Iff. In such a night did young Lorenzo (saw he not her well), Stealing her soul with many woes of love, And here is true one.

Loren. If in such a night did pretty Iffio (like a little thow) Slander her Looe, and forgoe it her.

Iff. I would not seely nor did nobody come: But hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter Messinger.

Lor. Who comes to fall in silence of the night?

Mes. A friend.

Lor. A friend, what friend? in name I pray you

Mes. Stephen is my name, and I bring word My Mistress will before the break of day Be here at Belmont, the doth strain about By holy croffes where the knells and prayers For happy will be borne.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Mes. None but a holy Hermite and her maid: I pray you the name of my Master yet known?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him; But go and tell the Hermite, And ceremoniously let vs vs prepare Some well come for the Mistress of the house,

Enter Chorus.

Cle. Sola, sola, two halfe joc, sola, sola.

Loren. Who calls?

Cle. Sola, did you see M. Lorenzo, & M. Lorenzo, sola, sola.

Lor. Leave hollowing man, here.

Cle. Sola, where, where?

Lor. Here.

Cle. Tell him ther's a Post come from my Master, with his horse full of good news, my Master will be here ere morning sweet soule.

Loren. Let's sin, and there expect their coming; And yet no matter: why should we go in? My friend Stephen, signifie you pray Within the house, your Mistresse is at hand, And bring your musique forth in the yard, How sweet the moon : light deepes upon this banke, Here will we fit, and let the sound of musicke Creep in our ears, soft施行es, and the night Become the tresses of sweet harmonie.

St. Iffio, looke how the floor of heaven Is ducd with a play of glorieious gold; There's not that fair seat where these behold It But in his motion like an Angel flying, Still quiring to the young eyed Cherubins; Such harmonie is in immortal soules. But whilst this mudy vesture of death Doth groly clode it in, we cannot heare it; Come hond, and wake Diane with a hymne, With sweetest tresses prance your Mistresse care, And draw her home with musicke.

Iff. I am not mery when I heare sweet musique.

Play musicke.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are acute: For doth not a wild and wanton beast Or race of youthful and unhandeled coles, Picking and bounds, bowling and neighing loud, Which is the hot condition of their blood, If they but heare a percurse trumpet found, Or any syre of musicke touch their ears, You shall perceive them make a martial hand, Their pike eyes turn'd to a modest gaze, By the sweet power of musicke: therefore the Poet Did cause that Orpheus drew trees, flowers, and floods Since naught to flockhill, hard, and full of rage, But musicke for true doe change his nature, The man that hath no musicke in himselfe, Nor is not moud with concord of sweet sounds, Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoyle, The motions of his spirit are dull as night, And his affections dark as Erebos. Let no such man be trusted: make the musicke.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Per. That light we see is burning in my hall: How farre that little candell throwes his beams, So shines a good deed in a naughtie world.

Ner. When the moon shown I did not see the candle.

Per. So doth the greater glory dim the leaue, A subtil flame shines brightly as a King. Untill a King be by, and then his flame Empties it selfe, as doth an inland brooke Into the maine of water, musique, harke, 

Ner. It is your musicke Madam of the house.

Per. Nothing is good Tice without a speak. Methinks it sounds so much sweeter then by day.

Ner. Silence before that vessels on it Madam.

Per. The Crow doth sing as sweetly as the Lark when the"
When neither is attended: and I think the
Nightingale if she should sing by day
When every Goose is crying, would be thought
No better a Musitian then the Wren?
How many things by reason, reason'd are
to their right praise, and true perfection:
Peace, how the Moone sleeps with Endermion,
And would not be wak'd,

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd of Portia.
Per. He knows me as the blinde man knows the
Cackow by the bad voice?
Lor. Dear Lady welcome home?
Per. We have been praying for our husbands welfare
Which speed we hope the better for our words,
Are they return'd?
Lor. Madam, they are not yet:
But there is come a Messenger before
To signifie their coming.
Per. Go to Messenes.
Gius order to my secretaries, that they take
No note of all our being absent hence,
Nor you Lorenzo, Felipe nor you.
A Tuckys found.
Per. Your husband is at hand, I hear his Trumpet,
We are no strangers Madam, fear you not.
Per. This night methinks is but the daylight fishe,
It looks a little paler, 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the Sun is hid.

Exeunt Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano, and their Companions.

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in of course of the sun.
Per. Let me give light, but let me not be light,
For a bright wife should make a beautifull husband,
And never be Bassanio to for me,
But God for all: you are welcome home, my Lord.
Bass. I thank you Madam, give welcome to my friend
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am in infinite bound.
Per. You should in all hence be much bound to him,
For as I hear he was much bound for you.
Ant. No more then I am well acquittted of.
Per. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other wats then words,
Therefore I fear this breathing curstic
Gri. By your Moone I vesse you do me wrong,
In that I gave it to the Judge Gratiano,
Would he were gelt that had it for my part,
Since you take it. Lonne so much at heart.
Per. A quarter bow alreadie, what is the matter?
Gri. About a horse of Gold, a patryce Ring
That the did give me, whose Poetic was
For all the world like Cutlers Poetry,
Upon a knife: I love me, and least me not.
Ner. What taleke you of the Poetic or the vaw?
You swore to me when I did gue it you,
Thats you would ware it till the hour of death,
And that it should dye with you in your grave,
Though not for one, yet for your veneration oath,
You should have been repaire and have kept it.
Gave it a Judges Gratiano but well I know
The Gratiano were hairies on's face that had it.
Gri. He will, and if the hue to be a man.
Ner. If a Woman have to be a man.
Gri. Now by this hand I gue it to a youth.
A knye of boy, a little scruddled boy,
No higher then thy selfes, the Judges Gratiano.
A prating boy that begg'd it as a fee,
I could not for my heart deny it him.
Per. You were too blame, I must be plaine with you,
To part in highly with your winces first gift.
A thing stucke on with cross easter upon your finger,
And euer rest with faith upon thy feath.
I gave my Lonne a Ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it, and heere he stands:
I dare be sworn to him, he would not leave it,
Nor plucke it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world matters. Now in faith Gratiano,
You gue your wife too vukinde a coute of greefe,
And were to me I should be mad at it.
Bass. Why I were heare to cut my left hand off,
And swear I lost the Ring defending it.
Gri. My Lord Gratiano gave his Ring away
Varo the Judge that begg'd it, and indeed
Defend'd it too: and then the Boy his Gratiano
That tooke some paines in writing, he begg'd mine,
And yetther man nor matter would take ought
But the two Rings.
Per. What Ring gave you my Lord?
Not that I hope which you receiv'd of me.
Bass. If I could addle a hee vuo a taulle,
I would deny it but you see my finger
Hath not the Ring upon it, it is gone.
Per. Even so vuo is your false heart of truth.
By heares I will there come in your bed,
Until I fee the Ring.
Ner. Nor I in yours, till I vuo false mine.
Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the Ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the Ring,
And would concieve for what I gave the Ring,
And how willingly I let the Ring,
When nought would be accepted but the Ring,
You would allate the strengthe of your displeasure.
Per. If you had known the vertue of the Ring;
Or halfe her worthynesse that gave the Ring,
Or your own honour to conclude the Ring,
You would not then have parted with the Ring.
What is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any termes of Zeale : wanted the modestie
To vige the thing held as a cermonie:
Ner. It reaches me what to beleive,
He die for't but some Woman had the Ring?
Bass. No by mine honor Madam, by my foule
No Woman had it, but a ciuell Doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand Durates of mine,
And begg'd the Rings the which I did denote him,
And suffer'd him to go displeis'd away:
Even he that had held it up the vrible life.
Of my dear friend, What should I say were Lady?
I was inforc'd to fend it after him,
I was belier with flame and curstic,
My honor would not let ingratitude
So much beleire it. Pardon me good Lady,
And by these blessed Candles of the night,
Had you bene there, I think you would have begg'd
The Ring of me, to give the worthye Doctor?
FINIS.
As you Like it.

*Actus primus. Scena Prima.*

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orlando.

As I remember Adam, it was upon this fashion he beread me by will, but pone a thousand Crownes, and as thou liest, charg'd my brother on his blessing to breed mee well: and here begins my face: My brother方可the he keepe fit school, and report speakes gold only of his profit: for my part, he keepe mee r ticably at home, or, to speak more properly, leaves mee here at home wake: for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differes not from the falling of an One? his horses are bred better, for besides that they are faire with their feeding, they are taught their maneige, and so that end Riders dearly bid: but I (his brother) gain nothing under him but growth, for the which my Animals on my dungbills are as much bound to him as I; besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave mee, his carriage feeme to take from mee: he seer mee feede with his Hinde, bares mee the place of a brother, and as much as in him lies, mine my gentility with my education. This is it: Adam, that gives mee, and the spirit of my Father, which I think is within mee, begins to murieag against this feritude. I will no more endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Enter Orlando.

Adam. Yonder comes my Master, your brother.

Orlando. Go to part Adam, and then shall hear how he will make you vp.

Oh. Now Sir, what make you here?

Orlando. Nothing: I am not ng to make anything.

Oh. Whar may you then be?

Orlando. Marry, Sir, I am helping you to make that which God made: a poor unworthy brother of yours, and idleness.

Orlando. Marry, Sir, be better employed, and be taught a white.

Orlando. Shall I keep you, my hogs, and est the water with them? what prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oh. Know you where you are Sir?

Orlando. Very well, here in your Orchard.

Oh. Know you before whom Sir?

Orlando. I better then him I am before I knowes mee: I know you are my elde brother, and in the gentle condition of blood you should so know me the course of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first borne, but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers between us: I have as much of my father in mee, as you, albeit I confess your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oh. What boy?

Orlando. Come, come old brother, you are too young in this. Wilt thou lay hands on me villain?

Orlando. I am no villain: I am the youngest sonne of Sir Rowland de Bays, he was my father, and he is thence a villain that the fates of a father begat villains: wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pulled out thy tongue for telling to, thou halfe said on thy selfe.

Adam. Sweet Masters bee patient, for your fathers remembrance, he at accord.

Oh. Let me goe I say.

Orlando. I will not till I please; you shall hear mee: my father charg'd you in his will to give me good education: you have train'd me like a peacock, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in mee, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poorest allowance my father left me by testament, with that I will goe buy my fortunes.

Oh. And what wilt thou do? beg when that is spent? Well Sir, get you in, I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will, I pray you leave mee.

Orlando. I will no further offend you, then becomes mee for my good.

Oh. Get you with him, you old dogge.

Adam. Is old dogge my reward: most true, I have lost my teeth in your service: God be with my old master, he would not have spoke such a word. Ex. Orlando.

Oh. Is it even so, begin you to grow upon mee? I will plague you your bungelike, and yet give you thousand crownes neither: holla Dennis.

Enter Dennis.

Dennis. Calls your worship?

Oh. Was not Charles the Duke Wraffle here to speake with me?

Dennis. So please you, he is here at the doore, and importunes access to you.

Oh. Call him in: 'twill be a good way: and tomorrow the wraffling is.

Enter Charles.

Charles. Good morrow to your worship.

Oh. Good Master Charles, what's the newnesse at the new Court?

Charles. There's no newes at the Court Sir, but the oldennewes that is, the old Duke is benished by his younger brother the new Duke, and three or four losing Q. 3

Lords
As you like it.

Scene Seconda.

Enter Rosalind, and Celia.

Ros. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my Cyrus, be merry. 
Ces. As thou hast mercy. I shall more mirth then I am midst of, and would you yet were merrier: werest thou couldst teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn mee how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Ros. Forsooth, mine eyes see not the weight that I have thee; if mine lute be banished father had banished thy lute, the Duke my father, so thou hadst bee full with mee, I could have taught my lute to take thy lute for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so royally tempered, as mine is to thee.

Ces. Well, I will not make the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Ros. You know my Father hath no child, but I, nor none is like to have; and truly when he dies, there shall be his heir; for what he hath taken away from the father, I will render thee againe in satisfaction by mine honor I will, and when I brake that oath, let me turne meaner therefore my sweet Rosalind, my dear Rosalind, be merry.

Ces. From henceforth I will be Cyrus, and deseigns: let me see, what thankes you of falling in love?

Ros. Marry; the love, do to make sport willish: but none no man in good earnest nor no further in sport any other, then with safety of a pure blush, those mirth in honors not come off again.

Ces. What shall be out sport then?

Ros. Let vs sit and make the good houshold fortune from her wheele, that her gods may henceforth be beglowed equally.

Ces. I would wee could do to: for her benefices are mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blinde woman deth not mistake in her gifts to women.

Ros. True, for those that she makes faire, the faire makes honest, & those that she makes honest, the makes very ill fashioned.


Enter Clowne.

Cl. No, when Nature hath made a faire creature, may the no by Fortune fall into the fire? though nature hath given ye to full at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this foole to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed there is fortune too hard for nature, when fortune makes nature mortal, the cutter off of nature wits.

Cl. Pergadventure this is not Fortune work neither, but Nature, who perceive our natural wits do too dul to reason of such goddess, hath sent this Naturall for our whetstone: for alwayes the dunce of the foole, is the whetstone of the wits. How now Witty, whether wonder you?

Cl. Mistref, you must come away to your father.

Cl. Were you made the messenger?

Cl. No by mine honor, but I was bid to come for you.
As you like it.

Ref. Where learned you that oath tooles?

Cle. Of a certaine Knight, that swore by his Honour they were good Pancakes, and floure by his Honour the Mustard was naught: Now he said to it, the Pancakes were naught, and the Mustard was good, and yet was not the Knight forsworne.

Col. How prove you that is the great hope of your knowledge?

Ref. I marry, now make use your wisdom.

Col. Stand you both forth now: the be your chnines, and swan be your beards that I am a knave.

Col. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Col. By my knaves (if I had it) then I were; but if you were by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight swearing by his Honour, for he never bad ane; or if he had, he bad sworn it away, before he saw chose Pancakes, or that Mustard.

Col. Prereuse, who is it that thou means?

Col. One that old Prosperity your Father loves.

Ref. My father know is enough to honor him enough; speak no more of him, you'll be whipt for the taxation one of these days.

Col. The more pitie, that fools may not speak witty, what Witnmen do foolishly.

Ref. By my troth, thou failest true: For, since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolere that wise men have makes a great show; Hence comes Monsieur the Benj.

Enter le Beau.

Ref. With his mouth full of newes.

Col. Which he will put on vs, as Pigeons feed their young.

Ref. Then shall we be never-cram'd.

Col. All the better: we shall be the more Marketable.

Ben. Monsieur Monsieur le Ben, what's the newes?

La Beau. Faire Princesse, you have lost much good sport.

Col. Sport of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour Madame? How shall I answer you?

Ref. As wit and forseeme will.

Col. Or as the deilities decrees.

Col. Well said, that was laid on with a stowell.

Col. Nay, if I keepen my rankes.

Ref. Thou lookest thy old smack.

Le Beau. You amaze me Ladies: I should have told you of good wrastleing, which you have lost the sight of.

Ref. Ye tell vs the manner of the Wrassling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning; and if it please your Ladiships, you may see the end, for the best is yet to doe, and there where you are, they are comning to performe it.

Col. Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man, and three lads.

Col. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence.

Ref. With bills on their neckes: Be it known vp into all men by these prentes.

Le Beau. The eldest of the three, wrassled with Charles the Duke Wrassler, which Charles in a moiment threw him, and broke three of his ribbes, that there is little hope of life in him: So he fareu the second, and to the third: yonder they lie, the poore old man their Father, making such pitiful dote over them; that all the beha...
As you like it.

Ces. And mine to eke out hers.
Ref. For, as you well-praise the heart, I do declare in you.
Ces. Your heart desires he be with you.

er. Come, where is that young gallant, that so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Readie Sir, but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duk. You shall trie but one fall.

Ces. No, I warrant your Grace you shall not entreat him to a second, that he may comfortably persuade him from a third.

Orl. You mean to mocke me after: you should not have mockt me before; but come your wits.

Ref. Now Hercules, be so fayre young man.

Ces. I would I were as capable, to catch the strong fellow low by the legge.

Ref. Oh excellent young man.

Ces. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eie, I can tell who should downe.

Ref. No more, no more.

Ces. Yes! I beseech your Grace, I am not yet well breath'd.

Duk. How doth thou Charles?

Le Ben. He cannot speake my Lord.

Duk. Beare him away.

What is thy name young man?

Orl. Orlando my Lorde, the youngest sonne of Sir Roland de Boyne.

Duk. I would thou hadst bene so to some man else, where these eftem'd thy father honourable, but I did finde him full mine enemie:

Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed;

Hadst thou defended from another house;

But far these well, thou art a gallant youth, I would thou hadst tell me of another Father.


Scene Tertius.

Enter Ces. and Rosaline.

Ces. Why Cofen, why Rosaline? Cofen have mercy, Not a word?

Ref. Not one to throw at a dog.

Ces. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon ears, throw some of them at me; some lame met with reason.

Ref. Then there were two Cofen in the day:

Ces. They are but burs, Cofen, throw'ne on thee in holiday festeis, if we walke not in the stedden path our very pretty coates will catch them.

Ref. I could make them off my coate, these burs are in my heart.

Ces. Hem them away.

Ref. I would try if I could cry hem, and have him.

Ces. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ref. O they take the part of a better wrestler than my felle.

Ces. Or, a good with upon you; you will trie in time.
As you like it.

Duk. You are a fool, you. O Prince, provoke your self,
If you out-slay the time, upon mine honor,
And in the greatness of my word you flie.

Exit Duke.

Cec. O my poor Rosaline, whether wilt thou goe? Wilt thou change Fathers? I will give thee mine? I charge thee be not thou more grieued then I am.

Ref. I have more cause.

Cec. Thou hast not Coen.

Ref. Preche be chearfully; I know it thou not the Duke Hath bin bid me his daughter?

Ref. That he hath not.

Cec. No, hath not? Rosaline lacks then the loue Which reacheth thee, that thou and I am one, Shall we be furnish'd? shall we pert fowre girls? No, let my father seek another here: Therefore doubt with me, how we may fite Whether to goe, and whatto bear with vs, And do not seek to take your charge upon you, To bear your griefes your selfe, and leave me out: For by this heavens, now at our forrowes pale,

Ref. Why, whatshall we goe?

Cec. To secke my Vnde in the Forrest of Arden.

Ref. Akes, what danger will it be so farte? (Maides as we are) to travel so farre to fete? Beatrice protracteth theues to other then gold.

Cec. I leue my selfe in poore and meane attire, And with a kind of warthe in my face, The like doe you, so shall we passe along, And never be affaires.

Ref. Were it not better,

Cec. Because that I am more then common, That I did fight me all points like a man, A gallant curteous on my thigh, A bore-square in my hand, and merry heart, Lye there what whist a woman dare there will, Weels have a swalling and a marshall out, As manie other mutual and and so as base, That doe outface it with their embelishments.

Ref. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

Cec. He have no worde, a name then last page. And therefore looke you call me Caudme.

Ref. But what will you by call'd?

Cec. Something that hath a reference to my state:

No longer Cela, but Alinda.

Ref. But Coen, what if we affraid to secke The clownish foole out of your Fathers Court What should not be a comfort to our trustles?

Cec. Heele seke along ore the wide world with me, Leave me alone to weare him, Let a way, And get our Jewels and our wealth together, Desire the fairest time, and fittest way, To hide vs from pursuitt that will be made After my fight; now goe in, we couneit To libertie, and not to be hangit.

Exeunt.

Enter Duke Senior. Scene I.

Duk. Sir, now my Coe-mates and brothes in exile Hath not old Catum made this life more sweete.

Then
Then that of painted poepe? Are not these woods
More free from peril? then the emulous Court?
Here see we not the penalty of Adam,
The reason was, as the Icetechange
And chariots chiding of the winsome wind,
Which when it bites and blows upon my body
Even still I shrank with cold; I smile, and say
This is no febrity: these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am:
Sweet are the vits of aduouter
Which like the toad, ugly and venemous,
Were yet a precious jewel in his head.
And this our life except from publick haunt,
Findes tongues in trees, boskes in the running brookes,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

**Amicus.** I would not change it, happy is your Grace
That can translate the Hubbornehill of fortune
Into so quire and so sweet a stable.

**Duke.** Con, shall we goe and kill vs yon? I know you are
And yet it strikes me the poor doped foolcs
Being native Burgers of this defies City,
Should imbrace their own confines with forked heads
Have their round hammers good.

1. **Lord.** Indeed my Lord,
The melancholy Jaques grining at that,
In such a state you doe more vnfre.
Then Qsh your brother that hath banish'd you:
To day my Lord of Amiens, and my felic,
Did heale behinde him as he lay along
Vnder an oak, whole antich neuros peeps out
Upon the brooke that braves along this wood,
To that which place a poyre requisit stag,
That from the Hunter same had tane a hurt,
Did come so languish: and indeed my Lord
The wretched animal head forth such groans
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to lousyng, and the big round tears
Cry'd out another downe his ungodly hole
In pitibous chase: and thus the hurtus foolcs;
Muth marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on th' extremt verge of the swift brooke,
Augmenting it with tears.

2. **Duke.** But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?
1. **Lord.** O yes, into a thousand families,
First, for his weeping into the needle frame:
Poorer Deere quoth be, then lack a testament
As worldlings doe, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much; then being there alone,
Let your abandoned and your wife friend
This right quoth be, thus miserly doth part
The Place of companion; anon a carelesse heed
Full of the pature, jumps along by him
And never flake to greet him; I quoch Jaques,
Sweeps on you fat and greasy Citizens,
Fis, if the fashion a withering doe you looke
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
Thus most immediately be pierce through the
Body of Countres, Cites, Court,
Yes, and of this our life, sweateing that we
Are meere wretches, tyrants, and what wrore
To fright the Animales, and to kill them vp
In their abode, and make the dwelling place.

2. **Duke.** And did you hear him in this contemplation?

**Lord.** We did my Lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the looting Deere.
As you like it.

Enter Rustian and Silvius.

Ref. I like to good Touchstone. Look you, who comes here, a young man and an old in solemn talk.

Ces. That is the way to make her learnest you shall.

Sili. Oh, Cesars, that thou knewest how I do lose her.

Ces. I partly guesse for I hope you'd see now. Though in thy youth thou waitst as true a love,

Sili. As ever fought upon a midnight pillow;

Cas. But if thy love were ever like to mine,

Sili. As once I slanke did never man love so:

Cas. How many actions most ridiculous,

Sili. Hast thou been drawn to by thy traries?

Cas. Into a chaffinest that I have forgotten.

Sili. Oh, thou didst then never lose to hastily,

Cas. If thou rememberest not the flightest folly,

Sili. That ever love did make thee run into,

Cas. Thou hast not done.

Sili. Or if thou hast not done as I doe now,

Cas. Wearing thy beard in thy Mistress praise,

Sili. Thou hast not done.

Sili. Or if thou hast not broke from company,

Cas. Abruptly as my passion now makes me,

Sili. Thou hast not done.

O Peace, Peace, Peace.

Exit.

Ref. Also, as Shepherds searching of they would,

I haste by hard adventur found mine own.

Ces. And mine: I remember when I was in love, I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for commending a sight to Town Smisse, and remember the kis-

Sili. Ling of her balsam, and the Cowes dugs that her picture chaps hands had milk'd; and I remember the wooring of a peachseed instead of a rose, from whom I took two cots, and giving her them again in, said with weeping tears, were these for my sake: were that so true Lovers, runne into strange capers, but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love, mortal in folly.

Ref. Thou speak'st wiser then thou art at ware of.

Ces. Nay, I shall never be ware of mine owne wit, till I brake my spirit against it.

Ref. Lame, lame, this Shepherds passion,

Ces. Is much upon my passion.

Ces. And mine, but it growses something stale with me.

Ref. I pray you, one of you question you'd man,

Ces. If the good will give vs any foodes,

Ref. Peace, peace, he's not thy kinsman.

Cas. Who casts?

Ces. Your better Sir?

Cas. Else see they very wretched.
As you like it.

Ref. Peace I say: good even to your friend.
Cor. And to you gentle Sir, and to you all.
Ref. I prisse Shepheard, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring ye where we may sell our goods, and feed:
Here's a young maid with trust and much oppressed,
And fain's but for love.
Cor. Fair Sir, I picture her,
And with her fairest tale then for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to extenuate her.
But I am shepheard to another man,
And do not thence the Flocks that I graze:
My master is of charitable disposition,
And little lectures to finde the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitallite.
Ref. Besides his Coate, his Flocks, and bounds of feedes
Are now on it, and as our heres-coats now
By reason of his absence there is nothing
That you will feed on: but what is, come for,
And in my voice well I welcome shall you be.
Ref. What is that shall buy his flocke and pasture?
Cor. That young Swaine that you saw here but ever while,
That little cares for buying any thing.
Ref. I pray ther, it is stand with honesty,
Buy thou the Coate, pasture, and the flocke,
And thou shalt have to pay for it over.
Cor. And we will mend thy wages:
I like this place, and willingly would
Waste my time in it.
Ref. Affordedly the thing is to be fold:
Go with me, if you like upon report,
The foile, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful Feedere he,
And buy it with your gold right souldian.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter, Angery, Iago, & others.

Song.

Under the green woods tree,
Who loves to lye with men,
And turn his spear of care:
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he rest, ere want and toil be:
But Winter and rough Weather.

Iag. More, more, I prethee more.

Ang. It will make you melancholy Monseigneur Iago.
Iag. I thank thee: More, I prethee more,
I can think melancholy out of song.
As a Weazel lackes eeges: More, I prethee more.

Ang. My voice is ragged, I know I cannot please you.
Iag. I do not desire you to please me,
I do desire you to sing:
Come, more, another stanza: Can you em hzanne's?

Ang. What will you want Monseigneur Iago?
Iag. Nay, I care not for their names, they owe me nothing. Wil you sing?

Ang. More as your request, then to please my selfe.
Iag. Well then, if you'll thank me any more, I'll thank you.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Orlando, & Adam.

Adam. Deere Master, I can go no further:
O I die for food, here lie I downe,
And meditate upon that. Farel de kinder master.

Orl. Why how now Adam? No greater heart in thee:
Like a little, comfort a little, there thy selfe a little.
If this weakly, Farewel ye dathing any thing savage,
I will either be for food, or bring it for food to thee:
Thy conscience is never death, then thy powers.
For my sake be comfortable, hold death a while,
At the arms end, I will siege be with thee present,
And if I bring thee not something to ease,
I will give thee leave to die: but thou must
Before I come, thou art a macker of my labor.
Welt said, thou lookst cheerfully,
And I be with thee quickly: yet thou liest
In the2akespare: Come, I will bear thee
To some shelter, and thou shalt not die.
For lacke of a dinner,
If there live any thing in this desert.
Cheerly good Adam.

Exeunt.
Scene Septima.

Enter Duke Sen. & Lord, like Out-drivers.

Du. Sen. I think he be transform'd into a brat, For I can no where finde him, like a man.

1. Lord. My Lord, he is but even now gone hence,

Heere was his mercy, hearing of a Song.

Du. Sen. If hee the compact of arees grow Muscally,
We shall have shortly dier'd in the Spheares :
Go seekke him, tell him I would speake with him.

Enter Laposhe.

1. Lord. He suettes my labor by his owne approache.

Du. Sen. Why how now Monseur, what's life is this
That your poorest friends must woe your company,
What, you looke merrily.

Lag. A foule, a foule, I met a foule in Forest,
A moste poule a miserable world.

As I dooke by foule, I met a foule,
Who laid him downe, and bask'd him in the Sun,
And rault on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set termes, and yet a moste foule.

Good morrow foule (quoth I,) amongs foule,
Call me no foule, till I doe thee fortune,
And then he drew a dail through his poake,
And looking on it, with lacke-lustre eye,
Sayes, very willfully, it is ten o'clock.

Thus we may fee (quoth he,) how the world waggles,
'Tis but an houre auge, since it was nine,
And after one houre more, 'twill be eluency,
And so from houre to houre, we ripe, and ripe,
And then from houre to houre, we rot, and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did heare
The moste foule, thus morall on the time,
My Lungs began to crow like Chanticleer,
That Foules should be to deeppe contemplation.

And I did laugh, laugh, laugh,

An houre by his dail. Oh noble foule,
A worthy foule: Morley's the onely weare.

Du. Sen. What foule is this?

Lag. O worthy Foule: One that hath bin a Countier
And laies, if Ladies be but yong, and faire,
They haue the gift to know it: and in his brace,
Whiche is as drie as the remainder basket.

After a voyage: He hath strange places cram'd
With obesitation, the which he vent
In mangled formes. O that I were a foule,
I am ambitious for a moste cost.

Du. Sen. Then hast hauet one.

Lag. It is my onely suite,
Provided that youe weede your better judgements
Of all opinion that grows raine in them,
That I am wise. I must haue liberty
Without, as large a Charter as the windes,
To blowe on whom I please, for so foules hauent;
And they are most gaulet with my folly,
They most mufte laugh: And why? for must they so?
The why is plaine, in the way to Parith Church.

Hast, that a Foule doth very wieldy hit,
Doth very toothily, although he front
Some of his teethes of the bathe. When
The Wife-man's folly is anathemiz'd
Even by the Francis seen of the foules.
As you like it.

Duke Sen. True is it, that we have seen better days;
And have with holy bell bin knoll'd to Church,
And seen at good mans feast, and with d'art este.
Of deeps, that faced piety hath engravened,
And therefore fit you downe in gentleesse,
And take upon command, what help we have
That to your wanting may be ministered.

Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while:
Whiles (like a Doe) I go to finde my Rwne,
And give it food. There is an old poore man,
Who after me, hath many a weary hope.
Limp in pure louse: till be be suffic'd,
Opref in two weakes, ells, age, and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke Sen. Go finde him out,
And we will nothing write till you returne.

Orl. Thank ye, and be blest for your good comfort.

Duke Sen. Thou feelest, we are not alone unhappee:
This wide and winfull Theater
Prefents more wofull Pageants then the Scane
Wherein we play in.

II. All the world is stage,
And all the men and women, merely Players.
They have their Exits and their Entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His Acts being felt in ages.
At first the Infant,
Mewling, and puling in the Nurses arms:
Then, the whining Schoole-boy with his Satchell
And shining morning face, creeping like fishes
Volvishly to schooole.
And then the Loare,
Sighing like Parus, with a wofull ballad
Made to his Miteresse eye-brow.
Then, a Soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and beard like the Pard,
Teasing in honor, fondane, and quick in quarrell,
Seeking the bubble Reparation
Even in the Canons mouth.
And then, the Infirme.
In faire round belly, with good Capon in'd,
With eyes feuvre, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise fawes, and moderate inchantes.
And he plays his part.
The fixt age shits
Into the heane and flippard Pantaloone.
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,
His youthfull hoist well saul'd, a world too wide,
For his flankeke shank, and his bigge manly voice,
Turning againe toward childish treble pipes,
And whistles in his found.
Last Scane of all,
That ends this strange euens full historie,
Is seconch Childishke, and moree oblivion,
Suns streaks, fanes eyes, fast table, fans everything.

Enter Orlando with Aulias.

Duke Sen. Welcome: let downe your venerable burthen,
And heare his neede.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

As so had you neede,
I conce can speake to thank you for my self.

Duke Sen. Welcome, fall too: I will not trouble you,
As yet to question you about your fortunes:
Give vs some Musick, and good Cozening.

Song.

Blow, blow, thou wind, wind,
Thou art not so welcome, as many ingratitude,
Thy toole is not so keen, because thou are not sette,
Although thy breath be rude.

Duke Sen. If that you were the good Sir Rowland so,
As youe have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness,
Most truly lim'd, and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the Duke
That long'd your Father, the residue of your fortune,
Go to my house, and tell mee. Good old man,
That art right welcome, as thy manner is:
Support him by the arm: give mee your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Lords, & Oliver.

Duke. Not see him since's Sir, for that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made meere,
I should now seeke an abstrac argument
Of my revenge, thou present: but looke to it,
Funde out thy brother, whereoere he is,
Seeke him with Candle: bring him dead, or living
Within this twelvemonth, or turne thou no more
To seeke a living in our Territorie.

Thy Lands and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth feuir, do we sette into our hands,
Till thou canst not see thee by thy brothers mouth,
Of what we thinke against thee.

Ol. Oh that your Highness knew my heart in this:
I never lou'd my brother in my life.

Duke. More will I frame thee. Well push him out of dores
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extenu upon his house and Lands;
Do this expeditiously, and turne him going.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Hang there my verse, in witness of my love,
And thou that crowned Queen of night, fury
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above
Thy Houstresses name, that in my full life death saue me,
O Rosaline, those Trees shall be my Bookes,
And in their barks my thoughts Ike charactere,
That euerie eye, which in this Forrest lookers,
Shall see thy verse witness every where.
Run, run Orlando, curse on every Tree,
The faire, the chaste, and unapproachable thee.

Exeunt.
As you like it.

Act 1, Scene 2

Coe. Truly Shepheard, in respect of it selve, 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 wild life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the Court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life (look you) it fits my humor well; but as there is no more pleasure in it, it goes much against my Bumacke. Has any Philosopher in thhe shepheard?

Cor. No more; but that I know the more one fenns, the worse at ease he is; and that hee that wants money, means, and content, in without three good friends. That the propper of a rain is so wet, and fire to burne: That good weather makes far fynnesse: and that a great part of the night, is lacke of the Sunne: That he that hafts learned no wiss by Nature, nor Art, may complaints of good breeding, or come of a very dull kinded.

Coe. Such a one is a natural Philosopher.

Was’t ever in Court, Shepheard?

Cor. No truly.

Coe. Then thou art damned.

Cor. Nay, I hope.

Coe. Truly thou art damned; like an ill roasted Egge, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at Court, nor your reason.

Coe. Why, if thou never was at Court, thou never saw’st good manners: if thou never saw’st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked, and wickednes is sin, and sinne is damnation. Thou art in a parriculare place shepheard.

Cor. Nor a whit Touchstone, those that are good manners at the Court, as is ridiculous to the Country, as the behovell of the Country is most mockable at the Court. You told me, you disrate not at the Court, but you kiss your hands: that courtisfe would be uncleanest if Courtiers were sheepheard.

Coe. Insane, briefly; come, insance.

Cor. Why we are all handling our Eves, and their Felys you know are greese.

Coe. Why do not your Courtiers hands sweate, and is not the greese of a Mutton, as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow: A better insance I say.

Come.

Cor. Beside, our hands are hard.

Coe. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again: a more fouderd insance, come.

Cor. And they are often sat doute, with the forgery of our sheepe, and would you have vs kiss Tarre? The Courtiers hands are perfumed with Cypres.

Coe. Most shallow man: Thou wantes me to respect of a good piece of flesh indeed, leane of the wife, and perpend: Courtiers is of a butter butter then Tarre, the verie vnecleanly floure of a Cat. Mend the insance Shepheard.

Cor. You have too Courty a wit for me, Breef.

Coe. Wit thou not dam’d? God help thee shallow man: God make incision in thee, thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true Labourer, I assure you that I care get that I care: I love none but this, enue no man in me. Glad of other men’s good content with my content; and the greatest of my pride, I to see my Ewes grase, & my Lambs suckle.

Coe. This is another simple finke in you, to bring the Ewes and the lammes to gether, and to offer to get your living, by the copulation of Cattle, to be bawed to a Belay, and to bear a Phe that Lambe of a twelvemonth

to a crooked-pated old de Cuckoldly Ramme, out of all reasonable match. If thou be not dam’d for this, the diuell himselfe will hauie no shepheardes, I cannot see else how thou shouldst scape.

Cor. Here comes young Mr. Gavines, my new Mistriches Brother.

Enter Rosalind.

Ros. From the east to Beford, no sword: for Rosalinde.

Her looks being mounted on the winds, through all the world bears Rosalinde.

All the pleasures fairest Linde, are but blanks to Rosalinde.

Let no face be kept in mind, but the faire of Rosalinde.

Coe. Ile time you fo, eight yeares together: dinners, and suppers, and sleeping house excepted: it is the right Bouter-women ranke to Market.

Ros. Our Poole.

Coe. For a tole.

Ros. If a Hare doe lacke a Hinde,

Let him seek his Rosealinde.

If the Cat will after Kinde,

To see fair Rosalinde.

If water drops must be linke, to must fair Rosalinde.

They that reap must sheave and bindle,

Then to cast with Rosalinde.

Sweat off the, bath fairfrost, make a row of Rosalinde.

He that sweat off must be bindle,

To must sheave Lame pricking, & Rosalinde.

This is the verie falle galph of Verfes, why do you infect your selve with them?

Ros. Peace you dull fool, I found them on a tree.

Coe. Truely the tree yieldeth bad fruite.

Ros. Ie grace it with you, and then I shall grace it with a Medler: then it will be the earliest fruit in country: for you be rotten ere you bee halfe ripe, and that’s the right vesture of the Medler.

Coe. You have saied: but whether wisely or no, let the Fourthe judge.

Enter Celia with a writing.

Ros. Peace here comes my sister reading, I stand aside.

Cei. Why would this Defort bee,

For it is unexpected? No:

Tongue: He brag on every tree,

That false lie sayng, finde;

Some, how breve the Life of man

Rans his eyre pilgrimesse.

That in the freshing of a jon,

Backs to his summe of age.

Some of well provings,

Twice the foules of friend, & friend;

But upon the fairest bowes,

Or at round sentence end;

Will I Rosalinde writes,

Teaching all that reades to know

The minifie force of rowe praise,

Beaten would in little flow.

Therefore heaven Nature charg’d,

That one bodie should be fed

With all Graces wide entered,

Nature professly shew’d A.

[Note: The image contains a page from the play "As You Like It" by William Shakespeare. The text includes various characters' dialogue and monologues, with references to nature, metaphorical language, and philosophical discussions.]
As you like it.

Helena speaks; but not his heart,
Cleopatra's Maitrise.
Attalanta's better part,
said Lucullus's Medallor.
Thus Raphael's of some parts,
by Heaven's Surname was dene'd,
Of many ways, eyes, and hearts,
to hate the touches thereof praise'd.
Heaven would that hee these gifts should have,
and to live and die for flame.

Rosi. O most gentle Jupiter, what tedious homilette of
Loui have you wearied your parishioners withall, and
never cried, have patience good people.
Cel. How now backe friends: Shepheard, go of a lit-
tle: go with him thence.
Clu. Come Shepheard, let vs make an honorable re-
tray, though nor with bagge and baggage, yet with
scrup and scrupage.
Exit.
Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?
Rosi. O yes, I heard them all, and more too, for some
of them had in them more seete then the Vertues would
bear.
Cel. That's no matter: the feet might bear seete verses.
Rosi. I, but the feet were lame, and could not bear
themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lame-
ly in the verse.
Cel. But didst thou hear without wondering, how
thy name should be hang'd and carned upon these trees?
Rosi. I was feate of the nine dites out of the wonder,
before you came: for looke here what I found on a
Palme tree: I was neuer so bemused since I was a child,
for that I was an Irish Rat, which I can hardly remember.
Cel. To you, who hath done this?
Rosi. Is it a man?
Cel. And a chaine that you once wore about your neck,
charge you colour?
Rosi. I prethee who?
Cel. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to
meet: but Mountains may bee remoued with Earth-
quakes, and to encounter.
Cel. Nay, but who is it?
Rosi. I know it is hang'd.
Cel. Nay, I passe thee now, with most petitioner
vehemence, tell me who it is.
Cel. O wonderfull, wonderfull, and most wonderfull
wonderfull, and yet againe wonderfull, and after that out
of all hoping.
Rosi. Good my companion, dost thou think though
I am captiue I like a man, I have a doublent and bose in
my disposition? One inch of delay more, is a South-sea
of disconsolite. I prethee tell me, who is it quickly, and
speake space: I would thou couldst remembr, that thou
mayst know the conceale man out of thy mouth, as
Wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle, it is too
much a secre, or none at all. I prethee take the Cocks
out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy thy cydings.
Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.
Rosi. Is he of Gods making? What manner of man?
Is his head worth a lift? Or his chin worth a beard?
Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.
Rosi. Why God will lend none, if the man will bee
thankful, let me hay the growth of his beard, if thou
delay me not the knowledge of his chin.
Cel. It is young Orlando, that trippe up the Wrasselfers
heestes, and your heart, both in instant.

Rosi. Nay, but the diuell take mocking: speake sadde
brow, and true maid.
Cel. Thys (Cos) tis he.
Rosi. Orlando?
Cel. Orlando.
Cel. Also the day, what shall I do with my doubler &
bolte? What did he when thou sawst him? What made
he? How did he? Wherein went he? What made her
here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How
passed he with thee? And when shall thou see him a
again? Answer me in one word.
Cel. You must borrow me Gargantuan mouth, fish;
'tis a Word too great for any mouth of this Ages size, to
say I and no; to these particulars, is more then to answer
in a Carefulme.
Cel. But doth he know that I am in this Forrest, and
in mans apparel? Looks he as fiefully, as he did the day
he Wraselled?
Cel. It is as easy to count Atomeys as to resolve
the propositions of a Loner: but take a taste of my finding
him, and relish it with good obseruance. I found him
under a tree like a drop'd Acone.
Cel. It may well be call'd a leera tree, when it droppeth
forth trifles.
Cel. Give me audience, good Madam.
Cel. Proceed.
Cel. There lay bee (retch'd) along like a Wounded
knight.
Rosi. Though it be pettie to see such a sight, it wvill
comes the ground.
Cel. Cry bollas, to the tongue, I prethee it cursettes
vindicatly. He was furnish'd like a Hunter.
Rosi. O ominous, he comes to kill my Hart.
Cel. I would fign my fong without a buffren, thou
bring it me out of tune.
Cel. Do you not know I am a woman, when I think,
I must speake sweet, say on.

Enter Orlando & Jaques.
Cel. You bring me out. Soft, comes he not here?
Rosi. 'Tis he, thine by, and note him.
Jaq. I thank you for your company, but good faith
I had as little have beene my felse alone.
Ori. And to that I: but yet for fashions sake
I thank you too, for your societe.
Jaq. God buy you, let's meet as little as we can.
Ori. I do deere we may be better strangers.
Jaq. I pray you more no more trees with Wreking
Lost-longes in their burkes.
Ori. I pray you marre no more of my verses with re-
ading them ill-vauredly.
Jaq. Refusale is your louer name? Ori. Yes, Jul.
Jaq. I do not like her name.
Ori. There was no thought of pleasing you when the
was chamber'd.
Jaq. What shame is this of?
Ori. Just as high as my heart.
Jaq. You are full of pretty answers: have you not bin ac-
quainted with goldsmiths witters, &conduit the ourings
Ori. Not for: but I answer you right printed cloth,
from whence you have flushed your questions.
Jaq. You are as nimble as a Hare, I thinkes sweet rose of
Attaleus's dyes. Will you sitte downe with me, and
we two will ride against our Miftrust the world, and all
our murrine.
Ori. I will chide no brestaeh in the world but my felte
against
As you like it.

against whom I know no faults.

First. The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

Orl. It is a fault I will not trespass for, by faith, verse.

First. I am wearied of you.

First. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool, when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brooke, looketh but pale, and you shall see him.

First. There I shall see mine own face.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool, or a Crier.

First. I let him no longer with you, farewell good fortune.

Orl. I am glad of your departure: A dead good Monsieur Melancholy.

Ref. I will speak to him like a favoring Laddy, and under that habit play the knave with him, do you hear, Fellow?

Orl. Verily, what would you (reiter.)

Ref. I pray you, what's a clock?

Orl. You should ask me what time of day; there's no clock in the Forrester.

Ref. Then there is no true Louter in the Forrester, elighting every minute, and gazing every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the will foot of time? Had not that bin as proper?

Ref. By no means; Time travels in divers places, with divers persons. Here you in Time amble withall, who Time trots withall, who Time gallops withall, and who Time stands still.
As you like it.

Orlando. Now by the faith of my love, I will not tell you where it is.

Cald. Go with me to it, and I will shew it you; and, by the way, let you the less, when in the forest you live. Will you go?

Orlando. Will all my heart, good youth.

Cald. Nay, you must call once. Orlando: Come, sir, will you go?

Scene Tertia.

Enter Cloran, Audrey, & Joueurs.

Cla. Come, space good Audrey, I will fetch up your Goates, Audrey: and how Audrey am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

And. Your features, Lord warrant vs what features?

Cla. I am here with thee, and thy Goates, as the most capricious Poet hath 

And. O knowledge ill inhabited, worse then loue in a hatchet house.

Cla. When a man veres cannot be understood, nor a man good wit confounded with the forward childe, understandings it strikes a man more dead then a great reckoning in a little roomo: truly, I would the Gods hadde made them poeticall.

And. Do you know what Poeticall is? Is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?

Cla. No truer: for the true poëtie is the most fai-

And. Loues are given to Poëtie: and what they swear in Poëtie, may be said as Louers, they do feign.

Cla. Do you wish then that the Gods had made Poëtie poeticall?

Cla. I do truly: for thou searest to some thing honest: Now if thou wert a Poet, I might have some hope thou dost not feign.

And. Would you not have me honest?

Cla. No truly, unless thou hadst power'd: for honest coupled to beauty, is to have honours a sawee to Sugar.

And. A mortal fools.

Cla. And, I am not fair, and therefore I pray the Gods make me honest.

Cla. Truly, and if I were honest, I was to put me into an unclean slit.

Cla. I am not a slave, though I thank the Gods I am free.

Cla. Well, praise be the Gods, for thy saynnes; flur- 

And. If he may come hereafter. But be it, as it may bee, I will name thee: and to that end, I have bin with Sir Oliver Mantix, the yeare of the next village, who hath promis'd me in this place of the Forrest, and to couple vs.

And. I would faine see this meeting.

Cla. Well, the Gods give vs joy.

Cael. Amen. A man may: if he were of a fearful heart, stakes in this attempt, for here we be have no Temple but the wood, no affably but horse-backs. But what thou? Courag, for hares are odious, they are necet-

Cla. It is said, many a man knows no end of his goods; right: many a man have good Horses, and knows not no end of them. Well, that is the dowrie of his wife, 'tis none of his own getting; horses, even so poor men alone:

Enter Sir Oliver Mantix.

Sir Oliver. Sir Oliver, you are welcome. Will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your Chappell?

Oliver. Is there none here to guide the woman?

Cla. I will take her on guilt of any man.

Cla. Truly the must be guien, or the marriage is not lawfull.

And. Proceed, proceed: I'll guide her.

Cla. Good even, good Master, what ye call: how do you

Sir, you are very weel met: good day to you for your last company, I am very glad to see you, even in a toy in hand.

Cla. Nay, pray be God's order.

And. Will you be married, Master?

Cla. As the Ox hath his bow, the horse his cub, and the Falcon her belles, so man hath his desires, and as Pigeons fly, so weelcocke would be nipping.

And. And will you (being a man of your breeding) be married with a bish as fly a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good Prief that can tell you what marriage is; this fellow will but toyne you together, as they toyne Waincoat, then one of you will poure a thranne pane, and like green timber, worn, worn.

Cla. I am not in the minde, but I were better to bee married of him then of another, for he is not like to mar-

And. And me well: and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter, to leave my wife.

And. God thou with mee, and let me count five.

Oliver. Come sweete Andreu, we must be married, or we must lie in bedere:

As I have good Master. Not so sweet Master. Oliver, O brace Oliver, I am not being thee: But wendes away, bee gone I say, I will not to wedding with thee.

Cla. "Tis no matter, we're a lusty fellow of them all thall flout me out of my calling.

Scene Quarta.

Enter Orlando & Celia.

Cla. Neuer talk to me, I will weep.

Cla. Do I prethee, but yet haue the grace to consider, that teares do not become a man.

Cla. But haue I not cause to weep?

Cla. As good cause as one would desire, therefore weep.

Cla. His very haire.

Cla. Is of the dissembling colour.

Cla. Something browner than Ludacres.

Cla. His haires are Ludacres owne children.

Oliver. His haires is of a good colour.

Cla. An excellent colour.

Cla. Your Cheffren was ever the onely colour:

Cla. And his hising is as full of sonnetie,

As the touch of holy bread.

Cla.
Col. Hee hath bought a pair of caft lips of Dia: a
Nun of winter's slaver'd kiss not, more religiously,
I of the very yeer of clarification in them.

Ref. But why did hee sweare hee would come this
morning, and comes not?
Col. Nay certainly, there is no truth in him.
Ref. Do you think so?
Col. Yes, I think he is not a picker of purse nor a viri-
male, but for his virtue in love, I doe thinke he is as
conceal as a covered goblet: or a Womne's 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 down right he was.
Col. Was, is not: besides, the oath of Louer is no
stronger then the word of a Tapper, they are both the
confirmer of falls reckonings, he attests he is in the for-
rest on the Duke your father.

Ref. I met the Duke yesterday, and had much que-
estion with him: he asked me of what parentage I was:
I told him of as good as he is, he laugh and let mee goe.
But what can wee of Father, when there is no such a
man in Orleans?
Col. O that a brave man, hee writes brave verses,
Speakes brave words, sweare brave oaths, and breaks
them braily, quite trauerses at warre the heart of his
lover, as a passion tailor, y liths his horse but on one side,
breakes his ffalls like a noble geese, but alls braille that
youth mounts, and folio guides: who makes heere?

Enter Corin.
Corin. Missitrefle and Mather, you hauo oft enquired
After the Shepherd that complaint of lone,
Whoe saw fitting by me on the Turph;
Praising the proud disdainfull Shepherdess,
That was his Missitrefle.
Col. Well and what of him?
Cor. If you will see a pageant truly plaied
Betweene the pale complexion of true lone,
And the red gowe of ferre and proud disdain,
Goe hence a little, and I shall conduct you
If you will assist.
Ref. O come, let us remove,
The sight of Louers feedeth those in lone:
Bring vs to this sight, and you shall see
He proues a brute as he is in their play.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Silvius and Phoebe.
Phoe. Sweet Phoebe doth not scorn me, do not Phoebe
Say that you leave me not, but say not so
In bizarrie; the common executioner
Whoe heart this accustom'd fleshe doth make hard
Falls not the axe upon the humberd neck,
But first begs pardon: will you remember be.
Then be that dies, and liues by bloody drops?

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corin.
Phoe. I would not be thy executioner,
I fye thee, for I would not injure the see:
Thou tellst me there is murder in mine eye,
Tis pretty sure, and very probable,
That eyes that are the blissful, and softest things,
Who hunt their coward gates on eares,
Should be called serpents, butchers, murderers
Now I doe swear on thee with all my heart,
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill me.
Now counterfeit to swound, why now fall downe,
Or if thou canst not, oh for shame, for shame,
Oye not, to say mine eyes are murderers:
Now shew the wound, mine eye hath made in thee.
Scratch thee but with a pin and there enlights
Some faire of it: Leave up on a rush
The Cicatrice and capable imperturbe.
Thy pains sometime moment keepes: but now mine eyes
Which I have drest as thee, hurt thee not,
Nor I am free there to force eyes
That can doe hurt.

Sil. O dear Phoebe,
If ever (as this ether may be near)
You meet in some fresh checke the power of facke,
Then shal you know the woundes infallible
That Loues keenest arrows make.
Phoe. But till that time
Come not thou neere me: and when that time comes
Aff. & me with thy meeces, pritty me not,
As till that time I shall not pritty thee.

Ref. And why I pray you who might be your mother
That you inhabit, exile, and all at once
Over the wretched: what though you have no beauty
As by my faith, I see no more in you
Then without Candle may goe dauke to bed:
Mast you be therefore proud and pittifull?
Why what means this? why do you looke on me?
I see no more in you then in the ordinary
Of Natures sale-workers: odes my little life,
I think the meacmes to tangle my eare too.
No faith proud Missitrefle, hope not after it;
'Tis not your inke to tangle, your blacke eyle hair:
Your bugle eye-ball, nor your cheeck of cream.
That can grace my spirits to your worship:
You foolish Shepherd; wherefore do you follow her
Like togy South, pulling with winde and raine,
You are a thousand times a properer man
Then the a woman. 'Tis such footsteps as you
That makes the world full of ill-bournd children,
'Tis not her glasse, but you that startes her,
And out of you she sees her selfe more proper.
Then any of her incantations can show her.
But Missitrefle, know your selfe, downe on your knees,
And thank the heauen, falling, for a good man loose.
I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can, you are not for all mone:
Cry the man mercy, love him, take his offer,
Poulce is most foule, being Poulce to be a fleoter,
So take her to thee she heard, faire on well.

Phoe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a yere together,
I had rather here you chide, then this man would.

Ros. Hees false in love with you, and line:
I will fall in love with my anger: If it be, as saile
As the answeres thee with frowning Loues, hee scarce
Her with bitter words why looke you for to me?
Phoe. For no ill will I beare you.
Ref. I pray you do not fall in love with mee,
For I am filler then worser made in wine:
Beside, I like you not: if you will know my hauke,
'Tis at the sutt of Olive, here hard by:
Will you goe Sitter? Shepheardly play her hard:
Come Suffer: Shepherds depe, looke on him better,
And be not proud, though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in fight as he.
Come to our flockes:
Phe.  Dead shepheard, now I find thy hew of might,
Who euer lov'd that low'd not at first flight?
Sile.  Sweet shepheard.
Phe.  Ha, what faileth thou Silvius?
Sile.  Sweet shepheard, pity me.
Phe.  Why art thou lorn for thee gentle Silvius?
Sile.  Where every flower, relief would be
If you doe forrow at my griefe in love.
By giving loose your sorrow, and my griefe,
Were both extremities,
Phe.  Thou hast mine love, is it that neighbourly?
Sile.  I would haue thee.
Phe.  Why that were courteous shepheard?
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee:
And yet it is not, that I beare the same
But since thou canst not take of louse so well,
Thy company, which euer was abhorr'd to me,
I will endure; and I doe please thee too:
But do not look for further recompence
Then shew mine grace, which thou dost now employ.
Silvius, and I forgave thee mine love,
And I am such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it most plentiful grace
To glean the broken ears after the man.
That the same bare it repenting so long now,
And thou'st so much untowardly:
A fretted smiler, and such a liue upon,
In a while?
Phe.  Know well the youth that lookes to me here.
Sile.  Not very well, but I haue met him often.
And he hath bought the Coragge and the bonds
That the old Carle once was Master of.
Phe.  Think not I look hungrily, though I ask for him,
'Tis but a peecull boy, yet he talkes well,
But what care I for words? yet words do well
When thehe that hearkes them pleaseth the shepheard heart.
It is a pretty youth, not very pretty,
But sure he's proud, and yet his pride becomes him;
He'll make a proper match the next of kin to him.
In his complexion; and softer than his tongue,
Dost make on him his eye did he see it not?
He is not very tall, yet for his grecet he is a tall
His leg is but so fair, and yet his well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper, and more lustie red
Then that mist in his cheeke was but the difference
Between some confus'd red, and mingled Damask.
There be some women, Silv.  had they markt him
In parcelles as I did, would have gone neere
To fall in love with him; but for my part
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
Have more care to hate him then to love him,
For what had he to doe to chide me?
He sait mine eyes were black, and my hair blacke,
And now I am remember, I con't at me,
I manerly why I answer'd not again,
But that I am the same ease, is no quittance
He wrate to him a very tating Letter,
And thou shalt read it, with him Silvius?
sil.  Flute, with all my heart.
Phe.  He wrate it first.
The master's in my head, and in my heart,
I will be bitter with him, and passing short;
Goe with me Silvius, Exeunt.
As you like it.

Ori. Verily, no horne-maker; and my Rafealinda is veritable.

Ref. And I am yours, Rafealind. Far be it from me to say so; but he hath a Rafealind of a better leare than you.

Ref. I come, wee mee, wee mee: for now I am in a holy-day humor, and like enough to content; what would you say to me now, and were you better, were Rafealind?

Ori. I would kill me before I spoke.

Ref. Nay, you were better speak now, and when you were graunted, for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kill were good Othello when they are out, they will spit, and the lepers, lacking God's name, matter, the demifan to kill.

Ori. How if the knife be denied?

Ref. Then the put you to entreatise, and there begins new matter.

Ori. Who could be out, being before his beloved Mithridate?

Ref. Marry that should you if I were your Mithridate, you should chime my husband rather than my wit.

Ori. What of my suit?

Ref. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit:

Am not I your Rafealind?

Ori. I take some way to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ref. Well, in her person, I say I will not have you.

Ori. Then in mine own person, I die.

Ref. No faith, die by Attorney: the poore world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not ane man died in his owne person (advised) in a close cause: Poison had his brains dash'd out with a Grecian club, yet did he what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of none. Leonidas, he would have list'd manne a faire yere though Hero had turnd Nun; if it had not bin for a hot Midsummer-night, for (good youth) he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and being taken with the cramps, was drown'd; and the foolish Chronister of that age, found it was Hero of Cefos. But there are all lies, men hae died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Ori. I would not have my right Rafealind of this mind, for I protest her frown might kill me.

Ref. By this hand, it will not kill a fife: but come, now I will be your Rafealind in a more comungion disposition: and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Ori. Then leave me Rafealind.

Ref. Yes faith will I, fridges and fastness, and all.

Ori. And wilt thou haue me?

Ref. I, and twenty ficht.

Ori. What faith thou?

Ref. Are you not good?

Ori. I hope so.

Ref. Why then, can one destruction much of a good thing? Come fitter, you shall be the Priest, and matrizes give me your hand Orlando: What does you say fitter?

Ori. Pray thee marry vs.

Ref. I cannot say the words.

Ref. You must begin, will you Orlando?

Ori. Gone too, will you Orlando, haue to wife this Rafealind?

Ori. I will.

Ref. I, but when?

Ori. Why now, as fast as she can marry vs.

Ref. Then you must say, I take thee Rafealind for wife.

Ori. I take thee Rafealind for wife.

Ref. I might ask you for your Commission, but I do take thee Orlando for my husband: there's a gold goes before the Priest, and certainly a woman thought runs before her husband.

Ori. So do all thoughts, they are wing'd.

Ref. Now tell me how long you would have her, after you have possest her?

Ori. For ever, and a day.

Ref. Say a day, without the ever: no, Orlando, men are April when they were December when they were: Maides are May when they are maides, but the sky changes when they are wives: I will bee more jealous of thee, then a Barbary cocke-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous then a Parris against raine, more new-fangled then an ape, more giddy in my desires, then a monkey: I will wepe for nothing, like Dana in the Fountaine, & I will do that when you are disposed to be angry, I will laugh like a Hyen, and that when thou art inclin'd to sleepe.

Ori. But will my Rafealind doe so?

Ref. By my life, she will doe as she doe.

Ref. Or she is wise.

Ref. Or else she could not have the wit to doe this: the wifes, the wayward: make the dores upon a woman wise, and it will out at the casement: But that, and 'twill out at the key-hole: sly that, 'twill flye with the finest out at the chimney.

Ori. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, wit whether wilt.

Ref. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you meet your wives wit going to your neighbours bed.

Ori. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ref. Many to say, she came to sleeke you there: you shall never take her without her awnee, while you take her without her tongue: o that woman that cannot make her fasts her husbands occasion, let her never nurse her child's selfe, for the will breed it like a fool.

Ori. For these two hours Rafealinda, I will leave thee.

Ref. Alas, decreaseth I cannot lose thee two hours, Ori. I must attend the Duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ref. I goe your waies, I goe your waies: I knew what you would praunce, my friends told me as much, and I thought no leese: that is stirring tongue of yours woman me: this but one call away, and to come deaths: two o'clock is your hour.

Ori. I, sweet Rafealind.

Ref. By my troth, and in good earneft, and God mend me, and by all pretties that are not dangerous, if you breake one word of your promise, or come one minute behind your house, I will think you the most patheticall breakes, promisse, and the most hollow woman, and the most unworthy of her you call Rafealind, that may bee chosen out of the grost hand of the vilainfull: therefore beware my currence, and keep your promise.

Ori. With no less, religion, then if thou would indeed my Rafealind, so adieu.

Ref. Well, Time is the olde Justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try: adieu.

Ori. You have simply mist'd our seate in your lone.
prate: we must have your doublet and hope plucks over
your head, and siew the world what the bird hath done
to her owne mean.

Refl. O cou, cou, cou: my pretty little cou, that thou
didst know how many times I dope. I am in love; but
it cannot bee founded: my affection hath an unknowne
bosome, like the Bay of Portugal.

Col. Or rather bottomfalle, that as fast as you pouce
affection in, it runs out.

Refl. No, that same wicked Ballad of Penn, that was
begs of thought, content'd of plesure, and borne of
madness, that blind and rascally boy, that abuses every
ones eyes, because his owne are out, let him bee judge,
how deep I am in love; I tell thee, Alcina, I cannot be
out of the fight of Orlando: I see faine is a shadow, and
flight till he come.

Col. And he fleepe.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Jacques and Lords, Forresters.

Iag. Which is he that killed the Dears?
Lord, Sir, it was I.

Iag. Let's present him to the Duke like a Roman
 conquerour, and it would do well to let the Dears
 horns upon his head, for a branch of victory; have
 you no long Forrester for this purpose?

Lord, Yes Sir.

Iag. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it bee in tune, so it
make noysie enough.

Musicke, Song.

What shall he be that killest the Deare?
His Leatter skin, and horns to scare:
Then sing you home he shall have his burden;
Take them no sooner to scare the horne,
It was a crept ere thou wast born;
The fathers father wore it,
And the father bear it.
The horne, the horne, the lusty horne,
Is not a thing to laughe at scare.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Rosaised and Celia.

Refl. How say you now, is it not past two a clock?
And hence much Orlando.

Col. I warrant you, with pure loue, & troubled brain,

Enter Salinas.

He hath sent his bow and arrowes, and is gone forth
To fleche; looke who comes heere.

Sir. My errand is to you, faire youth.
My gentle Phere did bid me give you this:
I know not the contents, but as I guefe
By the faire bow, and weightfull arrow,
Which she did flie, as she was writing of it,
It beares an angry tenure; pardon me;
I am but a guidelicte messenger.

Refl. Patience her felice would startle at this letter,

And play the swaggerer, beare this, beare all.
Shee faile I am not faile, that I lacke manners,
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me.
Where man as wiser as Phersen: 'O God my will,
Her loue is not the Hate that I doe hate.
Why writes she so to me? well Shephard, well,
This is a Letter of your owne devise.

Sir. No, I protest, I know not the contents,
Phere did write it.

Refl. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of loue.
I saw her hand, she has a leathern hand,
A frecklow coloured hand: I verily did think
That her old glowe were on, but was her hands;
She has a huillwes hand, but that's no matter:
I say the never did intent this letter,
This is a mans invention, and his hand.

Sir. Sure it is here.

Refl. Why, its a boyfierous and a cruele side,
A file for challengers: why she defies me,
Like Turke to Christian: a woman gentle braine
Could not drop forth such giant rude invention,
Such Enpho victors, blackter in their effect
Then in their countenance: will you hear the letter?

Sir. So please you, for I never heard it yet:
Yet heard too much of Pheres crueltie.

Refl. She Pheres me: mark how the tyrant writes.

Read. Art thou god, to Shool and turn'd?
That a madenss heart hath burrend.
Can a woman rule a house?

Sir. Call you this railing?

Refl. Read. Why, the godhead lend a part.
War it with a woman's heart?
Did you ever hear such railing?
Whilst the eye of man did weare me,
That could do no vengeance to me.

Meaning me a brest:
If the forces of thy braine do
Elaine power to raise fruit on wine,
Acke, so me, what strange effect
Wouldst thou wondre as made itself?
Wiles you entice, I did alone,
Hast thou sought my purses since?
He that bringeth this love to thee,
Little knowes this love in me:
And by him seals up thy mind.
Whether that thy youth and made
Well the faithfull offer take
Of mine, and whilst I am able
Or off by him, my love decay,
And there Shephard turn'd to die.

Sir. Call you this railing?

Col. Alas poor Shephard.

Refl. Does you pity him? No, he defers no pity?
Will thou love such a woman? what to make time an in-
strument, and play false strains upon thee? not to be con-
dur'd. Well, gose your way to her; (for I see I loue but
made thee a same faine) and say this to her; That if she
loue me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will
never have her, vnlesse thou interest for her: if you be a
ture louer hence, and not a words, for there comes more
company.

Enter Oliver, (who now) know

Oft. Good morrow, faire ones: pray you, (to Sir)
Where in the purloens of this Forrell, stands I
When from the first to last between ye two,
Ye notes our countenances had most kindly bath'd,
As how I came into that Place below.
I brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gave me free and entertainment,
Committing me into my brothers hand,
Who led me instantly to his Cave,
There I found myself and there upon his arm
The Lyonske had come some firth away,
Which all this while had bled: and now he fainted,
And cried in fainting upon Rosaline.
Brief, I recovered him bound up his wound,
And after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am.
To tell this story, that ye might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Died in this blood, into the Shepherd youth,
That he in sport doth call his Rosaline.
Cell. Why here now Ganymed, sweet Ganymed.
Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.
Cell. There is more in it, Cofen Ganymed.
Lol. Hee, he recovers.
Rey. I would I were at home.
Cell. We'll lead you thither:
I pray you will you take him by the arm.
Oli. Be of good cheer ye young: you a man?
You taste a mans heart.
Rey. I do so, I confess it.
Ah, sir, a body would think this was well counterfeited,
I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfeited; be he.
Oli. This was not counterfeited, there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.
Rey. Counterfeit, I assure you.
Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.
Rey. So I doe: but y's faith, I should have been a woman by right.
Cell. Come, you look pale and paler; pray you draw homewards; good sir, goe with vs.
Oli. That will I: for I must beare anウェre beake.
How ye excuse my brother, Rosaline.
Rey. I shall deme something: but I pray you commend my counterfeiting to him: will you goe?
Exeunt.

Athus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clowne and Andrei.

Clown. We shall finde a time Andrei, patience gentle Andrei.
Andrei. Faith the Priest was good enough, for all the old gentlemen sayning.
Clown. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Andrei, a most vile Mar-vol. But Andrei, there is a youth here in the Forrest that claims to you.
Andrei. I, I know who is he: he hath no interest in men in the world: hee comes the man you mean.

Enter Whimpy

Clown. It is meet and drink to me to see a Clowne, by my
As you like it.

my truth, we that haue good wit, haue much to answer for; we shall be flattering: we cannot hold.

Will. Good cu'l in Ander.

Aud. God ye good cu'll William.

Will. And good cu'll to you Sir.

Ces. Good cu'l gentle friend; Cauts thy head, Cauts thy head: Nay prettice be prettice. How old are you Friend?

Will. Fuc and twenty Sir.

Ces. A ripe age: Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Ces. A faire name. Was't borne of Forrest here?

Will. I sir, thanke God.

Ces. Thanke God: A good answer.

Art rich?

Will. Faith sir, so so.

Ces. So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good: and yet it is not, it is so so so:

Art thou wise?

Will. I sir, I have a prettice wit.

Ces. Why, thou hast well. I do now remember a saying: The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool. The Heathen Philosopher, when he had a desire to cut a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth, meaning thereby, that grapes were made to ease, and lippes to open.

You do love this maid?

Will. I do so.

Ces. Give me your hand: Art thou learned?

Will. No sir.

Ces. Then leave this of me, To have, is to have. For it is a figure in Rhetorick, that drink being pawn'd out of a cup into a glasse, by filling the one, doth empty the other. For all your Writters do confesse, that if it was here: now you are not if it is here, for I am be.

Will. Which be it?

Ces. He sir, that must marrie this woman: Therefore you Clowne, abandon: which is in the vulgar, I mean the societe: which in the boorish is, companie, of this female: which in the common, is woman: which together, is, abandon the society of this Female, or Clowne thou pettish: or to thy better understanding, dyest: or (to win) I kill thee, make thee away, and livest thy life to death, thy libertie into bondage; I will deal in person with thee, or in battinado, or in thee: I will bandy with thee in faction, I will bore thee with police: I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways, therefore tremble and depart.

Aud. Do good William.

Will. God tell you merry sir.

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our Master and Mistresse seekes you: come away, my master.

Ces. Trip Andrew, trip Andrew, I attend.

Exeunt.

Seane Secunda.

Enter Orlando & Oliver.

Orl. It's possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her; that, but seeing, you should love her?
As you like it.

Here come two of the banished Duke's Pages.

Enter two Pages.

Pae. Wilt most befriend Gentleman.

Clia. By my troth well met: come, fit, and sit a song.

Pae. We are for you, fit'th middle.

V. Pae. Shall we clap it in so soundly, without harkings, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice.

Pae. Faith, 'tis true, and both in a tune like two gipsies on a horse.

Song.

A Lour, and she laughs,
With a joy, and a do, and a joy permits,
That o're the green came soft, did pause,
In the young time, the sweet poetry sung time.
When birds did sing, joy doing a ding, ding,
Sweet Lovers love the spring,
And therefore take the present time,
With a joy, or a do, and a joy permits,
For love is crowned with the prime.

In summer time, 

Between the acres of the Rye,
With a joy, or a do, or a joy permits,
The prettiest Country folks would be.
In summer times, 

This Caroll they began that hour,
With a joy, or a do, or a joy permits:
How that a life was but a flower,
In summer times, 

Clia. Truly young Gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the distyle, yet 'twas very unsuitable.

Pae. You are deceived Sir, we kept time, we lost not our time.

Clia. By my troth ye said it but time lost to lose such a flower singing, God buy you, and God mend your voices. Come about.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, 

Dr. S. Doth not Oulans in Orlando, that the boy

Can do all this that he hath promised?

Ort. Sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not, as those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter Rosalind, Simon, 

Pho. Patience once more whiles our company is very kind:

You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will follow her on Orlando's side?

Dr. S. That would I had, I would make her give with his.

Pho. And you say you will have her, when I bring her?

Ort. That would I were 1 of all kingdoms King.

Pho. You say you'll marry me, if I be willing.

Ort. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Pho. But if you do refuse to marry me,

You'll give your fortune to this most faithfull Shepherd.

Phoe. So it's the bargain.

Pho. You say that you'll have Phoebe if she will.

S. Though to have her and death, were both one thing.
As you like it.

Ref. I have promised to make all this matter even:
Keep ye your word, O Duke, to give your daughter,
You yours Orlando, to receive his daughter:
Keep ye your word; that you'll marry me,
Or else refusing me to wed this shepherd:
Keep ye your word; that you'll marry her
If she refuse me, and I go hence I go.

To make these doubts all even.

Exe. Ref. and Cecilia.

Du Se. I do remember in this shepherd's boy,
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orl. My Lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
I thought he was a brother to your daughter:
But my good Lord, this boy is forlorn hence,
And hath his heart'd in the utmost
Of many desperate studies, by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great Magician.

Enter Clowne and Andrea.

Obscured in the circle of this Forrest.

Iag. There is here another blood toward, and these couple are coming to the Arise. Here comes a payre of weare strange beasts, which in all tongues, are call'd Fools.

Clo. Salutation and greeting to you all.

Iag. Good my Lord, bid him welcome: This is the Morley-minded Gentleman, that you so oft met in the Forrest: he hath his Carnaticke he trecet.

Clo. If any man doubt that, let him put met to my purgation. I have read a measure, I have lattred a sady, I have bin politrick with my friend, smooth with mine enemie, I have no three Tailors, I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Iag. And how was the event?

Clo. This we met, and found the quarrel was upon the fourteenth of June.

Iag. How fentenc'd? Good my Lord, like this fellow.

Clo. God didl you sir, I define you of the hire: I prent in heere hire, amongst the reste of the Country capulatius to theire, and do for theire, according as mariëne beeds and blood breakes: a poore virgin sir, an ill-favor'd thing, that mine owne, a poore honour of mine sir, to take that no man else will with his effe dwells like a minor, in a poore house, as your spillt in your fade ryther.

Du Se. By my faith, he's very swift, and fententious Clo. According to the foole's bolt sir, and such dulce dithers.

Iag. But for the fentenc'd eave: How did you finde the quarrel on the fourteenth eave?

Clo. Vpon a lye, fentimes resolved: (here be your bodie more trenching: *Andray*) as thus sir: I did dislike the cut of a certaine Couriers beard : I sent me word, if I said his beard was not well cut, he was in the mine: it was this: it is called the retort courtesies: If I sent him word againe, it was not well cut, he would send me word he cut it so pleace himselfe: this is call'd the quip model: If againe, it was not well cut, he debited my judgment: this is called, the reply chiristful: If againe it was not well cut, he would answer I spoke not true: this is called the reprofe valiant: If againe, it was not well cut, he would say: This is called the counter-check quarrelsome: and so to lye circumstantial, and the lyke direc't.

Iag. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Clo. I daunt go no further then the lye circumstantial.
As you like it.

Phe. I will not waste my word, now thou art mine,
Thy faith, my fondest thee doth combine.

Enter Second Brother.

2. Bro. Let me have audience for a word or two:
I am the second, one of old for England,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
Duke Frederick, hearing how that easter day
Men of great worth returned to this forest,
Addresst a mighty power, which were on foot;
In his owne conduct, purposed to tale
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,
Aafter some question with him, was conuened.
Both from his enterprize, and from the world:
His crowne bequeathing to his biforned brother,
And all their lands settled to him again.
That were with him exild. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke. Welcome yong man:
Thus offer it freely to thy brothers wedding:
To one his lands with hand, and to the other
A land in feile at large, a potent Dukevdom.
First, in this forest, let vs to the those ends
That here were well begun, and well begot:
And after, ebery of this happy number;
That have euerd thrond dates, and nights with vs,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the mesifre of their states.
Meane time, forget this new-faine diuinitie,
And fall into our Rustick Reueller:
Play Musick, and you Brides and Bride-grooms all,
With measur'd hopp'd in joy, to thy Measures fall.

Iam. Sir, by your patience: if I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put us a Religious life,
And throwne into neglect the pompous Court.

FINIS.
THE
Taming of the Shrew.

Actus primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Benvolio and Lorenzo. Christopher Sly.

Benv. Le see you, sir.'

Loren. A pair of Rockies you rogue.

Benv. Yare a baggage, sir: we are no rogue. Look in the Coat: here is a name with Richard Conqueror; therefore you may call yourself Sir John Falstaff.

Loren. You will not pay for the gill, sir, you have burst?

Benv. No; nor a tenner: go by. S divisions, go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Loren. I know my remedy. I must go fetch the Headborough.

Benv. Third, or fourth, or fifth Borough. He sent him by law. I know a good boy. Let him come, and kindly.

Fist of a.

Windsor. Enter a Lord from hunting, with his train.

Lord. Huntman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds, Brack over yon, the poore Corin is left.

And couple 3 crows with the deep-mouth'd brach, Saw'thou not how 3 silver made it good
At the hedge corner, in the couldeful fault.

I would not lose the dogge for twentie pound.

Huntsman. Why 3 Barking is as good as thirty Lord. He cried upon it at the mearest side.

And twice to day pick'd out the dullest fent.

Huntsman. I take him for the better dogge.

Lord. Thou art a fool, if Escob were as wise, I would esteem him worth a dozen fuch.

But fum them well, and look to 'em all,

To morrow I intend to hunt again.

Huntsman. I will my Lord.

Lord. What's here? One dead, or drunk? See doth he breathe?

2. Hunt. He breaths my Lord. Were he not warm'd with Ale, this were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. On monstrous beaft: how like a queue he lies.

Crim death, how foul and last home is this image: Sirs, I will prate on this drunken man.

What think ye, if he were come to bed,

Wrap'd in sweet cloathes. Rings put on his fingers:

A most delicious banquet by his bed,

And base attendants near him when he wakes:

Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1. Hunt. Releaze me, Lord; I think he cannot choose.

2. If. He would seem strange unto him when he wakes:

Lord. Even as a yest ring dreame, or worthies fancy.
The Taming of the Shrew.

Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

Squire. I think she was Sirs that your honor names.

Lord. 'Tis hee true, thou didst it excellent:
Well you are come to me in happy time,
The rather for I have some (not in hand),
Wherein your cunning can afford us much.
There is a Lord will have you play to night;
But I am doubtful of your modellies,
Leaf (once-eyeing of his odd behaviour,
For yet his honor never heard a play)
You brake into some manner playing,
And so offend him: for I tell you Sirs,
If you should smite, he grows impatient.

Flourish. Fear not my Lord, we can contain our felues,
We're the very jest an'tickle in the world.

Lord. Go in, be it on the Butterick,
And give him friendly welcome toer one,
Let them want nothing that his house affords.

Exit with the Players.

Sirs go you to Bartholomew my Page,
And see him drest in all furies like a Ladie:
That done, conduct him to the Lord's chamber,
And call him Madam, daub him obesience:
Tell him from me (as he will win your love)
He beares himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath obtied in noble Ladies
Virtue of their Lords, by them accomplished,
Such due to the drunkard and the basse,
With lowe tongue, and lowly curtsey,
And say: What's your Honor will command,
Wherein your Ladie, and your humble wife,
May shew her due, and make knowne her love
And then with kinde embracements, tempting kisse,
And with declining head into his room,
Bid him threadIdx, as being ouer-toyed,
To see her noble Lord consent'd to health.
Who for this seven yeares hast affected him
No better then a poore and loschome begger:
And if the boy have not a woman quit,
To raise a flower of company and teares,
An Onion will do well for such a stuff,
Which in a Napkin (being cloes consueld)
Shall in despite enforce a wittere eie:
See this dishpatch'd with all the hall thou canst,
Anon He giveth more insufficences.

Enter a young man.

I know the boy will wel forfithe the grace.
Voice, gate, and action of a Gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard husband,
And how my men shall play themselves from laughter,
When do hommage to this simple prattler,
Ill in to coinfill them: I haply my presence
May well abuse the ouer-Merrie folke
When other wise would grow into extreme.

Enter the drunkard with attendants, some with apparel,

Bawd, and Ewer, and other appariances.

Bawd. For Gods sake take a pot of small ale.

Sir. Will pleasse your Lordship drink a cup of sacke?

Bawd. Will please your Honors taste of these CON-

ferrises?

3. Ser. What raiment will your honor weare to day.

Sir. Am I a Lord, and have I such a Ladie? Or do I dreamt? Or have I dreamt till now?

Bawd. Do not sleep:
I see, I heare, I speake:
I smelt sweete soures, and I feele soft things:
Vpon my life I am a Lord indeed,
And not a Tinker, nor Christopher Sire.
Well, bring our Ladie hither to our fighte,
And once again a pot o' th smallAle.
The Taming of the Shrew.

3. Man. Wilt please your mightiness to wash your hands?

Lady. No my good Lord, it is more pleasing stuff.

Beg. What, how hold stuff?

Lady. It is a kind of history.

Beg. Well, we see it.

Come Madam, fit by my side,
And let the world think we shall here be young.

Flourish. Enter Lucentio, and his men Tranio.

Luc. Tranio, since for the great deere I had
to se faire Padua, nurserie of Arts,
To am ariod for fruitfull Lombardies,
The pleasant garden of great Italy,
And by my fathers love and lease am arned
With his good will, and thy good companie.
My trulie tenant well approach'd in all,
Here let vs breath, and happily inflisse
A course of Learning, and ingeneous studies.

Pisa renowned for grasse Citizens
Gave me my being, and my father first
A Merchant of great Trafficke through the world;
Venturio's come of the Beneteau.

Venturio's come, brought vp in Florence,
It shall become to se are all hopes concei'd
To deck his fortune with his vertuous deeds;
And therefore Tranio, for the time I live,
Venus and that part of Philosophie
Will I apply, that treat of happenelle,
By vertue specially to be achen'd.

Tell me thy mind, for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come, as he that leaues
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,
And with facete letters to quench his thirst.

Tran. Ohe Pardonnez, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as your selve,
Glad that you yells continue your refoluc.
To fucke the sweet of Vossue Philosophie,
Ouly (good master) while we do admire
This vertue, and this morell discipline,
Let's be no Stoicks, nor no Rickets I pray,
Of so devote to Aristick checks
As Ovid; be an out-cast quite abour'd:
Balke Lodgick with a quiocausiance that you hauue,
And prudish Rhetorick in your common talkes,
Mauick and Poeticke witch, to quicken you,
The Mathematices, and the Meteorickes
Fall to them who you finde your Fromeske sesues you,
No profit growes, where is no pleasure tane
In brietefyly, to yells what you missett.

Luc. Gramercies Tranio, we'll dooth thou advisse,
If Bieldele thou shalt come ahere,
We could as once pur vvs in readeiffes,
And take a Lodging fit to entertaine
Such friends (as time) as Padua shall beget.
But stay a while, what companie is this?

Tran. Matter some fewe to welcome vs to Towns.

Enter Baptista with his houe daughteres, Katetina & Bianca,
Gremio & Paulina, Hortensius & to Biondino.

Luc. Tranio, so shallowly.

Bapt. Gentlemen, importune me no farther.
For how I am ariod you know,
That is not to bewell my yongest daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder,
If either of you both love Katetina,

Because
The Taming of the Shrew.

Because I know you well, and love you well, Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Greg. To catch her rather. She's too rough for me.

Kate. I say, sir, if it is not half past six.

To make a play of me amongst these mates?

Her. Mat's a maid, how mean you that?

No mates for you, 

Vilely you were of gender milder mould.

Kate. Fair sir, you shall never need to fear, 

I was it is not half past six to her heart.

But if it were, doubt not, her heart should be,

To come your noodle with a three-legged stool, 

And paint your face, and see you like a fool.

Her. From all such dunces, good Lord deliver vs.

Greg. And me too, good Lord.

This hot matter, here's some good pastime toward;

That wench is flaske mad, or wonderfull rowward.

Luc. But all the others silence I see, 

Maid's milde behaviour and sobriety.

Peace Tranio.

Tr. We'll wait and see Mr. mom, and give your fill.

Bag. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good

What I have said, Bianca get you to,

And let it not displease thee good Bianca,

For I will love thee ere the lemming gile.

Kate. A pretty pastime, it is bee put finger in the eye, 

And the humor why.

Bian. Suffer content you, in my discontent.

Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe;

My books and instruments shall be my companie,

On them to looke, and practise by my selfe.

Luc. Ha! To Tranio thou shalt hear my heart speak.

Her. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange,

Sorrie am I that our good will effects

Bianca's griefes.

Greg. Why will you mew her vp

(Signior Baptista) for this fear of hell,

And make her bear the penalty of her tongue.

Bag. Gentlemen content ye, I am refus'd:

Go in Bianca.

And for I know the taketh most delight

In Musick, Instruments, and Poesie,

Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,

Fat to infringe her youth. If you Hortensio,

Or Signior Gremio, you know any such,

Prefer them hatchets for to cunning men,

I will be very kind and liberal,

To mine owne children, in good bringings.

And so farewell. Katharine may play,

For I have more to converse with Bianca. Exit.

Kate. Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not?

What shall Lucio appointed hours, as though

(Belfe) I know not what to take,

And what to leave? Ha,

Greg. You may go to the diancels dam, your gifts are

so good here's aonge will hold you. Their house is not

so great Hortensio, but we may blow our sails together,

And fa't it to storme out. Our cokes dough on both sides.

Farewell, yet for the lone I bear my sweet Bianca, 

If I can by any means light on a man to teach her that

wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.

Her. So will I Signior Gremio; but word'd I pray?

Though the nature of our quartel yet nearer book'd,

parts, know now we stand, it cannot be as high,

we may yet against have success to our faire Mistris, and

be happier in our Bianca's love, to labour and effect

one thing specially.

Greg. What's that I pray?

Her. Marris fit to get a husbands for her Sifters


Her. I say a husband.

Greg. I say, a diancel: Think'st thou Hortensio, though

her father be a rich man, any man so very a fool to be

married to hell?

Her. No, Signior Gremio: though it passe your patience 

and mine to endure her loud alarms, why man there bee

good fellows in the world, and a man could light on

them, would take her with all faults, and mony enough.

Greg. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowrie 

with this condition; To be whipt at his hands euer morning.

Her. Fairly (as you say) there's small choice in rotten

apples: but come, since this last in law makes vs friends,

it shall be so far well friendly maintaine'd, till by helping

Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, wee set his

young girl free for a husband, and then have too suffe:

Sweet Bianca, happy man be his slave; see that runner

suffe, get the ring: How say you Signior Gremio?

Grem. I am agreed, and would have had given him the

beast horrie in Padua to begin his woe that would

thoroughly wore her, wed her, and bed her, and riddie the

house of her. Come on.

Exeunt ambus. Mone Tranio and Lucatio.
Because she will not be annoy'd with fusters.
Luc. Ah Tranio, what a cruel Father's he?
But art thou not a dolt, doth take some care:
To get her cunning Schoolmates to instruct her.
Tran. I marry am I fit, and now 'tis plotted.
Luc. I have it Tranio.
Tran. Matter, for my hand,
Both our intentions meet and iumpbe in one.
Luc. Tell me chine first.
Tran. You will be school-mater.
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.
Luc. It is: May it be done?
Tran. Not possible: for who shall wear your part,
And be in Padua heere Lucienico's fonne,
Keep he house, and play his booke, welcome his friends,
Visit his Countrymen, and banquet them?
Luc. Boys, consent thee for I have it full.
We have not yet bin scene in any house,
Nor can we be disputing by our faces,
For man or matter, then it follows thus:
Thou shalt be matter, Tranio in my bed:
Keep he house, and post, and tenant, as I should,
I will fore heebe other, be Lucienico,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of fine
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so: Tranio as once
Vnceae thee: take my Conhad and cloake,
When Biondello comes, he wairres on thee,
But I will charm him self to keep his tongue,
Tran. So had you need:
In beche Sir, from it your pleasure is,
And I am tyed to be obedient,
For to your father charg'd me a parting:
Be servicable to my fonne (speak he)
Although I think't was in another sense,
I am content to be Lucienico,
Devitze for well house Lucienico.
Luc. Tranio be he, because Lucienico loves,
And let me be a slave, aarchitehet the inside,
Whole sodainely fight th'ath'd my wounded eye.

Enter Biondello.
Here comes the rogue, Sirra, where have you bin?
Bion. Where have I been? Nay how now, where are you? Matthias, it is my fellow Tranio thine cloathes, or you thine his, or both? Pray what is the newes?
Luc. Sirra come hither, tis no time to leff,
And therefore frame your maners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio heere to face my life,
Puts my apprarel, and my companee on,
And I for my escape haue put on his,
For in a quarrell since I came a flor
I kill'd a man, and fear I was defir'd;
Wate you on him, I charge you, as becomes:
While I make way hence to save my life:
You understand me?
Bion. I ft, me're a whit.
Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouthe,
Tranio is chang'd into Lucienico,
Bion. The better for him, I would weare too.
Tran. So could I faith bay, to have the next with after,
That Lucienico indeed had rap't my youngel daughter.
But Sirra, nor for my sake, but your matters, I tell you we use your maners differetly in all kind of companie:
When I am alone, why then I am Tranio; but in
all places else, you matter Lucienico.
Luc. Tranio let's go:
One thing more refus, that thy selfe execute,
To make one among thee of weoers: if thou ask e wy,
Sufficeth my reaasones are both good and weighty.

Enter Petruchio, & the Prefenters about them.
Luc. Tranio, by Saint Anne do I, a good matter purely.
Comes there any more of it?
Luc. My Lord, 'tis but begun.
Luc. This is a verie excellent piece of weoer, Madame:
Luc. Wee were done.

Enter Petrucho, and his man Grumio.
Petru. Verona, for a while I take my leese,
To see my friends in Padua; but of all
My hert beloved and approved friend
Hortensio: & I know this is his house:
Here fore Grumio, knocke I say,
Grum. Knocke sir? whom should I knocke? Is there any man he's rebus'd your worship?
Petru. Villaine I say, knocke me heere forendy.
Grum. Knocke you heere sir? Why sir, what am I say,
That I should knocke you heere forendy.
Petru. Villaine I say, knocke me at this gare,
And rap me well, or I'll knocke your knuckles rite.
Grum. My M't is growne quarte-rutile:
I should knocke you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.
Petru. Will it not be?
'Th'faith firssh, and you I not knocke, I'le ring it,
I'le try how you can Sen Eto, and finge it.

Enter Petruchio, & the Prefenters about them.
Grum. Helples mischts Helpe, my matter is mad,

Enter Hortensio.
Petru. Howe now, what's the matter? My olde friend
Grumio, and my good friend Petruchio? How do you all at Verona?
Petru. Signor or Hortensio, come you to pray the play?
Contesti le cese bene vorastic, may I say.
Hort. Aka nafa e cenno voluto muto euranora
or min Petrucho.
Petru. Now, is there no matter sir, what he leges in Latine.
If this be not a lawfull causse for me to lease his service,
lookes you sir: He bid it me knocke him, & rap him foundyly.
Well, was it fit for a servant to vic his master fo,
being perhaps (for ought & see) two and thirty, a perpetu out?
Whom would to God I had well knockt at first,
then had not Grumio come by the worst.
Petru. A fenceless villaine: good Hortensio,
I had the ruffell knocke upon your gare,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.
Grum. Knocke at the gare O heauen: spake you not these wordes plaines Sirra: Knocke me heere: rappe me heere: I knocke me well, and knocke me foundyly? And come you now with knockyng at the gare?
Petru. Sirra be gone, or talke not I advise you.
Hort. Petruchio patience, I am Grumio's pledges.
Why this is heauen chance twixt him and you.
You ancients truelle pleasing factuant Grumio:
And tell me now (foret friend) what heppre gale
Blowses you to Padua heere, from old Verona?
Petru. Such wind as feathers youngmen through 5 world.
To seek their fortunes farther then at home,
Where small experience grows but in a few,
Signor Horton, in the midst stands with me,
And I have brought my lady into this maze,
Hapily to wine and chassis, as be it may
Grew in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come about to see the world.

Her: Petrucho, shall I come roundly to the fact,
And with these so few words all your name it is?
I had like to make a babbling from my mouth,
And yet I promise thee shall stand it over,
And very richly but too much to my friends,
And I do not think it so.

Petrucho: Signor Horton, join with such friends as we,
Few words suffice: and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife?
(As well it is beseeming of my young dance.)
Be she of soul as Elizabethe Loue,
As old as Sibella, and as curst and throw'd
As Socrates Zeneppa, or a witch.
She makes me not, nor even counter at least.
Affections edge in me. Wondrous she is, I know
As the swelling Adriana far.
I come to win her wealthily in Padua.
If wealthily, then happy in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look'st thou, sir, he tells you first what his
minde is: why give him Gold enough, and marry him
to a Suspicious Duke, and make a Duke, or an old man with a
beau in her head, though she has as many deceits as
two and thirty. Why nothing comes amiss, so monie comes within.

Her: Petruchio, since we are fleeted thus farre in,
I will continue that I broke't in left,
And I will Petruchio help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and yong and beautifull,
Brought vp as beest becomes a Gentlewoman,
Her only fault, and that is smal enough,
Is, that she is intolerable curtn
And throw'd, and Formatting, for one yonge maidener,
That were my face wereformer then it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of Gold.

Petrucho: Peace, thou knowest not golds effect,
Tell me her fathers name, and its enough.
For I will bower her, though she chide as loud.
As thunder, when the clouds in Autumne make.

Her: Her father is Baptista Mantua,
An able and courteous Gentleman,
Her name is Kate the in Mantua,
Renowned in Padua for her speaking tongue.

Petrucho: I know her father, though I know not her,
And he knew my deceased father well.
I will not beleeve it till I see her,
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,
Value you will accompany me therewith.

Gru. I pray you stir letem him go while the inner lafis,
A my word, and the know him as well as I do, it would
think, if the thing would doe little good upon him. She
may perhaps call him half a rogue, Nantes, or so. Why
that's nothing and it begin once, he intrigue his tape
tricks. He tell you what first, and the fland him but a litte,
he will throw his figure in her face, and to disfigure this
with it, that first make no more use of her with
than a Car. So ye know not, the not for

Her: Petruchio, I must go with thee.
Vpon agreement from vs. to his living.

Will undertake to woo curtis Katherine.

Yet, and to marry her, if her dtovre please.

Gre. So said, so done twof.

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know she is an ickeforme brawling fool:

If that be all Matters, I heare no harme.

Gre. No, sayst me, friend? What Countrypman?

Pet. Borne in Verona, old Bassiano sometime:

My father dead, my fortune lines for me,

And I do hope, good days and long to see.

Gre. Oh, fit a life with such a wife, were strange:

But if you have a formake, too, a Gods name,

You shall have me afflicting you in all.

But will you wear this Wildeface?

Pet. Will I hire?

Gre. Will he woo her? or ile hang her.

Pet. Why came he hisher, but so that intent?

Think you, a little dine can daunt mine cares?

Hauet not in my time heard Lionas roar?

Hauet not heard the sea, puft up with wintes,

Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?

Hauet not heard great Ormances on the field?

And heauens Artillery thunder in the skies?

Hauet not in a pitched battell heard

Loard trums, neighing steeds, & trumpers clangue,

And do you tell me of a womans tongue?

That gives not a halfe to great a blow to hear,

And a Chattle-wit in a Faggers fire?

Tuff, taff, tere boyes with bugs,

Gre. For he fears none.

Gre. Hortensio hearken:

This Gentleman is happily arri'd,

My minde prefumes for his owne good, and yours,

Her. I promis we would be Contributors,

And beseach his charge of weare what forere.

Gre. And do we will, provided that he win.

Gre. I would I were as free of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio brave and Bianchell.

Tra. Gentlemen God save you. If I may be bold

Tell me whether you which is the readiest way

To shew to Signior Baptista Minola?

Bian. He that has the two fairest daughters: if he be

meane.

Tra. Even he Bianchell.

Gre. Haue you se, you mean not her to —

Tra. Perhaps him and her, what have you to do?

Pet. Nor that which chides at any hand I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders for: Bianchell, let's away.

Luc. Well begun Tranio.

Her. Sir, a woord ere you go.

Are you a tutor to the Maid you talk of, yes or no?

Tra. And if he be, is it any offence?

Gre. No str, without more words you will get you

hence.

Tra. Why, I pray are not the freares as free

For me, as for you?

Gre. But so it is not the.

Pet. For what reason I hearken you.

Gre. For this reason if you'd know.

That she's the choice loue of Signior Greminio.

Her. That she's the chosen of signior Hortensio.

Tra. Softly my Masters: if you be Gentlemen

Do me this right: serene me with patience.

Baptista is a noble Gentleman,

To whom my Father is not all unknowne,

And were his daughter faire then she is,

She may more suitors have, and me for one,

Paitante daughter had a thousand wooers

Then well one more may faire Bianca haue;

And lo the she shall: Lucio shall make one,

Though Paris came, in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What, this Gentleman will out-take vs all,

Luc. Sir giue him heare, I know hee proue a lade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

Her. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,

Did you ever see Baptista daughter?

Tra. No fir, but here I do that he hath two

The one, as famous for a foulding tongue

As is the other, for beautous modestie.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first for me, let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercai,

And let it be more then a woelet twelve.

Pet. Sir understand you this of mine (I know)

The youngest daughter whom you hearken for,

Her father keeps from all access of suitors,

And will not promise her to any man,

Will the eldest lady be free ye will.

The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If he be so, that you are the man,

Mull fleet vs all, and me amongst the rest,

And if you bre ke the tree, and do this seeke,

An use the elder: see the younger free,

For our access, whose hap shall be to have her,

Will not to gracest be, to be ingrate.

Her. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive,

And since you do profess to be a suitor,

You must as we do, gratifie this Gentleman,

To whom we all rest generally beholding.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be hake, in signe whereof,

Please ye we may continue this afternoone,

And grace cowtess to our Mitterell health,

And do as a suiter do in love,

Strive mightily, but cate and drink as friends.

Gre. Good. Oh excellent motion: fellows do be gen.

Her. The motions good indeed, and be it so.

Percwene, I shall be your Rome venue.

Exeunt.

Enter Katherine and Bianca.

Katherine. Good sir, wrong me not, nor wrong your self,

To make a bondmaid and a slawe of mee,

That I disdain: but for those other goods,

Veinose my hands, ile pull them off my selfe.

Yeas all my raiments, to my particraste,

Or what you will command me, will I do,

So well I know my dutie to my elders.

Kate. Of all thy suitors heere I charge telle,

Whom thou shall not be: see thou dissemble nor,

Bianca. Becaue me fitter, of all the men alene,

I neuer yet beheld that special face.

Which I could fancy, more then any other.

Kate. Minion thou lyest: it is not Hortensio.

Bian. If you affet him fitter, here I wheare

Ile pleade for you my selfe, but you haue him. Kate. Oh then believe you fancie riches more,

You will have Greminio to keepe you faire.

Bian. Is it for him you do enviue me so?

Nay then you self, and now I was perillant,

You have but dealt with me all this while.

I prethe thee Kate, yeke in my hands.

Kate. If that be so, then all the rest was so. Strife her.
Enter Baptista.

Bap. Why how now Kate, whence growes this insolence?

Kate I find aside, poor silly filly weere:
Go pily thy Needle, meddle not with her.
For shame thou filling of a distemph'd spirit.
Why dost thou wrong her, that didst her wrong thee?
When didst she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kate. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.

Bap. What is my right? Bap. get thee in. Exit.

Kate. What will you not suffer me: Nay nor I see,
She is your treasurable, the moth have a husband,
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day,
And for your loss to her, lead Apes in hell.
Take not to me, I will go fit and weep,
Till I can finde occasion to revenge.

Bap. Was ever Gentleman thus greased as I,
But who comes here.

Enter Gremio, Lucceas; in the habit of a meaner man,
Petrucho with Tranio, with his boy:
Bearing a Lute and Books.

Grem. Good morrow neighbour Baptista:
Grem. Good morrow neighbour Gremio: God sue
you Gentlemen.

Pet. And you good sir, pray have you not a daughter,
call'd Katerina fair and vertuous.

Grem. I have a daughter sir, call'd Katrina.

Grem. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, signor Gremio, give me leave.

I am a Gentleman of Verona first,
That hearing of her beauty, and her wife,
Her sharpness and bashfull modesty:
Her wondrous qualities, and mild countenance,
And bold to show my fello's forward guest:
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report, which I of late have heard,
And for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine
Cunning in Morisco, and the Mathematickes,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant,
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong,
His name is Liets, borne in Mantua.

Pet. You are welcome sir, and he for your good sake.
But for my daughter, Katerina this I know,
She is not for your turne, the more my griefe.

Pet. If you do not mean to part with her,
Or else you like not of my company.

Pet. Miltake me not, I speak but as I finde,
Wherein are you for What may I call your name.
Petrucho's is my name, and Antuno Boone,
A man well knowne throughout all Italy.

Pet. I know him well you are welcome for his sake.

Pet. Saining your name Petrucho, I pray let vs that are
poorepetitioners speak too; 
Baters, you are mercifull forward.

Pet. Oh, Pardon me signior Gremio, I would faine be doing.

Grem. I doubt it not sir, but you will curse
Your weeny neighbors: this is a guilt
Very gratifying, I am tire of it, to express
The like kindness to my selfe, that has bene
More kindly beholding to you than any.
The Taming of the Shrew.

Bap. How now my friend, why doth thou look so pale?
Hor. For fear I promise you, if I look pale.
Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the Lure?
Hor. Why no, for the bath broke the Lure to me:
I did but tell her the misfortune of her hair,
And bow'd her hand to reach her finger's end;
When (with a most impatient dulcet spirit)
Fiers call'd her thief! (quoth she) Unframe with them:
And with that word the trouble was on her head,
And through the instant my parasitise way,
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a Pillorie, looking through the Lure,
While she did call me Ruffian, Pidler,
And swallowing lacks, with twenty such vile names,
As had the learned to misframe me so.
Now by the world, it is a little Wench,
I lose her ten times more then ere I did,
Oh how I long to have some chat with her.
Bap. We'll go with me, and be not so disfattened.
Proceed in prachise with my younger daughter,
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good counsel;
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,
Of shall I send my daughter Kate to you.


Pet. I pray you do. I'll attend her here,
And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say that the cause, why then I'll tell her plainly,
She sings as sweetly as a Nightingale:
Say that she floushe, I'll say she looks so clear
As morning Rosa newly wafft with dew:
Say she be mute, and will not speake a word,
Then Ille commend her volubility,
And say the veriest piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me packe, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week:
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day:
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married.
But here she comes, and now Petruchio speaks.

Enter Kate.

Kate. Good morrow Kate, for that your name I heare.
Kate. Well harte you heard, but something hard of hearing:
They call me Katherine, that do take of me.

Pet. You lye infaith, for you are called plain Kate,
And bony Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst :
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendome,
Kate of Kate-hall, my father-dainie Kate,
For dainties are all Kate, and therefore Kate.
Take this of me, Kate of my confusation,
Hearing thy mildnesse praise'd in every Towne,
Thy virtuous spoke of, and thy beautie found,
Yet not so depeply as to thee belonges,
My fete am moon'd to woo thee for my wife.
Kate. Mould, in good time, let him that mould you heather
Remoure you hence: I knew you at the first.
You were a mowable.

Pet. Why, what's a mowable?
Kate. A lowd floote.
Pet. Then haste hir: come sit on me.
Kate. Allies are made to beare, and so are you,

Pet. Women are made to beare, and so are you.

Kate. No such fadde as you, if me you mean.
Pet. Alas good Kate, I will not hurth un thee,
For knowing thee to be not so weary and light.
Kate. Too light for such a swaine as you are to catch.
And yet as heste as my weight should be.
Pet. Should be, should: beauze.
Kate. Well cane, and like a buzzard.
Pet. Of how wing'd Turtle, that a buzzard takest.
Kate. I for a Turtle, as he takes a buzzard.
Pet. Come, come you Waife, y'faith you are too angrie.
Kate. If'lt be waifhald, beh beware my fing.
Pet. My remedy is then to plucke it out.
Kate. If'the foole could finde it where it lies.
Pet. Who knowes not where a Waife does wear her fling? In his taile.
Kate. In his tongue?
Pet. Whole tongue.
Kate. Yours if you call for tales, and so farewell.
But with my tongue in your caile.
Nay, come a gain, good Kate, I am a Gentleman,
Kate. That Ie trie.
Pet. Yer call Ie cuttie, if you strike again.
Kate. So may you loose your arme's,
If you strike me, you are no Gentleman,
And no Gentleman, why then no arme's.
Pet. A Herald Kate! Oh put me in thy booke,
Kate. What is your Croff, a Cynambel?
Pet. A combelle Coke, so Kate will be my Hen.
Kate. No Coke of mine, you crow too like a cran.
Pet. Nay come Kate, come: you must not looke so frowre.
Kate. It is my fashion when I see a Crab.
Pet. Why heres no crab, and therefore looke not frowre.
Kate. There is here.
Pet. Then shew it me.
Kate. Had I a glassie I would.
Pet. What, you meanes my face.
Kate. Will for if of such a yong one.
Pet. Now by S. George I am too yong for you.
Kate. Yet you are wilder'd.
Pet. Tis with cares,
Kate. I care not.
Pet. Nay heare you Kate. Insooth you scape not fo.
Kate. I chafe you'll tire it. Let me go.
Pet. No, no, a wait, if finde you passing gentle:
Tis told me you were rough, and coy, and fullen,
And now I finde report a very liar:
For thou art pleasant, gamefore, passing courtesous,
But flow in speech; yet sweet as spring-time flowers.
Thou canst not flromise, thou canst not looke a lune,
Not bite the lip, as angry wenches will.
Nor had thou pleasure to be crocse in talke:
But thou with mildnesse entertain't thy woovers.
With gentle conference, sort, and affable.
Why do the world reports that Kate doth limpe?
Oh hind's rous world: Kate like the hazle twig
Is straight, and slender, and as brown in face
As hazle nuts, and sweeter then the kernels.
Oh let me see thee walk: thou dost not hal.
Kate. Go foolie, and whom thou keep't command.
Pet. Did ever 'Dies do become a Groose?
As Kate this chamber with her princely gate:
O be thou 'Dies, and let her be Kate,
And then let Kate 
be saffron, and 
Dido spruce off.

Kate. Where did you study all this goodly speech? 
Pet. It is extemfion, from my mother wit. 
Kate. A witty mother, whistly, else her sonne, 
Pet. Am I not wise? 
Kate. Yes, keep you warme. 
Pet. Marry to me I mean, sweet Katherine, in thy bed, 
And therefore setting all this chat aside, 
Thus in plain terms: your father hath contented 
That you shal be my wife: you do very greed on, 
And will you, billyou, I will marry you. 
Now Kate, I am a husband for your name, 
For by this light, whereby I see thy beauty, 
Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well, 
Thou must be married to no man but me,

Enter Bassilia, Cenesis, Trinosa. 
For I am here to pose to tame you Kate, 
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate 
Conformable as other houshold Kate: 
Here comes your father, expect me shall follow, 
I must, and will have Katherine to my wife. (daughters) 
Bap. Now Signor Petruchio, how speed you with your lady? 
Pet. How well but not how well: but well. 
It was impossible I should speed amisse. 
Bap. Why how now daughter Katherine, in your 
Kate. Call you me daughter? now I promise you 
you have thre a tender fatherly regard, 
To me with wed to one lady Lus巡. 
A mad-cap truant, and a swearing Jacke, 
That chinks with oaths to face the matter out. 
Pet. Father, thus thus your felte and all the world 
That talk'd of her, haue talk'd amisse of her: 
If he be curst, it is for pollicie. 
For there's not inward but modesty. 
The is not hot, but temperate as the mornse, 
For patience wise will prove a second Cifried. 
And Romane Louesses for her chasteitie: 
And to conclude, we haue greed to well together, 
That upon sonday is the wedding day. 
Kate. Ile see thee hang'd on sonday first. (flift.) 
Gra. Hark Petruchio, the fire's free: I'll see thee hang'd 
Tr. I sithis your speeding may the godnight our part. 
Pet. Be patient gentleme, I choose her for my felte, 
If she and I be pleased, what's that to you? 
To bargain't twist vs twae beeing alone, 
That she shall be curst in company. 
I tell you 'tis incredible to believe 
How much the loves me: oh the kindred Kate, 
Shee hung about my necke, and kisse on kisse, 
Shee w'd to fast, professing oath on oath, 
That in a twinkling shee won me to her love. 
Oh you are nescious, 'tis a world to see 
How tame when men and women are alone: 
A meacoek wretch can make the curstest thief: 
Ging me thy hand, Kate, I will unto Venice 
To buy apparel against the wedding day; 
Produce the fearst father, and bid the gueth, 
I will be sure my Katherine shall be gone. 
Bap. Know not what to say, but give me your hand, 
God lend you joy, Petruchio, its a match.

Gra. Tr. Amen say we, we will be witnesse. 
Pet. Father, and wife, and gentleme advise, 
I will to Venice, sonday comes hither, 
We will have feed, and things, and fine array,
And kisse me Kate, we will be married a sonday. 
Gra. Petruchio and Katherine: 
Gra. Was ever match dace vp to sodainly? 
Bap. Faith Gentlemen now I play a merchant part, 
And wanne madde on a desperate Mars.
Tr. Twas a commoditie lay sitting by you, 
I will bring you guine, or peesh on the lee. 
Bap. The game I see, is quiet me the match, 
Gra. No doubt but he hath got a quieter. 
But now Bassilia, to your younger daughter, 
Now is the day we long have looked for, 
I am your neighbour, and was fster first. 
Tr. And I am one that love Bianca more. 
Then words can witistle, or your thoughts can guelse. 
Gra. Yongling thou canst not lose to scarce as I. 
Tr. Gray-bread thine thou doth thee freeze. 
Gra. But thine doth tell, 
Skipper stand backe, 'tis age that mortiseth. 
Tr. But youth in Ladies eyes that flouriseth. 
Bap. Content you gentlemen, I wil expound this little 
'Tis steel must win the prize, and he of both 
That can affe my daughter greatestower, 
Shall have my Bianca lone. 
Say fig or Grenois, what can you affure her? 
Gra. First, as you know, my house within the City 
Is richly furnished with plate and gold, 
Daffus and owers to lase their thirty hands: 
My hangings all of mirrare tallity: 
In linnen coats I haste find my countesse: 
In cyprus cloth my arrea counterpoints, 
Coffily apparel, tent, and Canopis. 
Fine Linnen, Turky easihins bolt with peale. 
Vallens of Venice gold, in needle worke. 
Peçent and brease, and all things that belong 
To house or house-keeping; then my farme: 
I have a hundred milis-kine to the pale, 
Sixe-score far Oxen standing in my ballis, 
And all things answerable to this portion, 
My felte am brook in yearees I must contente, 
And if I die to morrow this is hers, 
I will 't time shee will be only mine. 
Tr. That only came well in it, I say to me, 
Am my fathers beyre and only some. 
If I may have your daughter to my wife, 
He lease her houses three of foure as good. 
Within rich Pile wall, as any one. 
Old Signor Grenms was in Padua, 
Besides, two thousand Dukkes by the yeare, 
Of fruitfull land, all which shall be her ioyente. 
What, haue I prichet you Signor Grenois? 
Gra. Two thousand Dukkes by the yeare of land, 
My Land ammonts not so muche in all, 
That the flath haue, besides a Argosie, 
That now is lying in Marcellus rosse s. 
What have you choetak you in Argosie? no. 
Tr. Grenois, its knowe my father hath no legs 
They three great Argosies besides two Gallissies, 
And twelve the Galles, thes I will suffre her, 
And twice as muche what are their offrest next. 
Gra. Nay, I have offred all, I hate no more, 
And she can have no more then all I haue, 
If you like me, the flath haue me and mine. 
Tr. Why then the maid is mine from all the world 
By your firme prytitice. Grenois is our vied. 
Gra. I must contente your offer is the best, 
And let your father make her the assurance;
The Taming of the Shrew.

Scene on stage. 

Hort. Madam, my Instrument's in tune. 
Bian. Let's hear, oh, fire, the sable zares. 
Luc. Split in the hole man, and tune against. 
Bian. Now let me see if I can confine it. Hee that, 
more, I know you not: his eft sferatta tellus, I trust you not, 
his fatetis pratti, take heed he heare be not, 
vespa pretium, Coe's fane, despairs be not. 
Hort. Madam, this now in tune. 
Luc. All but the flue. 
Hort. The base is right, 'tis the base know that cars. 
Luc. How ray and forward our Pedants, 
Now for my life the knave doth count my love, 
Pedants, he watch you better yet? 
In time I may beleeve, yet I mistrust. 
Bian. Mistrust it not, for sure it's not. 
Was Amadis so from his grandfather. 
Hort. I must believe my matter, else I promise you, 
I should be arguing till upon that doubt. 
But let it be still, now Latto to you: 
Good matters ke it not, and kindly pray 
That I have beene thus pleas'd with you both. 
Hort. You may go walk, and give me leave a while, 
My Leffons make no musicke in these parts. 
Luc. Are you so formal fit, well I must waite 
And watch withall, but I be deceived. 
Our fine Mufitian groweth amorous. 
Hort. Madam, before you touch the instrument, 
To leare the order of my fingering, 
I must begin with rudiments of Art, 
To teach you gammony in a shorter fort, 
More pleasing, pitty, and effectuall, 
Then hath beene taught by any of my trade, 
And there it is in writing fairely drame. 
Bian. Why, I am past my gammony long age. 
Hort. Yet read the gammony of Hortensio. 
Bian. Ommitt I am, the ground of all accord: 
As to plead Hortensio's passion: 
Bene, Bianca take him for thy Lord 
Cfaret, that loves with all affection: 
Di ferre, one Chaffe, two notes hue I, 
Eami, thou witty or I die, 
Call you this gammony? but I like it not, 
Old fashions please me not, I am not to nice 
To charge true rules for old inuention. 

Enter a Musferer. 
Nicky. Miftrille, your father prays you leave your 

Enter Lucinius, Hortensio, and Bianca. 

Luc. Fuller forbear, you grow too forward sir, 

Hort. But wrangling pedant, this is 

The paragon of heavenly harmony, 

Then give me leave to have perrogative, 

And when in Musick we have fignature, 

Your Lecture shall be free for as much. 

Luc. Preposterous Alle that never read to farre, 

To know the cause why muchick was ordain'd: 

Was it not to refresh the minde of man 

After his studie, or his small paine? 

That give me leave to read Philosophy, 

And from pale, terrace in your harmony. 

Hort. Sirra, I will not bear these brutes of thine. 

Bianca. Why gentlemen, you doe me double wrong, 

To strive for that which refresh in my choice: 

I am no breathing scholar in the schools, 

de be not tied to hours, nor pointed times, 

But leastest my Leffons as I please my selfe, 

And to cut off all friste: beeste fit we done, 

Take you your instruument, play you the whiles, 

His Lecture will be done ere you have tun'd. 

Bian. You'll leave his Lecture when I am in tune? 

Luc. That will be never, come your instruument. 

Bian. Where left we flat? 

Luc. Here be Madam: His that Simiolus, his elf sferata tellus, his flatetris pratti, Casta fasa. 

Bian. Confes they: 

Luc. His that, as I told you before, Simiolus, I am Lucentio, his elf, Come mine. Vincentio of Pitta, Simiolus, 

disguised, thus to get your love, his fasset, and that 

Lucentio that comes a wooing, pratti, is my man Tanio, regis, bearing my port, Casta fasa that we might beguile the old Pancolops.
The Tuning of the Shrew.

KATE. No shame but mine, I must forbear to be for
To give my hand opposes against my heart.
Virtue a maid-branched bush, full of all the
Who would in battle, or serve to take at leisure:
I told you, I was a frankieke toole,
Hiding his bitter teeth in blunt behaviour;
And to be noted a merry man;
He'll woe a thousand, point the day of marriage.
Make friends, invite, and prevailing the bane,
Yet never means to wed where he hath wood;
Now muft the world point at poore Katherine,
And say, loe, there is none Petrucho's wife
If it would please him come and marry her.

TRU. Patience good Katherine and Baptista too,
Upon my life Petrucho means but well,
What never torture strives him from his word,
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Though he be near, yet withall he's honest.

KATE. Would Katherine had never seen him though,
Exit weeping.

BISH. Go, girl, I cannot blame thee now to weep,
For such an insult would were a very fain;
Much more a review of impatient honour.

Enter Baptista.

BISH. Mutter, matter, news, and such news as you
never heard of,
BISH. Is she now and old too, how may that be?
BISH. Why, is it not news to hear of Petrucho's
BISH. Is he come?
BISH. Why no sir.
BISH. How is he coming?
BISH. Where will he reign there?
BISH. Where is he found where I am, and fees you there.

BISH. But say, what to thine old news now?
BISH. Why Petrucho is coming, in a new hat and
and old cock, a pair of old breeches thrice tucked; a
pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one black,
another lace'd: an old russet fustian coat out of the
towne Armoury, with a broken hood, and cappelet with
two broken points: his horse hip'd with an old moody
faddle, and stirrups of no kindes: besides pouflet
with the gilders, and like to move in the shine,
troubled with the lampas, infected with the fatums, full
of Windgalls, spied with Spaniards, rated with the
yellowes, past cure of the Plague, steepeypoll'd with the
Staggers, begawne with the Bots, Waid in the backe,
and shoulder-morton, neere leg'd before, and with a
half-scheket Bire, & a headall of the paperest weather, which
being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been
often bust, and now repaired with knots: one such foe
times pased, and a woman Gruper of velvete, which
hath two letters for her name, fairly set downe in cufis,
and heare and there pured with punch✉.

BISH. Who comes with him?
BISH. Oh sir, his Lackey, for all the world Caponi
like the horses; with a linen flock on one leg, and
a kersey boot-choke on the other, garded with a red
and blew taff, old hat, & the humor of forty fantasies pricks
in't: a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel;
& not like a Christian foot-boy, or a gentleman's Lackey.

TRU. To some old humor pricks him to this fashion,
Yet sometimes he goes but mean apparel'd.

BISH. I am glad he's come, he will be excellent.

TRU. Didst thou not say he comes?

BISH. No, I did not.
Enter Grumio.

Signior Grumio, came you from the Church?
Grum. As willingly as e'er I came from school.
Tray. And is the Bride & Bridgroom coming home?
Grum. A bridgroom say you? 'tis a groom indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.
Tray. Corrobor, then, why 'tis impossible.
Grum. Why here's a deuil, a devil, a very fiend.
Tray. Why there's a devil, a devil, she deballs damme.
Grum. Ten, she's a Lambe, a Dove, a fool to him:
He tell you Sir Lucentio, when the Priest
Should ask if Katharine should be his wife,
I by good wifial conscience, and I vow to my soul,
That all amaz'd the Priest let fall the bookes,
And as he stoope d'againe to take it vp,
This mad-brain'd bridgroome, tolde him such a stuffe,
That he woule fell the Priest and booke, and bookes and Priest,
Now take them vp so as he, if any lift.
Tray. What sits the wenche when he rose again?
Grum. Trembled and shooke; for why, he stamp'd and swore,
As if the Vicar meant to crowne him; but at last
Many ceremonies done, he calls for wine, a health quoch he,
As if he had beene a hoard crowning to his Mates after
a storme, quoth off the Mufcadell, and threw the tops
all in the Sextons face: hasting no other reason, but that
his baed grew thimne and hungerely, and seem'd to ask
him tops as he was drinking: This done, he rooke the
Bride about the necke, and kisst her lips with such a clausorous
smacke, that at the parting all the Church did
echoo and I seening this, came there for very flame, and
after mee I know the rout is comming, such a mad marri
riage neuer was before: haucle, haucle, I hear the min
fiela play.

Enter Petruchio. Kate, Bianca, Hartshio, Baptista.

Petr. Gentlemen & friends, I thank you for your pains,
I know you think to dine with me to day,
And haue prepared a great store of wedding cheeren,
But to it, my harte doth call me hence,
And therefore hence I mean to take my leave.
Tray. Is there possible you will away to night?
Petr. I must away to day before night come,
Make it no wonder, if you knew my business.
You would intreate me rather goe then stay:
And honest company, I thank you all,
That haue beheld mee glasse away my felie.
To this most patience, sweet and virtuous wife,
Dine with my father, drink a health to mee,
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.
Tray. Let vs intreate you stay till after dinner.
Petr. It may not be.
Grum. Let me intreate you,
Petr. I can't be.
Grum. Let me intreate you,
Petr. I am content.
Kat. Are you content to stay?
Petr. I am content you shall entreate me felie,
But yet not felie, entreate me how you can.
Kat. Now if you lose me felie,
Petr. Grumio, my horse.
Grum. I fir, they be ready, the Oates have eaten the
horries.
Kat. Nay then,
Doe what you can, I will not goe to day,
No nor to morrow, till I please my felie,
The dore is open fir, there lies your way,
You may be going whils your horses are greene:
For me, Ile not be gone till I please my felie,
Tis like you'll promise a Lovely furly groome,
That take it on you at the fitt for you.
Kat. O Kate content thee, prehce be not angry.
Kat. I will be angry, what hast thou to doe?
Father, be quiet, she shall stay my felie.
Grum. I marry fir, now it begins to work.
Kat. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner,
I see a woman may be made a fool.
If she had not a spirit to refus.
Petr. They shall goe forward Kate at thy command,
Obey the Bride you that attend on her.
Go to the feast, releal and dominiere,
Care of all matters to her maiden head,
Be middle and merry, and go th' best way:
But for my bony Kate, the miff with me:
Nay, looke not bright, but flame, no fire, no fret:
I will be master of which mine owne,
Shee is my goods, my charter, she is my house,
My household-stuffe, my field, my bosses,
My horse, my oxen, my aile, my any thing,
And here the bands, couche her who dare dare,
Ile bring none achnon on the proudst of all:
That steps my way in Padua: Grumio.
Draw forth thy weapon, we are bett in with thees,
Rescue thy Milherte if thou be a man:
Fear not to see the wench, they shall not touch thee Kate,
He区块 le them again a Millon, Exciss. P. Ke.
Grum. Wot they not quickly, I should die with laught.
Tray. Of all mad madaches neuer was the like,
Luc. Milherte, what's your opinion of your fillett?
Bian. That being mad felie, she's madly mated.
Kat. I warrant him Petruchio is Kate.
Bap. Neighbours and friends, though Bride & Bride-
For to supply the places at the table,
(groom wants)
You know there wants no knife on the feast:
Lucentio, you shall supply the Bridgets place,
And let Bianca take her fitters room.
Tray. Shall fitter Bianca prackle how to bride it?
Bap. She shall Lucentio: come gentlemen lets goe.

Enter Grumio. Exciss. Curr. Petr. Horse on all tied faders, on all mad Maeters,
& all foule waines: was ever man to beared? was ever man to ride? was ever man so weare? I am fent before to make a fire, and they are comming after to warm me:
now were not I a little pot, and fume but my very lippes might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the rofe of my mouth; my heart in my belly, crye I should come by a fire to shawe me, but I with blowing the fire shall warme my felie: for considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold: Hollis, how Corvis.

Enter Curr. Curr. Who is that calls to coldly?
Grum. A piece of Ice: if thou doubt it, thou must slide from my shoulder to my heele, with no greater
The Taming of the Shrew.

greater a suit but my head and my necke. A very good
Curtice.

Curt. Is my master and his wife comming Grumio?
Grum. Oh! and there is, and therefore the fire, cast on no
water.

Curt. Is the flag a thrue as the report.
Grum. She was good Curtice before this frost, but thou
knowst winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it
hath crimm'd my old master, and my new mistress, and
my sole fellow Curtm.

Curt. Away you three lust fools, I am no beast.
Grum. Am I not three lusts? Why thy horse is a foot
and so long am I at the left. But with their make a fire
or shall I complain on thee or our mistress, whose hand
(the being now at hand) then shall some feel, to thy
cold comfort, for being drown'd in hot service.

Curt. I prehew good Grumio, tell me, how goes the
world?

Grum. A cold world Curtice in every office bushing,
therefore fire: doth duty, and have the duty, for my
Master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready, and therefore good Grumio
there's smoke.

Grum. Why lacke boys; no boy, and as much weary as
will thou.

Curt. Come, you are so full of coal catching.
Grum. Why therefore fire, for I have caught extreme
cold. Where's the Cooke, is it ready, the house
trim'd, that being free, let's stand together, in
their own fullness, the white stockings, and every
officer his wedding garment? Be the lackes faire within,
the Gifs faire without, the Carpes faire, and exceed
thing in order.

Curt. All ready; and therefore I pray the news.

Grum. First know my horse is tired, my master &
maids fall out.

Curt. How?

Grum. Out of their saddles into the dust: and thereby
hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's harp Good Grumio,
Grum. Land and life care.

Curt. Here.

Grum. Here.

Curt. This 'tis to feed a tale, not to hear a tale.

Grum. And therefore 'tis call'd so tedious a tale: and this
Cooke was but to knocke at your care, and before lift-
ing; now I begat,Implimi wer came downe a filling
hill, my Master riding behind my Mistress.

Curt. Both of one horse?

Grum. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why a horse?

Grum. Tell thou the tale: but hast thou not croft me,
thou shouldst have heard how her horse fay, and the
vander her horse: thou shouldst have heard how merry a
place, how she was bemold'd, how she left her with the
horses upon her, how he best me because her horse fum-
bled, she was driven through the dust to plague him off
how he swore, how the pratt, that never paid before:
how I cried, how the horses ran away, how her
bridle was burst, how I left my crupper, with much
things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion,
and thou shou'dst have pietied to thy grace.

Curt. By this reckoning life is more thraw than the
Grum. I, and that thou and the proodness of you all that
find when he comes home. But what rather? I of dirt?
call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter,
Sergeant, and the rest there their heads bee flickly comb'd,
The Taming of the Shrew

Kate. Patience I pray you, I was a fault unwilling.
Come Kate sit downe, I know you have a stomacke,
Will you give thanks, tweete Kate, or else shall I?
What's this, Mutton?
1. Ser. 1.
Pet. Who brought it?
Peter. 1.
Pet. 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meat.
What dogges are these? Where is the rich old Cooke?
How dull you gullants bring it from the dreefer
And ferre this stuff to me that loves it not?
There, take it you, trenchers, cups, and all.
You needlesst toss-heads, and vambranes & flutes.
What, do you grumble? Lie beareth you straight.
Kate. I pray you bring it hither to disquish,
The meat was well, if you were so considerate.
Pet. I tell thee Kate, tis burnt and dried away.
And I exprestly am forbid to touch it:
For it engenders choler, planted anger,
And better 'tis that both of us did fail.
Since our felons, our furies are cholerick,
Then leave it with such grace, called Reis.
Be patients, to morrow's bile be mend'd.
And for this night we'll set for company.
Come I will bring thee to my double chamber. Exeunt.

Enter Servants severally.

Nob. Peter did ever thee like.
Peter. He did her in her own humor.
Grum. Where is he?
Enter Curtis, a Servant.
Cur. In her chamber, making a sermon of continence
to her, and tailes, and sweares, and rages, that shee
(poor soule) knows not which way to stand, to looke,
to speake, and sin as one new rise from a streame.
Away, away, for his comming, Luther.

Enter Peterchen.
Pet. That hase I politickly begun my course,
And 'tis my hope to end successfull
My Paulocon now is sharpe, and falling empytic,
And til shee keps, she waft not be full gorged.
For then shee never lookey upon her lace.
Another way I have to man my Haggard,
To make her come, and know her keepers call:
That is, to watch her, as we watch thee Ketis,
That base, and beaste, and will not be obedient.
Shee can no meate to day, nor none shall eate.
Last night the lamp was, nor to night the skell not.
As with the meate, some unperceived lust
I finde about the making of the bed,
And here I lying the pillow, there the boudoir,
This way the Cousteer, another way the streets:
1, and aboud this hussle Louise,
This sly is done in reserued case, other
And in conclusion, the first watch all night
And if the chance to nod, Ile rise and brawl
And with the clamour keep her full awake:
This is a way to kide a Wife with kindnesse,
And thus I curare her mad and headstrong humor:
He that knows better how to tame a fire
Now let him speake, its charity to shew.

Exit.

Enter Tranio and Hortensio.

Tran. It is possible friend Luise, that misfits Bianca
Doth fancy any other, but Lucetina,
I tel you sir, she heares me faire in hand.
Luc. Sir, to fastlie you in what I have said,

Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

Enter Bianca.

Her. Now Mistris, profit you in what you see.
Bian. What Mistris sey you first, reloue me that?
Her. I teache, that I professe the Art so late.
Bian. And may you proue sir Master of your Art.
Luc. While you sweet decrese poute Mistriss of my heart.

Her. Quicke proceeds master, now tel me I pray,
you that durt foresear that your misfitte Bianca
Loud's me in the World so well as Lucentia.

Tran. Oh deligthfulf Louise, yuenemant womankind,
I tel thee Luise, this is wonderfull.
Her. Mistriss more, I am not Luise,
Nora Mistriss as it were to bee,
But one that learnet to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a Gentleman,
And makes a God of such a Cullion;
Know first, that I am call'd Hortensio.

Tran. Signior Hortensio, I have ofte herd
Of your entire affection to Bianca,
And since mine eyes are witnessse of her lighnetsse,
I will with you, if I be so contented,
Foresewe Bianca, and her lace for ever.
Her. See how they kiffe and courte Signior Lucentia.
Here is my hand, and here I firmly yow
Never to woo her more, but do foresewe her,
As one vaworth the all the former fowurors
That I have fondly shated them withall.

Tran. And here I take she like unainted eath,
Neuter to maume with her, though she would intaka,
Fic on her, see how feallly she doth courte him.

Her. Would all the world but he had such forsworn
For me, that I may turely keep mine oath.
I will be married to a wealthy Widdow,
For me three dayes paffe, which hath as long Ieud me,
And haue lovd this proude disdainful Haggard,
And do farewell signior Lucentia.
Kindnesse in women, not their beaureous lookses
Shal win my lone, and so I take my leau.
In resolution, as I swore before.

Tran. Mistris Bianca, blese you with such grace,
As length to a Louers blesse fee;
Nay, I have taste you nappinge gentle Loue,
And haue forsworne you with Lucentia.

Bian. Tranio you tell, but haue you both forsworne
mee?

Tran. Mistris we haue.

Luc. Then we are rid of Luise.

Tran. I thinke I haue a lustie Widdow now,
That shall eede woorde, and wedded in a day.

Bian. God gunc him joy.

Luc. Tranio, I haue lovd her.

Tran. He says to Tranio.

Bian. Tranio, she is gone into the taming schoolers.

Tran. Bianca, the taming schoolers, what is there such a place?

Tran. Mistris, and Tranio is the master.

Bian. He teacheth tricks, eleuenc and owtenic long,
To tame a firewe, and charme her chattering tongue.

Exit Tranio.

Bian. Oh Master, master I haue wescd so long,
That I am dogge-worrie, but at last I spied
An ancient Angel comming downe the hill,
Will fruste the stume.

Tran. What is the Tranio?

Bian. Master, a Marquant, or a pedant,
The Taming of the Shrew

I know not what, but formal in apparel,
In grace and converse surely like my father.

 LAW. And what of him, Tranio?

 TRA. If he be credulous, and trust his tale,
He make him glad toesteem Vincentio,
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if the were the right Vincentio.

 PET. Take me your lute, and then let me alone.

 Exeunt Patient. 

 PED. God save you, sir.

 TRA. And you sir, you are welcome,
Truss'le you fare on, or are you at the scaffold?

 PED. Sir, at the scaffold five weeks or two,
But then vs farther, and fare as Rome.
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.

 TRA. What Countryman is this?

 PED. Of Mantua.

 TRA. Of Mantua, sir, matime God forbid,
And come to Padua a carelesse of your life.

 PED. My life, sir how I pray for that goes hard.

 TRA. Titus death for any one in Mantua.
To come to Padua, you know not the place.
Your ships are at sea, and the Duke
For private quarrel twist your Dukes and him,
Hath publish'd and proclaimed it openly,
Titus murder'd, but that you are but newly come,
you might have heard it else proclaimed about.

 PED. And made a little work for me then.
For I have bills for monie by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

 TRA. Well sir, to do my courtesie,
This will I do, and this I will attend you.
First tell me, have you a house in Pisa?

 PED. I have, in Pisa have I often bin,
Pisa renowned for great Citizens.

 TRA. Among them know you one Vincentio?

 PED. I know him not, but I have heard of him:
A Merchant of incomparable wealth.

 TRA. He is my father sir, if you do tell,
In countenance somewhat he resemble you,
Bian. As much as an apple doth an orange, & all one.

 TRA. To face your life in this extremity,
This taverne will I do you for his sake.
And think'st it not the worth of all your fortunes,
That you are like to Sir Vincentio.
His name and credit that you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd,
Look to you take upon you as you should,
you understand me, so that you may
Til you have done your business in the Cities.

 PED. Oh sir I do, and will rejune you ever
The patron of my life and libertie.

 TRA. Then go with me, to make the matter good,
This by the way let you understand,
My father is here look'd for some days,
To pacifie assurance of a divorce in marriage,
Twist me, and one Beatrice daughter be these,
In all these circumstances he inflames you,
Go with me to cloath you as becomes you. 

 Actus Quartus, Scena Prima.

 Enter Katherine and Gremio.

 KAT. No, no, forsooth, I dare not for my life.

 GRE. The more my wrong, the more his sight appears.
What did he marrie me to slame me?

 KAT. He make you to think he doeth well,
As if the were the right Vincentio.

 GRE. Take me your lute, and then let me alone.

 Exeunt Patient. 

 PED. God save you, sir.

 TRA. And you sir, you are welcome,
Truss'le you fare on, or are you at the scaffold?

 PED. Sir, at the scaffold five weeks or two,
But then vs farther, and fare as Rome.
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.

 TRA. What Countryman is this?

 PED. Of Mantua.

 TRA. Of Mantua, sir, matime God forbid,
And come to Padua a carelesse of your life.

 PED. My life, sir how I pray for that goes hard.

 TRA. Titus death for any one in Mantua.
To come to Padua, you know not the place.
Your ships are at sea, and the Duke
For private quarrel twist your Dukes and him,
Hath publish'd and proclaimed it openly,
Titus murder'd, but that you are but newly come,
you might have heard it else proclaimed about.

 PED. And made a little work for me then.
For I have bills for monie by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

 TRA. Well sir, to do my courtesie,
This will I do, and this I will attend you.
First tell me, have you a house in Pisa?

 PED. I have, in Pisa have I often bin,
Pisa renowned for great Citizens.

 TRA. Among them know you one Vincentio?

 PED. I know him not, but I have heard of him:
A Merchant of incomparable wealth.

 TRA. He is my father sir, if you do tell,
In countenance somewhat he resemble you,
Bian. As much as an apple doth an orange, & all one.

 TRA. To face your life in this extremity,
This taverne will I do you for his sake.
And think'st it not the worth of all your fortunes,
That you are like to Sir Vincentio.
His name and credit that you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd,
Look to you take upon you as you should,
you understand me, so that you may
Til you have done your business in the Cities.

 PED. Oh sir I do, and will rejune you ever
The patron of my life and libertie.

 TRA. Then go with me, to make the matter good,
This by the way let you understand,
My father is here look'd for some days,
To pacifie assurance of a divorce in marriage,
Twist me, and one Beatrice daughter be these,
In all these circumstances he inflames you,
Go with me to cloath you as becomes you. 

 Actus Quartus, Scena Prima.

 Enter Katharine and Gremio.
Come Tailor, let us see these ornaments.

Enter Tailor.

Lay forth the gowne. What news with you sir?

Pet. Here is the cap your Worship did bid me make.

Prf. Why this was mounted on a porringar; a Vender duff and Bealle, a corse and chieffly,

Pet. Why this is the cockle and walnut shell,

Knacke, a toy, a trifle, a babes cap.

Away with it, it came me hauing a bigger

Kate. Heuere no mos bigge, this doth fit the time.

And Gentlemen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too.

And not till then.

Her. Take will not be in hat.

Kate. Why, sir, true I may have leane to speake.

And speake I will.

Your betters have indued the day my mind.

And if you cannot, well you stop your eyes.

My tongue will tell the anger of my heart.

Or els my heart concealing it will breake.

And rather than be shal, I will be free.

Even to the uttermost as I please in words.

Pet. Why sir, true it is, it is that Ericson cup.

A cuttard coffee, a table, a fullers peir.

None that shall in that time tell it.

Kate. Lose me, or lose me not, like the cap.

And I will haue, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gowne, why do I come Tailor let vs see.

Oh mercie God, what a sumkie stuffe is need.

What that, a fleecet 2 a flece, demi common.

What, vp and downe card like an apple Tar.

Hers chap, and nip, and cut, and thift and thift.

Like to a Centor in a barbers shop.

Why what a dontle name Tailor cal I thou this.

Her. I fee thee like to haue neither cap nor gowne.

Tail. You bid me make it orderlie and well.

According to the fashion, and the time.

Kate. Marry and did it, but if ye be remembered,

I did not bid you make it to the time.

Go hop on euer, every man whoe is.

For you shall hop without my comde it.

Be none of us, hence make your bell of it.

Kate. I never saw a better fashion of gowne.

More grace, more pleasaunce, more comendable.

Believe you me, to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why true, be secret to make a puppet of thee.

Tail. She fayres your Worlship meanes to make a puppet of her.

Pet. Oh monstrous arrogance.

That is no thread, that is no Chelsea.

Thou yard these quartres, halfe yard, quarter, naille.

Thou Flea, thou Nite, thou winter cricke thou.

Brand it mine owne hauing wished a skome of thread.

A way thou Ragge, thou quantiety, thou remnant.

Or I shall so be mete thee with thy yard.

As thou sayest, thou mayest make what thou list it.

I tell thee I, that thou haue must red her gowne.

Tail. Your worlship is deceived, the gowne is made

As my master had direction.

Grunies gave order how it should be done.

Grun. I gave him no order, I gave him the stuffe.

Tail. But how did you design it should be made?

Grun. I made it with needle and thread.

Tail. But did you not require to have it cut?

Grun. Thou haft said many things.

Tail. I haue.
You are full crofting, first let's be alone,
I will not go to day, and ere I do,
Shall be what a clowk I lay in this.

Enter Tranio, with the Pedant deck'd like Pisanio.

Tran. Sirs, this is the house, please it you that I call.

Ped. I what èll come, and but I be devided,
Signor Biondi may remember me.

Necre twicei yesea a gose in Groene.

Tran. Where we were lodgers, at the Pegausar,
Tis well, and hold your owne in any case
With such ateriias as longeth to a father.

Enter Biondiella.

Ped. I warrant you; but here comes your boy,
Time good he was shool'd.

Tran. Fear you nothim: sir Biondiella,
Now do your duties throughly, I advise you.
Imagine twice in the right Pisanio.

Bion. Tower, fear you not me.

Tran. But if you do they extend to Biondiella.

Bion. I told you that you father was at Venice,
And that you look for him this day in Padua.

Tran. That's a tall fellow, hold thee that to drink;
Here comes Biondiella: set you your countenance fir.

Enter Biondiella and Lucentio.

Put. Signior Biondiella are you happiely met?

Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of,
I pray you stand good father to me now,
Give me Lucentio for my patrimony.

Put. Softly: sir by your leave, having com to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio,
Made me acquainted with a wighty caele
Of losse between your daughter and himselfe:
And for the good report I bear of you,
And for the lust he beareth to your daughter,
And the to him: to stay him not too long,
I am content in a good fathers care
To haue him matched, and if you please to haue
No woer then, I upon some agreement
Shall you finde ready and willing.
With sure content to have her to believed:
For curious I cannot be with you.

Signior Biondiella, of whom I haue se so well.

Put. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say,
Your pialmist, and your soueraine plesse me well:
Right true it is your owne Lucentio here;
Doth love my daughter, and she loueth him,
Or both incommodious deeply their affections:
And therefore if you say no more then this,
That like a Father you will deale with him,
And passe my daughter a sufficient dowre,
The match is made, and all is done,
Your owne shall have my daughter with content.

Tran. I thank you sir, where then do you know best
We be affed and such assurance tane,
As shall with another partes agreement stand.

Put. Not in my house Lucentio for you know
Pitchers have eares, and I have many terrains,
Beside old Groene is backling full,
And happiely we might be interrupted.

Put. Then at my lodging, and it is like you,
There doth my father lie, and thus this night.

Wee paffle the businesse privately and well,
Send for your daughter by your servant here,
My boy shall fetch the scrivener pretendi.
The world is this day as to brother warning,
You are like to have a thin and slender pittance

Put. It likes me well:

Cambo hive you home, and bid Biondiella make her ready straight.

And if you will tell what hath hapned,
Lucentio that is arrived in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Bion. I praise the gods she may withall my heart.

Exeunt.

Put. Dallie not with the gods, but get thee gone.

Signior Biondiella, shall I lead the way,
We come, one mells is like to be your cheere,
Come fir, we will better it in Pisa.

Put. Hollow you.

Exeunt.

Enter Lucentio and Biondiella.

Put. Cambo.

Luc. What saile you, sir Biondiella.

Bion. You saw my Matter winke and laugh upon your

Luc. Biondiella, what of that?

Bion. Faith nothing: but he hath come here behind
To expound the meaning or morall of his figures and sto-ken.

Luc. I pray thee moralez them.

Bion. Then thus: Biondiella is faile talking with the deceiving father of a deceitfull sonne.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then.

Put. The old Priest at Saint Luke's Church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this.

Put. I cannot tell, expect they are buffed about a counterfeite assurance: take you assurance of her, with pretense to imprese the Church to the Priest, Clarke, and some sufficient honest witnesses: I this be not that you looke for, I have no more to day, but bid Biondiella farewell for ever and a day.

Luc. Hearst thou Biondiella.

Bion. I cannot carry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the Garden for Parcell to stuffe a Rabbit, and so may you fir and to adow fir, my Matter hath appointed me to goe to Saint Luke's, to bid the Priest be ready to come against you come with your annexes.

Exeunt.

Luc. And I may and will, if she be so contented.

She will be please, then wherefores should I doubt?

Put. What hap may, he roundly see about her:

It shall goe hard if Cambo goe without her.

Exeunt.
The Taming of the Shrew

Enter Bianculla, Lucentio and Luciana, Gramio is out before.

Bian. Softly and sweetly, sir, for the Priest is ready.
Luc. I take Bianculla; but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us.
Exeunt.

Bian. Nay, faith. I see the Church a' back's, and then come back to my mistress as soon as I can.
Gri. I saw not Count Castello come nor all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Vincentio, Gramio with Attendants.

Petr. Sir here's the door; this is Lucentio's house, my father's bearer more toward the Market-place, Thither must I, and here I leave you sir.
Vin. You shall not choose but drink before you go, I think I shall command your welcome here.
Knoc. They at first within, you were bett knock lower.
Ped. Pedant looke out of the window. What articulate manner of do this he that knockes as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is Signior Lucentio within in?
Ped. He's within in, but not to be spoken withal.
Petr. What a man bring him a hundred pound or two to make merry withal.
Ped. Keep your hundred pound to your fellow, the shall need none so long as I live.
Petr. Nay, I told you your fortune was well belied. Ped. Do you his father is come from Padua, and here looking out at the window.

Vin. At this his father?
Ped. I tell you, his father tar, if I may believe her.
Petr. Why, how now, gentleman? why is this that kineto of merrie to take upon you another man's name.
Ped. Lay hands on the villain, I believe he means to cofen some bodie in this drage under my countenance.

Enter Bianculla.
Bin. I have seen them in the Church together, God send 'em good hap; but who is here? mine old Master Vincentio: now we're undone and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither cracklequeue.
Bin. I hope I may choose Sir.
Vin. Come hither you rogue, what haue you forgotten me?

Bian. Forget you, in so much as I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.
Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy Mistresses father, Vincentio?
Bin. What.
Enter Pedant with Seruantes, Baptifisa, Tranio.

Tra. Sir, what are you that offer to beare my Seruants?

Ven. What am I, sir? what are you sir? A humble, wittles, a fleshes, a velvet, a soderst, a scuer, a closke, and a corset, hat: oh, I am done, I am done: while I hate the good husbandman at home, my fomme and my seruants spend all at the venderiste.

Tra. How now, what is the matter?

Ven. What is the man lunaticke?

Ven. Sir, you seemes a Jober, an Anciante Gentleman by your habes; but your wordes, throw you a mad man: why, what ceres if you? I wase a Peare and gold: I thank my good Father, I am able to maintaine it.

Ven. Thy father? oh vaine, he is a vall-maker in Bergama.

Ven. You mistake sir, you mistake sir, praise what do you think of his name?

Ven. His name, as I knew nor his name. I have brought him ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

Ped. Awake, awake mad sace, his name is Lucentio, and he is mine oncle, oncle, and herte to the Lords of my figner, or foot.

Ven. Lucentio: oh, he has murdered his Master: I haile on him I charge you in the Dukes name: oh my fomme, my fomme; tell me thou vaine, where is my son?

Ven. Lucentio?

Tra. Call for an officer: Carrie this mad knave to the Iaile the Master Baptifisa, I charge you see that he be forth comynge.

Ven. Carrie me to the Iaile?

Ven. Status officer, he shall not be put to prion.

Ven. Take not figner. Lucentio: I faile he shall goe to prion.

Ven. Take heede figner Baptifisa, lest you be confincd in this busynesse: I dare say this is the right Vincenio.

Ven. Ped. Swear, if you dare say.

Ven. Noe, I dare not swere it.

Tran. Then thou wast beft faye that I am not Lucentio.

Ven. Yes, I know thee to be figner Lucentio.

Ven. A waie with the dotard, to the Iaile with him. Enter Bianchelle, Lucentio, and Tranio.

Ven. Thus straunders may be baud and baud: oh memers, fomme vaine.

Ven. Oh, we are spoi'd, and yonder he is denie him, fist weare him, or else we are all vende.

Exit Bianchelle, Tranio and Pedant as fast as may be.

Luc. Pardon sweete father.

Ven. Luces my sweete fomme.

Bian. Pardon deere father.

Ven. How haile thou offended, where is Lucentio?

Ven. Here's Lucentio, right fone to the right Lucentio.

That hauce by marriage made my daughter mine,
While our enemie supposes bler'd this mine.

Ven. Here's packing with a vintenfe to deceiue vs all.

Ven. Where is that damned villain Tranio?

Ven. That face'd and braued me in this matter for?

Ven. Why, tell me is not this my Cambio?

Ven. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Ven. Loue wrought these miracles. Bianca loue
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the towne,
And happliely I have arriv'd at the lafe.

Ven. The wised haues of my blisse:

Ven. What Tranio did, my soule enforc'd him to;

Ven. Then pardon him sweete Father for my sake.

Ven. He flie the villaines note that would have pent me to the laile.

Ven. But doe you heare sir, haue you married my daughter without asking my good will?

Ven. Fear not Baptifisa, we will content you, I know, but I will in to be aveng'd for this villanie.

Ven. The place of Tranio, thy father will not frome you.

Ven. Luoke not pale viness, thy father will not frome you.

Ven. Loue in the end of this vintenfe?

Ven. What art thou, a man? of me?

Ven. Mo fir, God forbid, but as a man to he.

Ven. Why then let's home againe: Come Scura let's awake.

Luc. Nay, I will give thee a kisse, now stale shew.

Ven. Lucentio.

Petr. Is not this well? come my sweete Lucentio.

Better once then never, for never to late.

Enter Vincenio, Tranio, Grazian, the Pedant, Lucentio, and Widdow: The Servitauns with Tranio bringing in a Trankper.

Luc. At last, thougb long, our sitting notes agree,
And time is it when ragging warre is come,
To smile at lapses and perilous owls of our,
My faire Bianca bid my father welcome,
While I with selfsame kindnesse welcome thine,
Brother Petruchio, sister Katerina,
And thou Hortensio with thy louing Widdow,
Fest it with the beft, and welcome to my home,
My Bankes is to close our footakes up,
After our great good cheere: piase you sit downe,
For now we fit to chat as well as eate.

Petr. Nothing but sit and sit, and eate and eate.

Ven. Padua affords this kindnisse: faire Petruchio.

Petr. Padua affords nothing but what is kunde.

Ven. For both our fakes I would that word were true.

Tran. Now for my life Hortensio feares his Widdow,

Petr. Then never trust me if I be affraid.

Petr. You are very fensible, and yet you miste my fence;
I mean Hortensio is afraid of you.
The Wench, being thus entreatid, does answer, 

"Madam, I have no halibut; I have but all my fiddles,

Bass. If you will lend me your fiddles, I will sing for you.

Wench. How now, what new fiddle do you have?"

Bass. The fiddle I have is but a new one.

Wench. Is it new, and does it come of any answer?"

Bass. It is new, but I have not yet found a way to answer.

Wench. And now you mean a sincere meaning.

Bass. Of course, I mean you.

Wench. And I am sure, indeed, respecting you.

Bass. To her Kate.

Kate. To her Widow.

Kate. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her hand down.

Bass. That's my office."

Kate. Spoke like a soldier; he to the lad.

"Bring in Mr. Dorset.

Bass. How like's Mr. Dorset, the grave and witty fellow?"

Gre. Believe me sir, they Bare together well.

Bass. He had, and this is the witty body.

Wench. How were your hands and feet were made and borne?

Bass. I'm Mr. Mithras' bride, that's awakened you?

Bass. But not frightened me, therefore I sleep again.

Bass. Nay that you shall not since you have begun."

Bass. Am I your Bird, I mean to shift my buff, and then pursue as you draw your bow.

You are welcome all."

Bass. She hast prevented me, here is not to Tranquil.

This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not, there's a health to all that shot and rail.

Gre. Oh, oh, Mr. Tranquil, this you hit now.

Kate. I thank thee for that good Tranquil.

Bass. Confidingly, confidably, here hast you hit her?

Bass. A has a little gold me I confide:

And as I felt it, I thought your Deere does hold you at a hair.

Bass. Oh, oh, Mr. Tranquil, this you hit now.

Gre. I thank thee for that good Tranquil.

Kate. Confidingly, confidably, here hast you hit her?

Bass. A has a little gold me I confide:

And as she felt it, I thought your Deere does hold you at a hair.

Gre. Now I hit this Tranquil.

Kate. I thank thee for that good Tranquil.

Bass. The good Tranquil, that's awakened you?

Bass. But not frightened me, therefore I sleep again.

Bass. Nay that you shall not since you have begun."

Bass. Am I your Bird, I mean to shift my buff, and then pursue as you draw your bow.

You are welcome all."

Bass. She hast prevented me, here is not to Tranquil.

This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not, there's a health to all that shot and rail.

Gre. Oh, oh, Mr. Tranquil, this you hit now.

Kate. I thank thee for that good Tranquil.

Bass. Confidingly, confidably, here hast you hit her?

Bass. A has a little gold me I confide:

And as I felt it, I thought your Deere does hold you at a hair.

Gre. Now I hit this Tranquil.

Kate. I thank thee for that good Tranquil.

Bass. The good Tranquil, that's awakened you?

Bass. But not frightened me, therefore I sleep again.

Bass. Nay that you shall not since you have begun."

Bass. Am I your Bird, I mean to shift my buff, and then pursue as you draw your bow.

You are welcome all."

Bass. She hast prevented me, here is not to Tranquil.

This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not, there's a health to all that shot and rail.

Gre. Oh, oh, Mr. Tranquil, this you hit now.

Kate. I thank thee for that good Tranquil.

Bass. Confidingly, confidably, here hast you hit her?

Bass. A has a little gold me I confide:

And as I felt it, I thought your Deere does hold you at a hair.

Gre. Now I hit this Tranquil.

Kate. I thank thee for that good Tranquil.

Bass. The good Tranquil, that's awakened you?

Bass. But not frightened me, therefore I sleep again.
The Taming of the Shrew.

Come, come, your mocking: we will have no

telling.

Pet. Come on I say, and first begin with her.

Pet. She shall not.

Pet. I say the shall, and first begin with her.

Kat. Fie, fie, within that threatening volcano brow,

And dare not fommet glances from those eyes,

To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Governor.

It blows thy beauty, as frosts do bite the Meads,

Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake faire buds,

And in no face is more or amiable.

A woman mould, is like a fountain troubled,

Mudtie, ill seeming, thick'd, the eff of beauty;

And while it is so, none to dry or thristie

Will daigne to sip, or trench one drop of it.

Thy husband is thy Lord, thy life, thy keeper,

Thy head, thy fouersigne: One that cares for thee,

And for thy maintenance. Commits his body

To full labour, both by sea and land:

To watch the night in stormes, the day in cold,

While thou li'st warme at home, secure and safe,

And causes no other tribute at thy hands,

But love, faire looks, and true obedience;

Too little payement for so great a debt.

Such dute as she receiveth owes the Prince,

Even such a woman owneh to her husband:

And when she is forward, peevish, fullen, lowre,

And not obedient to his honest will,

What is she but a foule contending Rebell,

And gracelesse Traitor to her loving Lord?

I am ashamed that women are so simple,

To offer warre, where they should kneele for peace:

Or lecke for rule, supremae, and sway,

When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.

Why are our bodies soft, and weakes, and unseelie,

Vast to toyle and trouble in the world,

But that our feet conditions, and our bears,

Should well agree with our external parts?

Come, come, you froward and vnable women,

My minde hath bin as bigge as one of yours,

My heart as great, my reason happle more,

To bandie word for word, and browne for browne:

But now I see our Laurens are but frawes:

Our strength as weakes, our weakenesse past compare,

That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.

Then vale your flomackes, for it is no streight.

And place your hands below your husbands footes:

In token of which dute, if he please,

My hand is resolve, may it do him faire.

Pet. Why there's a wench: Come on, and kiss mee.

Kat.

Luc. Well go thy vaites olde lad for thou shalt ha't.

Fuw. Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come Kate, wee're to bed,

We three are married, but you two are good.

Twas I wonne the wager, though you hit the white,

And being a winner, God give you good night.

Exeunt Peregrinus

Hoste. Now go thy wayes, thou haft out'd a certaine

Shew.

Luc. Tis a wonder, by your leave, if we shall be tan'd to.

FINIS.
ALL'S Well, that Ends Well.

Actus primus. Scena Prima.

Enter young Bertram, Count of Rossillon, his Mother, and Helena, Lord Lafon, all in black.

Mother:

In deliring my sonne from me, I burie a second husband.

Lafon: And in going Madam, weep not my lady, for his death now; but I must attend his majesties command, to whom I am now in Ward, ymmore in obedience.

Lafon: You shall find the King a husband Madame, you in a father. He that so generally is all times good, must of necessity hold his reverence to you, whose worthinesse would flatter it vp where it wanted rather than lack it where there is much abundance.

Madam, what hope is there of his Majesties amendment?

Lafon: He hath abandon'd his Prityions Madam, under whose protection he hath perfected wise with hope, and find no other advantage in the process, but onely the looking of hope by time.

A Madam, this young Gentlewoman had a father, O that had, how sad a plight in this wise, whose skill was almost as great as his honnestie, had it stretched so far, would have made nature hampeter, and death should have play for lacke of worke. Would for the Kings sake he were liuing, I think it would be the death of the Kings delights.

Lafon: How call'd you her name, you speake of Madam?

A Madam, he was famous for in his profession, and it was his great right to be to Gerald de Nautes.

Lafon: He was excellent indeed Madame, the King very late spoke of him admiredly, and mournfully thee was skillful enough to have had hid knowledge could be for play against mortalitie.

Lafon: What is it (my good Lord) the King languishes at?

Lafon: A Fiftula my Lord.

Lafon: I heard not of it before.

Lafon: I would it were not notorious. Was this Gentlewoman the Daughter of Gerald de Nautes?

A Madam, the Count of Rossillon, and his father loved me Lord, and bequethed to my utter looking. I trust those hopes of her good, that her education promises her disposition fitte sobriety, which makes faire gifts fitter: for where an vncoolte mind carrieth vanities, there commendations go with pitty, and no worthes and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simplenesse: she denies her honnestie,
Must I be comforted, not in his fortune. 
The ambition in my soul thus plagues me still: 
The hand that would be met by the Lion Must die forlorn. This pretence, though a plague To see him enter his hour to see and draw His archdroukes, his hawkings, his curules In our hearts table: a heart so able 
Of every line and trace of his sweet favour. 
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy Must find his Reliques. Who comes secret. 

Enter Parallels. 

One charges with him: I love him for his sake, And yet I know him a notorious liar, Thinks him a great way fool, sot and curst, Yet the fact can't fit for him, That they take place, when Vermin freely关乎 Loos in bleak eith cold wind: when, fool, I say we 
Cold with some weighing on imperious follie. 

Par. Say you his Querelle. 

Hel. And you Monarch, 

Par. No. 

Hel. And no. 

Par. Are you meditating on virginities? 

Hel. If you have some shame of polish in you: let 
Once you ask a question. Man is enemie to virginity, 
How may we beat it against him? 

Par. Keep him out. 

Hel. But he affable, and our virginity though valiant, in the defence yet is weak: unfold to 's enemy, 

Par. There is none: Man setting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up. 

Hel. Blesse our poor Virginity from underneathers and blowers up. Is there no Military policy how Virginus might blow up men? 

Par. Virginity being blowne downe, Man will quickly be blowne up many in blowning him downe againe, with the breach of your issue made, you lose your City. It is not politicke, in the Common-wealth of Nature, to preferre virginity. Loffe of Virginity, is rational encrease, and there was never Virginice, till virginity was fertil loth. Thus you were made of a mortal to make Virginins. Virginity, by being once loth, may be ten times found: by being ever kept, it is ever loth: 'tis too cold a companion Away with it. 

Hel. I will stand for't alittle, though therefore I die a Virgin. 

Par. There's little can bee said in't, it's against the rule of Nature. To speeke on the part of virginity, is to accuse your Mothers: which is most intollerable disorder. He that hangs himself is a Virgin: Virginity murthereth it selfe, and should be buried in highways out of all sandstilled limit, as a desperate Offender against Nature. Virginity breeds more, much like a Cheese, consumes it selfe to the very poyson, and destroys breeding his owne frame. Besides, Virginity is proud, yule, made of selfe-love, which is the most prohibited in the Cason. Keep it not, you cannot choose but loose by't. Our whitt: within ten yeare will make it self two, which is a goodly increase, and the principal in it self not much the worse: Away with't. 

Hel. How might one do fit, to loose it to her owne liking? 

Par. Let me see. Marry ill, to like him that art 

Hel. This commodity will lose the gullish with lying. 
The longer the, the lenger; Off when't white, 'tis 

Par. Answer the time of request, Virginity like 

Hel. An old Courtier, wares her cap out of fashion, richly 

Par. But, but by this, but by this, you think mine 

Hel. Or my virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French 

Par. Where's he, he, he, there dwells, it utter drily, marry 'tis a 

Hel. This durance: it was formerly better, marry yet 'tis a 

Par. Will you any thing with it? 

Hel. Not my virginity yet. 

Par. There shall your Master have a thousand hours, 

Hel. A Mother, and a Minorite, and a friend, 

Par. A Penit, Captain, and an enemy, 

Hel. A guide, a Goddesse, and a Superbus, 

Par. A Counsellor, a Tran_FOREACH, and a Deare: 

Hel. His humble ambition, proud humility: 

Par. His being concord, and his discord, dindice: 

Hel. His feith, his sweet dissorter: with a world 

Par. Of pretty fond adoptions chreistendoms: 

Hel. That blinding Cupid goffs. Now shall he, 

Par. Know not what he shall, God send him well, 

Hel. The Courts a learning place, and he's one. 

Par. What one? 

Hel. That with well, 'tis pitty. 

Par. What's pitty? 

Hel. That withing well had not a body in't, 

Par. Which might be felt, that we the power borne, 

Hel. Whole bater flaires do shut vs in wither, 

Par. Might with effects of them follow our friends, 

Hel. And there where we alone must think, which never 

Par. Returns vs thankes. 

Enter Paget, 

Par. Monseigur Parallels, 

My Lord calls for you. 

Par. Little Hilles farewell, if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at Court. 

Hel. Monseigur Parallels, you were born under a charable strete. 

Par. Under Mars. 

Hel. I especially thinkes under Mars. 

Par. Why under Mars? 

Hel. The warrs hath so kept you under, that you must needs be borne under Mars. 

Par. When he was predominant. 

Hel. When he was regarde I think not rather. 

Par. Why think you so? 

Hel. You go so much back ward when you fight. 

Par. That's for advantage. 

Hel. So is running away, 

When leere posess the fairete: 

But the composition that your valour and fear makes in you, is a vertue of a good winge, and like the wasse well. 

Parsell. I am so full of business, I cannot answer thee hastily: I will returne perfect Courtier, in the which my instruction shal fulter to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of a Courtiers counsell, and understand what advice shall thine open thee, doe thou died in thine vsd thankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away, farewell: When thou hailest vs, say thy praiser: when thou hailest none, remember thy Friends: 

Get
All's Well that ends well.

Get thee a good husband, and vix him as he vix thee:
So farewell.

[Scene. Our remedies oft in our selves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heav'ns: the falsk sky
Gives vs false scope, onely doth backward pull
Our law delignet, when we our selves are dull.
What power is it, which mounts my love so high,
That makes me fee, and cannot freely mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune, Nature brings
to loye as like, like, and kilst like nature things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in fenes, and do suppoze
What hast becren, cannot be. Who ever freque
To throw her merits, that did misc his love?
(The King's device may deceive me,
But my intents are flat, and will not leave me.)

Exit.

Flourish. Cornets.

Enter the King of France with Letters, and others.

King. The Florentines and Senors are by the king's cares,
Hast fought with equal fortune, and continue
A brauing warre.

1. Law. So is reported.

King. Nay, it is not credible, we hear receive it,
A certaine you had from our Cousin Austria,
With caution, that the Florentine will move vs
For pecediage, wherein our dearest friend
Declares the buffine, and would secune
To haue vs make denials.

2. Law. His league and widdeome
Approv'd to to your Maiestie, may please
For amplest credence.

King. He has arm'd our answer,
And Florence is dens'd before he comes:
Yet for our Gentlemen that are to goe to Paris,
The Tufcan service, freely have they issue
To hand on either part.

2. Law. It will may seve
A hur Fury to our Gemini, who are sick
For being, and exploit.

King. What's he comes here.

Enter Bertram, Laos, and Parolles.

1. Law. It is the Count, as good my good Lord,
Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou seest thy Fathers face,
And hast not composed thee: Thy Fathers mortal parts
Must thou inherit too: Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duties are your Majesties.

King. I would I had that corporall soundness now,
As when thy father, and my selfe, in friendship
First trie out soleship: he did looke faire
Into the srime of the time, and was
crowned of the brestes. He lasted long,
But on vs both did hang. Age stak our,
And wore vs out of all: It much repaires me
To talke of thy good father; in his youth
He had the wit, whereof he can well observe.
To day in your yong Lords: but they may left
Till their owne income returne to them vanted
Ere they can hide their lentine in honour:
So like a Courtier, constant nor inconstant:

Were in his pride, or sharpnesse, if they were,
His equal had a swak'd them, and his honour
Clocke to it selfe, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speake: and at this time
His tongue obedy'd his hand. Who were below him,
We'd as creatures of another place,
And bow'd his eminent top to their low rakes,
Making them proud of his humilitie,
In their poore praine he humbled: Such a man
Might be a copie to these younger times;
Which followed well, would demonstrate them now
But goes backward.

Ber. His good remembrance fit
Lies richer in your thoughts, then on his rememb:
So in approch lies not his Epitaph,
As in your royal speech.

King. Would I were with him he would alwaies say,
(Or thinkes I hear him now,) his plaught words
He carrid not in ears, but guarde him them
To grow thare and to bear: Let me not live,
This his good melancholye of began
On the Catastrophe and heele of peace,
When it was out: Let me not live (quoth here)
After my flame lacks oyle, to be the soufe
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive fencies
All but new things disdaine; whoo judgements are
Meere fathers of their garments; whose confussions
Expire before their fashions; this lie with'd.
I after him, do after him with to:
Since I nor war nor hussis can bring hom,
I quickly were dissolued from my blut
To giue some Labourers roome.

2. Law. You're lod'd Sir,
They that least lend it you, shall lacke you first.

King. I find a place I know's how long it Count
Since the Pheasant at your fathers die?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six months since my Lord.

King. If I were liv'd, I would try him yet.
Lend me an armes: the reta have worne me out
With severall applications: Nature and tickenoe
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome Count,
My sonne's no deerer.

Ber. Thank you your Maiestie.

Flourish.

Enter Countess, Steinward, and Clowne.

Count. I will now here, what say you of this gentlewoman,

Ste. Maddam the care I have had to even your content,
I wish might be found in the Kalender of my past
endeavours, for then we wound our Modell, and make
fulsome the clearenes of our deferrings, when we sende
us publish them.

Count. What does this knowe here? Get you gone
first: the complaints I have heard of you I do not all
believe, 'tis my knowledgs that I doe not: For I know you
lacke not folly to commit them, & have abilitie enough
to make such mistakes yours.

Clown. 'Tis not unknown to you Maddam, I am a poore
fellow.

Count. Well sir.

Clown. No Maddam

'Tis not so well that I am poore, though manie
of the rich are damned, but if I may have your Ladyships good will to goe to the world, I shall the woman and w'll doe as we may.

Con. What needs he be a beggar?

Cloe. I doe beg your good will in this case.

Con. In what case?

Cloe. In lytle cafe and mine owne: servile is no heritage, and I think I shall neuer have the blessing of God, till I have influe my bodie: for they say bases are blessing.

Con. Tell me thy reason why thou shall miscarry?

Cloe. My poor bodie Madam requires it, I am driven only by the flesh, and hee must needs doe that the soul doth drues.

Con. Is this all your worships reason?

Cloe. Faith Madam I have other holie reason, such as they are.

Con. May the world know them?

Cloe. I have bene Madam a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and indeed I do inartice that I may repent.

- Con. Thy marriage sooner then thy wickedness.

Cloe. I am our a frend Madam, and I hope to have frends for my owne sake.

Con. Such frends are thine enemies knave.

Cloe. You shall Madam in great frends, for the knaves come to doe that for me wh ich I am a weele of: he that ees my land, I spares my teeme, and gines mee lust to lace the crop: IF I be his ewe this is my draughte: he that ees my wife, is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh and blood, loses my flesh and bloody he that loses my flesh and blood is my friend, he that kills my wife is my friend: I am content to be what they are, and they are no frends in marriage, for young Charlem the Puritan, and old Pascham the Papist, how more their hearts are fea'd in Religion, their heads are both one, they may issue born together like any Deere feth Herd.

Con. Why should ever be a tootle month'd and calamious knave?

Cloe. A Peasant Madam, and I speake the truth the next wile, live the Ballad will repeat, which men full true shall finde, your marriage comes by loose, your Cuckow sings by knide.

Con. Get you gone sir, I talk with you more anon.

Sien. May it please you Madam, that her bid Helen come to you, of her I am to speake.

Sien. Sire, tell my gentil woman, I would speake with her, Helen I name.

Cloe. Was this faire face the cause, quoth she, Why the Greeks sall be Trayd, Fonden done done, fond was this King Prome's joy, With that she fighed as the fowl, And gave this sentence then, amonge nine bad if one be good, amonge nine bad if one be good, there's yet one good in ten.

Con. What, one good in ten? you corrupt the song.

Cloe. One good woman in ten Madam, which is a purifying ad' song: would God would curse the world fo al the peere, none finde no fault, with the tishe woman if I were the Parson, one in ten queath a, and wee might have a good woman borne, but au euerie blaz's there or at an earthquake, twould mend the Lottery, a man may draw his heart out ere a pluckle one.

Con. Youe begone, sir knave, and doe as I command you?

Cloe. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done, though honest he be a Puritan, yet it will doe no hurt, it will were the Surplus of humanitie over the blacke-Gowne of a burke hart: I am going forth, the business is for Helen to come hither.

Con. Well now.

Sien. I know Madam you love your Gentilwoman lastly.

Con. Faith I doe, her Father baeketh'd her to mee, and she her selfe without other aduantage, may lawfullie make title as much love as thee finds, there is more owing her then is paid, and more shall be paid her then thine demand.

Sien. Madam, I was vere late more neere her then I think she willt mee, alone I saw, and did communicte to her selfe her owne words to her owne ears, fine thoughts. I dare vowe for her, they touche not ame strangre fence, her matter was, thee loaned your Sonne; Fortune thee said was no goddele, that had put such difference betwixt their two wifes: one no god, that would not extend his might oner, where qualities were lesse, Queen of Virgins, that would suffer her poor Knight surpris'd without refuge in the first assault or wanton after wards: This is a deed in the most bitter touch of favour that ere I heard Virgin excelle in, which I held my statute to acquit you withall, finesse in the lofts that may happen, it conceats you something to know it.

Con. You have discharged this honeslly, keep it to your selfe, manie likelihoods inform'd mee of this before, which hung fo centering in the balance, that I could neither believe nor misdoubt I praise you breare mee, shall this in your behome, and I thank you for your honest care: I will speake with you farther anon.

Exeit Senator.

Enter Helen.

Old Con. Even so it was with me when I was young, if ever we are natures, these are ours, this is our home Dost to our soul of youth rightlie belong Our blood to vs, this to our blood is borne, It is the flow, and scale of nature truth, Where loves strong passion is imprfit in youth, By our remembrances of dace forgone, Such were our faults, or then we thought them none, Her eye is falleon't, I observe her now.

Helen. What is your pleasure Madam?

Old Con. You know Helen I am a mother to you, Helen Mine honoroble Mistis, Old Con. Nay a mother, why not a mother? when I feed a mother.

Me thought you saw a serpent, what's in mother, That you start at it? I say I am your mother, And put you in the Catalogue of those That were enwrapped mine, it's often seen Adoption fringes with nature, and choice breedes A nature slip to this from forerine feedes: You were opprime me with a mothers groate, Yet I express to you a mothers care.

(Gods mercie maidens) doe it en my blood To say I am thy mother? what's the matter, That this ditempered messenger of we.

The
All's Well that ends Well.

The manie colour'd Iris roundes mine eye?

Why, that you are my daughter?

Hell. That I am not.
Old Can. I say I am your Mother.
Hell. Pardon Madam.
The Count Raffine cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honord name;
No more upon my Farris, his all noble,
My Matter, my dear Lord he is and I
His servant leg, and will his vallall die:
He must not be my brother.
Old Can. Not 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 no more for, then I dee for heaven,
So I were not his father, cant to other,
But I your daughter, he must be my brother.
Old Can. Yes Heare, you might be my daughter in law,
God sheld you meane it not, daughter and mother
So frite upon your poffe, what pale agen?
My ftre hath catcht your fondrefle, now I see
The miterie of your louelieffe, and finte
Your fale tares head, now to all fonce 'tis groffe:
You love my fonce, intenlion is afrain'd
Against the proclamation of thy passion
To fay then doot not: therefore tell me true,
But tell me then 'tis fo, for looke, thy checkes
Confette it: ton tooth to this other, and thine eyes
See it groftely flowne in thy behavions,
That in their kinde they speake it, only time
A nebells obfolute eye thy tongue
That truth should be inspected, speak'd of so?
Hit be voyon hue with a goody clewe:
Hit be not, forsooke how ere I charge thee,
As heaven shall worke in me for thine ausile
To tell me trueke.

Hell. Good Madam pardon me.
Old Can. Do you love my Sonne?
Hell. Your pardon noble Miftresse.
Old Can. Love you my Sonne?
Hell. Doo not you love him Madam?
Old Can. Doo not you love him Madam?
Hell. Whereof the world takes note: Come, come, disclose:
The flace of your affection, for you partes
Hauce to the full approche.

Hell. Then I confesse
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next vato high heaven, I love your
Sonne:
My friends were poor but honest, so is my love:
Be not offended, for it burs not him
That he is lon'd of me; I follow him not
By any token of precipituous foot,
Nor would I hate him, till I doe defende him,
Yet never know how that defcvr should be:
I know I love in vaine, fume against hope:
Yet in this captious, and increasable Sine,
I will pour in the waters of my love,
And lacke not to loose fish: thus innes like
Religious in mine errors, I adore
The Sune that looketh upon his worshipper,
But knowes of him no more. My deereft Madam,
Let not you have encounter with my love,
For loving where you do not, but if your felle,
Whos aged honor cites a vertuous youth,

Did youer, in so true a flame of liking,
With chaffly, and louse darestly, that your Dion
Was both her felle and love, O then give pitie
To her whole fate is such, that cannot choose
But lend and give where she is faire to loose;
That seekes not to finde that, her search impies
But riddle like, lines sweetely where she dies.

Old Can. Had you not lately an intent, speakes treuely,
To goe to Paris?

Hell. Madam I had.
Old Can. Wherefore I tell true.
Hell. I will tell truth, by grace is felle I swere:
You know my father left me some precipitations
Of rare and proue effects, such as his reading
And manifiell experience, had collected
For generall foueraigne: and that he will doe
In heerd full letteration to beftow them,
As notes, whose faculties include were
More then they were in note: Amongst the refl,
There is a remeide, approvd, let dwone,
To cure the debarre languisings wherof
The King is render'd loft.

Old Can. This was your motiue for Paris, was it, speakes?
Hell. My Lord, your sonne, made me to think of this;
Elie Paris, and the medicine, and the King,
Had from the conversation of my thoughts,
Happily bene abtenent then.

Old Can. But think you Helen?
If you should render your suppoited aide,
He would receiue it? He and his Pytions
Are of a mind, he, that they cannot help him:
They, that they cannot defy, how shall they credit
A poore valuered Virgin, when the Schools
Embowed of their doctrine, have let off
The danger to it felle.
Hell. There's something in'st
More then my Fathers skill, which was the greatt
Of his profession, that his good receipt,
Shall for my legacie be factified
By you's luckie lets in heavens, and would your honor
But give me leave to trie success, I'd venture
The well loof life of mine, on his Graces curc,
By such a day, an houre.

Old Can. Doe you believe it?
Hell. I Madam knowingly.
Old Can. Why Helen thou fhalt have my leave and love,
Means and attandants, and my louing greetings
To those of mine in Court, lie flae at home
And praise Gods blesling into thy attempt:
Began to morrow, and be sure of this,
What I can help thee too, thou shalt not misse. 

Actus Secundus.

Enter the King with divers yong Lords, taking leave for
the Frenche warre. Eliesz, Raffine, and
Paralleis. Floriss Corbett.

King. Farewell yong Lords, dese warlike priciples
Do not throw from you, and you my Lords farewell:
Share the advice between you, if both gaine, all
The gutes doth fhresh it felle as six received,
And is enoughe for both.

Lord. In our hope fix, 

After
After well entered soldiers to return
And finde your grace in health.

Laf. Good faith a crose, but my good Lord is there
Will you be cud of your infectious

Laf. Do you know me, my noble grapes, and if
My royal face could reach them, I have seen a medicine
That's able to breath life into a stone.

Laf. Go, will you eat no grapes my royal face?
Yes but you will, my noble grapes, and if

Laf. Tell me why doth thee with this so much of a
quickness, and make you dance Canari
With a lightness and motion, whose faint space
Is powerful to staye King Perippe, say

Laf. Go give great Charlemaine a pen in his hand
And write to her a love-line.

Laf. What is this?

Laf. Why doctor thee: my lord, there's one aris'd, If you will see him now by my faith and honour, If instantly I may converse my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one, that in her face, her yeeres, prestation,
Wile done and confusional, hast amazed me more. Then I dare blame my weakness: will you see her? For that is her demand, and know her business.

Laf. Then do, and laugh well at me.

Laf. Now go good Lafaw, bring in the admiration, that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off shine
By wondering how thou didst do it.

Laf. Nay, I tell you,
And not be all day neither.

Laf. Thus he his speciall nothing ever prologues.

Laf. Nay, go your ways.

Enter Hellen.

Laf. This haste hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, go your ways,
This is his Maiestie, say your mind to him,
A traitor you doe look like, but such traitors
His Maiestie feldome fears: I am Crystale Noble, That dare lese two together, far you well.

Laf. Now faire one, do's your business follow vs?

Helle. I am good Lord,

Ger de Narbor was my father,
In what he did profess, well found.

Laf. I knew him.

Helle. The rather will I spare my prayers towards him,
Knowing him is enough: on's bed of death,
Many receive he gave me, the first one,
Which as the deceitfull of his practice
And of his olde experience, thronde darling,
He bad me store vp, as a triple eye.
Safer then mine owne two: more deare I have fo,
And hearing your high Maiestie is touched
With that maligne cause, wherein the honour
Of my desire gittor, stands cheere in power,
I come to cender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbly.

Laf. We thank you maiden,
But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learned Doctors leave vs, and
The congregated Collidge hauent concluded. That labouing Art can once rule, cause nature
From her insipible estate: I say we must not,
So staine our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostrate our past care, mad blood to
To empiricks, or to differ fo
Our grecell and our credit, to effete
A fenestle helpe, when haue past fence we deeme.
My duty then shall pay me for my pains;
I will no more enforce mine office on you,
Humbly interceding from your royal thoughts,
A modest one to bear me back again.
King: I cannot give thee leave to be coldly grateful.
Thou thoughtst to help me, and such thanks I gave,
As one needeth death to shew that with him line.
But what at full I know, thou knowest no part,
I knowing all my peril, thou no Art.
Hell: What can I be, can I do no hurt to try,
Since you for ye your self gainst remit;
He that of greatest works is fittest,
Oft does them by the weakest ministers.
So holy Wit, in babes hath judgment found,
When Judges issue in babes; great floods have flown
From simple sources, and great seas have dried
When Miracles issue by the greatest been denied.
Oft expectation falleth, and oft off there
Where mirth is promised: and oft it is nigh,
Where hope is cold, and despair is most stiffe.
King: I must not hear thee, face thee well, and kind,
Thy pains not ye, much by thy prince be paid,
Priests not tooke, except that for their reward.
Hell: Inpired Merit (so by breath is hard,
It is not so with him that all things knowes
As 'tis with vs, that square our guile by showes:
But mirth is pretension in vs, when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavors give content,
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an Imposturer, that proclaims
My self against the leuell of mine time,
But know I think, and thank I know soft fire,
My Art not past power, nor ye pass cure.
King: Art thou to confident? Within what space
Hop'st thou my cure?
Hell: The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere wise the horses of the sinne shall bring
Their fiery torch his diurnall ring,
Ere wise in murke and occidental damps
Most Helpour bath quench'd her sleepy Lampe
Or faire and twenty times the Pylos glasse
Hath told the thousand hours, how they passe:\nWhat is inform'd, from your sound parts shall flie,
Health shall light free, and sicke engine freely dye.
King: Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venture?
Hell: Take of impudence,
A firebrand bold-naske, a divulged shame
Traduc'd by odious ballads: my maids name
Search'd otherwise, as worst of worst extended
With victif torture, let my life be ended.
King: Methinks in thee some blest spirit doth speak
His powerfull sound, within an ague weakens
And what impossibility would stay
In common fence, fence fates another way:
Thy life is dear, for all that life can race
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate:
Youth, beauty, witsdom, courage, all
That happiness and pride, can happy call
Then this to hazard, needs much intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperete
Sweet practicer, thy Phylcke I will try,
That ministers thine owne death I die.
Hell: If I broke that, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, suspected let me die;
And well defers'd: not helping, death's my fee.
But if I help, what do you promise me.
King: Make thy demand.
Hell: But will you make it earn?
King: I by my Sceptre, and my hopes of helpes.
Hell: Then shalt thou give me with thy kingely hand
What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy face:
But such a one thy vassall, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to beflow.
King: Here's my hand, the promise obsernd.'
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd;
So make the choice of thy owne time, for I
Thy royall Patience, on thee full rely:
More shou'd I question thee, and more I must
Though more to know, could not be more to trust:
From whence thou canst, how ended on, but rest
Vaquention'd welcome, and vaunted blest.
Give me some helpes here be's, if thou proceed,
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.
La. I pray you sire, are you a Councillor?
Clas. O Lord, sir, thes is a simple putt off: more, more, a hundred of them.
La. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.
Clas. O Lord, sir, thicke, thicke, spaire not me.
La. I thinke it, sir, you can scarce none of this homely me.
Clas. O Lord, sir, may put me too, I warrant you.
La. You were lately whip אירועים as I thinke.
Clas. O Lord, sir, spare not me.
La. Doos you cry O Lord, sir, at your whipping, and spare not me? Indeed your O Lord, sir, is very frequent to your whipping: you would have done very well to a whipping if you were but bound too.
Clas. I have had worst lucke in my life in my O Lord, sir: I see things may ferre long, but not ferre ever.
La. I play the noble husband with the time, to entertaine it so merrily with a fool.
Clas. O Lord, sir, why there's ferres well agen.
La. And end fit to your businesse: give Eden this, and verie her to a present answere backe, Command me to my kinnefrin, and my forme, This is not much.
Clas. Not so much commendation to them.
La. Not so much employment for you, you understand me.
Clas. Meff fruitfully, I am there, before my legge.
La. Haft you agen.

---

Enter Count, Laisri, and Paricy.

Old Lais. They say miracles are past, and we have our Philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar things supernaturall and causall. Hence is it, that we make triues of terrours, enforcing our selves into feare, knowledge, when we shalbe submitte our selves to an vulnourous feare.
Par. Why is't the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot in our latter times.
Teif. And so is it.
Old Lais. To be relinquishing of the Arillay.
Par. So I lay both of Gaia and Paracumia.
Old Lais. Of all the learned and authentick fellows.
Par. Right so I say.
Old Lais. That gave him our incurable.
Par. Why there's, I say too.
Old Lais. Not to be help'd.
Par. Right, as it were a man affraid of an.
Old Lais. Vicentia, life, and faire death.
Par. Haft, you say well: so would I have said.
Old Lais. It may truly say, it is a noxial to the world.
Par. It is indeed if you will have it is in shewing, you shall read it in what do ye call there.
Old Lais. A shewing of a heavenly effect in an earthly Actor.
Par. That's it, I would have said, the verie fame.
Old Lais. Why your Dolphin is not butter: fore mee I speak in respect.
Par. Nay 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the breede and the tedious of it, and he's of a most fasthemous spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the.
Old Lais. A very hand of heaven.
Par. Life say, Old Lais. In a most weak.
Par. And dealest mutter great power, great transcendent, which should indede give vs a further vie to be made, then alone the recovery of the king, as so be.
Old Lais. Generally thankfull.

---

Enter King, Helen, and attendants.

Par. I would have said it, you say well! here comes the King.
Old Lais. Lusitique, as the Dutchman faire: He like a madde the better whil't he has a tooth in his head: why he's able to leade her a Carron.
Par. Methought he was not this Helen?
Old Lais. Fare God I think so.
King. Go take call before mee all the Lords in Court, In my presence by thy patients side.
Old Lais. I doe give bay curtayl, and his furniture.
My mouth no more were broken then these boyes, And who is not here.
King. Peruse them well:
Not one of these, but had a Noble father.
Hel. Gentlemen, heauen hath through mee, reford'd the king to health.
All. We understand it, and thconde heauen for you.
Hel. Lion a simple Moide, and therein wealthiest.
That I profess, I simply am a Moide:
Please it your Maiestie, I have done already:
The blushes in my cheeks shus whisper mee,
We blush of that then should not choose, but be resolved;
Let the whole death sit on my cheeks for ever, We'll nerve come there again.
King. Make choice and bee,
Who finis thy line, thuns all his love in mee.
Hel. New Diamond from the Alha do thy,
And to impress all love, that God most high.
Do my rights thence: Sir, will you hear my praise?
1. La. And grant it.
Hel. Thankes sir, all the rest is mute.
Old Lais. I had rather be in this choise, then throw Ameon-ce for my life.
Hel. The honor for that shales in your faire eyes,
Before I speak too threateningly replies:
I our make your fortunee twentieth times above her that to winns, and her humble love.
2. La. No better if you please.
Hel. My wish receive,
Which great love grant, and so I take my leave.
Old Lais. Do all they deny her? And they were so few of mine, I dehace them whil's, or I would lend them to the Turkie to make Burnishes of.
Hel. Be not afraid that your hand should take,
He never doo you wrong for your owne sake:
Blesing upon your vowes, and in your bed
Finds fairest fortune, if you ever wed.
Old Lais. These boyes are boyes of fee, they're none have.
But not in that condition: you are too young, too happy, too good,
To make your fortune hence out of my blood.

**Lord.** Faire son, I think not so.

**Old.** There's one grace yet, I am sure thy father drank wine. But in thou hast not an age, I am a youth of fourteen: I have known thee already.

**Hel.** I dare not say I take you, but I give
Me and my scapery, ever whilst I live
Into your guiding power! This is the man.

**King.** Why then young Bertram take her free's thy wife.

**Ber.** My wife, my Leige? I shall beseech your highness
In such a busines, give me leave to sue
The help of mine owne eyes.

**King.** Know'lt thou not Bertram what shee's ha's done for me?

**Ber.** Yes my good Lord, but never hope to know
Why I should marry her.

**King.** Then know'lt hee shee's rais'd me from my sickly bed.

**Ber.** But followes it my Lord, to bring me downe
Much answer for your raising? I know she well.
She had her breeding at my fathers charges:
A poore Physitian's daughter my wife? D'haime
Rather corrupt me ever.

**King.** Tis onely title thou disfainst in her, the which
I can build up: strange is it that our bloods
Of colour, waigl, and heat, poynt'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction: yet stands off
In differences so mightie. If the bee
All that is vertuous (true what thou dislikst)
A poore Physitian's daughter, thou dislikst it
Of verace for the name: but do not so:
From lowered place, whence vertuous things proceed,
The place is dignified th'o' doers deede.
Where great aditiong dwell'd, and verace none,
It is a dropp'd honour. Good a lene,
Is good without a name? V焇enelle is so:
The propertie by what is it, shold go,
Not by the title. Shee is young, wise, faire,
In chelle, to Nature shee's immediate heir;
And these breed honour; that is honours sorne,
Which challenges it selfe as honours borne,
And is not like the fire: Honours threne,
When rather from our doa we them derive
Then our fore-goes: the meere words, a base
Deboletful on euere tombe, on euere grace:
A lying Trophee, and as old as dumbe,
Where duff, and damnd oblivion is the Tombe.
Of honourn'd bones indeed, what should be said?
If thou canst like this creature, as a maidie,
I can create the reli: Verace, and finde
Is her owne dower: Honour and wealth, from mee.

**Ber.** I cannot love her, nor will I stive to do:

**King.** Thou wrong'lt thy selfe, if thou shoul'dst strive to choose.

**Hel.** That you are well return'd my Lord, I'm glad;
Let therell go.

**King.** My Honor's at the stake, which to defease
I must produce my power. Here, take her hand,
Proud fromfull boy, vsnowrable this good gift,
That doth in vile mutilation stickle vp
My love, and her dower: that canst not desire,
We pairing vs in her defensible scale,
He wore his armor in a boxe vnseene,
That hugges his kickewickie heart at home,
Spending his manlie marrow in her arms
Which should sustaine the bound and high curuer
Of Artes faire bred to other Regions,
France is a flable, wee that dwell in it ladies,
Therefore too th warre.

Reuel shall be do, he send her to my house,
Acquit my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled: Write to the King
That which I durst not speake. His pretie gift
Shall furnishe me to those Italian fields
Where noble fellows strike: Warses is no strite
To the darke houfe, and he shewed me that he

Par. Will this Captivio hold in thee, art face?
Reuel. Go with me to my chamber, and advice me,
Ile send her straight away: To morrow,
Ile to the warres, the so she singe in sorrow.

Par. Why these laws bound, there's neife in it. Tis hard
A young man married, is a man that's mard:
Therefore away, and leuse her straitly; go,
The King he's done you wrong; but I'll use she.

Enter Helena and Claudio.

Hel. My mother gretts me kindly, is she well?
Claudio. She is not well, but yet she hath her health, she's
very merry, but yet she is not well: but thanks be giuen
she's very well, and wanteth nothing: but she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what do's she say, that she's
not very well?
Claudio. Truly she's very well indeed, but for two things

Hel. What twain things?
Claudio. 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.

Enter Parolles.

Parolles. Blest be you my fortunate Lady.

Hel. I hope Sir I have your good will to have mine
owne good fortune.

Parolles. You had my prayers to lead them on, and to
keeme them on, have you still. O my knave, how do's
my old Lady?

Claudio. So that you had her wrinkles, and her money,
I would still as you say.

Parolles. Why say nothing.

Claudio. Many you are the wiser man: for many a mans
tongue fluctuates his matters vndoing; to say nothing,
to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing,
is to be a great part of your title, which is within a very
little of nothing.

Parolles. Away, there's a knave.

Claudio. O you should have laid it before a knave, this is a
knave, that's before me that's a knave: this had been
truth fit.

Parolles. Go too, hot stuff: a witte fool, I have found
there.

Claudio. Did you finde me in your selfe Sir, or were you
taught to finde me?

Claudio. The search fit was profitable: and much Poole
may you find in you, enter to the worlde pleasure, and the
increase of laughter.

Parolles. A good knave staid, and well fed.
Madam, my Lord will goe awaye to night,
All's Well that ends Well.

A very serious but winning call on him:
The great prerogative and rite of issue,
Which as your due time claims, he does acknowledge,
But sets off to its complaid restraint:
Whole want, and whole delay, is threw with sweetes
Which they distill in this curbed time.
To make the cunning house overflow with joy,
And pleasure drowne the brim.

Par. What's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant issue to the king,
And make this hilt as your own good proceeding,
Strengthened with what Apology you think
May make it probable neede.

Par. What more commands hee?

Par. That having this obtain'd, you pretend
Attend his further pleasure.

Par. In every thing I write upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so. Exit Par.

Par. I pray you come fresh. Exit Par.

Enter Lafeu and Bertram.

Lafeu. But I hope your Lordship will think not him a
foolish.
Ber. Yes, by God, and of verie valiant approche.
Lafeu. You have it from his own delibrance.
Ber. And by other warranted testimonies.
Lafeu. Then by my Diall does not true, I took this I sake
for a hunting.

Ber. I do assure you, my Lord hee is very great in knowledge,
and accordingly valiant.

Lafeu. I have then found against his experience, and
transfixed against his valour, and my state that way is
dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent:
Here he comes, I pray you make vs friends, I will
pursue the amitie.

Enter Parholo.

Par. These things shall be done sir.

Par. Sir?

Par. I know him well, I will see a good worke,
man, a very good Tailor.

Par. Is this gone to the king?

Par. She is.

Par. Will this way to night?

Par. As you haue leisure.

Par. I will write my letters, caseter my treasurers,
Gosen order for our horses, and to night,
When I should take possession of the Brites,
And ere I do begin,

Lafeu. A good Trausier is something at the latter end of
a dinner, but on that lies three thrids, and yses a
known truth to passe a thousand nothinges with, should
bee once hard, and three heate.

Par. Is there any valishenes betweene me Lord and
you Montfieur?

Par. I know of no dispute to run into my
lords displeasure.

Par. You have made shift to run into, broken and
purrs and all like him that leapt into the Cullender, and
out of it you're some againe, rather than suffer question
for your intreive.

Par. It may bee you have mistaken him my Lord.

Par. And shall doe in fact, though I took him at's
prayers. Fare you well my Lord, and blesse this of
me, there can be no kernel in this light Nut: the foule
of this man is his clothes: Trull him not in matter of
beauie consequence: I have kept of him tame, & know
their natures. Farewell Montfieur, I have spoken better
of you, then you have or will to defend at my hand, but
we must do good against evil.

Par. An idle Lord, I sware.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well, and common speech
Gives him a worthy passe. Here comes my clog.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I haue fir as I was commanded from you
Spoke with the King, and have procur'd his issue
For present parting, one by one he desires
Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.

You must not mete us Haue at my couse,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The minifation, and required office
On my particular. Prep'd I was not
For such a businesse, therefore am I found
So much yeilded: This drives me to increase you,
That pretifull you may take your way for home,
And rather more than ask why I increase you,
For my repsects are better then they ferme,
And my apartments have in them a neede
Greateur then thewes is felle at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother,
Till be two diues ere I shall see you, so
I leave you to your wisdome.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever Ill.

With true obserbance fecke to ecke out that
Wherein toward me my homely flares haue faild
To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that goe: my haft is very great. Farwell.

His home.

Hel. Pray for your pardon.

Ber. What would you say?

Hel. Not worth of the wretch I owe
Nor dare I say 'tis mine: and yet it is,
But like a timorous sheepe, most faine would shewe
What law does vouch mine owne.

Ber. What would you haue?

Hel. Something, and scarce too much: nothing indeed,
I would not tell you what I would my Lord: Farewell,
Strangers and foes do suffer, and not kisse.

Ber. I pray you stay not, but by haste to holpse.

Hel. I shall not brake your bidding, good my Lords
Where are my other men? Monfieur, farwell. Exit.

Ber. Go thou toward home, where I will assured come,
Whilst I can shake my sword. or hear the drumme.
Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bruley, Coragio.

Actus Tertius.

Flor. Enter the Duke of Florence, the two Frenchmen,
with a troop of Soldiers.

Duke. So that from point to point, now have you heard
The
The fundamental reasons of this war,  
Whole great design hath much blood lost forth  
And more threats after.  

Lord. Holy be the quarrel!  
Upon your Grace's part, black and fearful  
On the opposite.

Duke. Therefore we must lose much out of France  
Would it with a Squires, shut his bowe  
Against our borrowing prayers.  

French E. Good my Lord,  
The reasons of our first, I cannot yeeld,  
But like a common and an outward man,  
That the great figure of a Commoner,  
By felicitous motion, therefore dare not  
Say what I think I of, since I have found  
Myle in my incensing grounds to fail;  
As often as I guess.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.  

Fran. G. By my troth, ye are the younger of our nature,  
The answer on their side, will day by day  
Come here for Physick.

Duke. Welcome shall they bee.  
And all the honours that can arise from me  
Shall on them fete; you know your places well.  
When better fall, for your modesty they fell,  
to Morrow to the field.

Letter Courtly and Clemence.

Clove. It hath happened so, that I would have had it,  
That he comes not along with her.

Cloe. By my troth, I take my young Lord to be a  
very melancholy man.

Clove. By what obedience I pray you.

Cloe. Why he will be fain upon his boots, and sing:  
med the Ruffe and rings, take questions and sing, pick  
his teeth, and sing, I know a man that had this rattle  
of melancholy hold a goodly manner for a song.

Lad. Let me hear what he writes, and what he means  
to come.

Clove. Thace no minde to, since I was at Court,  
Our old Lings, and our false 6th Country, are nothing like  
your old Ling, and your false 6th Country,  
Of Cupid's knock'd out, and I begin to loose, as  
an old man loses money, with no flambeau.

Lad. What hue we hear?  

Cloe. In that you have there.

I have sent you a daughter-out-Law,  
Her heart recovered the King, and embrace me;  
I have wedded her, not bided her,  
and found them the last of all.

You shall hear how I am run away;  
you have nothing to do but to send me a letter.  
If there be breath enough in the world,  
you will write me a letter,  

duly to you.

For unfortunate, some,  

This is not a state of land and columnists  
To fly the flaire of such a King,  
To pluck the indignation on thy head  
By the misprinting of a Misdemeanor  
For the contempt of Empire.

Letter Clemence.

Clove. O Madam, yonder is a hastening news  
Within two soldiers, and my young Ladis.

What the matter.

Cloe. Nay there is some comfort in these two,  
Some comfort your sonne will be kind to some as I thought  
he would.

Enter Hellen and two Gentlemen.

French E. Sate you good Madam,  

Hel. Madam, my Lord is gone, for ever gone.

French G. Do not say so.

Lad. Think it upon patience, pray you Gentleman,  
I have felt so many quirkes of joy and griefes.

French G. Madam he's gone to terrace the Duke of  

Hel. He looks in his Letter Madam, here's my Passport.

French E. When we came,  

Whome we beg leave to say,  

Pom. G. Such is his noble purpose, and belles.

The Duke will lay upon him all the honor.

That's good convenience claims.

Lad. Welcome you, his Grace.

Pom. E. Madam, with the swifteli wing of speed,  

Hel. Till I have no wife, I have no living in France.

Tis bitter.

Lad. Findi you that there?

Hel. I Madam.

Pom. E. But the boldnesse of his hand, wherewith  
his beard was not confecting too,  
But the hand was so bold that was,  

Lad. Nothing in France, until he have no wife.  

Tis nothing here, that is too good for him.

But as the fin, and she defies a Lords.

And call her hourly Mirthia, Who was with him.

Pom. E. A certaine one, and a Gentleman; which I  
have sometime knowne.

Lad. Parallels was it not?

Pom. E. I my good Ladis, wee.

Lad. A serene ladies fellow, and full of wickedness.

French E. My Ladis corrupts a will sterit man.

With his indulgence.

French E. Indeed good Ladis the fellow has a desire of  
that, too much, which holds him much to haue.

Lad. Y're welcome Gentleman, I will intreate you  
when you see my Lord, to tell him that this word can  
ever winne the honor that he looketh more he increas

you
you written to desert you?

Frem. We see you, Madam, in that and all your worship's affairs.

Lu. Not so, but as we change our counsels,

Will you draw interest?

Frem. As I hope, the Lord's will?

Nothing in France until he has no wife:

Thou shalt have none, Ruffian, none in France,

Then half thou all again; poor Lord, I'll

That chafe thee from thy Country, and expose

That tender limbs of thine, to the enmity

Of the non-sparing wars? And is it

That drive thee from the .. Court, where thou

Was't first with such faire eyes, to be the mark

Of most die .. Musket? O you lead .. messengers,

That ride upon the violent speed of fire,

Fly with .. Lyer, mow the .. Please are

That ... with piercing, do not touch my Lord:

Who ever .. above, I let him there:

Who ever charges on his forward crest

I am the .. that do hold him too,

And though I kill him nor, I am the cause.

His death was so effectual: Better twice

I met the same Lyon when he sold

With .. it withio .. hunger, better twice,

That all the matters which nature owes

Were mine at once. No come thou home Ruffian,

Whence honor but or danger wins a scare

As oft it looses all, I will be gone:

My being here is, that holds thee hence.

The years of Paradise did fast the hands,

And Angers of her all, I will be gone.

That piteous rumour may report my flight

To confound thine ears. Come night, end day.

For with she shall, poor chiefly, be flees away, 

Envoys.

Enter the Duke of Florence, Ruffian.

Duke. The Generall of our house thou art, and we

Great in our hope, lay our best hope and credence

Upon thy promising fortune.

Bec. Sit it is.

A charge too heavy for my strength, but yet

We'll bruit to bear it for your worthy sake.

To til extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go thou forth,

And fortune play upon thy glorious helmet

As thy ambitious militie.

Bec. This day

Great Mars I put my selfe into thy fire,

Make one but hier my thoughts, and I shall prove

A lover of thy drumme, latter of love.

Exeunt ensers.

Enter Countess or Steward.

La. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?

 Might she not have she would do, as the his done,

By lending me a letter. Read a letter again.

Envoys. I love you, Countess, this is but a

And it is a task to be the death of us all.

That bear out pale the cold ground open

With stained snow my fainted to some amended.

Mar. Write, write, that from the bloody course of warre.

My dear friend, the late dear sister, may her

Blessed at home in peace. Well! I take care.

His name with action firm in Faces.

The more I know her, the more I know her.

I had full good Juno set him forth,

From every friend; with Crying face to face,

Where death and danger doth the best of warre.

He is too good and dear for death, and men,

Whom I may set free, to set him free.

Ah what stately things are in her mildest words?

Rudolph, you did never lack advice so much,

As letting her pass to: that I spoke with her,

I could have well diserved her intent,

Which thus lies hath prevented.

Sir. Pardon me, Madam,

If I had given you this a poor night,

She might have beene once more: yet the writer

Purposely would be but vain.

La. What Angel shall bless thee

This worthy husband, he cannot thrive,

Vilest her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,

And looks to graces, to revenge him from the wrath

Of greatst Justice. Write, write Rudolph,

To this worthy husband of his wife,

Let every word weigh beaute of her worth,

That doth weigh so light, my greatest grieve,

Though little can he feel it, yet downe sharpe,

Dispatch no news but convenient messenger,

When happily he shall bear thee this is gone,

He will returne, and hope I may that thee.

Hearing so much, will speed thee so soonest.

Led bittre by pure liones, which they both

Deter to me, I haue no skill in faire

To make distinction; prouide this messenger:

My hearst is burning, and mine age is weak.

Greefe would haue tears, and sorrow bids mee speake.

Envoys.

A Tucker stirre off.

Enter old Widow of Florence, her daughter, Violante

and Marianna, with other Citizens.

Widow. Nay come,

For if they do approach the City,

We shall loose all the fight.

Diana. They say, the French Count has done

Most honorable service.

Wid. It is reported,

That he has taken their greatst Commander,

And that with his owne hand he slew

The Dukes brother; we have lost our labour,

They are gone contrary ways backe,

You may know by their Trumpeets.

Marianna. Come here returne again,

And sufFice our felter with the report off.

Well Diana, take heed of this French Earl's

The honor of a Wido is her name,

And no Legacie is rich.

As onethia.

Widow. I have told my neighbour

How you haue beene followd by a Gentleman,

His Companion.

Marianna.
Maria. I know that knave, hang him, one Parolles, a slyly Officer he is in those suggellations for the young Earle, beware of them. Their promises, entertainments, othes, tokens, and all these engines of self, are not the things they go under: many a maide hath beene seduced by them, and the misterie is example, that so terrible beshews in the wacke of maidenhood, cannot for all that diffuse successon, but that they are lined with the ties that threatens them. I hope I neede not to advise you further, but I hope your owne grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger knowen, but the modeller which is so left.

Dis. You shall not need to fear none.

Enter Helen.

Wid. I hope I look here comes a pilgrim, I know thee will eye at my house, think ye think one another. He question her. God fare you pilgrim, whether are bound?

Helen. To St. Jacques la grande.

Where do the Palmers lodge, I do believe you are wid. At the S. Francis beside the Port.

Helen. Is this the s. Francis? I will marrie it. Hark you, they come this way.

If you will terrie holy Pilgrimage.

But till the troops come by,

I will conduc you where you shall be lodg'd, the rather for I thinke I know your household.

As simple as my selfe.

Is it your selfe?

You shall please to Pilgrimage.

I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

You came I think from France?

I did so.

Here you shall see a Councillman of yours.

That has done worthy service.

His name I pray you?

The Count, I think you send one? 

But by the care that hears most nobly of him.

Hee is I know not.

What you mean.

He's bravely taken here. He stole from Francis.

As is reported: for the King had married him.

Against his liking. Think you it is so?

I surely meete the truth, I know his Lady.

There is a Gentleman that sends the Count.

Reports but courtely of her.

What's his name?

Montefer Parolles.

Oh! I beleive with him.

In argument of praise, or to the worth.

Or the great Count himselfe, he is too mean.

To hate her name repeated, all her defeating.

Is a refunde by noble, and that.

I have not heard examin'd.

Are a poor Lady.

To a hard bondage to become the wife.

Of a deftecting Lord.

I write good sycists, wherefore the Is.

Her hart weighs feely: this yong maid might doe her.

A throwed up: the play'd.

I know how you mean.

May be the amorous Count solicites her.

In the vall will report it.

He deets indeed.

And broke with all that can in such a state.

Corrupt the tender honour of a Maide.

But she is not for him, and keeps her guard.

In honest defence.

Dis. That is against the Duke's eldest sonne.

Wid. Which is the Frenchmen?

Dis. Here.

That with the peace, 'tis a most gallant fellow.

I would he had his wife; if he were honest.

He was much gooder. It's not a handom Gentleman.

Dis. Like him well.

Did'st his name he is not honest, yｏｕ that same know.

That leads him to these places: I were his Ladie.

I would poison that vile Raffael.

Dis. Which is he?

Dis. That lack an apes with leaffes. Why is he melancholy?

Helen. Perchance he's bure with a barret.

Wid. Loose our drum? Well.

Marc. He's swarely wet at something. Look he has spied us.

He's hang you.

Marc. And your entourage, for a ring, candle. Exit.

Wid. The troops are past: Come pilgrim, I will bring you, where you shall hot: Of envy and pittance:

There are found or fine, to great St. Jacques bound.

Alreadie at my house.

Dis. I humbly thank you.

Please in this Mardon, and this gentle Maide.

To eate with to night, the charge and thankings

Shall be for me, and to require you further.

I will bestow some presents of this Virgin.

Worthy the note.

Dis. We'll take your offer kindly. 

Enter Count Parolles and the Frenchman, at first.

Cap. E. Nay good my Lord, put him to't? let him bate his way.

Cap. G. If your Lordship find him not a Hiding, hold means more in your respect.


Dis. Do you think I am so fair? 

Dis. It is deceived in him.

Cap. E. Believe it my Lord, in mine owne direct knowledge, without my malice; but to speake of him at my kinman, he's a nothomous Coward, an infinite and unrighte Lyan, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality, worthy your Lordship's entertainement.

Cap. G. It were fit you knew him, least repining too faire in his vawse which he hath not, he might as one great and triute bultrafel in a maine daunger, tape.

Dis. I am adme of such a suit to try him.

Cap. G. None better than to let him fetch off his drumme, which you heare him so confidentely undertake to do.

Cap. E. With a troop of Frenconnels will sodainly far-
prize him; such I will have, whome I am sure he knows not from the enemy, we will bind and hoodwink him so, that he shall prove no other but that he is carried away by the Lure of the subsidies, which we bring him to our own costs; for thy Lordship present at his examination, if he do not for the greatness of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and, that with the drumme forfeit of his face upon oath, never being my judgement in sute thing.

Cap. G. O for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drumbe, he playes he has a strangeness for: when your Lordship sees the bottom of this succeffe in, and to what matiche this counterfeitt lumps of stars will be metted if you give him not John drumes entertainment, your indlying cannot be removed.

Enter Parades.

Cap. E. O for the love of laughter hinder not the honor of his designe, let him fetch off his drumme in any hand.

Ber. How now Monsieur? This drumme ficks forely in your disposicion.

Cap. G. A pox, its got off, it is but a drumme.

Par. But a drumme, itt but a drumme? A drumme to left. There was excellent command, to charge in with our horse upon our owne wings, and to rend our owne foelders.

Cap. G. That was not to be blind'd in the command of the forces: it was a snare of warres that Cesar him selfe could not laue presented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly commend out successe, some diliuence were had at the loss of that drumme, but it is not to bee recompes'd.

Par. It might have beene recompes'd.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recoonized, but that the service of service is fildeome attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drumme or another, ot his istants.

Ber. Why, if you have a strange for Monsieur, if you thinke your mysterie in strange, can bring this infallible on one into his naturall quarter, be maganumious in the enterprise and go on, I will grace the attempt for a worthy expost of you speed so well in it, the Duke shall not break or take it, and send to you what further becomes of his gratia, even to the remaiffe of your own behiftings.

Ber. By the hand of a successe I will undertake it.

Par. But you think not this humbe in it.

Ber. This error is this ensuing, and I will pretend with all my demeanour, to outraged my selfe in my cernomine, put my life into my mortall preparation, and by midnight to seek to bese a further from me.

Par. May be hold to acquite his grace you are gone a beggar.

Ber. I know not what the success will be my Lordy, I draw the stream I know, of what I know I know. I know that valiant, and to the possibility of such a conteste.

Par. Enough of this, Farewell.

Ber. I hope not many words.

Par. No more than fifteen words.

Ber. Strange fellow my Lord, that so completely fenes to undertake this businesse, which he knowes it doth to be done, dauntes himselfe to do, & dares better be damn'd than to doe.

Cap. G. You do not know him my Lord as we doe, certaine it is that he will steale his life into a manifest, and for a weeke, ecape a great deal of difficulties, but when you finde him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why do you think he will make no ende at all of this that he forsaile the house and draw himselfe vace?

Cap. E. None in the world, but returne with an inclination, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almoft imbold him, you shall see his fall to night; for mischief is not for your Lordshippe's repre.

Cap. G. Weele make you some sport with the Fort ere we cafe him. He was first smock'd by the old Lord Lutfow, when his digugle and he is parted; tell me what a sprat you shall finde him, which you shall see this veter night.

Cap. E. I must goe seek my twiggis, he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother shall go along with me.

Cap. G. At pleasure your Lordship, I bese you.

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and swear you the Lasse I spoke of.

Cap. E. But you say the same.

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with him but once, and found her wonderfull cold, but I sent to her, By this same Duxcumbent, shew us in this denk Tokens and Letters, which she did refend, and this is all I have done. She's a faire creature, Will you go see her?

Cap. E. With all my heart my Lord.

Enter Helen, and Viviana.

Hel. If you will doubt of me that I am not free, I know not how I shall affume you further, But I shall leave the ground I worke upon,

Viv. Though my effect be false, I was well borne, Nothing acquainted with these businesse, And would not put my reputation now In any strange act.

Hel. Nor would I with you

Par. I will give me trust, the Count he is not my husband, And what to your humble confence I have spoken, Is so from word to word said when you calle.

Viv. By the good say that I shall borrow, Erone in beflowing it.

Hel. I should believe you.

Par. For you have freewill me that which well approves You're great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of Gold, And let me buy your friendly help to face,

Viv. Which I will cover pay and pay againe

Hel. When I have found it, the Count he voses your daughter,

Viv. Layes down his weaning pledge to face her because, Relieue to carry her let her in good content,

Par. As we direcit her how it's best to bear it, Now his important blood will naught deserve, That she'll demand a ring the Countie weares, That downward hath succeeded in his house.
All's Well that Ends Well.

From hence to hence, I come to tell you of false deceits, since the first father wore it. This Ring he holds in most rich choice yet in his idle fire, to buy his will, it would not seem too dear. How ere it beget after.

Ret. Now I see the bottom of your purpose. You see it lawfully then, it is no more, but that your daughter ere she be seen as woman, desires this ring; appoints him an encounter; in fine, delutes me to fill the time, her tale most chaste abates: after, to marry her, I call three thousand crowns to what is paid already.

Ret. They yielded:

To instruct my daughter how she shall perform
That time and place with this desire to lawfully
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musestes of all sorts, and songs composed
To her wounding heart. If nothing thereof
To chide him from our commons for he perfides
As if his life lay on.

Hel. Why even to night
Let us lay our plot, which if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed;
And lawful meaning in a lawful act,
Where both not finite, and yet a finall fact.
But let's about it.

Athus Quartus.

Enter one of the Frenchmen, with five or six other
soldiers in ambush.

1. Lord Ell. I can come no other way but by this hedge corner; when you fall upon him, speak what terrible Language you will, though you understand it not your words, no matter; for we must not seem to understand him, unless some one among us, whom we must produce for an Interpreter.

2. Sir. Good Captains, let me be thine Interpreter.

Ret. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

2. Sir. No sir, nor I warrant you.

Ret. But what Linke Wolley hath, thou speakest to us again.

1. Sir. In such as you speak to me.

Ret. He must think we are band of strangers, thy agent's entertainment. Now he hath a snare of all neighbouring Languages; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fashion, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know, it is to know the cause of our purpose: Though languages, grable enough, and good enough. As for you interpreters, you must seem very politely. But enough, here he comes, to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return & swear the lies he lies.

Enter Parson.

Par. Ten a shilling! Within these three hours twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? I must be a very pleasing instruction that carries it. They begin to smoke me, and disgraces have of late, knock'd too often at my doors: I finde my tongue is too fool's-handie, but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his treasures, nor daring the reports of my tongue.

2. Lord E. This is the first truth that ere shine on true tongue was guilty of.

Par. What the diuell should move mee to undertake the recounte of this drunke, being not ignorant of the impossiibilitie, and knowing I had no such purpose; I must give my life some honest, and say I got them in esploit: yet flight ones will not carrie it. They will say, came you off with so little? And great ones I dare not give, wherefore what's the inconstance. Tongue, I must put you into a better woman's mouth, and buy my selfe another of Daneschi Mules, if you prattle mee into these prellers.

2. Lord E. Is it possible he should know what bee is, and be that he is.

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turne, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

2. Lord E. We cannot afford you to.

Par. Or the barring of my beard, and to say it was in strangeness.

2. Lord E. Would not do.

Par. Or to dwayne my clothes, and say I was stript.

2. Lord E. Hardly serve.

Par. Though I swore I left from the window of the citadell.

2. Lord E. How deep's

Par. Thirty fadome.

2. Lord E. Three great caskets would scare make that bee believe.

Par. I would I had any drunke of the enemies, I would swear I recouer'd it.

2. Lord E. You shall hear one anon.

Par. A drunke now of the enemies.

Exit within.

2. Lord E. Three a monessee, cargo cargo cargo:

All. Cargo cargo cargo, villanosa per curva cargo.

Par. Of ranstone, ranstone,

Do not hide mine eyes.

Inters. Bake stomead bake stomead.

Par. I know you are the Monster Regiment,
And I shall lose my life for want of language.

If there be here German or Dane, Low Dutch, Italian, or French, let him speak to me,

He discover that, which shall end the Florentines.

Inters. Bake sloneade, I understand thee, &c can speak thy tongue: Ketleywone lic, beseth thee to thy shall, for present sixpence a yard are at thy belome.

Par. Oh,

Inters. Oh pray, pray, pray.

Monsters remaine undone.

2. Lord E. Of treachery less ostentation.

Inters. The General is content to spare thee yet, and bondwinket as spare art, will lead thee on,

To gather from thee. Hapy thou mayst informe something to save thy life.

Par. Or let me lie,

And all the secrets of our camp: he knew,
Their force, their purpose: Nay, he speaks that,
Which you will wonder at.

Inters. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. IJ I do not, damme me.

Inters. Accordo tima,

Come on thou are granted space.
Enter Bertram, and the Maid called 
Diana.

Ber. They told me that your name was Fortune.

Dis. No, my good Lord, Diana.

Ber. Titled Godspeed.

Dis. And with it add--a best--a faire seelle.

Ber. In your fine fare hath you no quality.

Dis. If the quiciest of young light not your minde,

Ber. You are no Maidens but a monarque.

Dis. When you are dead you shall be such a one.

Ber. As you are now, thy son is cold and dry,

Dis. And now you shold be as your mother was

When your sweet self was got.

Dis. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

Dis. No, my Lord.

Ber. My mother did do duty, such a wife.

Dis. You owe to your wife.

Ber. No more--No more: that,

Dis. I presume do not stirrie against my maides.

Ber. I was compell'd to her, but I lose thee.

Dis. My looks not other constraint, and will for cut.

Ber. Do thee all rights of service.

Dis. To you you owe.

Dis. Till we see you: But when you have our Roost,

Ber. You shall have our throness to pricke our stairs,

Dis. And mooste with your bareneess.

Ber. How have I owne.

Dis. Is not the many manner that makes the bush.

Ber. But the plaine singe volue, that is worth'd true.

Dis. What is the hole, that we receive not by

Ber. But take the high it to witnesses than prays you tell me,

Dis. I should have it to lornes from great stamies.

Ber. I would you were so great

Dis. That I would workes a majestick.

Ber. Therefore your othes

Dis. Are words and poor conditions, but vice sled:

Ber. As left in my opinion.

Dis. Change it, change it:

Ber. Be not so holy curt: Leave is holy,

Dis. But my bretheren ne're knew the craft.

Ber. That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,

Dis. But give thy selve to my fiche deare.

Ber. Who then do fayre: Say you are mine, and safe,

Dis. My love and be beginne, shall so perfite.

Ber. Dispel that men make roppes in such a Accessor,

Dis. That were it for our selves. Give me that Ring.

Ber. He lend it thee my deare, but him no power

Dis. To use it from thee.

Dis. Will you not my Lord?

Dis. It is a honour long in our house,

Ber. Bequesthed downe from many Ancestors,

Dis. Which were the greatest oblique of their world.

Ber. In me to lornes.

Dis. Mine Honours such a Ring,

My characters the jewel of our house.

Bequesthed downe from many Ancestors,

Ber. Which were the greatest oblique of their world,

Dis. In me to lornes. Thus your owne proper wild done

Ber. Brings in the Champion honor on my part,

Dis. Against your vs in amity.

Ber. Here, take my Ring,

Dis. My house, my home, yes, my life be thinne,

Ber. And Ile be bid by thee.

Dis. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber window.

Ber. It order take, my mother shall not hear.

Dis. Now will I charge you in the band of truth,

Ber. When you have conter'd my yet maiden bed,

Dis. Remaine there but an houre, nor speake to me:

Ber. My reasons are so strong, and you shall know them.

Dis. When becke againe this Ring shall be deliv'red:

Dis. And on your finger in the night, Ile put

Ber. Another Ring, that what in time proceeds,

Dis. May taken to the future, our part deed.

Dis. Adieu till then, their fail not: you have some

Ber. A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Dis. To comfort me, I have won by wooing thee,

Ber. For which long to thank both heaven & me,

Dis. You may go in the end.

Dis. My mother told me how he would woo,

Ber. As if the face in his heart. She says, all men

Dis. Have the like othes: He had swore to marrie me

Ber. When his wife's dead: therefore by my life with him

Dis. When I am buried. Since gentlemen are so brave,

Dis. Marry that will, I live and die a maid.

Dis. Orest in this disguis, I think no time,

Ber. To comfort him that would madly want.

Enter the two French Captains, and some tw or three
Seminars.

Cap. G. You have not given him his mothers letter.

Cap. E. Tho' he delt in it an houre since, there is a new

Dis. Thing in that things his nature for: for on the reading it,

Cap. G. He has much worthy blame bid him,

Cap. E. For taking off so good a wife, and so sweet a Lady.

Cap. G. Especiallie, he hath incurred the eternall

Cap. E. Dispel that men make roppes in such a Accessor:

Cap. G. When you have spoken it 'tis dead,

Cap. E. And I am the grace of it.

Cap. G. He hath persecuted a young Gentlewoman

Cap. E. Here in Florence, of a most chaste renown, & this night

Cap. G. I have his will in the spoyle of his honour: here hath

Cap. E. Given her his monumental Ring, and thinkes himselfe

Cap. G. Now God delay our rebellion as we are our

Cap. E. Much we our owne traitours. And as in the common

Cap. G. It is not mean: stanie in your valiant censure: We shall now have

Cap. E. Not till after midnight: for here is diert to his

Cap. G. That approcheth space: I would gladly have him:

Dis. This company amaz'me, that he might take.
All's Well that ends Well.

247

Lordship.

Ber. I meane the businesse is not ended, as feasting to hear of it hereafter; but shal we have this dialogue betweene the Poose and the Solitour. Come, bring forth this countesse's mothe, as a device to me, as a double-meaning Prophesier.

Cap. E. Bring him forth, he's falle th' flockes all night poor gallant knav.

Ber. No matter, his heele haue deferred it, in worping his spurre for long. How doth he carry himselfe?

Cap. E. I have told your Lordship already: The flockes carrie him. But to answer you as you would be understood, hee wooper in a wench that had shied her milke, he hath conset himselfe to Margery, whom bee supposeth to be a Priester, in the time of his remembrance to this very instant disater of his feasting th' flockes: and what thinke you he hath conset?

Ber. Nothing of me, he's a?

Cap. E. His confession is taken, and it shall bee read to his face, if your Lordship be not, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Enter Parlester with his Interpreter.

Ber. A plague upon him, jauflesh, he can say nothing of me: huff, huff.


Inter. He calls for the tortures, what will you say without em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint, if ye pinch me like a Pally, I can say no more.

Int. Bayly Cumbres.

Cap. G. Parlestera ceases to speak.

Int. You are a mercifull Generall: Our Generall 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 horse the Duke is strong. What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand, but very weake and enervable: the troupes are all fattered, and the Commanders were poore commaners, upon your reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

Int. Shall I set down your answer?

Par. Do, Ile take the Sacrament on your word & which way you will all's one to him.

Ber. What a path-finding phase is this?

Cap. G. Y'are deceiv'd my Lord, this is Montfieur Parlestera the gallant mulattier, that was his owne phrase, that had the whole choiceste of warre in the knott of his scaves, and the pradice in the chape of his dagger.

Cap. E. I will never trust a man againe, for keeping his sword cleane, nor believe he can euer thing in him, by wearing his apparrell neathly.

Int. Well, that's a set done.

Par. Five or six thousand horse I fed, I will say true, or thereon beats set done, for Ile speake trut.

Cap. G. He's very neere the truth in this.

Ber. But I can him no thanks for in the nature he deliveres it.

Par. Poore rogues, I pray you speake.

Int. Well, that's set done.

Par. I humbly thank you sir, a truth's a truth, the Rogues are maruelous poore.

Inter. Demand of him of what strength they are a foot. What say you to that?

Par. By my troth sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see, Spurio a hundred & fiftie,
All's Well that ends well.

Cap E. This is your deceased sister's, the manifold Lingniff, and the army-paced forlorn. 

Ber. He shall be whiped through the Army with this man's foresaid. 

Cap E. Is it your deceased sister's, the manifold Lingniff, and the army-paced forlorn? 

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a Cog, and now he's a Cat to me. 

Int. I perceive but by your General's looks, we shall be faine to hang you. 

Par. My life in any case: Not that I am afraid to dye, but that my enemies being many, I would repeat out the remainder of Nature. Let me live till a dungeon, till a fock't, or anywhere, so I may live. 

Int. We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely: therefore once more to this Captain Domnaus: you have answer'd to his requitement with the Duke, and to his value. What is his honestie? 

Par. He will strive for an Egge out of a Cloister: for rapes and rauishments he parleys in Naples. He professes not keeping of oaths, in breaking em he is stronger then Hercules. He will lye by his deeds, with such vulgarity, that you would think truth were a foole: drunkennes is his best virtue, for he will be drunk, and in his sleep he does little harme, save to his bed-clothes about him: but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw, I hate but little more to say of his honesty, he is so extraordinary that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing. 

Cap G. I begin to looke for this. 

Ber. For this description of shaine honestie? A pox upon him for me, he's more and more a Cat. 

Int. What say you to his Constantie in words? 

Par. Faith, he's led the drumme before the English Tragedians: owe belye him I will not, and more of his faults than I know not, except in that Country, he had the honour to be the Officer at a place there called Mota, to instruct for the doubling of stages. I would doe the man what honour I can, but of this I left not certain. 

Cap G. He hath our villanis to faire, that the raritie redeems him. 

Ber. A pox on him, he's a Cat still. 

Int. His qualities being at this poore price, I need not to ask you, if Gold will corrupt him to justice. 

Par. Sir, for a Cardan he will tell the free-simplicity of his satisfaction, the inheritance of it, and cut that stage from all other, and a perpetuall succession for it perpetually. 

Int. What's his Brother, the other Captaine Domnaus? 

Cap E. Why doe you ask him of me? 

Int. What's he? 

Par. Ebe in Crow with fame neft: not altogether so great as the first in goodnes; but greater a great deal in euidoe. He excels his Brother for a coward, yet his Brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat he outruns any L:h: marities in comming on, he is he the Crampe. 

Int. If your life be saved, you will undertake to betray the Florentine. 

Par. I, and the Captaine of his horse, Count Ruffinus. 

Int. He whispereth with the General, and knowes his pleasure. 

Par. He more than drumming, a plauge of all sinners, only to thrieme to defer well, and to begin the imposture.
fition of that inconsiderable woman by the Count, have I run into this danger; yet who would have suspected an am-

busbath where I was taken?

Inf. There is no remedy for, but you must dye: the Gene-

rall fayes, you that have so traitorously discours'd of

the secrets of your cause, and made such deplorable

reports of men very nobly held, can ferre the world for

no honest vie: therefore must dye. Count lenders,

man, aff with his hand.

Par. O Lord, let me live, as I see my death

Inf. That shall you, and take your leave of all your

friends: So, looke about you, who will you trust me to?

Count. Good monsieur, noble Captaine.

La. E. God bide your Captaine平安.

Cap. G. God save you noble Captaine.

Li. E. Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord

Lafaw? I am for France.

Cap. G. Good Captaine will you give me a Copy of

the former you wrote to Diuna in behalf of the Count

Inf. But I were yet a veyn Coward, I'd compel

it of you, but far you well.

Inf. You are valiant Captaine all but your scarlet

that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be truth'd with a plot?

Inf. If you could find out a Countesse where but

women were that had receiv'd to much shame, you

might become a despicable Nation. Fare ye well, for I

am for France too, we shall speak of you there. Exit.

Par. Yet am I thankful if my heart were great;

I would burst at this; Captaine, I'll be no more;

But I will eat, and drink, and sleep as fast.

As Captaine shall. Simply the thing I am;

Shall make me true, who knowes himself a bragget.

Let him ferre this; for it will come to pass

That every bragget shall be found an Afe.

Ruff sword, coole blusses, and Pareler live.

Safest in flame; being soold, my foot sig mountains.

There's place and ledders for every man alace.

He after them.

Euni.

Enter Helen, Widow, and Dian.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not

wrong'd you.

One of the greatest men in the Christian world

Shall be my fortune: for whose throne 'tis needful

Ere I can perform mine intents to know.

Time was, I did him a service, he prov'd myself;

Decease as much as his life, whose gratitude

through him, the more benefits would beper heat,

And since thanks, the more ensuing thank;

His grace is at Marcellus, to which place

We have convenient country, you must know

I am suppos'd dead, the Army breaking:

My husband brings him home, where Iesus Calvin

And by the grace of God the King,

Went before ourisme.

Wid. Gentle Madame,

You never had a servant to whole stuff;

Your buffets was more welcome.

Hel. Not your Misfit

Enter a friend, who's brought me more truly labour:

To recommence your love: Doubt not but heaven, and

heath, brought me to know your daughter dowry;

As it hath pleased here to be my promise:

And happy to a husband. But of strange

men, This can such sweet a wife make of what they hate,

When least they truing of the coldered thoughts

Dedal the punchy night, so full doth play

With what is lost, for that which is away.

But more of this hereafter: you, Dian.

Vnder my poor instructions yet must suffer

Something in my behalfe.

Dian. Let death and honester

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 Birr's shall have leaves as well as thornes,

And be as sweet as sharp'd we must away;

Our Wagon is prepar'd, and time reaches;

All's well that ends well, fill the spots the Crowne;

Where'er the course, the end is the renouish.

Enter Cl personally, old Eus, and Lafaw.

Lafaw. Nay, nor, no, nor, your fonste was mistis with a

thief, A fair fellow woman, whose villanous forfait would have

made all the rust & dowry of a nation in his

colony, your daughter in law, had beene stiane at this

hour, and your fonste here at home, more aduanse

by the King, then by that red-tail'd humble Bee I speak of.

Lafaw. I would I had not known him, it was the death

of the most virtuous gentle woman: that ever nature

had praise for creating: if she had staken of my self:

and so meet the discreet groans of a mother, I could

not have owed her a more rooted love.

Clo. Indeed for she was the fairest Margerion of the

faller, or rather the heart of grace.

Lafaw. They are not heares, you know, they are noise-

heares.

Cham. I am no great

Tobuckbaroun ar fit, but I have not

much skill in grace.

Lafaw. Whether does then profess sly felce, a knasse

or a fool.

clo. A Roke fis at a woman's seruice, and a knasse at a

man's.

Lafaw. Your distinction.

clo. I would enquire the man of his wife, and do his

seruice.

Lafaw. So you were a knasse at his seruice indeed.

clo. And I would give his wife my babbyle fis to doe

her seruice.

Lafaw. I will subscribe for thee, they are both knasse

and fool.

clo. As at your seruice.

Lafaw. No, no, no.

clo. Why sir, if I cannot serue you, I can serue as

great a prince as you are.

Lafaw. Whole this, a Frenchman.

clo. Faith sir, he's an Englishman, but his hino-

mies is more hotter in France then there.

Lafaw. What prince is that?

clo. The blacke prince fis, alias the prince of dark-

ness, alias the duell.

Lafaw. Hold thee there's my parole, I glute thee not this

to forget thee from thy matter thou talk't off, serue

him still,

Claw
Cle. I am a woodland fellow sir, that alwaies loued a great fire, and the matter I speak of ever keeps a good fire, but sure he is the Prince of the world, let his Nobilitie remaine in their County. I am for the house with the name we gate, which I take to be too little fire, pomposo enter: some that humble themselves may, but the maie will be too chill and cooler, and they be for the flowry way that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Lest. Go thy wayes, I begin to bee a weariest of thee, and I tell thee to before, because it would not fall out with thee. Go thy wayes, let my hordes be well look'd too, without any stickes.

Cle. If I put any stickes upon em fir, they shal bee laden stickes, which are their owne weight by the law of Nature.

Lest. A thrifted man and an unhappie.

Lady. So aye. My Lord, that's gone made himselfe much sport out of him, by his authoritie he remains here, which he thinkes is a pattent for his favourite, and indeed he has no pace, but runnes where he will.

Lest. I like him well, 'tis not amisse, and I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good Ladies death, that my Lord your fonne was upon his returne home. I spied the King my master speake in the behalfe of my daughter, which in the minoritie of them both, his Maiestie out of a late gracious remembrance did first propose, his Highnesse hath promised me to doe it, and to stoppe up the displeasure he had conicered against your fonne, there is no fitter matter. How doe your Ladyship like it?

La. With very much consent my Lord, and I will it happily effect.

Lest. His Highnesse comes post from Marcellus, of a able bodie as when he numbered thirty, a will be here to morrow, or I am deceived, by him that in such intelligencie hath seldom failed.

La. I rejoice me, that I hope. I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my fonne will be here to night: I shall beseech your Lordship to remaine with mee, till they meete together.

Lest. Madam, I was thinking, with what manners I might safely be admitted.

La. You need but please your honourable princelie.

Lest. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter, but I thank my God, it holds yet.

Enter Clauses.

Cla. O Madam, yonder's my Lord your fonne with a patch of velvet, at his face, wherein there bee a fair under't o' sore, the Velest knows, but it is a goodly patch of Velvet, his left cheek is a cheeke of two pale and a half, but his right cheek is wornen bare.

Lest. A leer, nobly got,
On an able face, a good lie pie of honors,
So blesse it is that.

Cla. But it is your enchanted face
Let us go for
Your fonne I pray you, I long to talk.
With the yong noble soldiers.

Clauses. Faith there's a dozen of us, with delicate flaxen hose, and most courtesous feathers, which blow the head, and nod at euery man.

Enter Helion, Wilder, and Diana, with two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding poffing day and night, Must wear your spirits low, we cannot help it,
But since you have made the dates and nights as one,
To weare your gentle lumbes in my affayres,
Be bold you do to grow in my requital,
As nothing can vnroot you. In happie time,
Enter gentle Attender.
This man may helpe me to his Masterees ear, if he would spend his power. God faue you sir.

Gen. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have scene you in the Court of France.

Gen. I have beene sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume that, that you are not false
From the report that goes upon your goodnesse, And therefore goaded with most sharpe observations, Which laye more maners by, I pray you to
The wee of your owne ventures, but the which
I shall continue thankful.

Gen. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petitioner to the King,
And saye me with that store of power you have
To come into his presence.

Gen. The Kings not here.

Hel. Not here sir?

Gen. Not indeed,
Be heere removed last night, and with more hast
Then is his will.

Wd. Lord how we lose our painses,

Hel. All's well that ends well yes,
Though time seeme so dullish, and meanses vaine,
I do beseech you, whether is he gone?

Gen. Matter so as I take it to Raffilion,
Whither I am going.

Hel. I do believe you sir,
Since you are like to see the King before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand,
Which I presume shall render you no blaine,
But rather make you thank your painses for it,
I will come after you with what good speede,
Our meanses will make vs means.
Gen. This he do for you.

Hel. And you shall find your felie to be well thank'd
What's lost is more. We must to horse againe, Go, go, prouide.

Enter Clauses and Parcellers.

Par. Good Mr. Lutelode give my Lord Eaftr this letter,
I hate to see now be not better knowen to you, when I have held familiarity with better clothes: I am now for muddes in fortune's mood, and smell from what strong of her strong displeasure.

Cla. Truely, Fortune's displeasure is but flat cast if's smell to strongly as thou speakest of it: I will henceforth caste no Fith of Fortune's butting, Pre thes alo the windes.

Par. Nay say you need not to stop you nose for: I spake but by a Metaphor.

Cla. Indeed sir, if your Metaphor beke, I will stop my nose, or against any man Metaphor. Pray thee get thee further,

Par.
All's Well that ends Well.

Par. Pray you sir deliver me this paper.  
Clo. Foh, get thee stand away; a paper from fortune close t'oo; to glue to a Nobleman; Look how he comes himself.

Enter Elfrida.

Clo. Here is a purse of Fortune in, or of Fortunes,  
Cat, but not a Miser, that has fallen into the common stock of her displeasure, and as she pays it muddled with all. Pray you sir, vie the Carpe as you may; for he looks like a poor decayed, ingenuous, foolish, ragged rascal. I doe publish his didactic in my smiles of comfort, and leave him to your Lordship.

Par. My Lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly stratched.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? Tis too late to make her sides now. Where's a house, you played the rascal with fortune that she should strach you who other selfs is a good Lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a Catecume for you! Let the fortune make you and fortune friends; I am for other boheme.

Par. I defer my honour to hear me one single word.

Laf. you begge a single penny more: Come you shall, that's fate your word.

Tar. My name my good Lord is Paruel.

Laf. You begge more then word then, Get my pardon, give me your hand. How does your drumme?  
Par. O my good Lord, you were the first that found me.

Laf. Was I in sooth? And I was the first that looke there.

Par. It lies in you, my Lord to bring me in some grace for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon that house, dost thou put upon me, when once both the office of God and the devil one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. The kings comming I know by his Trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me, I had talk of you last night, though you are a fool and a knave, you shall not, go too follow.

Par. I praise God for you.

Enter King, old Lady, Laf.  
Lady. Come to the French,  
Sir. We list a Jewell of her, and our affection. Was made much poore by  it but your faine, As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know Her charmed home.

Old. This is my liege,  
And I beseech your Majestie to make it.

Natural rebellion, done it blade of youth,  
When oyle and fire, too strong for serous noise,  
Ore-bears in, and burns o'er.

King. My honour'd Lady,  
I have forgiv'n and forgott'en all,  
Though my repines was high bent upon him,  
And watch'd the time to shooer.

Laf. This must say,  
But first I begge my pardon, the yong Lord,  
Dido to his Majestie, his Mother, and his Lady,  
Offence of mighty note; but to him selfe,  
The greatest wrong of all, He left a wife,  
Whose beauty did shamlosh the sunne,  
Of richest set, whose words all eares tooke captivity,  
Whose deere perfection, hearts that sawd to see,  
Humbly call'd Mistis.

King. Praising what is loft,  
Makes the remembrance deere. Well, call him kisser,  
We are reconciled, and the first view shall kill  
All repentence. Let him not take our pardon,  
The nature of his great offence is dead,  
And deeper then oblivion, we do bury.  
This incensing religies of it. Let him approach,  
A stranger, no offender, and informe him.  
So tis our will he should.

Gent. I shall my Liege,  
King. What sayes he to your daughter,  
Have you spoke?

Laf. All that he is, hath reference to your Highness,  
King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me, that lets him high in fame.

Enter Count Pisan,  
Laf. He lookes well on't.

King. I am not a day of seasion,  
For thou maist see a sunshine, and a bale  
In me at once: But to the height of eras,  
Dissipated cloudes give way, to stand about forth.  
The time is faire againe.

Bert. My high compassionate,  
Deere Souereigne pardon to me.

King. All is whole,  
Not one word more of the confounded time,  
Let's take the initial, by the forward topes.  
For we are old, and on our quick'd decrees.  
This audible, and notion less foot of time,  
Steales, ere we can effect them. You remember  
The daughter of this Lord?

Bert. Admiringly my Liege, at first  
I thank my choice upon her, ere my heart,  
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue,  
Where the impression of mine eye enfinning,  
Contemn'd his former perfestice did lend me,  
Which warp'd the line, of eras other farours,  
Scorn'd a faire colour, or experit it fchine.  
Extended or contrayed all proposities  
To a most ridiculous object. Thence it came,  
That the whom all men prais'd, and whom my selfs,  
Since I have left, have lou'd; was in mine eys,  
The duft that did offend it.

King. We'll excus'd:  
That thou diest louse her, flutes some spirits away  
From the great prince; but louse that comes too late,  
Like a remorseful pardon owly carried  
To the great fender, turns a fowre offence;  
Crying, that's good that's gone; Our raths faults,  
Make tru'ly peace of serious things we have,  
Not knowing them, vnsil we know their grace.  
Of our displeasures in our fates whithr  
Destroy our friends, and after wepe their duft.

Our owne love waking, cries to see what's done,  
While shaftes full hate sleepe out the afternoone.  
Be with sweet Helens kindli, and now forget her.  
Send forth your amorous token for faire Mendes.  
To see our widowers second marriage day:  
Which better then the first, O deere heav'n bless his,  
Or, ere they meete in me, O Nature ctle.

Laf. Come on my fomme, in whom my houses name  
Must be digested; gaine a faviour from you.  
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter.
All's Well that ends Well.

That the way quickly come. By my old beard, And erie bate that's on it, Helen that's dead Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this, The lad that ere I caught her heare at Court, I saw upon her finger.

Ter. Hers it was not.

King. Now pry thee let me see it. For mine eye, While I was speaking, it was fallen d'oor.
This Ring was mine, and when I gave it Helen, I had her; if her fortunes euer floode Necessitated to help, that by this token I would release her. Had you that craft to save her Of what should fledge her name?

Br. My gracious Sovereign.

How are you pleas'd to take it so? The ring was never hers.

Old La. Some, on my life I have seen her wear it, and she taketh it As her own life.

Lei. I am sure I saw her wear it.

Ter. You are darest of my Lord, the nearer saw it: In Florence was it: from a casket thrown me, Wrap in a paper, which contain'd the name Of her that threw it: noble she was and thought I found in gage, but when I had follow'd her To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully, I could not answer in that course of Honour As she had made the offering, the east In honest satisfaction, and would never Receive the Ring again.

Kim. That knew she tipp'd and multiplying me, Hath not in nature my selfe more science, Then I have in this Ring. Twas mine, twas Helen's. Who ever gavest it you? then if you know That you are well acquainted with your selfe, Confess she tipp'd it, and by what prouf enforcement You got it from her. She call'd the Saints in Florence, That she would never put it from her finger, Unless she gave it to your selfe in bed, Where you have never come: or lett it vs Upon her great disaster.

Ter. She never saw it.

Kim. Thou speakest truly falsely: as I love mine Honor, And make not corruptible fears to come into me, Which I would fain shew out, it should proue That these are insinuating, will not proue so: And yet I know you: thou didst have her deadly, And she is dead, which nothing but to chuse Her eyes my selfe, could win me to believe. More than to see this Ring. Take him away, My present proofs, know whether the matter fall Shall taze my fears of little vanity, Having vanity fain to little, Away with him, We'll fin this matter further.

Ter. If you shall proue This Ring was ever hers, you shall receie Proue that I husbanded her bed in Florence, Where yet the neuer was.

Enter a Gentleman.

Kim. I am wedd to indifferent thinking.

Gent. Gracious Sovereign.

Whether I have been too blame or no, I know not; Here's a petition from a Florentine, Who hath for foure or five months come to Flore To tender it her selfe, I undertooke it.

Vanquish'd thereo by the faire grace and patch Of the poor suppliant, who by this I know Is here attending: her blemish looketh in her With an importing visage, and she told me In a sweete verball breede, it did concern One your Highness with her selfe.

A Letter.

Upon his many prouerfections to marrie me when his wife was dead, I proue to say it, he written me. Now is the Countess fifi the Widow, but causes are forsett to mee, and my heires payed to him. Her name is from Florence, taking no lease, and I follow him in his Countrye for justice: Grant me, O King, so you at best lesse, since a widow soueraine, and a youth Alas is undone.

Diana Capulet.

Lei. I will buy me a famous in Law in a faire, and there for this. Ilencore of him.

Kim. The heavens haue thought well on thee Lei, To bring forth this difficultie, seek for thee tutors: Go specially, and bring against the Count.

Enter Biron. I am seerd the life of Helen (Ladie) Was fowly shakst.

Old La. Now justice on the doers.

King. I wonder sir, sir, wise are monstors to you, And that you fixe them as you swear them Lordship, Yet you desire to marry, What woman's that?

Enter Widdow, Dian, and Paroles. Dian. I am my Lord a wretched Florentine, Denied from the ancient Capulet, My suit to I do understand you know, And therfore know how I may be pitied. 1664. I am her Mother sir, whole age and honour Both suffer under this complaint we bring. And both shall ease, without your remedie.

King. Come heere Count, do you know these Women?

Ter. My Lord, neither can not will deny, But that I know them, do they charge me further?

Dian. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

Ter. She's none of mine my Lord.

Dian. If you shall marrie You sue away this hand, and that is mine, You sue away heaven's vows, and those are mine: You sue away my selfe, which is knowne mine; For I by vow am so embodi'd yours, That the which marries you, must marry me, Either both or none.

Lei. Your reputation commeth too short for my daughter, you are no husband for her.

Ter. My Lord, this is a friend and dear rate creature, Whom sometime I haue laugh'd with: Let your highest Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour, Then for to think that I would finde it here.

Kim. Sir for my thoughts, you have them so friend, Till your deeds gaines them farther: prove your honor, Then in my thought it lies.

Dian. Good my Lord, Ask him upon his oath, if she do think.

Kim. What saith thou to her?

Ter. She's impudent my Lord, And was a common gamaster to the Campe.

Dian. He doo's me wrong my Lord: if I were so, He might have bought me at a common price.
Don't believe him. O, behold this Ring,
Whole bright herpes and rich validation
Did lack a Parallel; yet for all that
He gave it to a Commoner a'th Camp
If I be one.

Com. He blushes, and thus:
Of the preceding Anecdote, that I hearne
Center'd by restraint to his leisur'd life
Hath it been owed and worn't. This is his wife,
That Ring's a thousand proofers.

King. Me thought you faide
You saw one here in Court could witness it.

Dait. I did my Lord, but loth am to produce
So bad an instrument, his name Paravale.

Las. I saw the man to day, if man he be.

Kim. Find him, and bring him hither.

Ref. What of him?

He's quoted for a most pe fudious hau
With all the spots a'th world, rast and deboth'd.
Whose nature sicken's: but to speak a truth,
Am I, or that or this for what he be, or this,
That will speake any thing.

Kim. She hath that Ring of yours.

Ref. I think the haus; certaine it is Lyk'd her,
And boorded her I'd wanton way of youth:
She knew herudence, and did angle for me,
Making my eageresse with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancies courte
Are motues of more fancie, and in fine,
Her infinite comming with her moderne grace,
Subud'd to be her rate, the got the Ring,
And I had that which any intemperate
At Marker price haute bought.

Dait. I must be patient:
You that have turn'd off a first fo noble wife,
May cutly dye me. I pray you yet,
Since you lacke vertue, I will holde a husband
Send for your Ring, I will resume it home,
And give me mine again.

Kim. I haue it not.

Kim. What Ring was yours I pray you?

Dait. Sir much like the same upon your finger.

Kim. Know you this Ring, this Ring was his of late.

Dait. And this it was I gave him being a bed.

Kim. The story then goes false, you throw on him.

Out of a Cæsarism. Enter Paravale.

Dait. I haue spoke the truth. Enter Paravale.

Ref. My Lord, I do confess the ring was hers.

Kim. You boggle fancily, only feather flutters you?
Is this the man you speake of?

Dait. I, my Lord.

Kim. Tell me froth, but tell me true I charge you,
Not feasting the displeasure of your master,
Which on your lefth proceeding, I keepe off,
By him and by this woman here; what know you?

Par. So please your Maiesty, my master hath bin an
honourable Gentleman. Triches his hat hath in him,
which Gentlemens hate.

Kim. Come, come, too'd purpose: Did hee lace this
woman?

Par. Faith if he did louse her, but how.

Kim. How I pray you?

Par. He did louse her, as a Gent. louses a Woman.

Kim. How is that?

Par. He louse'd her fir, and louse'd her not.

Kim. As thou art a knave and no knave, what an equi-

uosall Companion is this?

Par. I am a poor man, and at your Maiestyes com-

Kim. He's a good drunke my Lord, but a naughtic

Orator.

Dait. Do you know he promit me marriage?

Par. Faith I know more then I speake.

Kim. But who then shall speake all thou knowst?

Par. Yes if pleas, your Maiestye. I did goe between
them as I said, but more then that he louse his, for in
deed he was madde for her, and talks of Sathan, and of
Limbe, and of Parties, and I know not what; yet I was in
that credit with them at that time, that I know'd of their
going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her
marriage, and things which would divite mee all will to
speake of; therefore I will not speake what I know.

Kim. Thou hast spoken all already, vnsle thee thou canst
say they are married, but thou art too fine in thy evidence,
therefore stand aside. This Ring you faie was yours.

Dait. I my good Lord.

Kim. Where did you buy it? Or who gave it you?

Dait. It was not given me, nor I didt buy it.

Kim. Who lent it you?

Dait. It was not lent me neither.

Kim. Where did you finde it then?

Dait. I found it not.

Kim. If it were yours by none of all these ways,
How could you gaine it him?

Dait. I never gaine it him.

Kim. This woman's an earse glose my Lord, she goes
off and on at pleasure.

Kim. This Ring was mine, I gave to his first wife.

Dait. It might be yours or hers for ought I know.

Kim. Take her away, I do not like her now,
To prison with her: and away with him,
Vnsle thou tellst me where thou hadst this Ring,
That dieth within this hour.

Dait. I never tell'd you.

Kim. Take her away.

Dait. I put in baile my liege.

Kim. I thinke thee now some common Custome.

Dait. By love if ever I knew man I was you.

Kim. Wherefore haft thou accus'd him at this while?

Dait. Because he's guilty, and he's not guilty:
He knowes I am no Maid, and he'll swear too:
He sweares I am a Maid, and he knowes not.

Great King I am no fumner, by my life,
I am either Maid, or elle this old mans wife.

Kim. She does abuse our ears, to prison with her,
Grate mother fetch my Boyle. Sesty Royall Sir,
The Fewler that owes the Ring is feet for,
And he shall frye me. But for this Lord,

King. Who hath abus'd me as he knowes himselfe,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him.

King. He knowes himselfe my bed is he hath defiled,
And at that time he got his wife with child:
Dead though the be, he feels her yong one kicke:
So there's my riddle, onet that's dead is quickke,
And now behold the meaning.

Enter Helen and Widow.

Kim. Is there no everil?
Reguelles the true Office of mine eyes?
It's reall that I see?

Hel. No my good Lord,
Tu but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name, and not the thing.
Ref. Bath, both, O pardon.
Her. Ohiny good Lord, when I was like this Maid,
I found you wondrous mild, there is your Ring,
And looke ye, heares your letter: this is my eyes,
When from my finger you can get this Ring,
And is by me with child, &c. This is done,
Will you be mine now you are doubly wonne?
Ref. If the my Liege can make me know this clearly,
Ille love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.
Fed. If it appears not, plain, and proud untrue,
Deadly divorce step betweene me and you.
O my deere mother, do you see me living?
Laf. Mine eyes fell. Onions, I shall wepe anon:
Good Tom Drumme lend me a handkercher.
So I thank thee, waite on me home, he make sport with thes: Let thy curtesy alone, they are sorry ones.

King. Let us from point to point this storie know,
To make the euen truth in pleasure flow.
If thou best yet a fresh untropped flower,
Choose thou thy husband, and so pay thy dowter.
For I can guess, that by thy honest ayde,
Thou kepeft a wife her felle, thy fille a Maide.
Of that and all the progress more and lesse,
Refoldedly more leasure shall express:
All yet seems well, and if it end so meete,
The bitter paft, more welcome is the sweet.
Flower.

T he Kings a Nigger, now the Play is done,
All at end, of his suit he wasnone,
That you express Content: which we will pay,
With first to please you, day exceeding day.
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts,
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts. Except own.

FINIS.
Twelvenight, Or what you will.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

Enter Orsino Duke of Illyria, Cervice, and other Lords.

Duke. If Musick be the food of Love, play on,
Give me excelle of it: that suffering,
The appeete may fatten, and to eye.
That sense again, it had a dying fall:
O, it came over my ears, like the sweetest sound
That breathes upon a bank of Violets:
Sterling, and gning Odours. Enough, no more;
To not so sweet now, as it was before.
O spirit of Love, how quicke and freshe attouch, That now with standing thy capacite,
Receivest as the Sea. Nought enters there,
Of what validity, and pitch so ere,
But falls into abasement, and low price.
Earn in a minute; to full of shape's is fancie,
That is alone, is high fantastical.

Oh. Will you go hunt my Lord?

Duke. Why so I do, the Noblest that I have:
O when mine eyes did see Olina first.
My thought the purged the eyes of pedulce:
That instant was I turn'd into a Hart,
And my desires like fell and cruel hounds,
Ere force prouide me. How now what news from hence? Enter Sebastian.

Sebastian. Peace, Sir, I pringle my Lord, I might not be admitted,
But from his handmaid do return this answer:
The Element is selfe, till seven genes heare,
Shall not behold her face at ample viewe;
But like a Cloudstrife she will void walke,
And water once a day her Chamber round
With eye-extending brine; all this to feacon
A brothers dead love, which she would keep fesh
And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O the which hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will the love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kild the flocke of all affections else
That live in her. When Euer, Brain, and Heart,
The se countersign therons, are all supply'd and ill'd
Her sweete perfections with one fickle king:
Away before me, to lesser beds of flowers,
Lone-thoughts like rich, when canopy'd with bowres.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Viola, a Captaine, and Soldier.

Vio. What Country (Friends) is this?

Cap. This is Illyria, Ladie.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?

Cap. It is perchance that you your selfe were faule.

Vio. Oh my poor brother, and so perchance may be.

Cap. True Madam, and to comfort you with chance,
Affire your selfe, after our ship did sathe.
When you, and those poor number fitted with you,
Hung on our driving boate: I saw your brother
Most prouident in peril, bode him selfe.

(Courage and hope both reaching him the prouide)

To a strong Mistle, that hild'd upon the sea:
Where like Grenus on the Dolphins backs,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waues,
So long as I could see.

Duc. For saying so, there's Gold.

Vio. niece once escape vildluth to try hope,
Where to thy speech, stanes for aurorice.

Cap. The like of him. Know'st thou this Country?

Vio. I madam well, for I was bred and borne
Not three hours traualle from this very place.

Vio. Who governes here?

Cap. A noble Duke in nature, as in name.

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino. I have heard my father name him,
He was a Batchelor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late:
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then I saw his father in munrature (as you know)
What great ones do, the selfe will prattle of;
That he did seeke the love of faire Olina.

Vio. What's his face?

Cap. A veruious maid, the daughter of a Count.

Vio. That did some twelvemonth since, then leaving her
In the protection of his honore, her brother,
Who shortly after died: for whole these hue
They say) she hath abord'd the fight
And company of men.

Vio. O that I knew'd that Lady,

And might not be declar'd to the world
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

Till I had made mine owne occasion mellow
What my eftate is.
Cip. That we are hard to compasse,
Because she will admit no kind of suite,
No, not the Duke.
Tob. There is a faire behaviour in thee Capiene,
And though that nature, with a beausous wall
Doth oft close in pollution yet of thee
I will believe thou hast a minde that suiteth
With this thy faire and outward charactar.
I preachee (and I se say thee bounteously)
Conceale me what I am, and be my syde,
For rich digging as hapy shall become
The forme of my ince. Ile tesse this Duke,
Thou shalt present me as an clanuch to him,
It may be worth thy paines: for I can sing,
And speake to him in many sortes of Musick,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit,
Only shapeth thy diligence to my will.
Cip. Be you his Bunch, and your Mute Ile bee,
When my tongue blaks, then let mine eyes not see.
Un. I think thee: Lead me on.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.

Sir To. What a plague means my Neece to take the
death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to
life.

Mar. By my troth Sir Toby, you must come in earlier
a nights: your Culf, my Lady, takes great exceptions to
your ill hours.

To. Why let her except, before excepted.

Mar. I, but you must confine you selfe within the
modest limits of order.

To. Confine? Ile confine my felto no fonder then I am:
these cloutines are good enough to drink in; and fo bee
these boots too: and they bee not, let them hang them-
selfes in owne straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I
heard my Lady take of it yestreday: and of a foolishe
knight that you brought in one night here, to be his woe.

To. Who, Sir Andrew Ague-blache?

Mar. He, the.

To. He's a still as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to thine purpose?

To. Why he's a three thousand ducats a yere.

Mar. I, but hee have but a yere; in all these ducates:
He's a very foole, and a prodigall.

To. Peter, that you play to: he playes o'th Viol de-ga no-
boys, and speaks three or foure lines of word for word
without booke; & hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath indeed, almost naturally: for besides that
he's a fool, he's a great quarreller, & that hee hath
the gift of a Coward, to allay the guilt he hath in quarrell-
ling, his thought among the prudent, he would quickly
have the gift of a grace.

To. By this hand they are froward and labia-
dors that say to him. Who are they?

Mar. They that addde monstrous, he's drunken nightly
in your company.

To. With drinking healths to my Neece: Ile drinke
to her as long as there is a passage in my throat, & drinke
in Illiria: he's a Coward and a Cegviffat that will not
drinke to my Neece, till his braines turne o'th tee, like a
parish top. What wench? Cagliari, or Azegi: for here comes
Sir Andrew Ague.

And. Sir Toby Belch. How now Sir Toby Belch?

To. And Blest you faire Shrew.

And. And you too sir.

Tob. Accoist Sir Andrew, accoist.

And. What's that?

To. My Neece Chamber-maid.

Mar. Good Missfirs accoist, I'll be better acquaintance
with you.

To. My name is Mary sir.

And. Good missfirs Mary, accoist.

To. You mistake knight: Accoist, is front her, bosom
her, weep her, affayle her.

And. By my troth I would not undertake her in this
company. Is that the meaning of Accoist?

Mar. For you well Gentlemen.

To. And shou let part to Sir Andrew, would thou
mightest never draw Sword agen.

And. And you part to misdress, I would I might not
draw sword agen: Pale Lady, doe you think you have
fooles in hand?


To. Marry but you shal have, and heeres my hand.

Mar. New for, thought it is free: I pray you bring you
hand to th Buttry barre, and let it drinke.

An. Wherefore (sweet-heatt's) What's your Metaphor?

Mar. It's dry fr.

To. And why I think fr: I am not such an ass, but I
can keepe my hand dry. But what's your left?

Mar. A dry tell Sir.

To. Are you full of them?

Mar. Sir, I haue them at my fingers ends: marry now
I let go your hand, I am barren.

Exeunt. O knight, then lack't a cup of Canarie: when did
I see thee to put downe?

An. Neuer in your life I thinkke, vntake, ye see Can-
arie put me downe: mee thinkes sometimes I haue no
more wis then a Christian, or an ordinary man's: but I
am a great eater of beewe, and I beleue that does harme
to my wit.

To. No quession.

An. And I thought that, I'd foreware it. Ilke this
home to morrow fr Toby.

To. For-gay my dese knight.

An. What is your name? Do, or not do? I would I had
beftowed that love in the tongues, that I haue in feme-
dancing, and bearsee-baying: O had I but followed the
Arts.

To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of liaise.

An. Why, would that have hindered my hair t?

To. Pass question, for thou forsets it will not cooke
me. But it be weel well, dost not? (sawt)

An. Excellent in thy gait, thou art on a dissipat & I hope
to see a little wife take the time between her legs, & spin't itself.

An. Faith Ie home to morrow fr Toby, your piece will
nor be seen, or if be it four to one, still I am none of me: the
Count himselfe here hard by, woots her.

To. Shall I none o'th Count, shee I not mache above his
degree, neither in eftate, years, nor wit: I have heard her
sweet. Thar there's life isn't man.
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

And, I say a mouth longer. I am a fellow o'th' fustest mind, in o' th' world: I delight in Maskes and Reays sometimes altogether.

To. Art thou good at these kicke-chawate Knights?
And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my better, & yet I will not compare with an old man.

To. What is thine excellence in a galliard, knight?
And. Faith, I can cut a paper.

To. And I can cut the Murton too.

To. And, I think I have the backe-tricke, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

To. Whether are these things hid? Wherefore have these gifts a Caractair before 'em? Are they like to take silk, like others Mal'ty pictures? Why doth he not go to Church in a Galliard, and come home in a Caractair? My verse walke should be a liggis: I would not so much as make water but in a Sink'a-pase. What doth it mean? Is it a world to hide versus in? I did thinke by the excellent constitution of thy legge, it was found under the theatre of a Galliard.

And. I, I think, strong, and it does indifferent well in a dam'd col'd b'ock. Shall we fit about some Rounds?

To. What shall we do else? Were we not borne under Taurus?

And. Taurus? That rides and heart.

To. No fire, let it legge and thighs: let me see thee caper. Ha, higher the leg, excellent.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Antony and Claudio.

Ant. Nay, either tell me where thou hast bin, or I will not open my lippes so wide as a bristle may enter, in way of thy exculpe: my Lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clu. Let her hang me: she that is well hang'd in this world, needs to fear no colours.

Ant. Make that good.

Clu. He shall re move to fear.

Ant. A good lometer answer: I can tell thee where thy saying was borne, off I fear no colours.

Clu. Where good mistress Mary?

Ant. In the wars, & that may you be behold to pray in your footlein.

Clu. Well, God give them wisdom that have it: & those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Ant. Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent, or to be turn'd away: is not that as good a hanging to you?

Clu. Many a good hanging, presents a bad marriage: and for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Ant. You are self close then?

Clu. Not so neither, but I am resolued on two points.

Ant. That if one break, the other will hold: or if both break, your gaunin full.

Clu. In such a grand state, very apt: well go the way, if they would cause drinking those better as witty a piece of East fish, as any in Illyria.

Ant. Peace ye rogue, no more so: that comes my Lady: make your exculpe wisely, you were left.

Enter Lady Olivia, with Mademoiselles.

Ol. Wits, and be thy will, put me into good footing: those wits that think they have thee, doe very oft e'en foolish key: and I am sure I am not, may pass for a wife man, for what fairs Quainapole, Better's witty foolke, than a fool & wit, God bless thee Lady.

Ol. Take the foole away.

Ant. Do you not hear fellowers, take away the Lady.

Ol. God save you, y'are a dry foolke: I am no more of your beft, you grow dis-benefit.

Ol. Two faults Mademoiselle, that drink & good counsell will amend: for give the drye foole drink; then is the foole not drye: but the distemper will mend hime selfe, if he mend, he is no longer disabled; if he cannot, let the Butcher mend him: any thing that's mendible, is but patch'd, if e'er that that is mendible, it is but patch'd with vinar, and fit that a mendible, it is but patch'd with vinar. If this simple Sillogisme will utter, I will not, what remedy?
As there is no true Cuckold but calamity, so beauties a flower; The Lady had take away the fool, therefore I say againe, take away her.

Of. Sir, I bad them take away you.

Cl. Misprision in the highest degree, Lady, Cuckold no fact monachus: that sa much to say, as I were not mortise in my braine: Good Madona, giue me leave to prove you a fool.

Of. Can you do it?

Cl. Celeriter, good Madona.

Of. Make your proffee.

Cl. I must catechizze you for it Madona, Good my Mouze of vertue answer mee.

Of. Will ye for want of other idlenesse, ile hide your proffee.

Cl. Good Madona, why mournst thou?

Of. Good foolo, for my brothers death.

Cl. I think his foolo is in hell, Madona.

Of. I know his foolo is in heaven, foolo.

Cl. The more foolo (Madona) to mourne for your Brothers foolo, being in heaven. Take away the Foolo, Gentlemen.

Of. What thinke you of this foolo Malvolio, doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: Infamy that deceas the wife, doth ever make the better foolo.

Cl. God send you fis, a specied Infamy, for the better increasing your folly: Sir Toby will be sworne that I am no Fox, but he will not passe his word for two pence that you see no Foolo.

Of. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I entreat your Ladyship takes delight in such a barren reall, I saw him put down the other day, with an ordinary foolo, that has no more braine then a stone. Look you now, he's out of his gait already, it wills you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagg'd. I persist I take thefe Witless, thatso, too at their letter kind of fooloes, no better then the fooloes Zanze.

Of. You are fick, of fome lust Malvolio, and saffe with a demented appetite. To be generous, guilefree, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts, that you deeme Cannon bullets: There is no fluster in an allow foolo, though he do nothing but rayle; no soaying, in a knowe discreet man, though he do nothing but reproue.

Cl. Now Mercury induethe thee with leading, for thee speak't well of fooloes.

Enter Marsa.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate, a young Gentleman, much desirous to speake with you.

Of. From the Counte Orfeus, is it?

Mar. I know not (Madam) 'tis a faire young man, and well attenned.

Of. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby Madron, your kindman.

Of. Fetchem off I pray you, he speaks nothing but madman: Ple on him. Go you Malvolio, if he be as saffe from the Counte, I am fick, or not at home. What you will, to dismis it. Exit Malvolio. Now you see fir, how your fooling grows old, & people dislike it.

Cl. Thus hast thou spoke for vs (Madon) as if thy eldest sonne should be a foolo: whie caull, loose atteme with braines, for heere he comes. Exit Sir Toby.

One of thy kin has a most weak Pia-mater.

Of. By mine honor halfa drunke. What is he at the gate Cofin?

T. A Gentleman.

Of. A Gentleman? What Gentleman?


Cl. Good Sir Toby.

Of. Cofin, Cofin, how haue you come so hastily by this Lethargy?

T. Lecherie, I define Letchery: there's one at the gate.

Of. I marry, what is he?

T. Let him be the dwell and he will, I care not giving me faith say I. Well, it's all one. Exit.

Of. What's a drunken man like, foolo?

Cl. Like a drown'd man, a foolo, and a madman:

One dragn't about heate, makes him a foolo, the second madde him, and a third drownes him.

Of. Go thou and seeke the Crowner, and let him fite o'my Coze: for he's in the third degree of drunke: he's drown'd it go looke after him.

Cl. He is but mad yet Madona, and the foolo shall looke to the madman.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow sweares he will speake with you. I told him you were sick, he took on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speake with you, I told him you were asleep, he seems to have a fore knowledge of that too, and therefore cometh to speake with you. What is to be said to him Lady, howe, feare against any denial.

Of. Tell him, he shall not speake with me.

Mal. He's beene told so, and he fayes he found at your doore like a Sheriffes poft, and be the support to a bench, but he'll speake with you.

Of. What kind o'man is he?

Mal. Why of mankinde.

Of. What manner of man?

Mal. Of verie ill manner: he speake with you, will you, or no.

Of. Of what personage, and yeeres is he?

Mal. Not yet old eough for a man, nor young eough for a boy: a squiff is before a peice, or a Cooling when tis almost an Apple: This with him in flanding wa- ter, betweene boy and man. He is verie well-fauard'd, and he speake verie fluently: One would think his mothers milke were caufe out of him.

Of. Let him approach: Call in my Gentlewoman.


A. Give me my valise: I come throw is or my face. We'll once more hear Mr. Orlando Embaist

Enter Orlando.

Orl. The honorable Lady of the house, which is she?

Orl. Speak to me, I shall answer for her, and yet for you. OUr. Most radiant, exquisites, and varnished beauty, I pray you tel me if this bee the Lady of the house, for I never saw her. I would bee boath to cast away my speech: for befides that it excellently well pend, I have taken great pains to see it. Good beauty, let me be finite, no grooms: I am, very compitable, even to the leaf finest fique.

B. Whence came you sir?

Or. I can say little more then I have studied, as that quittance's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me moddell affurance, if you be the Lady of the house, that
Twelfth Night, or, What you will.

Ol. Are you a Comedian?  

P'ns. No, my profound heart: and yet (by the very phanag of malice, I fieware) I am not that I play. Are you the Lady of the house?  

Ol. If I do not vample my selfe, I am.  

P'ns. Most errant, if you are the, you do vample your selfe: for what is yours to burhove, is, not yours to refurse. But this is from my Commission: I will on with my speech in your praiue, and then shew you the heart of my meage.  

Ol. Come to what is important in: I forgive you the praiue;  

P'ns. Alas, I took great pains to finde it, and tis poetical.  

Ol. If it is the more like to be seigned, I pray you keep it in. I heard you were swoway at my gates, and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you, then to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone: if you have reason, be brief. Tis not that time of Moone with me, to make one in to shapping a dialogue.  

Alas. Will you hoyst a plate for here lies your way.  

P'ns. No good swabber, I am hol here a little longer. Some modification for your Giant, sweete Lady; tell me your mind, I am a medlenger.  

Ol. Sure you have some little matter to deliver, when the centre of it is so careful. Speak your office.  

P'ns. It alone concerns your eare: I bring no oute of warre, no taxation of hommage; I hold the Olifate in my hand: my words are as full of peace, as matter.  

Ol. Yet you began luckily. What are you?  

What is your name?  

P'ns. The rustonell that hath appear'd in mee, bate I learnd from your entertainment. What am I, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-head: to your eare, Divinity; to any others, prophanation.  

Ol. Giveth the place alone.  

We will hear this distinctly. Now sir, what is your text?  

P'ns. Maffeter Lady.  

Ol. A confortable doctrine, and much may bee said of it. Where lies your text?  

P'ns. In Orlando bosome.  

Ol. This bosome! In what chapter of his bosome?  

P'ns. To answer by the method, in the first of his hart.  

Ol. Oh! I have read it, it is terrible. Have you no more to say?  

P'ns. Good Madam, let me see your face.  

Ol. Have you any Commission from your Lord, to negotiate with my face; you are now out of your text: but we will draw the Curtaine, and shew you the picture. Lookes you sir, such a one was this present: 1'll not well loose.  

P'ns. Excellently done, if God did all.  

Ol. Tis in graine sir, will endure wind and weather.  

P'ns. Tis beauty truly blest, whole red and white, Nature owne sweet, and enning hard laid one. Lady, you are the erent fibre alone, If you will lead these graces to the grave, And leave the world no copie.  

Ol. If sir, I will not be so hard-hearted: I will give you divers faces hailes of my beautie. Is shalbe: Immemorial, and every particle and venile tabell'd to my will: As from two lips: different redde, Item two grey eyes, with lids to them: Item, one necke, one chin, & so forth. Were you sent hither to praise mee?
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

Enter Antonio & Sebastian.

Aunt. Will you play no longer: nor will you not that I go with you.

Seb. By your patience, not my face shine darkly over me, the misgust of my face, might perhaps disfigure yours; therefore I shall cease of you your leisure, that I may bear my self alone. It were a bad reproach for your honor, to lay any of them on you.

Aun. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No footstep is: my determinate voyage is more extravagant. But I perceive in you so excellently a touch of modesty, that you will not esteem from me, what I am willing to keep it, therefore it honors me in much, the rather to express it myself: you must know of mee then Antonio, my name is Sebastian (which I call Rodigis) my father was that Sebastian of Messina, whom I know you have heard of. He died behind him, my selfe, and a sister, both in a house: if the Heavens had been pleased, would we had to ended. But you find, after that, for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drown'd.

Aun. Alas the day.

Seb. A Lady sir, though it was said flee much resembled me, was yet of many accountable beautiful: but though I could not with him exhalable wonder, were he become that, yet thas fare I will boldly publish her, heere bore a mind that entry could not but call faire: Shee is drown'd already with fast water, though I terme to distingue her remembrance againe with more.

Aun. Pardon me sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Aun. If you will not murder me for my love, let mee be your familiar.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is kill him, when you have rescued, desire it not. Fare ye well at once, my bosome is full of kindnes, and I am yet to see the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me: I am bound to the Count Orsino's Court, farewell.

Enter Antonio. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee: I have many enemies in Orsino's Court, Elsie would I very shortly see thee there: But come what may, I do adore thee so: That danger shall henceforth, and I will go.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Viola and Malvolio, at several doors.

Mal. Were not you eun a woman, with the Countess Orsino?

Vio. Even now sir, on a moderate pace, I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you (for you might have fauted mee without a pause) 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 hard, to come againe in his affairs, unless it bee to report your Lordings taking of this: receive it so.

Vio. She took the Ring of me, like none of it.

Mal. Come sir, you peevishly threw it to her: and her will is, it should be to return it: if it bee worth looking for, there it lies, in your eye: if not, bee it his that finds it.

Vio. I left no Ring with her: what means this Lady?

Mal. Fortune forbid our issue have not charm'd her: She made good view of me, indeed so much, That she thought her eyes had left her tongue, For the did speak in starts distractedly.

Vio. She loves me sure, the cunning of her passion Jovites me in this churlish missenger: None of my Lords Ring? Why he sent her none?

Mal. I am the man, it it be so, asta,

Poor Lady, she were better loute a dreame:

I desired, I see thee art a witchinelle,

Wherein the charge of me, no sooner.

How eafe is it, for the proper tale

In womans wase, to heft their formes:

Alas, O fairest is the cause, not wee.

For such as we are made, if such we bee:

How will thisadge? My matter louse her decere,

And I poor owdler, fond much on him:

And the (milke-like) nerves to doe on mee:

What will become of this? As I am man,

My hope is desperate for my maister louse:

As I am woman (now asl the day)

What thrivefull fygues shall poore Olivas breath?

O time, thou must intangle this; not I,

It is too hard a knot for me to untie.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

To. Approach Sir Andrew: not to bee a bedde after midnight, is to bee vp betimes, and Delicats singer, they know it.

Mal. Nay by my tooth I know not: but I know, to be vp late, is to be vp late.

To. A false conclusion: I have it as an uncle'd Cawne: To be vp 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 lives confound the foure Elements?

And. Faith so they say, but I think it rather confound of eating and drinking.

To. Tit' a scholler; let vs therefore caste and drink.

Dor. I say, a rouppe of wine.

Enter Clowne.

And. Here comes the foole yfaith.

Cl. How now my lord? Did you never see the Picture of we three?

To. We welcome all, now let's have a search.

And. By my troth the fool playes an excellent broth. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a legge, and to sweet a broth to sing as the fool does that. In to the wind in very gracious feeling, late night, when thou is out of Pigtamarco, at the Coprini, playing the Equinash of Quenous t'was very good yfaith. I bent thee five pence for
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

for thy Lemon, hadst it?

Clu. I did impetuous thy gratulity: for Malvolio's noise is no Whip-stroke. My Lady has a white hand, and the Mermaids are no bottle-she-bitches.

An. Excellent; why this is the best colouring: when all is done. Now a song.

To. Come on, there is fine pence for you. Let's have a song.

An. There's a refreshment too: if one knight give a song you have a long song, or a song of good life?

To. A long song, a long song.

Clu. 1, 1. I care not for good life.

O Mistress mine where are you running?

Of joy and bower, your true hearts coming,

That can sing both high and low,

Tray me further this is yearning:

Journey end to sooner seeing,

Every night must lower dark lower.

An. Excellent good, faith.

To. Good, good.

Clu. What is done, sit not hereafter,

Present marre, but present laughter:

What to come, is still unseen.

In delay there let us pleasure,

Then come kiss me twice and twicely.

Toasts a jive will you endure.

An. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

To. A contagious breath.

An. Very sweet, and contagious faith.

To. To heart by these, if it is done in contagion.

But shall we make the Wellin dance indeed? Shall we rowe the nights-Oxen in a Catch, that will draw three foules out of one Weaver? Shall we do this?

An. And you love me, let's do't; I am dogge at a Catch.

By lady sir, and some dogs will catch well,

An. Most certaine. Let our Catch be, Thou Knave.

Clu. Hold thy peace, thou Knave knight. I shall be constraint'd in't, to call thee knave, Knight.

An. This is the first time I have constrained one to call me Knave. Begin looke, it begins, Hold thy peace.

Clu. I shall never begin it hold my peace.

An. Good faith: Come begin.

Enter Marss.

Mar. What a caterwalling do you keep here? If my Lady had not cast me up, she would have been known here.

To. My Lady's a Careen, we are politicians, Malvolio a Peg-a-ramble, and Three merry men are we. Am not I confounded? Am I not of her house? Lady, Lady.

An. Befriew me, the knights in admirable fouling.

An. I, he do's well enough if he be disposed, and to do too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more naturally.

To. O the twelfth day of December.

Mss. For the love of God peace.

Enter Malvolio.

Mss. My masters are you mad? Or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor benevolence, but to gabble like Tinkers at this time of night? Do you make an Ale-house of my Lady's house, that are spook out you Catches without any mitigation or remorse of Grace? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

To. We did keep time sir in our Catches, Snecke vp.

Mss. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My Lady had me tell you, that though she honors you as her kindman, she's nothing ally'd to your disorders. If you can separate your selfe and your minde-meanors, you are welcome to the house: if not, and it would please you to take issue 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.

Clu. His eyes do shew his days are almost done.

Mss. It's even so?

To. But I will never dye.

Clu. Sir Toby there you lye.

Mss. This is much credit to you.

To. Shall I biddin go?

Clu. What and if you do?

To. Shall I biddin go, and start not?

Clu. Oo, oo, oo, no, you dare not.

To. Oon and fine, ye lye: Are any more than a Steward? Don't thinke because thou art vermon, there shall be no more Cakes and Ale?

Clu. Yes by S. Anne, and Ginger shall bee better yth mouth too.

To. Thar I thar right. Goe sir, rob your Chaine with crums. A bottle of Wine.

Mss. Mistress Mary, if you privy my Lady favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give names for this vs will rule; the finall know of it by this hand.

Exit.

Mar. Go make your cares.

An. Twere as good a deede as to drink when a man is hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Mss. Sweet Sir Toby be patient for to night: Since the youth of the Counts was to day with my Lady, this is much one of quiet. For Monieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: If I do not give him into an eyeword, and make him a common recreacon, do not thinke I have wise enough to lye straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

To. Polifio vs, Polifio vs, tell vs something of him.

Mss. Marie fit, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.

An. Oh, I thought that, like hee beate him like a dogge.

To. What fit being a Puritan, thy exquisite reason, deere knight.

An. I have no exquisite reason for't; but I have reason good enough.

Mss. The dust a Puritan that hee is, or any thing constantly by a time-peace, an affection and Affe, that costs Starke without booke, and writes it by great length. The best perfusde of himselfe: so cram'd (as he thinke) with excellencies, that this is his grounds of faith, that all the booke on him, looke on him: and on that vice in him, will my reween finde notable cause to work.

To. What will then do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure Epistles of love, where by the colour of his beard, the figure of his legge, the manner of his gate, the expression of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall finde himselfe most feelingly perforated. Iean write very like my Lady year hence, on a forgotten matter we can hardly make diffucity of our hands.

To. Excellent. I smell a devilish.

An. I shan't in my not too.

To. This will chinke by the Letters that them wilt drop that
Twelve Night, or What you will.

that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with him.

Ober. My purpose is indeed a horse of that colour.

An. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. After, I doubt not.

An. O will be chaste.

Mar. Sport royal! I warrant you: I know my Phisy

Speaker will work with him, I will plant you two, and let

the Poole make a third, where he shall finde the Letter:

observe his confusion of it. For this night to bed, and

dream on the even: Farewell.

Exit.

To. Good night: Pentathlet.

An. Before me she's a good wench.

To. She's a beagle too, and one that adores me:

what o'ert?

An. I was ador'd once too.

To. Let's to bed knight: Thon had need send for

more money.

An. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foule way

out.

To. Send for money knight, if thou hast not ith

cold, call me Cun.

An. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

To. Come, come, I'll go burn some sack, I'm too late

to go to bed now: Come knight, come knight. Exeunt

Scene Quarta.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.

Du. Give me some Musick: Now good morow friend.

Now good Cesario, bat that piece of song,

That old and Antique song we heard last night;

That though it did please my passion much,

More then my eyes, and my recollected senses,

Of these most bister and giddy-paced times.

Come, but one verse.

Ces. He is not here (to please your Lordship's) that

should sing it?

Du. Who was it?

Ces. Fellow the feller my Lord, a fool that the lady

Olivia's father took much delight in: He is about

to house.

Du. Seek him out, and play the tune while

Phisical plays.

Come higher Boy, if ever thou hast done

In the ferrer parts of it, remember me:

For such as I am at true Lovers are,

Vulgar and skittish in all motions else,

Save in the constant image of the creature

That is beloved. How dost thou like this time?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the scene

Where love is seen.

Du. That don't speak my masterly,

My life's song! Yong though she was, thin eyes

Hath Mardam among feares that it loses:

Hath it no boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Du. What kind of woman is she?

Ces. Of your complexion.

Dua. She is not worth the thing. What year's she?

Vio. About your yeare my Lord.

Du. Too old by heaven! Let till the at your.

An elder then her fells, so weares she to him,

So owes the fessell in her husbands heart:

For boy, however we do praise our selves,

Our fancies are more giddie and vefume,

More longling, watter, longer loft and worse,

Then women are.

Du. I think it ill the Lord.

Du. Then let thy Lour be younger then thy selfs,

Or thy affection cannot hold the best:

For women are as Roses, whole fair flowerw

Being once disspaid, doth fall that verie hower.

Vio. And so they are, that they are fo:

To die even when they to perfection grow.

Enter Curio & Claudio.

Du. O fellow come, the song we had last night;

Marke it Cesario, it is old and plains:

The Spinners and the Knitters in the Sun,

And the free maides that weare theire thred with bones,

Do vie to chaste it: it is fally foot, and

Dullies with the innocency of love,

Like the old age.

Ces. Is she ready Sir?

Duke. I preface sing.

Musick.

The Song.

Come away, come away death,

And in full crys let me be borne

Away, away breath.

I am flower for a fair cruel mist

My friends to have what lucke with me:

My part of death no one for me did shone it.

Not a flower, not a flower scarce

On my blacke coffin, let there be drawn:

Not a friend, not a friend great

My part of death no one for me did shone it.

A flower of thine and fishers to fame, say me where

Sad true lover never find my grave so weep there.

Dua. There's for thy praise.

Ces. No praises Sir, I take pleasure in singing Sir.

Du. I take pleasure too.

Ces. Tastily Sir, and pleasure will be paid one time or

another.

Du. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Ces. Now the melancholy God protect thee, and the

Tailor make thy doublet of changable Taffaine, for thy

mine is very supply. I would have men of such condition

to see, that their buffet rice may be every thing,

and their intent viceroy where, for that's it, that always

makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell.

Exit

Du. Let all the rest glue place: Once more Cesario,

Get thee to yond fame thorazine crueltie:

Tell her my love, more noble then the world

Pries not quantitie of duste lande,

The parts that fortune hath bestowed upon her:

Tell her I hold as giddily as Fortune:

But this that minerl, and Queen of tions

That nature princek her in, attraets my soule,

Vio. But if she cannot Love you Sir,

Du. It cannot be to understand'd

Vio. Sooth but you must.

Say that some Lady, as perhaps there is,

Hath for your love a great pang of heart

As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;

You tell her for: Must she not then be answer'd?

Du. There is no woman's sides

Can
Twelfth Night, or, What you will.

Can hide the besting of so strong a passion,
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So bigger, to hold at once, they lack the power.
Alas, their love may be call'd affection;
No motion of the Liver, but the Pulsat,
The thinner breath, ebullition, and resounding
But mine is all as hungry as the Sea,
And can digest as much, make no compare.
Be it not that I love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

Dn. 1 but I know.

Dn. What dost thou know?

Dn. Too well what long women to men may owe:
In faith they are as true of heart, as we.
My Father had a daughter, low'd a man
As it might be perhaps, were an woman
I should your Lordship.

Dn. And what's her history?

Dn. A blank my Lord: the miner told her love,
But let concealment like a worm in bread,
Feed the fair lady with her hopes of love:
She's in thought's, her mind's in thought's;
And with a green and yellow melancholy.
She's like a patient in a Monastery,
Smiling all the time. Was not this love indecent?
We men may say more, we are more, but indeed
Our flourishes are more then will: for if we prose
Much in our vers, but little in our love.

Dn. But little thy sister, or how's my boy?

Dn. I am all the daughters of my Father house,
And all the brothers too; and yet I know not,
Sir, shall I this Lady?

Dn. I think's the Thame's,
To her in haste, give her this Jewel: say,
My love can give no place, bid me no denial.

Scene Quinta.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

To. Come thy wayes Signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay he come: if I lose a frapple of this sport,
Let me be boy'd to death with Melancholy.

To. Would it not then be glad to have the niggle-
ly Raisely hereto, come by some notable fame?

Fb. I would have that man you know be brought me out
of favour with my lady, about a Bear's baiting here.

To. To anger, we have the Bear's against, and
we will tooke him blacke and blew, till we not sir.

An. And we do not, it is pittie of our lives.

Enter Maria.

To. Heere comes the little villaine: How now my
Matel of India?

Mar. Get ye all three into the boxe tree: Malvolio's
comming downe this walke, he has bee yonder. The
Same pricking behaviour to his owne shadow
in the shade of the boxe tree: he make me for the love of Mockerie: for I know
this Letter will make a contemptible Image of him. Close
in the name of testing, the time then shall: for heere comes
the Trowe, that wish be caught with sickling.

Exit Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but Fortune, all is fortune. Maria once
told me she did so think: and I haue heard her talk, as thus heere, it should be one of
my complection. Besides the visage with a more ex-
alted respect, then any one else that followes her. What
should I think on?

To. Here's an over-wintering rogue.

Fb. Oh peace: Contemplation makes a rare Turkey
of cocke of him, how he is ynder his advanced plumes.

An. And slight I could to heate the Rogue.

To. Peace I say.

Mal. To be Count Malvolio.

To. Ah Rogue.

Fb. Piffle him, pliffle him.

To. Peace, peace.

Mal. There is example here: the Lady of the Stre-
ady, married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

An. Fie on him, Isabel.

Fb. O peace, now he's deeply in't, looke how imagina-
tion wands him.

Mal. Having borne three moneths married to her,
sitting in my state.

To. O for a trowe-bow to hit him in the eye.

Mal. Calling my Officers about me, in my bran't
velvet gowne: having come from a day before, where I
have left Olivia teeping.

An. Fifre and Brumfute.

Fb. O peace, peace.

Mal. And then to have the humor of state: and after
a demure trouble of regard, telling them I know my
place, as I should they need them: to ask for my
king's troye.

To. Bolts and flickles.

Fb. Oh peace, peace, peace, now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people with a obedient flat,
make out for him: I frowne the while, and perche, wend's
up my watch, or play with some rich Jewells:

To. Approaches, curries them to me.

To. Shall this fellow live?

Fb. Though our silence be drawnne from us with arms,
yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus and quenching my
familier flame with an usurp of regard of court.

To. And do's not? If you take a blow o'th' lippe,
then?

Mal. Saying, Coffe Toby, my Fortunes haung me on
your Neece, give me this prerogative of speech.

To. What, what?

Fb. You must amend your drunkenesse.

To. Our Fab.

Fb. Nay patience, or we break's the finesse of our
plot.

Mal. Besides you waste the treasure of your time,
with a foolish knght.

An. That's mee I warrant you.

Mal. One for Andrew.

An. I knew twas I, for many do call mee foole.

Mal. What employment have we here?

To. Now is the Wodecsche near the gin.

An. Oh peace, and the pawn of humors intimate resi-
ding aloud to him.

Mal. By my life this is my Litter hand: these bee her
very C's, her U's, and her T's, and this makes thee her
great P's. It is in contempt of question her hand.

An. Her C's, her U's, and her T's: why that?

Mal. To the end you be not espoused, and or my godfathers:

Her very Phites: By your leave wax, soft, and the im-
press of her essence, with which she vies to scale: vis my
Lady: To whom should this be?

Fab. This winnes him, little and all.

Mal.
Twelve Night, or, What you will

Mal. I know you live, but who, Lous do not favour, no man must know. No man must know. What follows? The number after it: No man must know.

This should be thee, Malvolio?

To, Marry hang thee, blacke.

Mal. I may command where Ladies, but smell like a Linen craftsman.

With bawds ship. Wrote my heart with gore, CV, M, O. A. I. doth seem my life.

To, Excellent Wench, say 1.

Mal. M.O.A. doth sway my life. Nay, but first let me see, let me see, let me see.

Faed. What didst thou pour upon him?

To. And with what wing of the faction chases it?

Mal. I may command where I please! Why thee may command me? I deserve her, she is my Lady. Why this is evident to any formall occasion. There is no occasion in this, and the end: What should that Alphabatical position portend, if I could make that resemble something in me? Softly, M.O.A.

To. Why, mark we that, he is now at a cold front.

Faed. Governor will cry upon't for all this; though it be as active as a fox.

Mal. M. Malvolio. Why that begins my name.

Faed. Did not I say he would work it out, the Carie is excellent expedited.

Mal. But there is no constancy in the sequell that suffers under probation: A should follow, but O. does.

Fa. And O shall end, he hope.

To. 1, or the end will him, and make him cry.

Mal. And then 1 comes behind.

Fa. 1, and you had my eye behind you, you might see more formation at your heaves, then Fortunes before you.

Mal. M.O.A.I. This situation is not as the former; and yet to crush this little, it would bow to me, for every one of these Letters are in my name. Soft, there follows prose. If thy fall into thy hand, read it. In my farest I am about thee, but he not afraid of greatness: Some are become great, some arches great me, and some less greatness thrust upon em. Thy fates o'er thy hand, let thy blood and spirit embrace them, and to increase thy fells to what thou anlche to be: call thy humble thou, and appease thieves. Be opposite with a kinman, fully with former. Let thy tongue hang arguments of fate; put thy fells into the trick of singularities. Shee thus, adieux thee, that fights for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever croft garter'd. I say remember, goe to, thou art made if thou dost it to be: if not, let me see thee a reward full, the fellow of crofting, and not wortho the tribut of Fortunes fingers Farewell. Shee that would alter fortunes with thee, the fortune unhappy daylight and champion discover more not more: This is open, I will bee proud, I will write to the Authors, I will write Sir Toby, I will walk off croft acquaintance, I will be point of the very man. I do now move foole my felle, to let imagination lie to mee; for every reason excites to this, that my Lady loves mee. She did commend my yellow stockings off, thee did praise my legge being croft-garter'd, and in this she manifesteth her felle to my love, and with a kind of inquisition drives mee to these habites of her liking. I thank my fantes, I am happy: I will bee strange, lous, in yellow stockings, and croft Garter'd,

Altus Tertius, Scena prima.

Vio. Save thee Friend and thy Musick doth thou show by thy Tabor.

Chs. No sir, I live by the Church.

Vio. Art thou a Churchman?

Chs. No such master sir, I do live by the Church: For, I do live at my hose, and my house doth stand by the Church.

Vio. So thou mayst say the King lives by, a beggar he can no more restore thee: nor the Church stands by thy Tabor, if thy Tabor stand by the Church.

Chs. You have said but: To see this age: A sentence is but a ch nell gone to a good wise, how quickly this the wrong side may be turn'd round.

Vio. Why that's certaine: they that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Chs. I would therefore my litter had no name Sir.

Vio. Why man?

Chs. Why sir, her names a word, and to dally with that word, might make my litter wanton: But indeed words are very Raison, for these dogs digest'd them.

Vio. Thy reason man?
Twelfe Night, or What you will.

Tooth, sir, I can yield you none without words, and words are grown so false, I am loth to praise reason with them.

Viz. I warrant you are a merry fellow, and call for nothing.

Ch. Not so, sir; I do care for nothing: but in my conscience, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing, I would it would make you insufible.

Viz. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

Ch. No indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly; there will keep no fool, till she be married, and fools are alike husbands, as Pilchards are to Herrings, the Husband the bigger, I am indeed not her fool, but his Corrupter of words.

Viz. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

Ch. Folly sir, does not like the Oracle like the Sun, shines every where. I would be sorry sir, but the Fool should be as off with your Master, as with my Mistress: I think I saw your wife come there.

Viz. Nay, and thou sall see upon one, ilt no more with thee. Hold there's expenses for thee.

Ch. Now lose in his next commodity of hatre, send thee a beard.

Viz. By my troth, he tells thee, I am almost dack for one, though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy Lady within?

Ch. Would not a pair of these have breed fit?

Viz. Yes being together, and put to vie.

Ch. I would play Lord Fauconor of Foppins fit to bring a Grissel to this Thyspin.

Viz. I understand you sir, its well begg'd.

Ch. The matter I hope is not great fire, begging, but a beggar: Grissel was a beggar. My Lady is within sir. I will confer to them whence you come, who you are, and what you would be out of my well. I might say Element, but the word is our worse.

Viz. I this fellow is wise enough to play the fool, and do to that well, causes a kind of wit: He must observe their mood on whom he is, The quality of persons, and the time: And like the Haggard, checkers at every Feather. This comes before his Eye. His isa Practice, as full of labour as a Wife-mans Arts. For folly that he wisely shows, is fit, But wit from folly false, quite raise their wit.

Enter Sir Toby and Andrew.

To. Save you Gentleman.

Viz. And you sir,

And. Does your grace remember?

Viz. Ete why you are before sentence.

An. I hope sir, you are, and I am yours.

To. Will you acquaint the house, my niece is defi.

Viz. She should enter, if your trade be to her.

Viz. I am bound to your niece, sir, I mean she is the lift of my voyage.

To. Taste thy legs fire, put them to motion.

Viz. My legs do better understand me sir, then I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

To. I meant to go sir, to enter.

Viz. I will answer you with gate and entrance, but we are proceed.

Enter Oliviis, and Gentlemen.

Most excellent accomplished Lady, the heavens raise O.

And. That youth's a rare Courtier, raine odours,vel.

Viz. My matter hath no voice Lady, but to your owne

most pregnant and vouchsafe care.

And. Ouints, pregnant, and vouchsafe he get them all three already.

O. Let the Garden door be shut, and please mee to my hearing. Give me your hand sir.

Viz. My deare Madam, and most humble service.

O. What is your name?

Viz. Cefar is your servants name, faire Princeess.

O. My servent sir? I was never so mistery world, Since so feigning was call'd complemen. t'

Viz. Are servents to the Count Orsino youth.

O. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours: your servants servent, is your servents Madam.

O. For him, I think not on him for his thoughts. Would they were blankes, rather then fill'd with me.

Viz. Madam, I come to whistle your gentle thoughts

On his behalfe.

O. O by your leave I pray you.

I bad you never speak again of him;

But would you undertake another fate.

I had rather hear you, to for the that,

Then Musick from the spherae.

Viz. Deere Lady.

O. Give me leave before you speak, I do

After the last enchantment you did hear.

A Ring in chace of you. So did I abuse

My saile, my servent, and I feare you

Vonder your hard contristion must I sit,

To forsake that you on, in a framefull cunning

Which you know none of yours. What might you think?

Have you not for mine Honor at the flame,

And basted it with all thine unmused thoughts

TThat tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiv.

Enough is the woe, a Cipriese, not a beforeme,

Hides my heart: so let me heare you speake.

Viz. I pitty you.

O. That's a degree to love,

Viz. None the grнее for this vulgar proofe

That vere of we pitty enemies.

O. Why then do I think'st this time to smile again.

O world, how apt the poyre are to be proud?

If one should be a prey, how much the better

To fall before the Lion, then the Wilde?

Cloke strikes,

The clocke upbraides me with the waste of time:

Be not afraid good youth, I will not have you,

And yet when rust and youth is come to haustrol,

Your wife is like to requite a proper man:

There lies your way, doe. Well.

Viz. Then wellward how.

Grace and good disposition attend your Ladyship: your nothing Madam to my Lord, by me:

O. Stay: I prethee tell me what thou thinkst of me?

Viz. That you do think you are not what you are.

O. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Viz. Then think you right: I am not what I am.

O. I would you were, as I would have you be.

Viz. Would it be better Madam, then I am?

I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

O. What a dotel of fortune, looks 'beautiful? In the contempt and anger of his lip,

A mireous grace the thesse not is fell more foone,

Then love that would seeme hid: Louis night is noone.

Cefar's, by the Roses of the Spring.

By mid-wood, honor, truth, and every thing,

I love thee so, that maugre all thy pride.
Twelfth Night, or, What you will.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

And. No faith, I'll not stay a single hour.
To. Thy reason doth venem, give thy reason.
Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

And. Marry I saw your niece do more favours to the Count Sempion-man, than she's the bawd's upon needle's.
To. She's in the Orchard.
And. Did she see the while, old boy, tell me that.

Fab. This was a great argument brought to her toward you.

And. Slight; will you make an Affe o' me.
Fab. I will prove it legitimate to, upon the Oathes of indignation, and reason.
To. And they have beene grand lustie men, since before.

Shaw. Was a Saviour.
Fab. She did the favour to the youth in your sight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dormant valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your lips; you should then have confiscated her, and with some excellent toasts, fire new from the mint, you should have bong'd the youth into dumbness; this was look'd for at your hand, and this was built; the double gusto of this opportunity let time wash off, and you are now indulged in the North of my Ladies opinion, where you will hang like an yolk of a Dutchman's beard, whilst you do receive it, by some unblazable attempts, either of valour or polsice.

And. And't be any way, it must be with Valour, for polsice I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist, as a Politician.

To. Why then build me thy fortunes upon the base of valour. Challenge me the Count's youth to fight with him in equal places, my niece shall take note of it, and shew thee, there is no base Broker in the world, can more presume in mans commendation with woman; then repose of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this for Andrew.

And. Will either of you beat me a challenge to him?
To. Go, write it in a martial hand, be curril and briefe: it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention: caus' him with the licence of ingle: if thou thinkest some chuse, it shall not be amisse, and as many lines, as will be in thy fether of paper, although the fether were bigger enough for the bedde of Were in Eng-

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sebastian and Antony.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you, but since you make your pleasure of your pains, I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you: my desire (Most sharpe than filed steel) did move me forth, and not all love to see you (though so much as might have drawn one to a longer voyage) But insomuch, what might beall thy travail, Being skillful in these parts: which to a stranger, Vagabond, and untrained, often prove so hard, and so impracticable. My willing love, The rather by these arguments of heart

Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antony,
I can no other answer make, but thankes,
And thanks: and ever off good turns,
Are finded of off with such succors paye:
But were my worth, as is my confidence hence,
Twelve Night, or What you will.

You should finde better dealing: what's to do? Shall we go see the reliques of this Towne?

Ant. To morrow sir, bettie thit go for you. Lodging?

Sib. I am not weary, and it's long to night.

I pray you let the fatigue come on our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame
That do renewne this City.

Ant. Would you'd pardon me:
I do not without danger walke these freeces.
Once in a searight playne the Count his galleries,
I did some encre, of such reverend note,
That were I tume here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Sib. Belike you saw great number of his people.

Ant. Tho offence is not of such a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel.
Might well have gaine vs bloody argument:
It might have since beene answer'd in repaying
What we tooke from them, which for Treasiques take
Most of our City did. Oune my selfe stood out,
For which I'll be lap'd in this place.

I shall pay decere.

Sib. Do not then walke so open.

Ant. It doth not fit me be hold for, here's my purse,
In the South Suburbs at the Elephant
Is best to lodges: I will bespeak our deare,
While you begaue the time, and seed your knowledge
With viewing of the Towne, there shall I have you.

Sib. Why is your purse?

Ant. Hapy your eyes thrall light upon some toy
You have licence to purchase: and your store
I think is not for idle Markets, sir.

Sib. He be your purse-beare, and leaze you
For an hour.

Ant. To th'Elephant.

Sib. I do remember.

Enter Scena Quarta.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Ol. I hate mysel fours after him, he fayres he'el come:
How shall I fear him? What behow of him?
For youth is bought more oft, then being d, or borrow'd.
I speake too loud: Where's Malvolio? he is sad, and ciull,
And tuites well for a fustant with my fortunes,
Where is Malvolio?

Mer. He's comming Olivia:
But in very strange manner. He is fure poosif Madam.
Ol. Why what's the matter, does he slee?

Mer. No Madam, he doeth nothing but miflike you.
Drayship were best to have some guard about you, if he come, for sure the man is tainted in his wit.
Ol. Go call him hisser.

Enter Malvolio.

I am as madde as heer,
If find and mercy my adonfe shall be.

How now Malvolio?

Mal. Sweet Lady, ho, ho.

Ol. Smilt thou? I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad Lady, I could be d:
This doth make some fustant in the blood:
This crosse-gartering, what of that?

It please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true
Sonnet is: Please one, and please all.

Mal. Why doth thou man?
What is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not blacke in my mind, though yellowe in my
Legges: It did come to his hands, and Comands shall
be executed, I think we deke know the sweet Romane
hand.

Ol. Wit thou go to bed Malvolio?

Mal. To bed? I sweet heart, and I le come to thee.

Ol. God comfort thee: Why doest thou not slee so, and
kisse thy hand fo off?

Mal. How do you Malvolio?

Malvolio. At your requent:

Yes Nightingales answer, Darrow.

Mal. Why appeare you with this ridiculous bold-
ness before my Lady.

Mal. Be not afraid of greatnesse: twas well writ.

Ol. What meaningo thou by that Malvolio?

Mal. Some are borne great.

Ol. Ha?

Mal. Some archeue greatnesse.

Ol. What sayst thou?

Mal. And some have greatnesse thrust upon them.

Ol. Heaven retire thee.

Mal. Remember who commended thy yellow flock-
ings.

Ol. Thy yellow flockings?

Mal. And with'd to see thee crosse garter'd?

Ol. Crosse garter'd?

Mal. Go to, thou art made, if thou decline't to be so.

Ol. Am I made?

Mal. If not, let me see thee a fustant still.

Ol. Why this is verie Midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young Gentleman of the Count
Orfloe is return'd, I could hardly entreate him backe: he attenda your Ladyshys pleasure.

Ol. He come to her.

Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd too. Where's my
Coffin Toby, let some of my people have a speciall care
of him, I would not have him miscarrie for the half of my Dowry.

Mal. Oh ho, do you come neree me now? no worse
man then sir Toby to lookke to me. This concures direct-
ly with the Letter, she sends him on purpose, that I may
appear stubborn to him: for she incites me to that in
the Letter. Cant thy humble thoughtst thyselfe be oppo-
site with a kinnman, finely with seruants, let thy tongue
larger with arguments of face, purly felt into the
tricke of singularity: and consequently fets downe the
manner how: as a sad face, a reuerend carriage, a slow
tongue, in the habite of some Sirs of note, and lo forth.
I have lynde her, but it is huntz doing, and none make me
thankfull. And when the were a way now, let this Fel-
low be look'd too: Fellow? not Malvolio, not after my
degree, but Fellow. Why every thing adheres together,
that no damble of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no
obstacle, no incredulous or vsafe circumstance: What
can be false? Nothing that can be, can come betwene
me, and the full prosper of my hopes. Well love, not I,
is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Enter Toby, Fabian and Maria.
Twelfth Night, or What you will.

Te. Which way is here in the name of God thy, if all the dice of hell be drawn in little, and begone himse-

Fub. Heere he is, heere he is how lett with you at.

How lett with you man?  

Mal. Go off, I discard you: let me enjoy my private.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him; did not tell you? Sir Toby, my Lady prays you to have

care of him.

Mal. Aha, does he?  

Te. Go too, go too: peace, peace, wee must deal
gently with him: Let me alone. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. How lett with you? What man, defie the diuell: consider, he's an enemy to mankinde.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. Lo you, and you speak ill of the diuell, how he takes it at heart. Pray God he be not bewitch'd.

Fub. Carry his water to the wife woman.

Mar. And it shall be done to morrow morning

Phyne. My Lady would not loose him for more than she

Mal. How now misrife?

Mar. Oh Lord.

Te. Better hold thy peace, this is not the way: Does

you not see more harm? Let me alone with him.

Na. No way but gentleness, gently, gently; the Fiend

is rough, and will not be roughly vs'd.

Te. Why now my bawcock how dost thou chuck?  

Mal. Sir.

Te. I biddy come with me. What man, tis not for

granty to play at chemire-pit with fathem. Hang him foul.

Coll. Sir.

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good sir Toby get

him to pray.


Mar. No I warrant you, he will not heare of godly-

neffe.

Mal. Go hang your felices all: you are ylle shallowe

things, I am not of your element, you shall knowe more

hereafter.

Te. Of possible?

Na. If this were plaide upon a stage now, I could con-
demne it as an improbable fiction.

Te. His very genius hath taken the infection of the deuile.

Mar. Nay pursue him now, leave the deuile take ayre, and

Na. Why we shall make him mad indeed.

Te. Come, we'll have him in a bare room & bound.

My Nece is already in the beleefe that he's mad: we may

take it thus for our pleasure, and his peneance, till our ve-
yr paucity tryed out of breath, prompteth to have mercy

on him: at which time, we will bring the deuile to the bar

and crowneth him with a finer of attamen but see, but see.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fa. Here he comes with your Nece, give them way till he take leave, and prefently after him.

Te. I will meditate the white upon some horrid message

for a Challenge.

O. I have laid too much into a heart of stone,

And laid mine honour too unwarne on't:

There's something in me that reproves my fault:

But such a headstrong potent fault it is,

That is but mocks reprofe.

Fa. With the same hauteur that your passion bears,

Goes on my Masters greches.

O. Heree, were this I servell for me, tis my picture:

Refuse it not, it hath no tongue, to weep you.

And I befoe thee come againe to meowre.

What shall you ask of me that Ie deny,

That honor (sau'd) may upon asking give.

Do. Nothing but this, your true love for my sust.

O. How with mine honor may I give him that,

Which I have given you.

Fa. I will accept you.

O. Well come againe to morrow: far threewell,

A Friend like thee might beare my foule to hell.

Enter Toby and Fabian.

Te. Gentleman, God save thee.
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

To. The defence thou haft, bereake the too’st of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him; I know not: but thy intercepter full of desight, bloody as the Hunter, attendeth thee at the Orchard end: dismiss thy tache, be yare in thy preparation, for thy affignant is quick, skillful, and deadly.

To. You mistake sir; I am sure, no man hath any quarrel to me: my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any in.

To. You'll find it otherwise, sir: allure you therefore, if you hold your life at any price, beware to your guard: for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and oath, can surmount any man withal.

To. Pray you sir, what is he?

To. He is a knight dud’d with matchet’ Rapier, and on carpet consideration, but he is a dussel in private brawl, soles and bodies hath he moved three; and his inclemency at this moment is so implacable, that instantiation can be done, but the weight of death and sepulcher: Hob, nob, in his word: I guess’t o’ertake.

To. I will return again into the house, and defend some conduct of the Lady. I am no fighter, I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others, to take their valour: believe this is a man of that quirk.

To. Since his indignation duet it fast out of a very competent inure, therefore get you on, and gibe him his defiance. Backe you shall not to the house, volsse you Undersat that with me, which wish as much as I you might answer him; therefore on, or slipper your sword flake naked: for meddle you must that’s certain, or forsoke you were iron about you.

To. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, doe me this courteous office, as to know of the Knight what my office to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Too. I will do so. Signior Fabian, say you by this Gentleman, till my return, Erit Toby.

To. Pray you sir, do you know of this matter?

Feb. I know the knight is inc’t against you, even to a mortal ailment, but nothing of the circumstance more.

To. I beseech you what manner of man is he?

Feb. Nothing of that wonderfull promise to read him by his forme, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valor. He is indeed sir, the most skilful, bloody, and latest opposition that you could possibly have found in one part of Ellyria; you will walk to towards him; I will make your peace with him, if I can.

To. I shall bee much bound to your for’t: I am one, that had rather go with sir Friar, then sir knight: I care not who knows to much of my mettle.

Exeunt Toby and Andrew.

To. Why man hee a very dussel, I have not seen such a frisbee: I had a paffle with him, rapier, matchet, and all: and he giveth me th’ Tuck in with such a mortal motion that it is inestiable: and on the answer, he payes you as surely, as your caste hits the ground they leap on. They say, he has bin Fencer to the Sophy.

And. Por on’t. He not meddle with him.

To. But he will not now be pacified; I Fencer can scarce hold him yonder.

An. Plague on’t, I thought he had benne valiant, and so cunning in Fencer, I’de have feene him dam’d dore I’de have challenged him. Let him lese the matter yip, and he’ld him my horse, grey Capilet.

To. He make the motion: thence here, make a good shelf on’t, this shall end without the perfidium of soules, merry I’de ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Enter Fabian and Viola.

To. I have his horse to take vp the quarrell, I have persuaded him the yowشت a dussel.

To. He is a horribly conceited of him: and pants, & looks pale, as is. Bearre were at his better.

To. There’s no remedy for he will fight with you for’s oath sake: marry he hath bettereth thought him of his quarrell, and he finds that now scarce to bee worth talking of; therefore draw for the upportance of his wove, he professeth he will not hurt you.

To. Pray God defend me: a little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Feb. Gaine ground if you see him furious.

To. Come sir, Andrew, there’s no remedies, the Gentleman will for his honor sake have one bown with you: he cannot by the DueuoModes it: but he has promised me, as he is a Gentleman and a Souldier, he will not hurt you. Come on, too’t.

And. Pray God he keeps his oath.

Enter Antonio.

To. I do assure you’t against my will.

Ant. Put vp your sword: if this young Gentleman have done offence, I take the fault on me:

If you offend him, I for him defee you,

To. You sir, Why, what are you?

Ant. One sir, that for his love doues yet do more.

Then you have heard him brag to you he will,

To. Nay if you be an underaker, I am for you.

Enter officers.

Feb. O good sir Toby hold heere come the Officers.

To. He be with you anon.

To. Pray sir, put your sword vp if you please.

And. Marry will I fit and for that I promis’d you I bee as good as my word. He will bear he you subly, and raine well.

Off. This is the man, do thy Office.

Off. Antonio, I steere thee at the suite of Count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me sir.

Off. No sir, no iox: I know your favor well: Though now you have no fa-cep 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 anwser it:

What will you do now my necessite

Makes me to ask you for my purse. It greases mee

Much more, for what I cannot do for you.

Then what befals my selfe: you stand amaz’d.

But be of comfort.

Off. Come Sir away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Off. What money sir?

For the fayre kindnesse you have shew’d me heere,

And part being prompted by your pretentious trouble,

Out of my leasure and low ability

Ilend you somathing: my having is not much,

I make disuasion of my preferre with you

Hold, there’s halfe my Coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now,
If possible that my defects to you
Can lacke perivasion. Do not tempt my minery.

I call that it make me so unfound a man

As to vypraid you with those kindnesse

That
Twelfth Night, or What You Will.

That I have done for you,

Fri. I know of none.

No. No more by way, nor any feature

That I have purposely done in a rush,

Then lying, vaine, lying drunkenly,

On any sort of rice, whole choyng corruption,

Inhabits our trile blood.

Ant. Oh, beaus them selfs.


Ant. Let me speak a little. This year if you see

I catch not one soul out of the jaws of death, there

Releas'd him with such fancies of love;

And so his name, which me thought did promise

Most venerable worth, did I deoption.

3. Off. What's that to you, the time goes by a way?

Ant. But oh, how wise an idol proves this God;

That he has Schall done good, and none but that.

In Nature, there are no blessings but the mind;

None can be call'd delusion but the subline:

Vertue is but, the beauty of the soul.

Are empty graces, out-swolled by the deep.

The man grows mad, away with him:

Come, come sir.

Ant. Lead me on. Exit.

Vio. Me thinks his words do from such passion fly

That he believes himself, so do not I.

Prove true in any, oh, prove true;

That I decree nothing, he now can free you.

To. Come hither, Kings, come hither; Ophelion: Well

whisper one couple or two of most sage maxims.

Vio. He said Schall, I my brother know

Yet hung on my gaffe; ready to break,

In fav'rous was my Brother, and he went.

Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,

For him I imitate: Oft in pleasure,

Tempests are kind, and fates wanes in love.

To. A sly dishonest petty boy, and more a coward

there a base, his dishonesty appears, in leaving his head;

Herein his necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardish

Ophelion. 

To. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

And. Seld lie after him again, and bea him.

To. Dose, else him doubly, but never draw thy sword.

And. I do not.

Edw. Come, let's be the cue.

To. I dare lay my money, shall be nothing yet.

Exit.

Thas Quarrus, Scene prima.

Enter Sebastian and Clown.

Clown. Will you make me believe, that I am not sent for you?

Sebastian. Go, come, go, thou art a fool's fellow,

Let me be clear of thee.

Clown. Well held our faith: No, I do not know you,

nor I am not fain to go by my Lady; to bid you come;

speak with her; nor your name is not Master Cesari;

nor this is not my note neither. Nothing that is so, so is,

Sebastian. I preche you, come to me some where else, thou know hast me.

Clown. Vent my folly. He has heard that word of some

great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my talk.

ly: I am afraid this great lubber the World will prate a

Cockney; I praise now nothing but strange men, and tell me

what shall you do to my Lady? Shall I were to hit that

thou art coming?

Sebastian. I preche foolish greeks to none, there is money for the; if you tarry longer, I shall give worse payment.

Clown. By my rules, shall have an open hand of a

Wrenchmen, that give foole money, get themselves a good report,

after fourteen years purchase.

Enter Andrew, Toby, and Fabian.

And. Now sir, have I may you again, that's for you.

Sebastian. Why there's for thee, and there and there, and there.

Are all the people mad?

To. Hold, or lie throw your dagger on the head.

Clown. This will I tell my Lady straightly, I would not be

in some of your coats for two pence.

To. Come on sir, hold.

Sebastian. Nay let him alone, he go another way to wake

with him. He have an action of Battery against him, at

these are any law in Illyria; though I broke him first, yet

it's no matter for that.

Sebastian. Let go thy hand.

To. Come sir, I will not let you go. Come my young

souls put up your yong; you are well belted. Come on.

Sebastian. I will be free from thee. What would you know?

If thou dost tempt me further, draw thy sword.

To. What, what? Nay then I must have an Ounce or

two of this wafered blood from you.

Enter CLOWN.

Ol. Hold Toby, on thy life I charge thee hold.

Sebastian. Ol. What! be ever thus! a Vagrancy, a

Wretch for the Mountains, and the barbarous Caves,

Where manners are bred out of my sight.

Be not offended, dece Cesar!

End o' the day gone. I have a gentle friend,

Let thy state will come, me the conversion,

In this vogue, and such extent.

Against thy peace. Go wish me to my house,

And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks

This Ryan hath botched up, that they are not always

May'st smile at this; Thus shall they not choose hereby;

Do not desire, but throw his souls for me.

He flared one poore heart of mine, in thee.

Sebastian. What relish is this in this? How runs the flame?

Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:

Let faction fill my face in the street,

If it be thus to dreams, fill me the more.

Ol. Nay come I purpose, would thou shouldst be ruled by me.

Sebastian. Madam, I will.

Ol. Of say so, and be so.

Exit.

Scene Secunda.

Enter Martin and Clown.

Martin. Nay, I prechee on this great, & this beast,

make him bealeate thou art in the Curate, does

quickly. He call for Toby the while.

Clown. Well, He put it on, and I will dissemble all the

lies, and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in
Twelfs Night, or What you will.

Foh a gove, I am not tall enough to become the function well, not long enough to wear thought a good Student: but to be a man of honest men and a good Housekeeper gets of fairly, as to say, a careles man, & a great flibber. The Comedians enter.

Enter Toby.

Toby. Jone bitte thee M. Parson.

Clo. I am sorry to see Toby, for he is an old heir of Praise that never saw pen and ink, and very wisely say to a Niece of King Garlick, that that is, to be the chief M. Parson, am M. Parson; for what is that, but that? and is, but is? To be in fine for Toby.

Clo. What thin, I say, in this play.

Toby. The house counterfeits well; a good kinsman.

Mal. Who calls there?

Clo. Sit Toby the Curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the Luscious.

Mal. Sit Toby, sit Toby, good sit Toby, go to my window.

Clo. Oh, my pistachio head, how vexed thou in that man? Talketh thou not, anything out of Lancashire?

Toby. Well fall M. Parson.

Mal. Sit Toby, never was man thus wronged, good sit Toby, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in bays. I am Malvolio.

Clo. For, thou thinkest not: I call thee by the most modest names, for I am one of those gentle ones, that will not the devil himself with curses: say, thou that house is dark.

Mal. Ashell for Toby.

Clo. Why it leath thy Windows transparent as bat-clothes, and the Light forests toward the Southward, are as faultless as Ebony; and yet complaint of thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad for Toby, I say to you this house is dark.

Mal. Malvolio thus exact, I say there is no darkness but ignorance, in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fogged.

Mal. I say this house is as dark as ignorance, with the bold the opinion of Pythagoras concerning Wide-soule. Malvolio. That the soul of our grandmama might happily inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkst thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and how no wise brown his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: remainest thou in darkness, thou that hold thee opinion of Pythagoras, etc. I allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a Wodecocke, left thou dispoised thee soul thy grandmama. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sit Toby, sit Toby.

Toby. My mind exults in Toby.

Nay I am for all waters.

Methought I have done this without thy aid and gove, he fees thee not.

Toby. To him in thine owne voyce, and bring me word how thou fyndst him: I would we were well made of this humanity. If the may bee conveniently duell'd, I would be here, for I am now to fear in offence with my Niece, that I cannot pummish with any safety this fist the ypgelot, Come by and by in my Chamber.

Exit Toby.

Clo. Hey Robin, jolly Robin, tell me how thy Lady does.

Mal. Rote.

Clo. My Lady is well, perdis.

Mal. Rote.

Clo. Alas why is she so? Mal. Rote, I say.

Clo. She loves another. Who calls her,

Mal. Good roote, as ever thou wilt relieve well at my hand, help me to a Candle, and pen, ink, and paper, as I am a Gentleman, I will fice to thee this behalf to thee forth.

Clo. M. Malvolio?

Mal. I good Rote.

Clo. Alas why, how tellst thou besides your fine wisps?

Mal. Rote, there was oner man so notorious a bus: I am as well in my wisps (foole) as thou are.

Clo. But as well as then thou art mad indeed, if thou be no better in thy wits then a roote.

Mal. They have here proprest me: I keep me in darkness. Send Ministers to me, Afons, and doe all they can to face me out of my wisps.

Clo. Advise you what you say: the Minister is here.

Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore, endeaumont thy fellow to steep, and leave thy vacant bubble.

Mal. Sit Toby.

Clo. Maintain me words with him good fellow, Who If I see, nor If, God buy you good sit Toby: Marry Amen, I will sit, I will.

Mal. Rote, roote, roote I sit.

Clo. Alas be patient. What say you for, I am init for supposing to you.

Mal. Good roote, help me to som light, and some paper, I tell thee I am as well in my wits, as any man in Illyria.

Mal. Well a day, that you were sit.

Mal. By this hand I am good roote, some ink, paper, and light: and content what I will let down to my Lady in that advantage thee more, then enter the bearing of Letter did.

Clo. I will help you root: But as I true, are you not madd indeed, or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me I am not, I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay,леннее beleve a madman till I see his braines.

Mal. Believe me I am not, I tell thee true.

Clo. What will be the brains, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Rote, he require it in the highest degree, I pretend to be gone.

Clo. I am gone fit, and soon sit.

He be with you again.

In a triest, I like to the old vies, your need to sustaine.

Who with danger of lash, in his rage and his wrath, entaiing it, to the dwell:

Like a mad lad, part he stables dad.

Adieu good man sit.

Exit Malvolio.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sebastian.

This is the aye, that is the glorious Sunne.

This pleasure he gave me, I do feel, and feel,

And though this wonder that embraceth me thus,
Twelfth Night, or, What you will.

Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then, I could not find him at the Elephant. 
Yet there he was, and there I found this credit, 
That he did range the town to seek me out, 
His counsel now might do me golden service. 
For though my note displeases well with my fence, 
That this may be some error, but no madness, 
Yet doth this accident a good of Fortune, 
So far exceed all influence, all discourse, 
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes, 
And wrangle with my reason that persuades me 
To any other trust, but that I am mad, 
Or else the Ladies mad; yet if there be, 
She could not sway her house, command her followers, 
Take, and give back like a child, and their dispatch, 
With such a smooth, discreet, and staid bearing, 
That I perceive she does: there's something in's 
That is decidable. But here the Lady comes.

Enter Olivia and Priest.

Priest. Blame not this haste of mine; if you mean well 
Now go with me, and with this holy man 
Into the Church by: there before him, 
And underneath that consecrated roof, 
Plight me the full assurance of your faith, 
That my most illustrious, and too doubful soul 
May live at peace. He shall conceal it, 
While you are willing it shall come to note, 
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth, what do you say? 
Seb. The folio this good man, and go with you, 
And having sworn truth, ever will be true. 
Ol. Then lead the way good father. 
Seb. He shall from hence forth from the Church. 

Enter Claudio and Fabian.

Fab. Now as thou lookest on me, let me se his Letter. 
Cla. Good M. Fabian, grant me another request. 
Fab. Any thing.

Cla. Do not desire to see this Letter. 
Fab. This is to give a doge, and in recompence desire my doge again.

Enter Duke, Uncle, Curio, and Lords.

Duke. Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?
Cla. Sir, we are some of her trappings.
Duke. I know thee well: how dost thou with my good 
Fellow?
Cla. Truly sir, he better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.
Duke. Just the contrary: the better for thy friends.
Cla. No sir, the worse.
Duke. How can that be?
Cla. Sir, first they praise me, and make an offe of me, 
now my foes tell me plainly, I am an Ass: so that by my 
foes sir, I profit in the knowledge of my foes, and by my 
friends I am abused, so that conclusion to be an Ass, if 
your foure negatives make your two affirmatives, why then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Dr. Why this is excellent.

Cla. By my troth sir, no: though it please you to be 
one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me, there's gold. 

Cla. But that it would be double dealing sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O you give me ill counsel. 

Cla. Put your grace in your pocket firs, for this once, 
and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Dr. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double 
dealer: there's no.

Cla. Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play, and the olde 
laying is, the third pays for all: the triplex firs, is a good 
tripping measure, or the belles of S. Beene for, may put 
you in minde, one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me 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.

Cla. Marry sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come a 
gen. I go sir, but I would not have you to thinke, 
that my desire of hauing is the fame of courtoisie: but as 
you say sir, let your bounty take a napp, I will awake it 
ano.

Exit.
And grew a twente yeares remoued thing
While one would winke: dene me mine owne pride,
Which I had recommended to his Vif,
Not halfe an houre before,

O. How can this be?

Dn. When came he here to this Towne?

Fm. To dally my Lord, and for three months before,
No incart, not a minutes vacance,
Both day and night did we keepe company.

Dn. Enter Osiris and attendants.

Fm. Here comes the Countesse, how hasten waketh
on earth!
But for these fellows, fellow thy words are madness,
Three months this youth hath tended vpon mee,
But more of that anon, Take him aside.

O. What would my Lord, but that he may not have,

Wherein Osiris may seeme ferocious be?" Ceferio, you do not keepe promise with me.

Fm. Madam.

Dn. Gracious Osiris.

O. What do you say Ceferio? Good my Lord.

Dn. My Lord would speake; my dutie hurrest mee.

O. If it be ought to the old howse my Lord,
It is as fat and fullsome to mine eye.
Achieving after Matrice.

Dn. Still to cruel.

O. Still so constant Lord.

Dn. What to perpetuelle you vouchsafe Lady?
To whom I gratulate, and vauncious alter,
My soule the fastfull fift offerings have breathed out
That ere devotion tender'd. What shall I do?

Dn. Even it please my Lord, that shall becon him

Fm. Why should I not, (had I the heart to do it)
Like to the Egyptian sheafe, at point of death
Kill what I lose: (a fawne sheafe)
That sometime favours nobly but leer me this:
Since you to non-regardance call my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That frees mee from my true place in your favours:
Like you the marble-brasted Titans tall.
But this your Minion, whom I know you lose,
And whom, by heaven I sware, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he was crowned in his matter spight.
Come boy with me, my thoughts are ripe in midnight:
He sacrifies the lambeth that do lour,
To shipt a Roman heart within a done.

Dn. And I moffe bound, apt, and willinglie,
To do you well, a thousand deaths would dye.

O. Where goes Ceferio?

Fm. After him I lour,
More then I lour thefe eyes, more then my life,
More by all more, then ere I shall lour wife.
If I do fugee, you wither of mine.

Dn. Punish my life, for louring at my soule.

O. Ay me delected, how am I beguil'd?

Fm. Who does beguil you? who does do you wrong?
Hast thou forgot thy selfe? is it so long?

Call forth the holy father.

Dn. Come away.

Dn. Husband?

O. My husband, Can be that deny?

Dn. His husband, sirrah?

O. No my Lord, not I.

O. Alas, it is the bane in thee fears,
Twelfth Night, or, What you will.

Ol. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry Madam, I have hurt your Kindness.

But had it been the brother of my blood,

I must have done no lese with wit and safety.

You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that

I do perceive it hath offended you:

Pardon me (poor one) for the wrongs.

We made each other, but to lose ago.

Ol. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,

A natural Perpetuity, that is, and is not.

Seb. Antonius! O my dear Antonius,

How have the hours rack'd, and tortured me?

Since I have lost thee?

Ant. How have you made diuision of your selfe,

As apple cleft in two, is not more twin

Then these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Ol. Most wonderfull.

Seb. Dost thou think I never had a brother:

Nor can there be that Deity in my nature

Of heare, and every where. I had a father,

Whom the blinde wanes and surges have devour'd:

Of charity, what kinne are you to me?

What Countryman? What name? What Parentage?

Ol. Of that line? Sebastian was my Father,

Such a Sebastian was my brother too:

So went he fio'd to his watery tombe:

If spirits can allaine both fortune and fate,

You come to right vs.

Seb. A spirit I am indeed.

But in that dimention ghoul'd elate,

Which from the womb I did participate.

Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,

I shoul'd my secrets seal upon your cheek.

And lay, thrice welcome drowned Viola.

Vio. My father had a noble upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And did that day when Viola from her birth

Had numbered thirteen yeares.

Seb. Of that record is lucely in my soule,

Hee confirmed indeed my mostall stee

That day that made my fletter thirteen yeares.

Vio. If nothing else to make vs happy both,

But this my malefice wron'd attyre:

Do not embrace me, till each circumstanc

Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and imple.

That I am Viola, whick to confirme.

Ile bring you to a Captain in this Towne,

Where are my maiden weeds; by whose gentle helps,

I was persuaded to terme this Noble Count:

All the occurrance of my fortune since.

Hath beene betweene this Lady, and this Lord.

Seb. So comes it Lady, you have bene mistook:

But Nature to her bias dwew in that.

You would have bin cast aside to a Maid,

Nor are you therein (by my life) deceiv'd,

You are bett'r both to a maid and man.

Seb. Be not amaz'd, right noble is his blood:

If this be so, yet the glasse feermes true,

I shall have share in this molt happy wreake.

Boy, thou hast strive to me a thousand times.

Thou never shouldst have woman like to me.

Vio. And all those foyngs, will I ouer swear;

And all those swearinges keep to true in soule,
Twelfe Night, or, What you will.

Or say, it is not your fault, nor your intention:
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,
And tell me in the modesty of honor,
Why you have given me such clear light of favour,
Bad me come finding, and croisie-garter'd to you,
To put upon yellow stockings, and to browne
Upon the Toby, and the lighter people:
And adding this in an evident way,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the Priests,
And made the most notorious gackle and gull,
That ever intention plaid on? Tell me why?
Ol. Alas Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though I confesse much like the Characters:
But out of question, tis Mariana hand,
And now I dobethink me, it was shee
First told me thou wast mad: then can't it in smiling,
And in such forms, which there were prepos'd:
Upon thee in the Letter: prethee be content,
This practice hath most firefully call'd upon thee:
But when we know the ground, and authors oft,
Thou shalt be both the Plaintiff and the Judge
Of thine owne cause.

Fad. Good Madam heare me speake,
And let no quarrel, nor no braude to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. I hope it shall not,
Most freely I confesse my selfe, and Toby
Set this devise against Malvolio here,
Upon some rustborne and vacuous parts
We had conceiv'd against him. Maria write
The letter, as for Toby's great importance,
In recompence whereof, he hath married her:
How with a spoerfull malice it was follow'd,
May rather plucke on laughe then reuenge,
If that the injuries be fully weigh'd,
That haue on both sides past.
Ol. Alas poor Foole, how haue they buffet'd thee?
Ch. Why some are borne great, some achieve great-
ness, and some have greatnesse thronne upon them.
I was once Sir, in this Enterlude, one Sir Tommas, Sir, but that's
all one: By the Lord Foole, I am not mad: but do you re-
member, Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rashfall,
and you smile not he's gagg'd: and thus the whirling-gig
of time, brings in his reuenges.

Mal. Lie be reteng'd on the whole packe of you?
Ol. He hath bene most notoriously abus'd.
Dwn. Prithee him, and entreate him to a peace:
He hath not told vs of the Capraine yes,
When that is knowne, and golden time contemnes.
A solemne Combination shall be made
Of our deere foole, Meane time sweet sister,
We will not part from hence. Cefaric come
(For lo you shall be while you are a man)
But when in other habites you are seene,
Oliver's Misfitis, and his sancitie Queene.

FINIS.
The Winters Tale.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Camillo and Archidamus.

Arch. If you shall chance to see the Shepheardess, or the like occasion where our secrets are now on foot, you shall see (as I have said) great difference between our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Camillo. I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation, which he fully owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall frame we will be invited in our Loues; for indeed—

Camillo. 'Believe you—'

Arch. Verely I speake it in the freendome of my knowledge; we cannot with such magnificence— in so rare— I know not what to say— Wee will give you free Play, that your Senses (yeu-intelligens of our insufficiency) may, though they cannot pratyse vs, as little accuse vs.

Camillo. You pay a great deale to desire, for what's given freely.

Arch. 'Believe me, I speake as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honoure puts it to vterance.

Camillo. Sicilia cannot shew himselfe the ever-kind to Bohemia: They were not togethers in their child-hoods; and there rooted between them such an affectation, which cannot easily be branched now. Since their more mature Dignities, and Royall Nececessities, on the separations of their Societies, their Encounters (though not Perilous) had been Royally attended with enter-change of Gifts, Letters, Joining Embassies, that have seem'd to be togethers, though absent in booke hands, as certes a Vath and embraz'd as it were from the ends of opprised Winds. The Heavens continue their Loues.

Arch. I think there is not in the World for either Malice or Matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young Prince Mæsilvitas; it is a Gentleman of the greatest Promise, that ever came into my Near.

Camillo. I very well agree with you, in the hopes of him; it is a gallant child, one that (indeed) I playke the Subiect, makes old hearts freshe: they that went on Crouches ere he was borne, desyre yet their life to see him a Man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Camillo. Yept, there were no other excuse, why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the King had no Sonne, they would desire to live on Crouches till he had one.

What Lady the her Lord: You'll say?

Per. No, Madame.

Her. Nay, but you will?

Per. I may not verily.

Her. Verely?

You put me off with limber Vowes: but I,
Though you would seek't where the Stars with Oaths,
Should yet say, Sir, no going; Verely
You shall not go: a Ladies Verely is
As potent as a Lords. Will you go yet?

Per. Force me to keep you as a Prisoner.

Nor like a Guest: for you shall pay your Fees
When you depart, and issue your Thanks. How say you?

My Prisoner? or my Guest? by your dread Verely,
One of them you shall be.

Per. Your Guest then, Madame:

To be your Prisoner, should import offending;
Which is for me, lest it cease to commit,
Then you to punish.

Her. Not your Grace then,
But your kind Hostess. Come, He question you
Of my Lords Tricks, and yours, when you were Boys:
You were pretty Lords then?

Per. We were (faire Queene)
Two Ladies that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to morrow, as to day,
And to be Boy eremial.

Her. Was not my Lord
The very Wag of'twixt two?

Per. We were as twyn'd Lambs, that did frisk it?h Sun,
And blest the one at the others what we chang'd,
Was innocence, for innocence we knew not
The Doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did; Had we purs'd that life,
And our weakes Spirit ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have awned Heauen
Boldly, not guilty; the imposition clear'd,
Hereditarie ours.

Her. By this we gather
You have trip since

Per. O my moth fared Lady,
Temptations have since then borne to's for
In those unflag'd days, was my Wife a Gillee;
Your precious selfe had then not crost the eyes
Of my young Play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot:

Of this make no conclusion, lest you say
Your Queene and I are Devils: ye goe on,
The ofences we have made you doe, we'le answer.
With any, but with vs.

Leo. Is he wroon yet?

Her. He be le by (my Lord)

Leo. At my request, he would not:

Purimane (my deset) thou never spokst?
To better purpose.

Her. Neuer?

Leo. Neuer, but once.

Her. What have I twice said when was't before?
I preache tell me. cram's with praysie, and make's
As far as same things: One good deed, dyeing tonguelese,
Slaughters a thousand wanting upon that.
Our praysie are our Wages. You may ride's
With one lof: Kiffe a thousand Furlongs, ere
With Spar we heat an Acre. But to th' Goalie:

My last good deed, was to entertain his flye,
What was my first it was a elder Sister,
Or I mistake you: O would her Name were Grace,
But once before I spoke to't purpose when?
Nay, madam, I have't: I long.

Leo. Why, that was when
Three craddled Mones, had bow'd them selves to death,
Ere I could make the Depp thy white Hands
A clap thy self, my Lord: then didst thou vster,
I am yours for ever.

Her. Tho Grace indeed
Why to you now, I have spoke to't 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 faire, is mingling bloods.
I have treasure Cardes on me: my heart dauntless,
But not for joy; not joy. This Entertainment
May a free face put on: deris' a Libertie
From Heart's mind, from Bountie, tenticle Bosome,
And we will become the Agents; mayly grunts
But to be paling Palmes, and pinching Fingers,
As now they are, and making prats't Smiles
As in a Looking-Glass; and then to sigh as 'twere
The Morn of the Deere: oh, that is entertainment
My Bosome likes not, nor my Brewees. Memorie,
Art choos my Boy?

Mum. My good Lord.

Leo. Yorks:

Why that's my Bawcock: what's that fourch'd thy Note?
They say it is a Coppy out of mine. Come Captain,
We must be near; not near, but cleanly Captain;
And yet the Seree, the Heycey, and the Calfe,
Are all call'd Nest. Still Virginal
Upon his Palme? Now how (you want Calfe)
Aren't my Calfe?

Mum. Yes, if you will (my Lord)

Leo. Thou want'st a rough path, and the shoot's that that
To be full, like me: yet they say we are
Almost as like as Eglees. Women say so,
(That will say any thing.) But were they false
As a re'dy blake, as Wind, as Waters, false
As Dice are to be with'd, by one that fixes
No borne'twist his and mine eye yet were it true,
To say this Boy were like me. Come (See Page)
Look on me with your Winkin eye; sweet Villain,
Moff dear Cap, Can thy Dam, may'st be
Afection? thy intention stab's the Center.
Thou do'lt make possible things not so held,
Communicate it with Dreams (how can this be?)
With what's unseen: thou dost thine art,
And follow it nothing. Then's very eident,
Thou may'st co-lone with somthing, and thou doth,
(And that beyond Connomation) and I find it,
(And that to the infection of my Braines,
And hardening of my Browses,)

Per. What means Sicilia?

Her. He sometimsee sicena wastered

Leo. How's my Lord?

Leo. What cheer? how is't with you, left Brother?

Per. You look as if you held a Brow of much diffraction

Leo. Are you most? (my Lord)

Leo. No, I in good earneill.

How sometimes Nature will betray it's folly?

It's tendemiffle? and make it felt a Posthme
To harder bones? Looking on the Lynes
Of my Boyes face, I note thoughts I did request;
Twentie three yeares, and saw my selfe vn-breech'd,
In my greene Vellum Coat; my Dagger muzzled,</p>
Least it should bite it: Master, and to prove
(As Ornaments oft do's) too dangerous:
How like me (though) then was to this Renelle;
This Squadry, this Gentleman; Mannish honest Friend,
Will you take Eggs for Money?

Mem. No (my Lord) I fight.

Leo. You wi'll why happy man be's done. My Brother
Are you fo fond of your young Prince, as we
Doe learn to be of ours?

Pat. If at home (Sir)
He's all my Exercise; my Mirth, my Matter,
Now my dearest Friend, and then mine Enemy;
My Parliament, my Soul's and State cancellall.
He makes a lady's days short as December,
And with his varying child-neste, cares in me
Thoughts, that would thick my blood.

Leo. So stands this Squire
Offid with me: We two will walk (my Lord)
And leave you to your greater steps. Hermione,
How then fou'll I swear, you in our Brothers welcome;
Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap:
Next to thy selfe, and my young Ruler, he's
Apparent to my heart,

Her. If you would seek us;
We are your Highness' Garden shall attend you there. Leo.
To your noe bents displease you: you'll be found,
Be you beneath the Sky: I am angling now,
(Though you perceive me not how I give Lyne)
Go too, goe too.

Leo. How he holds vp the Nebre, the Byll to him,
And arranges with the bold strie of a Wife
To her allowing Husband. Gone already,
Yacht-thick, kneé-deep; we head and ears a fork'd one.
Goethe (by) play thy Mother plays, and i
Play too, but to disgrace a part, whose office
Will muffe me to my Graes: Compost and Clamer
Will be my Knell, Goethe (by) play, there have been
(Or I am much deceiver) Cuckolds ere now,
And many a man there is (tuan at this pretence,
Now, whilst I speake this) holds his Wife by the Arm,
That little thinks the he's been play'd in's abstinence,
And his Pond fish'd by his next Neighbor (by)
Sir Smile, his Neighbor may, there comfort in;
Whiles other men have Gates, and those Gates open'd
(As mine) against their will, should all despair
That has resolved Wits, the corn's of Mankind
Would hang themselves, Physick for's, there's none:
It is a bawdy Planet, that will strike
Where his predominant; and is pow'rful think it is:
From East, West, North, and South, be it concluded,
No Barneado for a Belly, Know'st, it
Will let in and out the Enemy.
With bag and baggages, many thousand on's.
Have the Diresse and feel the not. How now Boy &

Men. I am like you say.

Leo. Why, that's some comfort.
What? Cams in there?

Cam. I, my good Lord.

Leo. Go, play (Mandirius) thou'rt an honest man.
Cams, this great Sir will yet stay longer.

Cams. You had much ado to make his Anchor hold,
When you called it full came home.

Leo. Didstnote it?
The Winters Tale.

My Wife is illiberate: If thou wilt confess,
Or else be impudently neglige,
To have nor Eyes, nor Ears, nor Thoughts, then say.

My Wife's a Holy-Horse, defend me a Name
As rank as any Palsy-Wench, that puts to
Before her truth's a pile: say true, and truly.

Cam. I would not be a hinderer, to heare
My Soure-sgage Miifetime clouded, or without
My present vengeance taken: threw my heart,
You never spake what did become you tell
Then this; which to reiterare were fine
As deep as that, though true.

Leo. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning Cheeks to Cheeks? is meeting Noise?
Kissing with in-side Lip, stopping the Cause,
Of Laughter, with a sigh! (a Note inaudible
Of breaking Honeysick, hissing foot on floor
Skulking in corner? wifing: Clocks more swift?
Houres, Minutes? None, Midnight 1, and all Eyes
Bowed with the Pin and Wing, but theirs theirs only;
That would venerate be wicked! Is this nothing?
Why then the World, and all this's in it, in nothing,
The coursting Skite is nothing: Bohemia nothing,
My Wife is nothing, nor Nothing have these Nothing,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my Lord, he ear'd
Of this disfate Opinion, and beares,
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leo. Say it be, 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my Lord.

Leo. It is you, ye, you 1ye.
I say thou list Camillo, and I hate thee,
Proounce thee a groffe Lawer, and mindlesse Slave,
Or else a hauering Temperator, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both: were my Wives June
Infer'd (as her life) she would not live
The running of one Galle.

Cam. Who doth this infect her?

Leo. Why be he that weares her like her Medall, hanging
About his neck (Bohemia) who, if I
Hid Servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine Honor, as their Profits,
(Their owne particular) they would doe that
Which should mend more than I do: I have
His Cup-bearer, whom I from meaner forme
Hau'ed Brench'd, and rest'd to Worthy, who may see
Plainly, as Heauen sees Earth, and Earth sees Heauen,
How I am gald, might he be-gale a Cup,
To gaine mine Enemy a falling Winke;
Which Draught time, were cordial.

Cam. Sir (my Lord)
I could doe this, and that with no Rath Potion,
But with a lingering Draught, that should not worke
Mislitchiously, like Poyson: But I cannot
Believe this Crack to be in my dear Miifetime
So senseable being Honorable.
I have lou'd thee,

Leo. Make that thy question, and noe more:
Do'tt think I am so muddly, fo vestrated,
To appoint my felic in this occasion.

Sally the partie and whitenesse of my Sheete
(Which to preferre, is Sleepy, which being spotted,
Is Gaudat, Thamar, Nerles, Taxis of Olden)
Grie saundall to the blood o'th Prince, my Sonne,
(Who I doe thinke is mine, and loves as mine)

Without ripe meaning to's, would I doe this?
Could man to bleeche?

Cam. I v unthinkable, you (Sir)
I doe, and will fetch off Bohemia not:
Preu'd that when he bremou'd, your Highness
Will take againe your Queene, as yours at first,
Even for some Sonnes sake, and thereby for sealing
The Historie of Tongues, in Courts and Kingdomes
Knowne, and ally'd to yours.

Leo. Thou dost make aduice me,
Even so as one mine owne course hau'd set downe:
He gie no blemish to her Honor.

Cam. My Lord,
Goe then; and with a countenance as cleere
As Friendship weares at Feasts, keep with Bohemia,
And with your Queene: I am his Cup-bearer,
If from me he hate wholesome Beuering,
Account me not to your Servant.

Leo. This is all:
Do'tt not, thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do'tt not, thou splatter'tt shine owne,

Cam. Ile do, my Lord.

Leo. I'll seeme friendly, as thou hast advis'd me. End.

Cam. O miserable Lady. But for me,
What can I stand for? I must be the paytynne
Of good Felicities, and my gound to do's,
Is the obedience to a Master: one,
Who in Rebellion with himselfe, will have
All that is his, so to do. To do this deed,
Promotion followes: If I could find example
Of thousands that had drunk amoyed Kings,
And froward's after, I'd not doe't. But since
Nor Brass, nor Stone, nor Patchen does not one,
Let Villanie it telle forwar't. I must
For sake the Court: so to doe, nor, nor is certaine,
To me a broke-neck. Happy Scare eague now,
Here comes Balventa. Enter Falteman.

Pol. This is strange: Me thinke's
My fancie here begins to warpes. Not speake?
Good day Camillo.

Cam. Hayle moost Royal Sir.

Pol. What is the Newes in'th Court?

Cam. None rare (my Lord.)

Pol. The King hath on him such a countenance,
As he had left some Provisone, and a Region
Lou'd as he loves himselfe: even now I met him
With cocomphant compleat, when bee
Waiting his eyes to th' contrary, and falling
A Lippes of much contempt, speedes from me, and
So leaves me to consider what is breedeing.
That changes thus his Manners.

Cam. I dare not know (my Lord.)

Pol. How, dare not he (does he know, and dare not)
Be intelligent in me, tis thereabouts?
For to your felte, what you do know, you must
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd compleations are to me a Mirror,
Which shews me mine chang'd too far I must be
A partick in this alternation, finding
My selfe thus alter'd with't.

Cam. There is a fickleness
Which puts some of vs in differency, and
I cannot name the Diacle, but it is caught
Of you, that yet are well.

Pol. How caught of me?

Make me not fighed like the Basilleque.

I have
The Winters Tale.

I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so.

As you are certainly a Gentleman, thereeto
Clerke-like experience'd, which no leffe adorns
Our Gentle, nor our Parents Noble Names,
In whose success we are gentle: I beseech you,
If you know ought which do's belonhe my knowledge,
Thereof to informe me, I am not so.

In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answere.

Pol. A Sickness caught of me, and yet I well?
I must be answer'd. Do I thou heare Camillus,
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man,
Which Honor do's acknowledge, whereof the least
Is not this Stout of mine, that thou declare,
What incidens then do's declare of harme
Is creeping toward me, how farre off, how neere,
Which way to be prevented, if it be:
If not, how best to bare it.

Cam. Sir, I will tell you.

Since I am charg'd in Honor, and by him
That think Honorable; therefore make thy counselle,
Which must be not as swiftly followed, as
I mean to vext it; or both your selfe, and me,
Cry loud, and go to night.

Pol. Choge good Camillus.

Cam. I am appointed him to murder you.

Pol. By whom, Camillus?

Cam. By the King.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinkes, say with all confidence he sweates,
As he had't not, or beare an instrument
To vixee you, to that you haue touch't his Queene
Forbidde ny.

Pol. Other, then, my bed blood turne
To an infected Gelly, and my Name
Be soon'd with his, that did bery the Beft:
Tyme then my fird Reputation to
A faviour, that mayrike the duell
Where I stand, and my approach be ftrong,
Not hated too, worse then the great Infection
That eere was heard or read.

Cam. I swear he thought ever
By each particular Scurer in Heaven, and
By all their Influences; you may as well
Forbid the Sea for to obey the Moone,
As (or by Oath) searonne, or Counselle) prayer
The fabric of his Polly, whole foundation
In my death or forth, and will continue
The flensing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not: but I am sure 'tis safer to
Avoid what's growne, then question how's borne.
If therefore you dare truft my honeifie,
Those eyes enclosed in this Trunk, which you
Shall bear a longe time, away to night,
Your Follower I will whisper to the Boastifie,
And will by soves, and three, at severall Pottens,
Clear out of this Cirle: For my selfe, I'll put
My fortunes to your seruice (which are here
By this disconcered left.) Be not uncerain.
For by the honor of my Parents, I
Have ytred Truth: which if you feele to prove,
I dare not fland by, nor shall you be safer,
Then one condemn'd by the Kings owne mouth:
Thereon his Execution sware.

Pol. I doe beleue thee
I saw his heart in his face. Give me thy hand,
Be Pilot to me, and thy place shall
Still neighbour mine. My Ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days agoe. This last offent
Is for a precious Creature: as there's rare,
Muff it be great; and, as his Preffor's mightie,
Muff it be violent; and, as he do's conclude,
He is dishonor'd by a man, which ever
Prefeit he to him: why his Reuenges must.
In that he be made more bitter. Fear not, Mrs. Shakes:
Good Expedition he my friend, and comfort.
The glorious Queene, part of his Tribe; but nothing
Of his ill-caue disputation. Come Camillus,
I will respect thee as a Father, if
Thou be shoot't from hence: let us aduell.

Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The Keys of all the Pottens: Please your Highnesse
To take the vregant hour. Come Sir, away.

Enter Secondus. Scena Prima.

Her. Take the Boy to you: he too troubles me,
This path endures,

Lad. Come (my gracious Lord),
Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, I lie none of you.

Lad. Why (my sweet Lord)?

Mam. You'll kill me hard, and speake to me, as if
I were a Baby still: I lose you better.

2 Lad. And why foes (my Lord)?

Mam. Not for because
Your Browes are blacker (yet blacker Browes they fy
Become some Women bee, so that there be not
Too much haitre there, but in a Comicircle,
Or a fable-Knoone, pride with a Pen.)

2 Lad. Who taught this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of Women's faces; pray now,
What colour are your eye-browes?

Lad. Blew (my Lord).

Mam. Nay, that's a mocke: I have seen a Ladies Note
That's beene blew, but not her eye-browes.

Lad. Her eye-y.

The queene's your Mother round's space we shall
Pretend our seruices to a fine new Prince
One of these drives, and then you'll wanton with vs,
If we would have you.

2 Lad. She is spread of late
Into a goodly Ball: (good time encounter her.)

Her. What wildsome fities amongst you? Come Sir, now,
I am for you againe: Pray you fit by vs,
And tell a Tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shall I be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad Tale's best for Winter.
I have one of Sprights, and Goblims.

Her. Let's haue the (good Sir).

Come on, sit downe, come on, and doe your best,
To flit me with your Sprights, you're powerfull at it.

A 9 3.

Mam. There
Actum. There was a man.
Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.
Mam. Wye by the Church-yard; I will tell it falsely,
Yond Grisslers shall not hear it.
Her. Come on, then, and giue me mine ears.
Lem. Was she met there? His Traine? Camilla with
him?
Lor. Behind the tufs of Pines I met them, Peter,
Saw I men come so on their way: I eyed them
Euen to their Ships.
Lee. How blite am I
In my just Ceulice in my true Opinion?
Alack, for letter knowledge, how scarce, I,
In being, so blite? There may be in the Cup,
A Spider sleepe,d and one may drinke,
And yet partake no venom: (for his knowledge
Is not infected) but if one pretend.
Th' abourt'd ingredient to his eye, make knowne
How he hath drinke, he cracks his gonge, his side
With violent Heaves; his Ceulice, and seems the Spider,
Camilla was his helpe in this, his Pandars;
There is a Plot against my Life, in my Crowne;
All's true that is mistruthed; that false Villain, 
Whom I employ'd, was prentend'd by him;
He's the deviser of my Designe, and I
Remaine a pinch'd Thing, ye, a very Trick
For them to play at will: how came the Potternes
So easily open?
Lor. By his great authority,
Which often hath no safe prevails, then so,
On your command.
Lee. I know't too well.
Give me the Boy, I am glad you did not nurse him;
Though he do's bear some lignes of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.
Her. What is this? Speak?
Lee. Bear the Boy hence, he shall not come about her,
Away with him, and let her jug her selfe
With that fierce big-whit, for'tis Poesenes;
H's made thee swell thus.
Her. But, Ild day he had not;
And Ile be sworn you would beleive my sayings,
How e're you leave to th' Nay-ward,
Lee. You (my Lord)
Looke on her, makte her well: but shou'd
To say this is a goodly Lady, and
The issue of your hearts will thereto add:
'Tis pitty fines's not honest: Honorable
Praye her but for this her without-dore-Forrime,
(Which on my faith doth exceed high speech) and straightly
The Singing, the Hammer, the Fie and Peir-
That Calunniat doth vse: Oh, I am out,
That Mercy do's, for Calunniat will feare
Verte, it selle these Shrugs, these Ham's and Ha's,
When you haue said thee's good, and come between,
Ere you can say thee's honest: But be's knowne
(From him that he's most eze to graine it should be)
She's an Adulteresse.
Her. Should a Villaine say so,
(The most replenish't Villaine in the World)
He were as much more Villaine: you (my Lord)
Do but mistake.
Lee. You have mistooke (my Lady)
Poesenes for Lovers. O thin Thing,
(Which he not call a Creature of thy place,
Least Barbarism (making me the precedent)
Should like Language vnto all degrees,
And mannerly dillinguishment leave out,
Between the Prince and Beggar? I haue said
She's an Adulteresse, I haue said with whom
More; thes, a Taylor, and Camilla is
A Federarie with her, and one that knows
What she should frame to know her elfe,
But with her most vild Principili; that she's e
A Bed-fowarde, even as bad as those
That Vulgars guile bold'ft Titles, I, and prisy
To this their late escape.
Her. No (by my life)
Prior to none of this: how will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearest knowledge, that
You thus haste publisht'd me? Create my Lord,
You may recite me throughly, then, to say
You did mistake.
Lee. No: if I mistake
In those Foundations which I build upon,
The Case is not bigge enough to bear:
A Schoole-boys Tayl, and, say with her, no Prisoner:
He who shall speake for her, in a faire, off, guilte
But that he speakes:
Her. There's some ill Plante reignes:
I must be patient, till the Heauens looke
With an affect more favorable. God my Lord,
I am not prone to weeping (as our Sex
Commonly are) the want of which vaine dew
Perchance shall dry your pitties: but I haue
That honorable Griselle lodg'd here, which burnes
Worse then Tears drawne: beforeign: ye all (my Lord)
With thoughts so qualified, as your Charities
Shall be instach'd you, measure me; and to
The Kings will be perform'd.
Lee. Shall I be heard?
Her. Who is't that goes with me? befores ye highness
My Women may be with me, for you see
My plights requires it. Does not weep: good Fools
This is no enemist. When you shall know your Mithridat
Ha's defend'd Prison, then be hanged in Tresses,
As I come out: this Action I now goe on
Is for my better grace. A dieu (my Lord)
I never with'd to see you sorry, now
I truit I shall: my Women come, you have leave.
Lee. Goe, doe our bidding, hence.
Lor. Before your Highness call the Queene againe.
Ant. Be certaine what you do (Sir) left your Justice
Prove violence, in the which three great ones suffer,
Your Selle, your Queene, your Sonne.
Lor. For her (my Lord)
I dare my life, and her; and will do it (Sir)
Plese you accept it, that the Queene is in justes
I'ch eyes of Heaven, and to you (I meane)
In this, which you accuse her,
Ant. If it prove
She's other wise, Ike keep my Stables where
I lodge my Wife, Ile goe in couples with her.
Then when I feele, and see her, no further, suit her
For every yncorn of Woman in the World,
Faire, dreame of Womans feth is fallie,
If the be.
Lee. Hold your peace.
Lor. Good my Lords,
Ant. It is for you we speake, nor for our felles:
You are absue'd, and by some putter on,
That will be damnd for't: would I knew the Villaine.
I would
Enter Paulina, a Gentleman, Gaster, Emilia.

Paul. The Keeper of the prison, call to him.
Let him have knowledge who I am. Good Lady,
No Court in Europe is too good for thee,
What doth thou then in prison? Now good Sir,
You know me, do you not?
Gast. For a worthy Lady,
And one, who much I honour.
Pan. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the Queene.
Gast. I may not (Madam)
To the contrary I have expresss commandment.
Pan. Here's a-do, to locke vp honesty & honour from
Thrice of gentle visitors. I st lawfull pray you
To see her Women? Any of them? Emilia?
Gast. So please you (Madam)
To put a part thee your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.
Pan. I pray now call her:
With-draw your felowe.
Gast. And Madam.
I must be present at your Conference.
Pan. Well: be't so: pretch up.
Here's such a - do, to make no flaine, a flaine,
As paffes colouring. Dear Gentlemewman,
How fares our gracious Lady?
Emil. As well as one to great, and to forlorn
May hold together: On her rights, and griefes
(Which never tender Lady hath borne greater)
She is, something before her time, deterr'd.
Pan. A boy?
Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Lufty, and like to live: the Queene receives
Much comfort int's: Sayes, my poor prisoner,
I am innocent as you,
Pan. I dare be sworn;
Those dangerous, vaule Lunes it is King, beethrem;
He must be told on', and he shall: the offe
Becomes a woman brief. He taketh upon me,
I proue hony-mouth'd, let my tongue blafter,
And utter to my red-lip'd Anger bee
The Trumpet any more: pray you (Emilia)
Commend my best obedience to the Queene,
If the dares trust me with her little bee,
He flew't the King, and vnderake to bee
Her Advocate to th'how'd'it. We do not know
How he may vser at the fight o'ch'ldle:
The silence often of pure innocence
Perfusades, when speaking falleth.
Emil. Most worthy Madam,
your honor, and your goodnesse is so evident,
That your free vnderaking cannot misse
A thriving yllie: there is no Lady living
So meete for this great end; please your Ladiship.
To visit the next room; Ie prefervly
Acquaint the Queene of your most noble offer,
Who, but to day hammerd of this designe,
But durt not temt a minifer of honour
Least she should be deny'd.
The Winters Tale.

Paul. Tell her (Emilia)
I we to that tongue I have: if we flow from't
As bodlese from my bowse, let's not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emilia. Now be you blest for't.

Ile to the Queene: please you come something nearer.

Ges. Madam, it please the Queene to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incurre, to passe it
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear her. (st)

This Child was prisoner to the women, and is
By Law and prejudice of great Nature, there
Credc'd, and enfranchis'd, not a partice to
The anger of the King, nor guilty of
(If any be) the trepasse of the Queene.

Ges. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear: upon mine honor, I
Will stand between you, and danger.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Leonato, Seranelli, Paulina, Antigonus, and Lords.

Leo. Nighth, nor day, nor rest: It is but weakness
To bear the matter thus: neces weakness, if
The cause were not in being; part of this case,
She, 'th Adultress': for the harlot-King
Is quite beyond mine Annes, out of the banke
And level of my braine: plot-proof, but thee,
I can hooke to me: say that thee were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again: Where are they?

Ser. My Lord.

Leo. How do the boy?

Ser. He tooke good rest to night; his hop'd
His sickness is discharged.

Leo. To see his Nobleness,
Conceyning the dishonour of his Mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply,
Fatten'd, and fix'd the blame on him'self;
Threw-off his Spirit, his Appetite, his Sleepes,
And down-right fungibled. Leave me solely: gose,
See how he looks: Pish, Rie, no thought of him,
The very thought of my Retenges that way
Recyse you me: in him'selfe too mightie
And in his parts, his Alliance; Let him be,
Vastly a time may terme. For present vengeance
Take it on her; Camille, and Pelicene.
Laugh at me: make their prillme at my forrow:
They should not laugh, if I could reach them, nor
Shall five, within my powre.

Enter Paulina.

Lord. You must not enter.

Paul. Nay rather (good my Lord) be second to me:
Peece you his tyrannous passion more (also)
Then the Queenes life? A gracious innocent soule,
More free, then he is lesious.

Antig. That's enough.

Ser. Madam; he hath not slept to night, commanded
None should come at him.

Paul. Not so her (good Sir)
I come to bring him sleepes. 'Tis such as you

That creep like shadows by him, and do light
At each his needful bearings: such as you
Nourish the cause of his swift soule.
Do come with words, as mediunc, as true;
(Honest, as either,) to purge him of that humor,
That preyeth him from sleep.

Leo. Who sayse there, ho?

Paul. No sayse (my Lord) but need ful conference,
About some Godips for your Highness.

Leo. How?

Away with that audacious Lady. Antigonus,
I charg'd thee that the should not come about me,
I knew the would.

Ant. I told her so (my Lord)
On your displeasures rest, and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leo. What canst not rule her?

Paul. From all diffident he can: in this
(Vikel he take the course that you have done)
Commit me, for committing honor, trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. La-you now, you hear,
When she will take the ruin, I let her run,
But flce I'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my Liege, I come:
And I bezech you heare me, who preffers
My selfe your loyal Servant, your Physitian,
Your most obedient Counsellor: yet that dars
Lesse appeare so, in comforting your Bailees,
Then such as most seeme yours. I say, I come
From your good Queene.

Leo. Good Queene?

Paul. Good Queene (my Lord) good Queene,
I say good Queene,
And would by combine, make her good foe were I
A man, the worst about you.

Leo. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
Firth hand me: on mine owne accord, I se,
It a firth, he do my errand. The good Queene
(For she is good) hath brought you forth a daughter,
Heres his: Commends it to your bleasing:

Leo. Out:
A mankinde Witch! Hence with her, out o'door:
A most iniquity, most bawd.

Paul. Not so.

Leo. I am as ignorant in that, as you,
In enriting me: and no lefse honest
Then you are mad, which is enough, I leftrant
(As this world goes) to passe for honest:

Leo. Traifors!

Will you not put her out? Gite her the Bastard,
Thou bastard, thou art woman's ty'd unroofed
By thy dame Particel here. Take vp the Bastard,
Take 'em vp, I say: giu't to thy Crome.

Leo. For ever
Vunerable be thy hands, if thou
Talk'd vp the Princesse, by that forc'd baseness
Which he has put upon.

Leo. He dreads his Wife.

Paul. So I would you did: then 'tis enough all doub's
You'd call your children, yours.

Leo. A sete of Trippers.

Ant. I am done, by this good light.

Ser. Not I, nor any
But one that's here: and that's himselfe: for be,
The Winters Tale.

The sacred Honor of himselfe, his Queene,
His hopefull Sonne, his Babes, betrays to Slander,
Whoe thing is sharper then the Swords; and will not
(For as the Calfe now hangs, it is a Curfe)
He cannot be compell'd too to once remove
The Root of his Opinion, which is rotten,
As ever Oak, or Stone was found.

L. A Calla.

Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her Husband,
And nowbayse me: This Brat is none of mine,
It is the Issue of Patience,
Hence with it, and together with the Dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours:
And might we say 'tis old Poet's wrong to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the words, Behold (my Lords)
Although the Point be little, the whole Matter
And Coop's, of the Father (?): Rye, Nose, Lippe,
The trick of a Fringe, his Eare-head, may, the Valley,
The pretty dipples of his Chin, and Cheeks; his Smile:
The very Mold, and frame of Hand, Nayle, Finger.
And though good Goddesse Nature, which hath made it
So like to him that got it, if thou haft
The ordering of the Mind too, amongst all Colours
No Yellow in't, she froze me, as he doe,
Her Children, nor her Husband.

L. A groffe Higge:
And Lollad, then art worthy to be hang'd,
That will not stay his Tongue.

Antig. Hang all the Husband,
That cannot doe that Fret, thou leaue thy selfe
Hardly one Subie.

L. Once more take her hence.
Paul. A most vnworthy, and unnatural Lord
Can doe no more.

L. Die the ther burn.
Paul. I care not:
It is an Erection that makes the fire,
Not the which burns in't. Hee not call you Tyrann,
But this most curril village of your Queene
(Not able to produce more acclamation
Then your owne weaklings' Fancy) something favors
Of Tyrannie, and will ignoble make you,
Yes, scandalous to the World.

L. On your Allegiance,
Out of the Chamber with her. Were are a Tyrant,
Where were her life? the dust doth not call to me,
If she did knowe me. Away with her.

Paul. I pray you doe not hurt me, Ile be gone.
Looke to your Babes (my Lord) Ifs yours: trust send her
A better guiding Spiritt, What needs these hands?
You that art this to tender are his Folllies,
Will never doe him good, not one of you.
So, for Farewell, we are gone.

Exit. Thou (Travers) left on thy Wife this.
My Child? away with't? es then that haunt
A heart to tender or it, take it hence,
And see it instantly confound with fire.
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it vp straights:
Within this house bring me word's it's done,
(And by good testimonie) or lieinge thy life,
With what thou else call'st thou: if thou refuine,
And wilt encounter with my Wrath, say so;
The Bratfard-braytes with thee my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire,
For thou lett'rl on thy Wife.

Antig. I did not, Sir:
These Lords, my Noble Fellowes, if they please,
Can ease me in't.

Lords. We can: my Royall Liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

L. You're lyers all.

Lords. Bequeath your Highness, give us better credit,
We have always truly serv'd you, and becheef.'
So to esteeme of vs; and on our lanes we begge,
(As recompence of our deare services)
Patience for this, you doe change this purpose,
Which being so horrid, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foule Hise. We all kneele.

L. I am a Feather for each Wind that blows:
Shall I live on, to see this Bratfard kneele,
And call me Father? better burne it now,
Then ruft is left. But be it let it line.
It shall not nether. You Sir, come you hither:
You that beene too tenderly officious
With Lady Margorie, your Mid-lace there,
To save this Bratfard, for 'tis a Bratfard,
So sure as this Bratfard's gray. What will you adventure,
To save this Bratfard life?

Antig. Anything (my Lord)
That my abilitie may vndergoe,
And Noblesse impose: at least thus much;
Help me the little blood which I have left,
To save the innocent: any thing possile.

L. It shall be possile; Seware by this Sword
Those will performe my bidding.

Antig. I will (my Lord).

L. Mark, and performe it: seare thou for the faile
Of any point in't, shall not onely be
Death to thy selfe, but to thy lawd, and Wife,
(Which for this time wee pardon): We enronyme thee,
As thou art, Ligeant, now is the time,
This female Bratfard hence, and that thou bearst it
To some remote and distant place, quite out
Of our Dominions, and that there thou leavest it
(Without more mercy) to our own protection,
And favour of the Chnces: as by strange fortune
It came to vs, doe in Justice charge thee,
On thy Soules peril, and thy Bodye torture,
That thou commend it strangly to some place,
Where Chance may nurse, or end it: take it vp.

Antig. I sawe to doe this: though a present death
Had bene more mercifull. Come on (peace Babe)
Some powerfull Spirit instruct the Kytes and Rattens
To be thy Nurces, Wolves and Beastes, they say,
(Calling their faustigent yaffle) have done:
Like offices of Pity. Sir, be prosperous,
In more then this deed do's require \\and Blessing
Against this Crueltie, fight on thy side
(Devote Thing, condemn'd to loose). Exit.

L. No: he not rere

Another lisse, Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please to your Highnesse, Pofts
From thence you sent to the Oracle, are come
An house forme, Charmacy, and Dom.
Being well arraide from Delphoes, are both landed,
Haling to th' Count.

Lords. So please you (Sir) their speed
Hath bene beyound accomplsh.

L. Twenty three dayes:
They have bene absente, this good speed, fore-calls
The great Apollos suddenly will have
The truth of this appear: Prepare you Lords, Susement of the scene, that we may arrange: Our most duly offer'd. As the bath been publicly accord'd, so shall the have A suit and open Trial. While the lives, My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me, And think upon my bidding.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Clemence and Diana.

Cleo. The Gylmar's delicate, the Ayre most sweet, Fertile the ills, the Temple much surpassing. The common prays it beares,

Diam. I shall report.

For most it caught me, the Celestial Habits, (Methinks I've found them term) and the reverence Of the grace Vesters. O, the Sacrifice, How ceremonious, solemn, and va-ee-earthly. It was ith: Off'ring?

Cleo. But, of all, the beauty And the ease desisting Voyage oh! The Oracle, Kin to June: Thunder, so surprised my Sense, That I was nothing.

Dis. If the event of his journey Prove as successful to the Queene (O be't so). As it has beene to so rare, perfections, speed, The time is worth the vie on't.

Cleo. Great Apollo Turn the to the first: these Proclamations, So forcing fault upon Hermione. I little like,

Dis. The violent carriage of it Will clear, or end the Butifshe, when the Oracle (Thus by Apollo's great Divine feed'd vp) Shall the Contents discover: something rare Eneas then will suffice to knowledge, Go: forth Hor, And gracious be the issue. 

Enter Leonor, Lords, Officers: Hermione (as to her Trial) Ladies: Cleomenes, Diam.

Leo. This Session (in our great grief we pronounce) Eneas, signours, gain our hearts. The partie try'd, The Daughter of a King, our Wife, and one Of so much beauty. Let us be clear'd Of being tyrannous, since we are openly Proceed in Justice, which shall have due course, Eneas to the Gaoler, or the Purgation: Produce the Prisoner.

Off. It is his Highness pleasure, that the Queen Appears in person here in Court.

Leo. Read the Indictment.

Off. Hermione, Queen to the worthy Leonor, King of Syltis, she is accused and arraigned of High Treason, in committing Adultery with Polisienes King of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the Life of our Sou- rage Lord the King, by Royal Husband: the province whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, how Hermione contrary to the Faith and Allegiance of a true Subject doth conspire, fails and ayde them, for their betterest purpose, to force away by Night.

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that Which contradicts my Accusation, and The testimonie on my part, no other But what comes from my selfe, it shall scarce boot me To say, Not guiltie: mine Integritie Being counted Palish'd, shall (as I expresse it) Be recorded. But thus, if Powers Divine Behold our humane Actions (as they doe), I doubt not then, but Innocence shall make False Accusation bloud, and Tyranny Tremble at Patience. You (my Lord) be well know (Whom least will seeme to doe so) my past life Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true, As I am now unhappy, which I more Then Histerie can pattern, though deni'd, And play'd, to take Spectators. For behold me, A Fellow of the Royall Bed, whose owe A Moitie of the Throne: a great Kings Daughter, The Mother to a hopeful Prince, here standing To praise and call for Life, and Honor fore. Who please to come, and hear, For Life, I print it As I weigh Grivie (of which I would spare) For Honor, 'Tis a desistation from me to mine, And only that I stand for. Iappeal To your owne Confidence (Sir) before Pulusen (Come to your Court, how I was in your grace, How merited to be so: Since he came, With what encounter so furtivly, I have strayd not appear thus: if any to beyond The bound of Honor, or in act, or will That way enticing, harden'd be the hearts Of all that hear me, and my near'st kin City cleaven my Grace.

Leo. I do hear ye,

That any of their bold Vices wanted Lette Impudence to daie lay what they did, Then to perform it frst.

Her. That's true enough, Though (as a saying) Sir, not due to me. You will not own it. Yer. More then Milhisse of, Which comes to me in name of Fauls, I must not At all acknowledge. For Pulusen (With whom I am so accoud) I doe confesse I bou'd him, as in Honor here required; With such a kind of Lour, as might become A Lady like me; with a Lour, even such, So, and no other, as your selfe commanded: Which, not to have done, I think had been in me Both Disobedience, and ingratitude To you, and toward your Friend, whose Lour had spake. Even since it could speak, from an Infatuation, That it was yours. Now for Conspiracie, I know not how it talest, though it be dis'd For me to try how: All I know of it, Is, that Cornias was an honneste man; And why he left your Court, the Gods themselves (Wintering no more then) are ignorant. Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know What you have undertaken to doe in's absence.
The Winter's Tale.

Her. Sir,
You speak a Language that I understand not;
My Life stands in the帐篷 of your Dreames,
Which I lay down.

Leo. Your Amours are my Dreames.
You had a Ballad by Poliness,
And I but dream't it: As you were past all blame,
(Though of your Fault are so) to past all truth;
Which to deny, concerns more then suspect, for as
Thy Heart hath been cut off, like to off life,
No Father owning it (which is indeed
More criminal in thee, then in) I do trust
Shall feel the Jusitice, in whole easie posture,
Lookes for no leaft then death.

Her. Sir, spare your Threats:
The Bugle which you would fright me with, I seek
To use all Life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my Life (your Fault)
I do give lofd, for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second Toy,
And first Frusts of my body, from his presence
I am bar'd, like one infectious. My third comfort
(Said most valuably) is from my breath
The innocent milk in it most innocent mouth
Half out to mutcher. My selfe on empty Poit,
Poclym'd a Strumpet: With immodest hatred
The Child-bed princelude deny'd, which longs
To Women of all fashion. Lastly, horrified
Here, to this place, it's open aire, before
I have got strength of him. Now (my Liege)
Tell me what blessings I have here blue.
That I should tire to die? Therefore proceed;
But yet here this is imitate me not: no Life,
(I prize it not so much) but for mine Honor,
Which I would see: If I shall be condemn'd
Upon justes (all people) sleeping else,
But what your Lealitie awake: I tell you
'Tis Rigor, and not Law. Your Honors will,
I do returne me to the Oracle:
Apollo be my Judge.

Lord. This your requit
Is altogether lost: therefore bring forth
(And in Apollo's Name) his Oracle.

Her. The Emperor of Russia was my Father,
Oh that he were alive, and here beholdning
His Daughters Tryall: that he did but see
The Ransomes of my miserie; yet with eyes
Of Piety, not Revenge.

Off. You here that swear upon this Sword of Justice,
That you (Clemences and Dint) have
Been both at Delphi, and from thence have brought
This seal'd up Oracle, by the Hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo) Priest; and that since then,
You have not, or dare not break the holy Seal,
Not read the Secret in.

Cle. Dio. All this we swear.

Leo. Break up the Seale; and read.

Off. Hieronimo is chief, Pollux, Alexid, Camillo
a true Sibyl, Leonides a stately Tyrant, his sonnes Tybalt,
truely begotten, and the King shall run without an Heire, if that
which is left, he not found.

Lords. Now blest be the great Apollo.

Her. Pray'd.

Leo. Haft thou read truth?

Off. My (my Lord) even to as it is here set downe.

Leo. There is no truth at all in the Oracle:
The Winters Tale.

The sweet & deerst creature's dead: & vengeance for it
Not drop'd downe yer.

LORD. The hidden powers forbid.

PROPP. I say the deathes: Helpe us: Helpe us: If word, nor oath
Presume not, so go and see: if you can bring
Tis no more: and you go from ye: if then you see
Haste outwadly, or breath within: Ile see you
As I would do the Gods. But, O thou Tyrant,
Do not repent of these things, for they are heinous
Then all thy words are fine: therefore betake thee
To nothing but disguise. A thousand hastes,
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting.
Upon a barren Mountain, and full Winter.
In forms perpetually, could not move the Gods:
To looke that way thou wan't.

LEO. Go on, go on;
Thou canst not speake too much, I haue determined
All tongues to take their busines:

LORD. Say no more;
How ere the businesse goe, you haue made fault
I th' boldnesse of your speech.

PROPP. I am sorry for it;
All fault I make, when I full come to know them,
I doe repent. Also, I haue thought too much
The rashnesse of a woman: she is touch'd
To Naives heart. What's gone, and what's past helpe
Should be past greefe: Do not receave affliction
At my petition; I believe you, rather
Let me be punish'd, that same minded you
Of what you should forforsake. Now (good my Liege)
Sir, Reyall Sir, forgive a foolish woman:
The love I bore your Queene (Lo, soold again)
Ile speake of her no more, nor of your Children:
Ile not remember you of my owne Lord,
(Who is lost too) take your patience to you,
And ile say nothing.

LEO. Thou didst speake but well,
When most the truth: which I receave much better,
Then to be pittied of thee. Pretho beare me
To the dead bodies of my Queene, and Sonne,
One grace shall be for both: Vpon them shall
The causes of their death appeare (unto)
Our shame perpetually: one day, Ile visit
The Chappell where they lie, and teares finde there
Shall be my recreation, So long as Nature
Will bear up with this exercise: so long
I daily vow to ye: Come, and leade me
To therse forrowes.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Antigonus, a Narrator, Babes, Shepherds, and Clowns.

ANT. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath toucht upon
The Delta of Bohemia.

CHRIST. I (my Lord) at hear.

We have Land'd in Illy: the skies looke grimly,
And threaten present blatherers. In my conscience
The heauens with that we hau'e in hand: are angry,
And frowne upon't.

ANT. Their frrad will be done: go get a boord,
Looks to thy carc, Ie not be long before

I call upon thee.

MAR. Make your best bale, and go not
Too farre into Illy: it's like to be lowd weather.
If the sea be troubled, it iust ye:

Of prey, that keepe upon't.

ANT. Go thou away,
Ile follow instantly.

MAR. I am glad at heart
To be for riddel of this businesse.

ANT. Come, poor babs;
I haue heard (but not believ'd) the Squires death
May wake again: if such thing be, thy Mother
Appeard to me last night: for ne'er was dreamt
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some other
I never saw a vellet of like sorrow
So ell'd, and so becoming: in pure white robes
Like very sanctity she did approach
My Cabinet where I lay thrice bode me before me,
And (gaiing to begin some speach) her eyes
Became two spouts, the furies spent, anon
Did this breake from her. Good Antigonus,
Since Fate (against thy better disposition)
Hath made thy perfon for the Thower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep, and leave it crying: and for the babe
I counted lost for ever, Perdita
I precheth call'd: For this vengeful businesse
Put on thee, by my Lord, thou ne'ret shalt fee
Thy Wife Paulina more: and lo, with duchesses
She melted into Ayre. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect my selfe, and thought
This was fo, and no number: Dreams, are toy's
Yet for this once, ye superstitiously,
I will be sworn by this. I do beleene
Hermione hath suffer'd death, and that
Apollo would (this being indeed the simile
Of King Solomon's) is should here be laide
(Either for life, or death) vpon the earth
Oft's right Father. Blossom, speed thee well,
There lyet, and there thy charactar: there theace
Which may, if Fortune please, both breed thee (pretty)
And still the more. The Thames begins, poor worth,
That for thy mothers fault, art thus expos'd
To loffe, and what may follow. Weep I cannot,
But my heart bledr'd: and most accursed am I
To be by oath enjoy'd to this. Farewell
The day fromes more and more: thou'll like to hate
A lillabe too rough: I never saw
The heauens do dim, by day. A savage clamor
Well may I get a boord: This is the Chance,
Iam gone for ever.

Exit purified by a Bear.

SLEEP. I would there were no age between ten and
three and twenty, or that youth would sleep out the time
for there is nothing (in the beuome) but getting wethers
with childe, wronging the Ancestries, fighting,
hearken you now: would any but their boyish brains eat
of this, they have fear'd away two of my best Sheeps,
which I fear the Wolf will sooner finde than the Minis
fer: if any where I hau'e them, it's by the sea-side, haur
zing of lay. Good-lucke (and I'th thy will) what busi
we be vere? Mercy on's, a Name? A very pretty bantie: A
boy, or a Child: I wonder? (A pretty one, a very pretie
one) sure some Scapes: Though I am not bookish yet.

Exit.
Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Time, the Cosmos.

Time. I that please some, try all: both joy and error
Of good, and bad: that makes, and unfolds error,
Now take upon me (in the name of Time)
To vie my wings: Impure is not a crime
To me, or my swift passage, that I glide
Oft: desire yeere, and leave the growth within
Of that wide gap, since it is in my powre
To overthrow Law, and on selfborne howre
To plant, and o'rwithine Cultione. Lerne paule
The fame I am, ere ancent's Order was,
Or what is now receiv'd. I wone to
The times that brought them in: so shall I do
To th' first thefts things now reigning; and make stale
The gluttoning of this present, as my Tale
Now seems to it: you patience this allowing,
I turn my glass, and give my scene rich growing
As you had tied between 'em: LNors: in
The effects of his fond sealouisen, so greening
That he flutes vp himselfe. Imagine me
(Gene Speciator) that now may be
In faire Bohemia, and remember well,
I mentioned a former o' th' Kings, which Flavored
Yours now to you; and with speed to pace
To speak of Pericles, now grown in grace
Equall with wood rings. What of her issues
I lift not proffesse: but let Times newes
Be knowen when. 'er brought forth. A shepherds daught-
And what to her adheres, which follows after
(ter)
Is the argument of Time: of this allow,
If ever you have spent time to worke, ere now:
I remem bey that Time himsylfe doth lay,
He wishes carfully, you never may.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Polydore, and Camilla.

Pol. I pray thee (good Camilla) be no more importunate:
it's a taskless denying thee any thing: a death to grant this.

Cam. It is but five yeere since I saw my Country; thought I hate (for the most part) bin ayred abroad, I de-

dire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent King
(my Master) hath sent me to, to whose feeling sorrowes I
might be some alleay, or I were soon no thinks for which
is another spaire to my departure.

Pol. As thou sayst (my Camilla) why not ouer the rest of
the rugged Country, by leaning me now; I neede I have of thee, thou owne goodnelle hath made: better not to
have had thee, then thou hart and thou hart made me
Bayneffes, (which tool) (without thee) can sufficiently manage would either stay to execute them they feel, or take away with thee the very fruicuses thou hast done: which if I have not enough considered (as too much I
cannot) to bee more thankfull to thee, shall bee my studie,
and my prafise therein, the heaping friend shippes.
Of that fisall Country Scellis, priceth speak in no more, who's very naminge, pannisheth me with the remembrance

Exeunt.
of that penitent (as thou calft him) and reconciled King (my brother, whose fole of his muft precious Queene & Children, are even now to be a-fihl lentament. Say to me, when fawd thou the Prince Florizel my fon? Kings are noffe unhappy, their flave, not being gracious, then they are in losing them, when they have approved their Vertues.

Cam. Sir, it is thre days since I saw the Prince; what his happier affayres may be, are to me unknowne; but I have (mislying) noted, he is of late much retired from Court, and is leffe frequent to his Princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have confulted to much (Camille) and with some caufe, fo farre, that I have eyes vnder my feruice, which looke vpon his remov'd defece: from whom I have this Intelligence, that he is fellome from the hone of a most homely shepheard; a man (they say) that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbors, is grown into an unfeable estate.

Cam. I have heared (for) of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more, then can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's like perhaps, part of my Intelligence: but I fear the Angle that plucks our fairest thistle. Thou that accompany us to the place, where we will (not appearing what we are) have some question with the shepheard; from whole simplicity, I think it not safe to get the caufe of my fones retort therin. Preche be my present parter in this busines, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicillia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My bel Camille, we must dilique our keltes. Exit

Scena Tertia.

Enter Antinous singing.

When all is done begin to speake,
With heigh the Doctor over the date,
Why then comes in the fecret o'the sere,
For the red blood reigns in 3 winters pale.

The white fteere bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh the fweet birds, O how they sing!
Dost fer my ping ing teach an edge,
For a quart of Ale is a delight for a King.

The Lark that tastes a Lyra chantant,
With heigh the Thrush and the Jay:
Are Summer songs for me and my Aunts
While we are tumbling in the hay.

I have heerd Prince Florizel, and in my time wore three pile, but now I am out of ferece.

But fball I go nowhere far then (my dear)
The pale Moone shines by night:
Any when I wander here, and there
Then do more right.

If Troyes may come to sea to land,
And bear the Sun-like Beaver,
Then my account I wold may give,
And in the Stockes assumeth.

My Traffiche is fleeter: when the King builds, looke to letter Linen. My Father nam'd me Antineus, who being (as I am) lutter'd under Mercurie, was likewise a snapper-up of vnsconsidered trifles: With Dye and dace, I purchased this Caponiere, and my Resentment is the flity, Cheate, Gallowes, and Knacke, are too powerfull on the Highway. Beating and hanging are terrible to me: For the life to come, I sleepe out the thought of it, A prize, a prize.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. Let me fee, every Leuen-weather pedders, every rood yealdles pound and adde felling; fifteen hundred thorne, what comes the wooll too?

Ant. If the springle hold, the Cocke's mine.

Clo. I cannot do without Compturers. Let me fee, what am I to box for our Sheete-fying-Pest? Three pound of Sugar, five pound of Currance, Rice: What will this fitter of mine do with Rice? But my father hath made her Mistifer of the Feftivall, and the layers is on. She hath made me four and twenty Nofe-gates for the fleers (three men long, men, and very good ones) but they are most of them Menees and Bace; but one Paraffian amongst them, and he fignes Plant: to horse, I must have Saffron to colour the Warden Pies, Methinks Dares, none that's out of my note: Nutmegges, from a Race or two of Ginger, but that I may begge: Four pound of Praydans, and as many of Reynolds o'the Sun.

Ant. Oh, that were I was borne.

Clo. Whose name of me.

Ant. Oh help me, helpe me placke but off their tiggeres, and then, death, death.

Clo. Alacke poore foul, thou haft need of more raes
To lay on thee, rather then haue these off.

Ant. Oh sir, the lostominneffe of them offend me,
More then the stripes I have receiv'd, which are mighty ones and millions.

Clo. Alas poore man, a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Ant. I am rob'd fir, and beaten: my money, and apparell came from me, and these deareft things poynt'en me,

Clo. What by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Ant. A footman (sweet sir) a footman.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a footman, by the parners he left with thee: If this bee a horfemen Conie, it hath seen very hot feruice. Lend me thy hand, let helpe thee. Come, lend me thy hand.

Ant. Oh good sir, tenderly, oh.

Clo. Alas poore foul.

Ant. Oh good sir, softly, good sir: I fear (Sir) my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? Canst fland?

Ant. Softly, dear Sir: good Sir, softly: you ha done me a charitable office.

Clo. Doest lacke any money? I have a little money for thee.

Ant. No, good Sir: no, I befeech you Sir: I have a Kinman not past three quarters of a mile hence, whom I was going: I shall there have money, and any thing I want: Offer me no money I pray you, that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of Fellow was he that robb'd you?

Ant. A fellow (Sir) that I have knowne to go about with Trolly-my-dames: I kown him once a servante of the Prince: I cannot tell good Sir, for which of his Vertues it was, but he was certainly Whipt out of the Court.

Clo.
The Winter's Tale

Cla. His voice you would say: there's no virtue whipt out of the Court; they cherish it to make it keep there; and yet it will no more but abide.

Ant. Vice I would say (Sir.) I know this man well; he hath bene since an Ape-bearer, then a Proctele-sceur (a Baystiffe) then he cometh on a Motion of the Prodigall sonne, and married a Tinkers wife, within a Mile where my Land and Livings are; and having owne over many knaught of professions) he因子 alone in Ruggis: some call him Amaturus.

Cla. Out upon him: Prig, for my life Prig he haunts Wakes, Fairies, and Beare-hastings.

Ant. Very true Sir: he hereth: that's the Ruggis that put us into this apparel.

Cla. Not a more cowardly Rogue in all Bohemia: if you had but look'd bigge, and spit at him, he'd have runne.

Ant. I must confess to you (Sir) I am no fighter: I am falle of heart that way; that he knew I warrant him.

Cla. How do you now?

Ant. Sweet Sir, much better then I was: I can stand, and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my Kinfower.

Cla. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Ant. No, good face'd Sir, no sweet Sir.

Cla. Then I answerwell, I must go buy Spices for our fishfeather-shearing.

Exit. Ant. I profess you sweet Sir. Your pasture is not hough't to purchase your Spices: He be with you at your fishfeather-shearing too: I make no more this Cheat bring out another, and the sheareers prove thefe, let me be vnvested, and my name put in the book of Vetere.

Song: 

Iago: Iago: the foot-path way,  
    And mortal how the Stile-sa:  
    A mory searsness the day,  
    Tour sad eyes in a Mile-sa.

Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Florizell, Perdita, Shepherd, Clowne, Falstaff, young Georgio, Maids, Doves, Servants, Amaturus.

Fla. Thee your vinyall weeds, to each part of you  
    Do's give a little, no Shepherdesse, but Finna.  
    Perkin in Apriile is: This your fishfeather-shearing,  
    It is a meeting of the petty Gods,  
    And you the Queene out.

Perd. Sir: my gracious Lord,  
    To chide at you extreme, it not becomes me:  
    (Oh pardon, that I name them.) your high selfe  
    The gracious markes of thy Land, you have observed  
    With a Swaine's wearing, and me (poor lowly Maide)  
    Maff Goddesse, like grand'd was: But that our Feasts  
    In every Meale haue fully: and the Feeders  
    Digg'd with a Cusfome, I should blush  
    To see you atter'd: in whom I think,  
    To threw my felo's a glafte.

Fla. I bleeve the time.  
    When my good Falcone, made here flight a cross:  
    My Fathers ground.  

Perd. Now thou affoord you eue:  
    To me the difference forges dread (your Greatnesse)  
    Hath not bene to be feare) even now I tremble  
    To think your Father, by some scedent  
    Should passe this way, so you did: Ohi the Fates,  
    How would he Locke, to see his workes, so noble,  
    Videley bound vp? What would he say? Or how  
    Should I (inthe my borrowed Fantes) behold  
    The Jernefe of his presence?

Fla. Apprehend.  
    Nothing but folly: the Goddes themselves  
    (Humbling their Deities to lone) have taken  
    The shape of Beasts upon them. Jupiter,  
    Became a Bull, and bellow'd: the green Neptune  
    A Ram, and bleated: and the Fire-roab'd-God  
    Golden Apollo, a poore humble Swaine,  
    As I sitte now. Their transformations,  
    Were never for a piece of beauty, rare,  
    Not in a way to chafe: since my defires  
    Run not before mine honor: nor my Luds  
    Burne hot: et then my Faith.  

Perd. O but Sir,  
    Your reunion cannot hold, when he,  
    Oppress'd as it must be, by th' powre of the King:  
    One of these two must be necessaries,  
    Which then will spake, that you must change this powre.  
    Or I my life.

Fla. Thou dear, in Perdita,  
    With the face of thoughts, I foresee dark'en not  
    The Mirth of the Feasts: Or let 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 constant,  
    Though the face doth no. Be merry (Geneile)  
    Strange such thoughts as thine, with any thing  
    That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:  
    Let vp your countenance, as it were the day.  
    Of celebration of that suppial, which  
    We two have sworne shall come.

Perd. O Lady Fortune,  
    Stand you suspensions.  

Fla. See, your Guests approach,  
    Address your selfe to entertaine them sightly,  
    And let's be red with mirth.

Step. He (daughter) when my old wife bid to: upon  
This day, she was both Painter, Diner, Cooke,  
Both Drene and Senator. We could all: I fear'd all,  
Would sing her song, and dance her tune: now here  
At vpper end o'the Table, now, on the Middles:  
On his shoulder, and his: her face at'fire  
With labour, and the thing the took to quench it  
She would to each one trip. You are restive,  
As if you were a fif'led one: and not  
The Hostess 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 blinis, and pretend your selfe  
That which you are, Mirth o'the Feasts. Come on,  
And bid vs welcome to your fishfeather-shearing.  
As your good flocke shall prosper.

Perd. Sir, welcome:  
    It is my Fathers will, I should take on mee  
    The Hostesship of this day: you're welcome Sir.  
    Give me those flowers there (Dresser). Reuertend Sirs,  
    For you, there's Best Ore, and Ruet, tyme sincere  
    Seeing, and fannour all the Winter long:  
    Grace, and Remembrance be to you both,  
    And welcome to our Shearing.
The Winters Tale.

Pol. Shepherdess,
A faire one are you! well you fit our ages
With flowers of Winter,
Perd. Sir, of the year growing ancient,
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Ofreeling winter, the fairest flowers o' the heaven,
Are our Carnations, and heath'd Gilly-vorts,
(Which some call Nature's ballads) of that kind
Our rusticke Gardens barren, and I care not
To get slips of them.
Pol. Wherefore (gentle Maiden)
Do you neglect them.

Perd. Fer I have heard it said,
There is an Art, which in these pudente systems
With great treating-Nature.
Pol. Say there be.
Yet Nature is made better by no meanes,
But Nature makes that Meanes: so sure of that Art,
(Which you say adds to Nature) is an Art.
That Nature makes: you see (sweet Maid) we marry
A gentler Sien, to the wildest Stockke,
And make conceasse a barke of bafes unde
By bud of Nobler race. This is an Art
Which doth amend Nature: change it, but the
Art it selfe, is Nature.
Perd. So it is.
Pol. Then make you Garden rich in Gilly-vorts,
And do not call them ballads.
Perd. He not put.
The Dibble in earth, to set one slip of them:
No more then were I painted, I would with
This youth should say: t'wix twel well; and only therefore
Deifie to breed by me. Here's flowers for you:
Hot Launder, Mints, Savoy, Marrowm,
The Mary gold, that goes to bed with Sun,
And with him rise, weeping; These are flowers
Of middle summer, and I think they are green
To men of middle age. You're very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grafting, were I of your flocke,
And only lye by gazzing.
Perd. O shee des.
You'd be to learn, that blasts of January
(Broad blow you through, and through Now) (my faith)
I would I had some Flowers o' the Spring, that might
Become you time of day and yours, and yours,
That weare upon your Virgin-branches yet,
Your Maidens hearts growing: O Preserue,
For the Flowers now, that (splendid) thou'rt not fall
From Differ Wagon: Daffodil,
That come before the Swallow's dance, and cake
The winder of March with beauty: Violets (dim),
But sweeteneth the list of June's eyes,
Or Chiron's breath pale Prime-roces,
That dye vamuriated, and they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength (a Maladie)
Molt increas to Marias (bold) Oakleps, and
The Crowne Imperial: Lilies of all kinds,
(The Flower-de-Luce being one.) O, these I lacke,
To make you Garlands of, and my swete friend,
To shew them, and one.

Fl. What like a Country?
Perd. No, like a bank, for Love to lye, and play on
Not like a Country: or if I must be buried.
But quickle, and in mine arms. Come, take your flours,
Methinks I play as I have feme them do.

In Whitton-Passorl: Sure this Robe of mine
Do'se change my disposition!

Fla. What you do,
Still better's what is done. When you speake (Sweet)
I'd have you do it ever: When you sing,
I'd have you buy, and sell: I do give Alimes,
Pray for: and for the ording your Alisyer,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the Sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that: move full, fill full:
And owne no other Function. Each your doing,
(So singular, in each particular)
Crowes what you are doing: in the present deeds,
That all your Actes, are Queenes.

Perd. O Divers.
Your praises are too large; but that your youth
And the rare blood which preeps freely through:
Do plainly give you out a waltz d' Shepheard
With wiserdome, I might leave (my Diversile)
You woold me the sallye way.
Fla. I think you hauet
As little skill to feare, as I have purpose
To move you I ask. But come, our dance I pray,
Your hand (my Perdicile) to Turtles pair
That never meant to part.

Perd. He sweareth on'em.

Fla. This is the prettiest Low-borne Laffic, that ever
Ran on the greene-foord: Nothing the do's, or feme's,
But flacks of something greater then her tale,
Too Noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something
That makes her blood boake on't: Good fouth the is
The Queene of Cardes and Greame.

Clo. Come on; strike vp.

Dorsus. Me if must be your Mistres; marry Gaike
to mend her balletting with.

Clo. Now in good time.

Clo. Not a word, a word, we stand upon our manners,
Come, strike vp.

Here a Danc[e] of Shepheardes and
Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray good Shepheard, what faire Swaine is this
Which dances with your daughter?

Step. They call him Diversile, and boasts himselfe
To have a worthy Feeding: but I have it
Upon his owne report, and I believe it;
He looks like youth: he sits he louses iny daughter,
I think for ever, for you'ld not the least
Upon the water, as hee I stand and read:
As were my daughters eyes: and to be plaine,
I think there is no hafle a lisse to choose
Who louses another belt.

Pol. She dances fealy.

Step. So she do's anything, though I report it
That should be fluent: if you sing Diversile
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Sir. O Matter: if you did but heare the Pedler at the
doore, you would not ever dance againe after a Tabor and
Pipe: no, the Bag-pipe could not move you; he sang
Fourall Tunes, faster then you'ld tell money hee ziter
them as he had eaten ballads, and all men cares grew to
his Tunes.

Clo. He could never come better: hee shall come in:
I love a ballad but eu't well too, it be doleful matter
merily set downe: so a very pleasant thing indeede, and
fugl lamellantly.

Sir.
The Winters Tale.

Sir. He hath songs for man, or woman, of all fizes:

No Milliner can fit his customers with Glouces he has

the prettiest Louie-songs for Maids, so without bawdrie

(which is strange,) with such delicate bushres of Dillo-

so’s and Fadings: I lumb her, and thump her; and where

she comes (french-mouth’d) Rafaell, would (as it were) mean

michler, and break a fowlie gap into the Master, hee

makes the maid to answer, Whoo, doe me not harme good

man: put him off, flight him, with subtil, doe not me no

harm good man.

Poi. This is a brate fellow.

Cio. Behelce mee, thou talkeft of an admirable con- 

cented fellow, has he any unbraided Wares?

Sir. Her hath Ribbons of all the colours of Rainebow; Points, more than all the Lawyers in Barboum, can

learnedly handle, though they come to him by the greatter

stirrers, Caddylle, Cambrickes, Luminous: why he fings

can, as they were Gods, or Goddesses: you would think he

saw a Scromm were a fine Angel, hee do chantees to the

feme-hand, and the works about the square end.

Cio. Pray thee bring him in, and let him approach sing-

ging.

Ferd. Forewarn him, that he live no furious words

in’t tunes.

Clom. You have of these Pedlers, that have more in

them, then you’d think (fister.)

Ferd. I good brother, er go about to thinke.

Enter Antiochus flinking.

Lunna as white as a swine’s Snow,

Cypresse blacke as as was Crowe,

Glouces as sweete as Dameke Softy,

MAKES for faces, and for feres:

Bangle-bracelets, Neck-lace Amber,

Perfume for a Ladies Chamber:

Goldene Quesses, and Stonemakers

Foyr my Lads, to gine their deeres: 

Peril, and plucking fheep of Steele.

What Moundes luxce from head to heede:

Come buy of me, come come buy come buy,

Dye Lads, or else your Ladies cry. Come buy.

Clo. If I were not in love with Alphioe, thou shouldst
take no money of: but being enthrall’d as I am, it will
also be the bondage of certein Ribbons and Glouces.

Mop. I was promised them against the Feasts, but they
come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more then that, or there be

lyres.

Mop. Hehath paid you all he promised you: may be

he has paid you more, which will thame you to give him

again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maidens? Will they

were their plaisters, where they should bear their faces?

Is there not musicling-time, when you are going to bed;

Or hole-holes? To whistle of their secrets, but you must

be still tattling, before all our guests? This well they are

whispering among your manners, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done; Come you promised me a saw dry-

lace, and a pair of sweet Glouces.

Clo. Haue I not told thee how I was censur’d by the

way, and lost all my money.

Ant. And indeed Sir, there are Cozeners abroad, befor-

ce it becometh men to be wary.

Clo. Feare not thou man, thou shalt lose nothing here

Ant. Hope to sir, for I have of many parcel

charge.

Clo. What haft here? Ballads?

Mop. Pray now buy some: I have a ballet in print, a

life, for they are sure they are true.

Ant. Here’s one, to a very deélful tunne, how a Winters

wife was bought to bed of twenty money bags as a

burthen, and how the long’d to eat Adder’s heads, and

Toads carbouard’d.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Ant. Very true, and but a moneth old.

Dor. Blest me from marrying a Volster.

Ant. Here’s the Midwifes name too: one Mist.Tale.

Porter, and fine or fix benefic Winters, that were present.

Why should I carry eyes abroad?

Mop. Pray you now buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by; and let’s first see some Ball-

lads; We’ll buy the other things anon.

Ant. Here’s another ballad of a Fifth, that appeared

upon the easel, on weasday the fourteenth of April, for

the thonland fadom about water, & sung this ballad against

the hard hearts of maidens: it was thought the was a W-

man, and was sworn into a cold fifty, for the word next

exchange flees with one that loud’d her: The Ballad is very

pithfull, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you.

Ant. Full bloody hands actice, and wittiness more

then my packe will hold.

Clo. Lay it by you; another.

Ant. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let’s have some merry ones.

Ant. Why this is a passing merry one, and goes to the

tune of two maidens wooing a man: there’s fear of a Maide

well-ward but the fongs of tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it: is thou to bear a part, thou

shall hear, tis in these parts.

Dor. We had the tune on’t, a moneth agoe.

Ant. I can bear my part, you must know it’s my oc-

cupation: Haue it at with you.

Song

Get you hence, for I will go;

Ant. Where at ’tis not you know.

Dor. Whether?

Mop. O whether?

Dor. Whacker?

Mop. It becomes the gates full well;

Then to me thy secret tell.

Dor. Cloe, let me go thither:

Mop. Or both go to the Orange, or till.

Ant. Is to other than such kind.

Ant. Neither.

Dor. What matter?

Ant. Neither.

Dor. Thou hast sworn my Lame to be,

Mop. Thou hast swore to more to me.

Then whether goft? Say whether?

Clo. When I have this song out anon by our felves: My

Father, and the Gentleman in sad tale, & we’ll not trouble

them: Come bring away thy pack after me, Wenches, he

buy for you both Pedler let’s have the first choises follow

me girls. Ant. And you shall pay well for em.

Song.

Will you buy any Tapes, or Lace for your Cape?

My dainty Doctors, my dace?

Any Silkes, any Thread, any Tapes for your head.

Of the masts, and isn’t I first wear?’t.

Come to the Pedler, Chiney’s a neater,

That doth sitter all men ware’st.

Exit

Servant. Mayster, there is three Carriers, three Shep-

herds, three Nest-herds, three Swine-herds they have made

them.
The Winters Tale.

himself lies all men of baire, they cal them selves salters, and they have a Duke, which she Witches say is a gal- lant-mastery of Gambols, because they are no false: but they themselves are 60 minde, if it bee not soe too rough for some, that know little but bowling, it will please plentifully.

Apo: Away: We'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already. I know (Sir) we wearie you.

Pol. You wearie those that refresh vs: pray let's see these future chuses of Lear dimen.

Ser. One of them, by their own report (Sir), hath daunc'd before the King: and not the word of the three, but tumpest twelve foote and a halfe by th' iquire.

Apo. Leave your prating, since these good men are pleas'd, let them come in: but quickly now.

Ser. Why, they flay as doone Sirs.

Pol. A Father, you'll know more of that hereafter.

Is it not too late gone? 'Tis time to part them.

He's simple, and tells much. How now (fare shepheard!)

Your heart is full of something, that do'ts take

Your mind from fealing. Sooth, when I was yong,

And hande low, as you do; I was wone

To load my sheepe with knacks: I would have rankack

The Pedlers filled Treasury, and have power'd it

To her acceptance; you have let him go,

And nothing parted with him. If your Lady

Interpretation shoulde shalfe, and tell this

Your lacke of lute, or bounty, you were traitred

For a reply at least, if you make a care

Of happie holding her.

FIs. Old Sir, I know

She prises not such trifles as these are:

The gift she lookes from me, are pack and locke

Up in my heart, which I have given already,

But not deliver'd. O hearre me breath my life

Before this ancient Sir, whom (it should seeme)

Hath sometime loud'd: I take thy hand, this hand,

As soft as Dout'es downe, and as white ass,

Or Ethyopion tooth, or the far'd know, that's bolted

By the Northenbliss, twice oere.

Pol. What followes this?

How prettyly th yong Swaine seemes to wish

The hand, was fare before I have put yousoues,

But to your protestation: Let me hearre

What you profess.

FIs. Do, and be witnesse tooo't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

FIs. And he, and more

Then he, and men: the earth, the heauen, and all;

That were I crownd the most imperiall March

The real mott worthy: were I the farreft youth

That ever made eye ferene, had force and knowledge

More then was ever mine, I would not prizem them

With heauie Loue; for her, employ them all,

Command them, and confide them to her iurice,

Or to their owne perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Can. This flieeves a found affection.

Apo. But my daughter,

Say you she like to him,

Ver. I cannot speake

So well, (nothing to well) nor, name better

By the patterne of mine owne thoughts, I cut out

The picture of his.
Worthy enough a hearde man: yea him too,
That makes humane (bus for our honor therein).
Worthy then, if ever henceforth thou
These rareall latches, to his entrance open,
Or hope his body more, with thy embraces,
I will deface a death, as cruel for thee
As thou art tender to t.'

Exit.

Yerd. Even here ye end vnonde.
I was not much a fear'd for once, or twice,
I was about to speake, and tell him plainly,
The felo. sani Sun, that shines upon his Court,
Hides not his visage from our Cottage, but
Lookes on alike. Will pleased you (Sir) be gone?
I told you what would come of this: Beseech you
Of your owne place take care. This dreame of mine
Being now awake, Ile Queene is in no such farther,
But milke my Ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why now faire Father,
Speake ere thou dyest.

Step. I cannot speake, nor thinke,
Nor dare to know, thus which I know: O Sir,
You have vnchoos'd a man of slighter store,
That thought to fill his grate in quiet: yes,
To dye upon the bed my father dy'd de,
To lye close by his honest bones: but now
Some hand man mull prest on my thorow,
And lay me where no Priest touches in dust.
Oh cursed wretch, that knewst this was the Prince,
And wouldst adventure
To mingle faith with him, Vndone, Vndone!
If I might die within this house, I have lus'd
To die when I desire.

Fls. Why look you so forborne?
I am but forty, not afraid: I delate,
But nothing slaped: What I thirst, I am:
More straining on, for plucking backe; not following
My leaves unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my Lord,
You know my Fathers temper: at this time
He will allow no speech: (which I do gheffe
You do not purpose to him:) and so hardly
Will he endure your sight, as yet I fear;
Then till the fury of his Highness settle
Come not before him.

Fls. I not purpose it.
I thinke Camillo.

Cam. Even he, my Lord.

Per. How often have I told you 'twould be thus?
How often said my dignitie would fail
But till twere knowne?

Fls. It cannot fail; but by
The violation of my faith, and then
Let nature with the rides of earth together,
And marre the feetes within. Life vp thy lookes!
From my face drawe wipe me (Father) I
Am byseide to my affection.

Cam. Be adult of.

Fls. I am, and by my fancy, if my Reason
Will therebe be obedient: I have reason:
If my, my senses better pleased with mirth
Do bed it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate (Sir).

Fls. So call it; but do it do fulfill my vow:
I needs must thinketh honestly.

Camillo.
Not for Telemaque, nor the pompe that may
Be thereat gleamed: for all the Sun sets, or
The close earth wombeth, or the profound seas, hides.
The Winters Tale.

She shall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your Bed. Me thinks I see
Lecntcs opening his free Arms, and weeping
His Welcome forth: asks there Sonne for guessteete.
As: are we, of the Fathers perfete; kisse the hands
Of your frends: Puteceet; one and one divides him.
Twixt his vankindetfe, and his Kindete: thone
He chides to Hell, and bids the other grow
Fuller then Thought, or Time.

Flo. Worthy Camile,
What colour for my Vivation, shall I
Hold ye before him?

Cam. Sent. by the King your Father
To greet him, and to give him comfortes, sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you (as from your Father) shall declare,
Things knowne betwixt vs three, Ile write you downe,
The which shall point you forth at every fitting
What you must say, that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your Fathers Before there,
And speake his very Heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is some safety in this.

Cam. A Counte more promising,
Then a wilde dedication of your felles.
To wippe all Waters, vade, and Shoares, most certaine,
To Misters enough: no hope to help you,
But as you shake off one, to take another:
Nothing to certaine, as your Anchors, who
Do their best office, if they can but stand you,
Where you are to be both to be: besides you know,
Prosperitie is the very bond of Loue,
Whose fresh complection, and whose heart together,
Affliction alters.

Fed. One of these is true:
I think Affliction may subdue the Cheekes,
But not take in the Mind.

Cam. Yes? say you so?
There shall not, at your Fathers House, these feates yeeres
Be borne another such.

Flo. My good Camile,
She's as forward, of her Breeding,
As is Vblicince our Birth;

Cam. I cannot say, I am pitty
She lacks Instructions, for she seems a Missetfre;
To modil that teach.

Fed. Your pardon Sir, for this,
Ile blench you Thankes,

Flo. My proust Percival,
But O, the Thrones we stand upon: Camile
Prefeute of my Father, now of me,
The Medicine of our House: how shall we doe?
We are not furnilid like Bohemia's Sonnes,
Nor shall appear in Shenks.

Cam. My Lord.
Fear none of this: I think you know my fortunes
Doe all lyther, it shall be to my care,
To have you royally appointed, as if;
The Scene you play, were mine. For instance Sirs,
That you may know you shall not want: one word,
Letter. As follows.

Fed. How, ha, what a Poole Haneteties? and Truths
(his sworne brother) a very simple Gentleman. I have fold
all my Tromperie: not a counterfeit Scene, not a Ribbon,
Glasse, Pomander, Brooch, Table-booke, Ballad, Knife,
Tape, Glove, Shoote-tye, Bracelet, Hornes-Ring, to keepe
my Pack from falling: they throng who should buy first,
and my Trinkets had beene hallowed, and brought a benefaction to the buyer: by which means, I far whole
Pette was left in Paris, and what I say, to my good
wife, I remember. My Clowne (who wants but something
to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with the Witches Song, that he would not hire his Petty-trees,
till he had both Tunes and Words, which so drew the rest of the Heard to me, that all the other Venetians fled.
I might have pinched a Plaister, it was stencille: I was nothing to build a Cock-piece of a Purse: I
would have filled Keyses of that hung in Chaynes: no
hearing, no feeling, but my Siste Song, and admiring
Nothing of it. So that in this time of Lethargie, I pick
and cut moat of their Pelfent Purse: And had not the
old-man come in with a Whoop, but against his Daughter,
and the Kings Sonne, and feare'd his Chowberries
from the Chaffe, I had not left a Purse alone in the whole
Army.

Fed. Nay, but my Letters by this means being there,
So soon as you arrive, shall cleare that doubt.
Flo. And those that you procure from King Lenine,
Fed. Shall satisfie your Father.

Fed. Happy be you:
All that you speake, thes was faire.

Cam. Who have we here?
We're make an Instrument of this: omet
Nothing may givse a side.

Fed. If they have once-heard me now: why hang-
ing.

Cam. How now (good Fellow)
Why shal'lt thou for Peace not (man)
Here's no harmes intended to thee.

Fed. I am a poore Fellow, Sir,
Cam. Why, be so full: here is nobody will steal that
from thee: yet for the out-side of thy purerrie, we must
make an exchangestherefore do not thinke thy Pilgrimage
must think there's a necessitie in' and change Graemes
with this Gentleman: Though the penny-worth (on thy
side) be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boote.

Fed. I am a poore Fellow, Sir: (I know ye well enough)

Cam. Nay, prithee dispatch: the Gentleman is half
said already.

Fed. Are you in earnest, Sir? (I sinell the trick off)
Flo. Dispatch, I prithee.
Fed. Indeed I have had Earneit, but I cannot with
confidence take it.

Cam. Vbuckle, vbbuckle.

Fortune: Missetfre (let my prophecies
Come home to ye) you must retire your selfe
Into some Castle, take your sweet-hearts Har
And placit of your Browes, marble your face,
Dis-mantele you, and (as you can) dislikst
The truth of your owne seeming, that you may
(For I doe fearws eyes out) on Ship-board
Get vnderwsy'd.

Fed. I see the Play so lyes,
That I must bear a part.

Fed. No remedie!
Have you done time?
Fed. Should I now meet my Father,
He would not call me Sonne.

Fed. Nay, you shall have no Hat:
Come Lady,come: Farewell (my friend.)


Flo. O Percival: what have we twain forgot?
The Winters Tale.

To pray you a word.

Cam. What do you need, shall be to tell the King
Of this escape, and whether they are bound;
Wherein my hope is, I shall so prentaille,
To force him after: in whole company
I shall review Sicilia: for whole fight,
I have a Woman Longing.

Fla. Fortune speed ye!

Thus we set on (Camilla) to the Sea-side.

Cam. The twilfter speed, the better. Exit.

Ant. I wonder stand the butinelle, he hears it: to have an open eye, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a Cas-pari a good Noble is requisite also, to find one workes for the other services. If this is the time that the vnlist man doth thrive, What an exchange this been, without boost? What a boots is here, with this Exchange! Sure the Gods doe this yeere continue at vs, and we may doe any thing extempore. The Prince himselfe is about a piece of iniquity (stealing away from his Father, with his Clog at his heels)? I thought it were a piece of hono- nelle to acquaint the King withall, I would not doe: I hold it the more knauest to conceale it; and therein am I constant to my Profession.

Enter Clowne and Shepherd.

Aside, aside, here is more matter for a hot braine: Every Lanes end, every Shop, Church, Sciss: hanging: yields a careful man works.

Clowne. See, see: what a man you are now? there is no other way, but to tell the King she's a Changeling, and none of your stith and blood.

Shop. Nay, but hear me.

Clown. Nay: but hear me.

Shop. Go: too then.

Clowne. She being none of your stith and blood, your stith and blood has not offended the King, and so your stith and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her (those secret things, all but what she's wish'd here). This being done, let the Law goe whilom I warrant you.

Shop. I will tell the King all, every word, yes, and his Sonnes princake too: who, I may say, is honest man, neither to his Father, nor to me goe about to make me the Kings Brother in Law.

Clowne. Indeed Brother in Law was the fasteall: or you could have been to him and then your Blood had beene the dearest by I know how much an ounce.

Ant. As wisely (Puppets). 

Shop. Well: let vs to the King: there is that in this Fastell, will make him turn his Beard.

Ant. I know not what impediment this Complain may be to the flight of my Master.

Cl. Pray heerely he be at Palace.

Ant. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometymes by choice: let me nock vp up my Prickers ecremee.-

Cl. To the Palace (and it like your Worship).


Cl. We are but plane fellowes Sir.

Ant. A Lye: you are rough, and boister: Iume bare no lying: it becomes none but Trux:men, and they often gives vs (souldiers) the Lye, but wee pay them for it with ramped Coyne, not Rabbing Steels, therefore they do not give vs the Lye.

Cl. Your Worships had like to have given us one, if you had not taken your selfe with the manner.

Shop. Are you a Courter, and like you Sir?

Ant. Whether it like me, or no, I am a Courter. See if thou not the aye of the Court, in thine endowings? I have not my gate in it, the mesure of the Court. Receivest not thy Noble Court-Colour from me? Reflect not on thy Bristle: Court-Costume? Thinkst thou, for that I inhabit, at toaste from thee thy Bristle: I am therefore no Courter? I am Courter Cap-a-Pye: and one that will either push-on, or pluck-back, thy Bristle: whereupon I command thee to open thy Affaire.

Shop. My Bristle, Sir, is to the King.

Ant. What Advocate ha'll thou to him?

Shop. I know not (and's like you).

Cl. Advocate's the Court-word for a Pheasant: say you have none.

Shop. None, Sir: I have no Pheasant Cock, nor Hen.

Ant. How blessed are we, that are not simple men? Yet Nature might have made me like thee are. Therefore I will not disdaine.

Cl. This cannot be but a great Courter.

Shop. His Garments are rich, but lie wroth them not handomely.

Ant. He seems to be the more Noble, in being fantastical: A great man, I say, I know by the plucking out Teal.

Ant. The Fastell there? What's this Fastell? Wherefore that Box?

Shop. Sir, there lyes such Secrets in this Fastell, and Box, which none must know but the King, and which we shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Ant. Age, thou hast left thy labour.

Shop. Why Sir?

Ant. The King is not at the Palace, he is gone aboard a new Ship, to purge Melancholy, and ayre himselfe for if thou bee't capable of thing of terrour, thou must know the King is full of griefe.

Shop. So'tis said (Sir) about his Sonne, that should have married a Shepherds Daughter.

Ant. If that Shepheard be not in hand, for he flies the Cibles he shall have, the Tortuines willriple, that will break the back of Man, the heart of Monffier.

Cl. Thinke you so? Sir.

Ant. Not he alone shall suffer what Wit can make hard, and Vengeance bitter; but those that are concerning to him (through remond of fifteen times) shall all come under the Hangman: which, though it bee great, yet is necessarie. An old Shepheard, a whifling Rogue, a Ram-tender, to offer to have his Daughter come into grace; Some say he shall be bled; but that is too soft for him (say I) Draw our Thorne into a Sheep-Coat? all deaths are too few, the sharpest too eafe.

Cl. He's the old-man eee a Sonne Sir (doe you hear) and like you Sir?

Ant. Hee ha's a Sonne: who shall be blye, and the neveted owt with Holye, yet on the head of a Wives Neft, and stand till be three quarters and a dram dead; then reco'd a game with Aquavitae, or some other hot Infusion, then raw as he is, and in the hoyst day Progagitation proclaymee (shall he be for against a brick-wall, the Sonne looking with a Southward eye upon him; where he is to behold him, with Flyes blown to death.) But what talkes we of these TAOVOYO- RALCOCK, whose miserie are to be smal'd as their offende; being fo capital-
Tell me (for you seem to be but half plain men) what you have to the King; being something greatly considered, he bring you where he is aboved, render your performance to his pleasure, wish him in your behalfs; and if it be in man, besides the King, to effect your Suits, here is man shall do it.

Cler. He fernes to be of great authorities close with him, give him Golds; and though Authorizze be a stubborn Bear, yet he is oft left by the Noble, with Gold: shew the in-side of your Years, to the outside of his hand, and no more adoe. Remember Asd, and say they are alive.

Shy. And's please you (Sir) to undertake the Business for vs, here is that Gold I have: He make it is much more, and leave this young man in pance, till I bring it you.

Aub. After I have done what I promised?

Shy. I Sir.

Aub. Well, give me the Moles: Are you a partie in this Business?

Cler. In some sort, Sir; but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be laid out of it.

Aub. Oh, that's the case of the Shepherds Sonne:Hang him, hee be made an example.

Cler. Comfort, good comfort: We must to the King, and shew our strange sights: he must know 'ts none of your Daughter, nor my Sister: We are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man do's, when the Business is performed, and remaine (as he says) your pance till he be brought you.

Aub. I will trust you. Walk before toward the See-side, goe on the right hand, I will but looke upon the Hedge, and follow you.

Cler. We are blest in this man as I may say, even blest',

Shy. Let's before, as he bids vs: he was provisid to doe vs good.

Aub. If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer mee: she drops Boneties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion (Gold, and a means to doe the Prince my Mutter good:) which, who knows how that may turne backe to my advancement? I will bring these two Moles, the blind ones, aboard him: if he thinks it fit to chance them againe, and that the Complaint they have to the King, concerns him nothing, let him call me Rogue, for being so farre officious, for I am proue against that Title, and what shame else belongs to't: Thomas will I prefer them, there may be matter in it.

Exeunt.

Aelius Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Lecennix, Crevinier, Dion, Paulina, Sermon: Forint, Papine.

Cler. Sir, you have done enough, and have performed A Saint-like Service. No fault could you make, Which you have not redeem'd, indeed pay'd downe More penitence, then done trepitas: At the last Doe, as the Heavens have done; forget your eun, With them, forgiving your felle.

Leo. Whilest I remember, Her, and her Vertue, I cannot forget.
The Winters Tale.

Paul. I should do:
Were I the Ghost, that walk'd, I'd bid you mark.
Here eye, and tell me for what dull part in't;
You chose her then, if I'd thriek, that even your ears
Should rift to heare me, and the words that follow'd,
Should be, Remember mine.

Leo. Scarees, Startes,
And all eyes else, dead coales: fear thou no Wife;
He hast no Wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear.

Neuer to marry, but by my free lease?

Leo. Neuer (Paulina) to be blest'd my Spirit.

Paul. Then good my Lord, bear witness to his oath,
Cees. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Violeece another,
As like Hermia, as is her Picture,
Affront his eye.

Cees. Good Madame, I have done.

Paul. Yet if my Lord will marry: if you will, Sir,
No remedie but you will; Give me the Office,
To chuse your: Queen's: she shall not be too young
As was your former, but she shall be such
As (walk'd your first Queen's Ghost) it should take joy
To fee her in your arms.

Leo. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry, till thou bidd'st vs.

Paul. That shall be when your first Queen's againe in breath:
Neuer till then.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. One that guses himselfe Prince Florizel,
Sonne of Paullus, with his Princeelle (he
The fairest I have yet beheld) descends accesse
To your high presence.

Leo. What with him he comes not
Like to his Fathers Greenesse: his approach
(So out of circumsall, and sudden) tells vs,
'Tis not a Vision fram'd, but forc'd
By need, and accident. What Tragedy?

Ser. But few,
And these but mean.

Leo. His Princeelle (fay you) with him?

Ser. 1: the most peerless piece of Earth, I think,
That ere the same stone bright on.

Paul. Oh Hormione,
As every present Time doth boast it selfe
Above a better gone; so must thy Graue
Gleue way to what's feene now. Sir, you your selfe
Haste laid, and writ to vs; but your writing now
Is colder then that Thanne: she had not beene,
Nor was not to be equalled, thus your Verfe:
Flowe'd with her Beautie once; 'tis fixedly ebb'd,
To fay you have seen a better.

Ser. Pardon, Madame:
The one, I have almoast forgoes (your pardon)
The other, when he's obstinates your eye.
Will have your Tongue too. This is a Treasure,
Would fixt begin a Sec, might quench the zele
Of all Professors else; make Profeccies
Of who the butt bid follow.

Paul. How? not women?

Ser. Women will lose here, that fine is a Woman.
More worth then any Man: Men, that she is.
The rarest of all Women;

Leo. Go, Clemences,
Your selfe (affiliated with your hono'red Friends)

Bring them to our embracement. Still is's strange,
He thus should hence upon vs,

Paul. Had our Prince
(Th'well of Children) eene this hour, he had pay'd
Well with this Lord; there was not a full month
Betweene their births.

Leo. Prethre no more; castles thou knowest.
He dye's to me againe, when talk'd of: fare
When I shall see this Gentleman, thy speaches
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Vainish me of Reason. They are come.

Enter Florizel, Perdita, Cleomenes, and others.

Your Mother was most true to Wedlock, Prince,
For she did print your Royall Father off,
Concluding you. Were I but twenty one,
Your Fathers Image is so hit in you,
(His very ayre) that I should call you Brother,
As I did him, and speake of something wildly
By vs perform'd before. Most dearly welcome,
And your faire Princeesse (Goddesse) oh alas,
I lost a couple, that twist Heaven and Earth:
Might thus have stood, begining wonder, as
You (gracious Couple) doe: and then I lost
(All mine owne Polly) the Societie,
Amittie too of your brave Father, whom
(Though bearing Miserie) I defire my life
Once more to looke on him.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Scylla, and from him
Gue you all greeting, that a King (at friend)
Can lend his Brother: and but Infringite
(Which waits upon worse time) hath something fein'd
His wish'd Abilitie, he had him selfe
The Lands and Waters, twist your Throne and his,
Mesur'd, to looke upon you: whom he loves
(He bad me say) to more then all the Scepters,
And those that bare them: living,

Leo. Oh my Brother,
(Good Gentleman) the wronges I have done thes'there
Are flet within me: and these thoy offices
(So raree kind) are as Interpreters
Of my behind-hand flacknefe. Welcome hyther,
As is the Spring to th' Earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this Paragon to th' fearfull viage
(At least vengeable) of the dreadfull Neptune,
To greeat a man, not worth his pains: much lesse
Tis aduenture of her perfom'?

Flo. Good my Lord,
She came from Lulia.

Leo. Where the Wastike Smalls,
That noble honor'd Lord, is feare'd, and lou'd?

Flo. Moft Royall Sir,
From thence: from him, whose Daughter
His Teares proclaym'd his parting with her; thence
(A prosperous South-wind friendly) we have cou'd,
To execute the Charge my Father gave me,
For visitying our High life: My lust Traine
I have from your Scyllian Shores dismist'd;
Who for Bobemis bend, to signifie
Not onely my face in Lulia (Sir)
But my arrival, and, my Wifes, in facie
Here where we are.

Leo. The blessed Gods
Purge all Infection from our Ayre, whilest you
Doe Cynicate here: you have a holy Father,
A gracefull Gentleman, against whose perfom
The Winter's Tale.

Scene Second.

[Page 196]

For which I shall not blame you, nor own you, and your thoughts, and your
tenets, and your qualities, and your virtues, and your merits, and your
depths, and your heights, and your strengths, and your weaknesses,
and your weaknesses.

Scene Third.

[Page 197]

For which I shall not blame you, nor own you, and your thoughts, and your
tenets, and your qualities, and your virtues, and your merits, and your
depths, and your heights, and your strengths, and your weaknesses,
and your weaknesses.
The Winters Tale.

Our King being ready to leap out of himselfe, for joy of his found Daughters, as if that Joy were now become a Loffe, cries, Oth, the Muther, thy Mother? Then says Faustie, forgiveth, then embraces his Sonne-in-Law; then sighs, wonders he his Daughter, with clipping her. Now he thanks the old Shepheard (which stands by) as a Weather-bitten Conduit, of many Kings Reignes. I gather, of such another Encountere, which I write not, to follow it, vnlike's description to doe it.

Gen. 2. What, pray you, becom'd of Antiochus, that carried hence the Child?

Gen. 3. Like an old Tale, which will have matter to rehearse, though Credit is asleep, and not an eye open; he was sent to pieces with a Bear; This annoys the Shepheard & Sonne; who hath not only his Innocence (which seemes much) to sufficeth him, but a Mind, that is chief and Kings of his, that Pauline knowes.

Gen. 1. What became of his Basset, and his Followers?

Gen. 3. Wratched the same instant of their Masters death, and in the view of the Shepheard, that all the Instruments which might expel the Child were then taken, when it was found. But oh the Noble Combat, that Twyst Concert and Sorrow was fought in Pauline. Shee had one Eye closed for the loss of her Husband, and another eaten at the Oracle was fillid. She lift the Prince from the Earth, and lockt her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that shee might no more be in danger of loosing.

Gen. 1. The Dignity of this Act was the audience of Kings and Princes for by such it affected.

Gen. 3. One of the prettiest touches of all, that which ang'd for mine Eyes (caught the Wearer, though not the Fifth) was, when at the Relation of the Queene's death (with the manner how shee came to it; bruitly confess'd, and lamented by the King; how attentions of wounds his Daughter, till she (from one signe of dole to another) fainted (with an Aria) I would say my brother's tears; for I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was not marble, there changed colors: some froze, all fownd it; if all the World could have seen't, the Woe had been universal.

Gen. 1. Are they returned to the Court?

Gen. 3. No: The Prince, where of her Mothers Statue (which is in the keeping of Pauline) Pecie many yeares in doing, and now newly perform'd, by that rare Italian Matter, dietro Romanesque, who (had he himselfe Ete, and could put Breath into his Works) would divine Nature of her C'tto, to perfectly he ther Ape. He se neere to Hermann, that done Hermann, that they say would speak to her, and hand in hope of answer, That ther (with all greene-flusse of affection) are they gone, and there they intend to Sup.

Gen. 2. I thought she had some great matter there in hand, for thee hath privately, twice or three a day, ever since the death of Hermann, visited that express Houre. Shall see dinish, and with our company, the Rejoicing?

Gen. 1. Who would be ther, that's the benefit of Access? Every winkle of an Eye, some new Grace will be born: our Ambition makes vs vnhittik to our Knowledge, Let's along.

Ent. He now (had I not the dail of my natural life in me) would prefermente drop in my head. I brought the old man and his Sonne aboard the Prince; told him, I heard them talk of a Foolish, and I know not which; but he at that time our-son of the Shepheard's Daughter (to he then tooke him to be) who began to be much Ses-fes, and himselfe a better, extrimity of Weather continuing, that Mystery remained vnriected. But all alone to me: for had I beene the finder-out of this Secret, it would not have relish'd among my other discrescent.

Ent. Shepheard and Claven.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the Blossomes of their Fortune.

Slop. Come Boy, I am past mee Children; but thy Sonnes and Daughters will be all Gentlemen borne.

Clown. 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? If you see them not, and think me still no Gentleman borne; you were best say these Robes are not Gentlemen borne. Giest me the Bye; do ye, and whether I am not now a Gentleman borne.

Art. I know you are now (Sir) a Gentleman borne.

Clown. I, and have been to any thesse future hours.

Slop. And so have I, Boy.

Clown. So you have; but I was a Gentleman borne before my Father: for the Kings Sonne took mee by the hand, and called mee Brother; and the two Kings called me Father; and then the Prince (my Brother); and the Prince called mee Father; and two weeps; and there was the first Gentleman-like teares that ever we shed.

Slop. We may lin (Sonne) to shew more.

Clown. I, or else I were had, being in so prop obserre, efface as we are.

Art. I humbly beseeching you (Sir), to pardon me all the faults I have committit to your Worthy, and to give me your good report to the Prince my Master.

Clown. Prethee Sonne doe; for we must be gentle, now we are Gentlemen.

Slop. Then will amend thy life?

Art. I, and it is like your good Worthy;

Clown. Give me thy hand; I will swear to the Prince, thou are so honest a true Fellow as any is in Belemus.

Slop. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clown. Not swear it, now I am a Gentleman? Let Bretons and Bretonnes say it, he swear'st it.

Slop. How is it he swears (Sonne)?

Clown. If he be ne'er so false, a true Gentleman may swear it, in the behalf of his Friend; And he swear'st to the Prince, thou art a true Fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk, but I know thou art no true Fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk, but he swear'st it, and I would thou should'st a true Fellow of thy hands.

Art. I will prove so (Sir) to my power.

Clown, by any means prove a true Fellow, if I do not wonder, how thou dost venture to be drunk, not being a true Fellow, and let me not. Harke, the Kings and the Princes (our Kindred) are going to see the Queens Picture. Come, follow us; we'll be thy good Maisters.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Leonct, Palmetum, Floris, Peridita, Clemens, Paulus, Hermannus (like a Statue.) Lordes Grace.

Leo. O grace and good Paulus, the great comfort That I have had of thee.

Cc Paulus, What
The Winters Tale.

Paul. What (Soveraigne Sir)
I did not wish, I meant well; all my Services.
Years you wou'd be gone. But that you wou'd be gone:
With your Crown'd Brother, and take your ancient
Heirs of your Kingdoms: no more Haste to visit;
It is a surplus of your Grace, which were
My life may last to answer.

Leo. O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble, but we came
To see the Statue of our Queene, Your Gallery
Hau'e we paus'd through, not without much content
In many singularties, but we saw not
That which my Daughter came to looke upon,
The Statue of her Mother.

Paul. As the light preceded,
So her dead likeness I saw well beleue.
Excels what ever you looked upon,
Or hand of Man had done: therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart. But there it is: prepare
To see the Life as truly mock'd, as true.
Still Steep a mock'd Death behol'd, and saie'tis well.
I like your silence, at the more heuws-off
Your wonder, but ye speake first, you (my Liege)
Comes it not something neere?

Leo. Her natural Prouince,
Chide me (deare Stone) that I may say indeed
Thou art her Hermene; or rather thou art she,
In thy not standing for the was as tender
As infancie, and Grace. But yet (Paulina)
Hermene was not so much wrinkled, nothing
So aged as this femea.

Paul. Oh, by much.

Paul. So much the more our Carters excellency,
Which lets get by sence of sence yeares, and makes her
As she doth now.

Leo. As now she might have done,
So much to my good content, as is it
Now pierceth to my Soule. Oh, thus the flood,
Even with such Life of Mables (sence life),
As now it coldly (stands) when first I saw her.
I am afraight: Do's not the Stone rebuke me,
For being more Stone then it? Oh Royall Poesie:
There's Magicke in thy Mables, which has
My faults consist to remembrance; and
From thy admiring Daughter take the Spirits,
Standing like Stone with thee.

Paul. And give me leave,
And do not say'tis Superfition that
I kneale, and then implore her Blessing, Ladie,
Deare Queene, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kisse,

Paul. O, patience:
The Statue is but newly sitt'd; the Colour's
Not dry.

Com. My Lord, your Sorrow was too fore lay'd on,
Which sence yeares Winter cannot blow away,
So many Summers day: scarce any Joy
Did euer to long live: no Sorrow,
But killeth it as much sooner.

Paul. Deere my Brother,
Let him, that was the cause of this, have powre
To take of so much grieue from you, as he
Will pece, in himselfe,

Paul. Indeed my Lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poore Image
Would thus have wrought you (for the Stone is mine)

Leo. Do not haue shew'd it.
Leo. Do not shew the Curtaine.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on: lead your Fancy
May shew you what you are to see,

Leo. Let be, let be.

Leo. Let be, let be,
Would I were dead, that I were, I may shew you what it is.
(What was he that did make it?) See (my Lord)
Would you not see the Life it selfe, and that it be a
Did really bee none?

Paul. Masterly done:
The very life seems warme upon her Lippe.
Leo. The figure of her Eye ha's motion in't,
As we are mock'd with Art,

Paul. I am sorry (Sir) I haue thus farre fixt you: but
I could affright you further.

Leo. Do Paulina:
For this Affliction ha's taue to swee.
As any Cordiall comfort, stille I thinke
There is an ayre comes from her. What fine Chacez
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kisse her.

Leo. Good my Lord, forbeare
The ruddiness upon her Lippe is wet:
You'll mar it, if you kisse it. Therefore your owne
With Oply Painting: shall I draw the Curtaine,

Leo. No: nor those sence yeares.

Paul. So long could I
Stand-by, a looker-on.

Paul. Either forbeare,
Quiet prently the Chapell, or resolve you
For more amazement: if you can behold it,
I'll make the Statue move in deed; defend,
And take you by the hand: but then you'll thinke
(Which I protest against) I am afflicted
By wicked Power.

Leo. What you can make her doe,
I am content to looke on: what to speake,
I am content to heare: for this is easie
To make her speake as you.

Paul. It is requerd
You doe awake your Faith: then all stand still:
On those that thinke it is a lawful Business
I am about, let them depart.

Leo. Proceed:
No foot shall stirre.

Paul. Mark you: awake her: Strike:
'Tis time: defend; be Stone no more: approach
Strike all that looke upon with diese: Come:
'Ille fill your Grave with fire: set me away:
Bequests to Death your numberless; for from him,
Dear Life redeems you: you perswade the fire:
Start not: nor in hjons shall be holy, as
You hear my Spell is lawfull: doe not shew her,
But till you see her dying again: for then
You kill her double: Nay, perswade your Hand
When she was young, you would: now in age,
Is she become the Suior?

Leo. Oh, her warme:
If this be Magicke, let it be an Arc

Law.
Purse to every one: I (an old Tattle)
Will wing me to some withered bough, and there
May well be to be found againe.
Lament, till I am left.

Lea, O peace Pauline:
Thou hast left a husband take by my content,
As I by thine a Wife. This is a Match,
And more betweene's by Vowes. Thou hast found mine,
But how is to be questioned: for I saw her
(As I thought) dead: and haue (in vaine) said many
A Prayer upon her grace, He doth seekke faire
(For him, I partly knew his mind) to finde thee
An honourable husband. Come Camilla,
And take her by the hand: who is worthy, and honestly
Is richly noted: and hereis justified
By Vs, a pair of Kings. Let's from this place.
What? looke upon my Brother: both your pardons,
That ere I put between your holy looks
My ill suspition: This your Son-in-law,
And some to the King, whom hearens directing
Is truth-plight to your daughter. Good Pauline,
Lead us from hence, where we may leyasurely
Each one demand, and anwer to his part
Penitent in this wide gap of Time, since flight
We were distrusted: Hisfly lead away.

The Winters Tale.

The Names of the Actors.

Leonato, King of Sicilia.
Marullus, young Prince of Sicilia.
Camillo.
Antigonus.

Cassius. Lords of Sicilia.
Dion.
Hermit, Queen to Leonato.
Perdita, Daughter to Leonato and Hermit.
Paulina, wife to Antigonus.

Emilia, a Lady.
Polixenes, King of Bohemia.
Florizell, Prince of Bohemia.
Old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita.
Clowne, his Sonne.
Aesop, a Fool.
Archibald, a Lord of Bohemian.
Other Lords, and Gentlemen, and Servants.
Shepheardes, and Shepheardes wives.

FINIS.
The life and death of King John.

Aulis Primus, Scena Prima.

Enter King John, Queen Eleanor, Pembroke, Ely, and Salisbury, with the Consuls of France.

King John.

Nay, Sir by Chartres, what would France with us?

Ely. Thus (after greeting) spokes the King of France.

Enter Pembroke, Ely, Queen Eleanor, Salisbury, and the Consuls of France.

King John. Enter Pembroke, Ely, Queen Eleanor, Salisbury, and the Consuls of France.

Pembroke. What is that, Sir Ely? What would France with us?

Ely. Thus (after greeting) spokes the King of France.

King John. Enter Pembroke, Ely, Queen Eleanor, Salisbury, and the Consuls of France.

Pembroke. What is that, Sir Ely? What would France with us?

Ely. Thus (after greeting) spokes the King of France.

King John. Enter Pembroke, Ely, Queen Eleanor, Salisbury, and the Consuls of France.

Pembroke. What is that, Sir Ely? What would France with us?

Ely. Thus (after greeting) spokes the King of France.

King John. Enter Pembroke, Ely, Queen Eleanor, Salisbury, and the Consuls of France.

Pembroke. What is that, Sir Ely? What would France with us?

Ely. Thus (after greeting) spokes the King of France.

King John. Enter Pembroke, Ely, Queen Eleanor, Salisbury, and the Consuls of France.

Pembroke. What is that, Sir Ely? What would France with us?

Ely. Thus (after greeting) spokes the King of France.

King John. Enter Pembroke, Ely, Queen Eleanor, Salisbury, and the Consuls of France.

Pembroke. What is that, Sir Ely? What would France with us?

Ely. Thus (after greeting) spokes the King of France.

King John. Enter Pembroke, Ely, Queen Eleanor, Salisbury, and the Consuls of France.

Pembroke. What is that, Sir Ely? What would France with us?

Ely. Thus (after greeting) spokes the King of France.

King John. Enter Pembroke, Ely, Queen Eleanor, Salisbury, and the Consuls of France.

Pembroke. What is that, Sir Ely? What would France with us?

Ely. Thus (after greeting) spokes the King of France.

King John. Enter Pembroke, Ely, Queen Eleanor, Salisbury, and the Consuls of France.

Pembroke. What is that, Sir Ely? What would France with us?

Ely. Thus (after greeting) spokes the King of France.

King John. Enter Pembroke, Ely, Queen Eleanor, Salisbury, and the Consuls of France.

Pembroke. What is that, Sir Ely? What would France with us?

Ely. Thus (after greeting) spokes the King of France.

King John. Enter Pembroke, Ely, Queen Eleanor, Salisbury, and the Consuls of France.

Pembroke. What is that, Sir Ely? What would France with us?

Ely. Thus (after greeting) spokes the King of France.

King John. Enter Pembroke, Ely, Queen Eleanor, Salisbury, and the Consuls of France.

Pembroke. What is that, Sir Ely? What would France with us?

Ely. Thus (after greeting) spokes the King of France.

King John. Enter Pembroke, Ely, Queen Eleanor, Salisbury, and the Consuls of France.

Pembroke. What is that, Sir Ely? What would France with us?

Ely. Thus (after greeting) spokes the King of France.

King John. Enter Pembroke, Ely, Queen Eleanor, Salisbury, and the Consuls of France.

Pembroke. What is that, Sir Ely? What would France with us?
The life and death of King John.

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect. Richard, I say it were,
What dost thou say to this, my lord of Landaville?
For he hath had no face like my father?
With half the face he would have raised all my land,
A half as much gold, and all my fourteen years.
Rob. My gracious liege, when thou didst see my father?
Your brother did employ me so much.
Pol. Well, sir, by this ye cannot get my land,
Your tale must be how he employed my mother.
Rob. And once did peruse it at an Embaile
To Germany, there with the Emperor,
To crease of high affairs touching that time,
Th'advantage of his patience to the King,
And in the mean time, I found it at my father's,
Where he did prove it, I am sure to speak.
But truth is true, large lengths of ear and thores
Between my father, and my mother lay,
As I have heard my father speak himself.
When this same lowly gentleman was got:
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeathed it
To his sons to me, and took it on his death:
That this my father's fortune was none of his,
And if he were, he came into the world
Full fourscore weeks before the course of time:
Then good my liege let me have what you mine.
My father's land, as was my father's will.
K. John. Sir, my brother is legitimate,
Your father's wife did after weclcle kae think:
And if the deed play false, the fault is hers,
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wise: tell me, how if my brother
Who at your age, tooke patience to get this fortune,
Hid of your father claim'd this fortune for his:
Is that a friend, as you, my lord, may have kept
This Castle, brent from his Cow from all the world:
Is that the case? if he were my brother, my brother might not claim it, nor your father
Being none of his, refuse him; this concludes,
My brothers mine did get your father's land,
Rob. Shall then my brothers. William of the force,
To dispone of this child which is not his.
Pol. Of no more force to dispone me for,
Then was his will to get me, as I think.
Elia. Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulconbridge,
And like thy brother to enjoy thy land?
Or the renowne some of Cumberland?
Lord of the preface, and no land beside,
K. John. Madam, and if my brother had my shape.
And I had his, Sir Robert, his like him,
And if my legs were two such riding rods,
My ames, such ede to the, my face so thin,
That in mine ear I but not thacie a nose,
Left men should say, where three tharchings go,
And to his shape were byre to all this land,
Would I might never threfyre on this place,
I would give it every foot to have this face:
It would not be for noble in any case.
Elia. I like thee well will thou for sake thy fortune,
And take my brother's land to him, and follow me.
I am a Suffolk, and now bound to France.
Your wise hath got five hundred pound a yeere,
Yet sell your face for five pence and thre deere:
Madam, I'll follow you into the death.

Elia. Nay, I would have you go before me otherwise.
K. John. What is thy name?
Phil. Philip of Liege, so is my name begun.
K. John. From beseforth bear his name.
Whose form thou hast, etc.
K. John. Sir, Robert, was thy name.
K. John. Sir, Robert was away.
Elia. The spirit of Plantagenet:
I am thy grandame Richard, call me to.
K. John. Madam by chance, but not by truth, what thou.
Something about a little from the right,
In the window, or else at the hatch.
Who doet not stirre by day, must waile by night,
And hau is hau, how our men doe catch:
Nieere or faire off, well wombs is full well slooth.
And I am, how ere I was begot.
K. John. Sir, Robert, was away.
K. John. Sir, Robert, was away.
K. John. Sir, Robert, was away.

K. John. Sir, Robert, was away.

K. John. Sir, Robert, was away.

K. John. Sir, Robert, was away.

K. John. Sir, Robert, was away.

K. John. Sir, Robert, was away.

K. John. Sir, Robert, was away.

K. John. Sir, Robert, was away.

K. John. Sir, Robert, was away.

K. John. Sir, Robert, was away.

K. John. Sir, Robert, was away.

K. John. Sir, Robert, was away.

K. John. Sir, Robert, was away.

K. John. Sir, Robert, was away.

K. John. Sir, Robert, was away.
What woman's post is this? hath she no husband
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?
O me, sir my mother! now good lady's
What brings you here to Court so hastily?

Enter Lady Faulconbridge and Lisette Gantry.

Lady. Where is that fine thy brother? where is he?
That bolds in chaste mine honour vp and down.
Baf. My brother Robert old Sir Robert Tone:
Colbrand the Gyant, that fame mighty man,
Is it Sir Robert Tone that you seek so?
Lady. Sir Roberts Tone, I am unrewarded boy,
Sir Roberts Tone? why frown'st thou at Sir Robert?
He is Sir Roberts Tone, and so art thou.
Baf. James Gantry, wilt thou give me leave a while?
Cor. Good leave to good Philip.
Baf. Philip, sparrow, James,
There's toyes abroad, anon I'll tell thee more.

Eva James.

Madam, I was not old Sir Roberts Tone,
Sir Robert might have eaten his part in me
Upon good Friday, and here broke his fall:
Sir Robert could do well, marrie to confesse,
Could get me Sir Robert could not doe it;
We knew his hand-worth, therefore good mother
To whom am I bowling for these lines?
Sir Robert secter solace to make this legge.

Lady. Hath thou conferred with thy brother too,
That for thine owne sake should defend mine honor?
What means this scorne, thou well versed kinsman?
Baf. Knight, knight good mother, Balfico-like.
What, I am slicked, I base it on my shoulde,
But mother, I am not Sir Roberts Tone,
I have discharge'd Sir Roberts and my land,
Legitimation, name, and all is gone;
Then good my mother, let me know my father,
Some proper man I hope, who am I mother?

Lady. Halt thou denied thy felte a Faulconbridge?
Baf. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady. King Richard Cordial was thy father,
By long and vehement use I was seduced
To make roome for him in my husbands bed:
I then lay not my transgression to my charge,
That are the issue of my deere offence
Which was so strongly yrs'd past my defence.

Baf. Now by this light were I to get againe,
Madam I would not with a better father:
Some finnes doe bear the prouuiall edge on earth,
And doth yours; your fault, was not your follie,
Needs must you lay your heart at his disposition,
Submit to commanding love,
Against whose faire and unmatcht force,
The aweful Lion could not wage the fight,
Nor kepe his princely heart from Richard's hand:
He that performes robbed Lions of their hearts,
May easily winne a woman; saye my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father;
Who liues and dares but say, thou didst not well
When I was go, He lend his soule to hell.
Come Lady I will shew thee to my kinne,
And they shall say, when Richardire begart.
If thou hadst said him nay, it had beene finnes;
Who sayes it was, he lay, I say was not.

Event.

Scena Secunda.

Enter before Augiers, Philip King of France, Lewis, Dauphine, Austria, Constance, Arthur.

Lewis. Before Augiers well met brave Augiers,
Auriae that great fore-runner of thy blood,
Richard that rob'd the Lion of his heart,
And fought the holy Warres in Palatine;
By this brave Duke came early to his grace;
And for amends to his posterity,
At our importance heither is he come,
To spread his colours by thy behalfe,
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy ynestaurall Vnkle, England's son,
Embrace him, loue him, guie him welcome heather.
Arch. God shall forgive you Certesions death
The rather, that you gie his off-spring life,
Shadowing their right under their wings of warre
I gie you welcome with a powerfullie hand,
But with a heart full of vntainted love,
Welcome before the gates of Augiers Duke.

Lewis. A noble boy, who would not doe thee right?
Aug. Upon thy cheeks lay I this zelous knife,
As seal to this indenture of my love:
That to my home, I will no more returne
Till Augiers, and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd thorne,
Whole foot pannes bucke the Oceans roaring tides,
And coopes from other lands her lands,
Even till that England being'd in with the maine,
That Water-walled Bolivarke, still secure
And confident from foreigne purpors,
Even till that vnto the corner of the Welt
Salute thee for her King, till then faire boy
Will I not thinke of home, but follow Armes.

Conf. O take his mothers thanks, a widdows thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strenght,
To make a more requitall to your love.

Aug. The peace of heauen is theirs shift their swords
In such a lift and charitable warre.
King. Well, then to worke our Cannon shall be bent
Against the browes of this resistable towne,
Call for the best of men of discipline,
To call the plots of brief advantages:
We'll lay before this town our Royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in Frenchman's blood,
But we will make it subiect to this boy.

Conf. Stay for an answer to your Embasie,
Left vrash'd doe you flame your swords with blood,
My Lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace which here we wage in warre,
And then we shall repent each drop of blood,
That but rash haste to indirectly finde.

Enter Chatillon.

King. A wonder Lady; loo vpon thy with
Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd,
What England faile, say speedely gentle Lord,
We coldly poute for thee, Chatillon spake,
Conf. Then turne your forces from this paltry siege,
And thre them vp against a mightier task:
England impatient of your ill demands,
Hath put himselfe in Armes, the aduenture winnes

Whole.
The life and death of King John.

Whole leisure I have spent, have given him time
To land his Legions all so soon as I:
His marches are expedient to this towne,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident:
With him along is come the Mother, Queen:
An Ace thrilling to blood and flutes,
With her her Neice, the Lady Blanch of Spain,
With them a Bastard of the Kings decease,
And all the yeafed honors of the Land.
Rash, insconsiderate, fiery volunteers,
With Ladies faces, and fierce Dragoons spleenes,
Have told their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birth-rights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here:
In brief, a brauer choyce of duelliste spirits.
Then now the English bottoms have wait for me,
Did not soe float upon the swelling tide,
To doe offence and feate in Christendome:
The interruption of their chiristian deves
Cut off more circumstance, they are at hand,
To partie or to fight, therefore prepare.

K. John. Peace be to France. If France be in peace permit
Our suit and lineall entrance to our owne,
If not, bleed France, and peace attend to heaven.
Whiles we Gods watchfull agent do correct
Their proud contempt that beare his peace to heaven.

K. John. Peace be to England, if that warre returne.
From France to England, there to live in peace:
England we love, and for that Englands sake,
With burden of our armor here we sweat:
That this course of ours should be a worke of thine,
But thou from feuing England art forre:
That thou haft under-wrought his lawfull King,
Cut off the sequence of polityrie,
Out-faced Infant State, and done a rape
Upon the maiden vertue of the Crownes:
Look heere vpon thy brother Geoffrey face,
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his;
This little abaxt doth containe that large,
Which died in Geoffrey, and the hand of time,
Shall draw this breefe into as huge a volume:
That Geoffrey was the eldest brother borne,
And this his sonne, England was Geoffrey right,
And this is Geoffrey in the name of God.
How came it then that thou art called a King?
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which owne the crownes, that thou ore-masterell?

K. John. From whom hath thou this great commissioun
To draw my answer from this Articles? (France)


Fran. Excuse it is to beat vurning downe.

K. John. Who is it thou dost call vfurper France?

Fran. Let me make answer: thy vfurping sonne,

K. John. Dost thou vfurpe, thy bastard shall be King.

Fran. That thou mayst be a Queen, and check the world.

K. John. My bed was ever to thy sonne as true
As shite was to thy husband, and this boy
Like in feature to his father Geoffrey.

Fran. Then thou and Iohn, in manner being as like,
As rain to water, or deluil to his daunce;
My boy a Bastard by my soule I thinke
His father neuer was to true begot.

K. John. I cannot be, and thou wert his mother.

Fran. There is a good mother boy, that bliss thy day.

K. John. There's a good grandame boy
That would blot thee.

Fran. Peace.

K. John. What the deuil art thou?

Fran. One that will play the deuil fast with you,
And a may catch your hie and you alone:
You are the Hart of whom the Prouerbe goes,
Whose valour plucks dead Lyons by the beard;
He breaks your skin-coat and I catch you right,
Sitra looke too, yf ith I will, yfith.

Fran. O well did he become that I yons robe,
That did disguise the Liones of that robe.

K. John. It lies as lightly on the backe of him
As great Achilles shoes upon an Afe.

Fran. But Afe, he take that burden from your backe,
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

K. John. What cracker is this fame that disaire our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?

K. John. Women, determine what we shall doe firstrate.

K. John. This is the very summe of all:

K. John. In right of Arthur doe I claine of thee:
Wilt thou resigne them, and lay downe thy Armes?

K. John. My life as soone: I doe defeer thee France,
Arthur of Britaine, yelt thee to my hand,
And out of my desire I clese thee more:
Then ere the coward hand of France can win
Submit thee boy.

K. John. Come to thy grandame child.

Fran. Doe childe, goe to thy grandame childe,
Give grandame kind and doe doe grandame child.

Fran. Give yte plum, cherry, and a figge,
There's a good grandame.

Arthur. Good my mother peace,
I would that I were low laid in my grave,
I am not worth this coyte that's made for me.

K. John. His mother shames him to, poore boy hee.

K. John. His name vpon you where dhe does or no;

K. John. His grandames weazing, and not his mothers shames.
Drawes these heauen-monging gestures to his poor eies,
Which heauen shall take in nature of a fire.

K. John. I, with these Chiristell beeds heauen shall be behol'd
To doe him justice, and retenge on you.

K. John. Thou monfrous slanderer of heauen and earth.

K. John. Thou monfrous slanderer of heauen and earth.


K. John. The Dominations, Royalties, and rights
Of this oppressed boy; this is thy eldest sonne.

K. John. Infortuniate in nothing but in thee.

Thy
The life and death of King John.

Who by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much worke for teares in many an English mother,
White bones lay scattered on the bleeding ground;
Many a widows husband ground lies,
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth,
And victors with little joye doth play
Upon the dancing bones of the French,
Who are at hand triumphantly displayed.
To enter Conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Britain, England's king, and yours.

Enter England with triumph.

E. Har. Reloyce you men of Angers, ring your belts,
King John, your king and Englands, cloth approach,
Commander of this hot and bloody day.
Their Armes wear'd a mantle of servitude,
Hither return all gale with Frenchmen's blood.
There suffice no place in any English heart.
That is restored by a stroke of France.
Oh colours do reigne in those same hands.
That did dislay them when we first mated teeth.
And like a sally troop of tumultuos stars.
Our left English, all with purpled hands,
Dide in the dying laughter of their feet.
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Hubert. Heralds, from out of our towne we might behold
From first to last, the on-set and retire.
Of both your Armes, whole equality.
By our best eyes cannot be concealed.
Blows: Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answered.
Strength match'd with strength, and power confounded.
Both are alike, and both alike we like:
One most praise of all, while they weigh to euer.
We hold our towne for neither eye nor both.

Enter the two Kings with their powers.

John. France, haft thou yet more blood to call away?
Say, shall the current of our right come on,
Who'd passage vert with thy impediment,
Shall lease his nature channell, and once-fell
With course disturb 4 euen thy confounding shore.
Wile thee losst his finer Water, keep
A peaceful progress to the Ocean.
Fra. England thou haft not yet one drop of blood.
In this hot trial more then we of France,
Rather looke more. And by this hand I secure.
That swayer the earth this Climate out-lookes,
Before we will lay down our light-borne Armes,
Were but their downs, gainst whiche Armes wert,
Or add a regal number to the dead: (heare,
Gracing the trouble that tells of this warrs-loose.
With laughter coupled to the name of kings.

Baf. Has Maiestye how high thy glory towres.
When the rich blood of kings is let on fire.
Oh how doth death dance his dead dance with fleery.
The sword of soules strike his teeth, his phantas.
And now he scants, mounting the stiff adance.
In undetermined differences of kings.
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus.
Crye, avenge kings, back to the blazed field.
You regale Poulotts, firet in died swords.
Then let confusion of one past confute
The others peace: till then, blowes, blood, and death.

Hub. Whole party do the Towne men yet admit.
Hub. The king of England, whom we know the king.
Fras. Know him in vs, that have this right.
Hub. In vs, that are our owne great Deputies,
And bear possion of our Perfon hereby.
Lord of our presence Angiers, and of yours.
Fras. A greater powre thus we deny all this,
And till be vouchsafed, we do locke.
Our former frump in our strong hand gives;
Kings of our feare, till our feares be solved.
Be by some certaine king, purged and depos'd.

Baf. By heasten, these preceyous of Angiers float you.
And hand securely on their battlements.

John. Now by the sky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well, France, shall we know our powers,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground,
Then after fight who shall be king off?

Baf. And thou haft the meacle of a king,
Being wrong'd as we are by this present Towne:
T uncert the mortalitie Arisitve.
As we will ours, against these fauyes wallers,
And when that we haue deth them to the ground.
Why then desine each other, and bell-still.
Make works upon our felowes, for heaven or hell.

Hub. Let us before say, where will you attack.
John. We from the Weil will send destruction
Into this Cities besieged.

Baf. I from the Northwe.
Fras. Our Thunder from the South,
Shall raise their drift of bullets on this Towne.
Baf. O prudent discipline from North to South
Austria and France, there is in each others mouth.
He stirre them to: Come, away, away.

Hub. Hear ye great kings, vouchsafe us to stay.
And I shall shew you peace, and fate the eldest.
Win you this Cities without stroke, or wound.
Refuse untrue breaking hits to dye in beds.
That there come faitures for the field.

John. Speak on with favour, we are best to heare.
Hub. That daughter there of Spinet, the Lady Blanch.
Is stille to England, losst upon the yeares.
Of other the Dolphin, and that lonely maid.
If lustie issue should go in quest of beauty.
The life and death of King John.

Where should he finde it safer, then in Bleasu?
If I should he finde it, I should see in the Lady of the blush?
In the open field, fowling for a match of birth, whose venes bound their blood, then Lady Bleas?

Such as is, in beauty, verite, birth,
Is the young Dolphin every way compleat,
If not compleat of hay he is not compleat,
And the againe wants nothing, to name want,
If want it, he not, that he art not here.
He is the halfe part of a blefit man,
Left to be finishd by a blefit man,
And the faire divided excellently,
Widow of a perfect boy, who asks for her name,
Two such sithers, two such hearted ones made one,
A such controlling naturals shall be, longs, longs,
To these two Princes, if you marry them:
This vision shall doe more then Batterie can.
To outstare close gates: for at this match,
With wher a sun shine then powre can enforce.
The mouth of battell: we will long slide on,
And give you entrance: but without this match,
The enemy out is, not halfe to deafe,
Lyons, more confident, Mountains and rocks,
More fire from motion, none death himselfe.
In mortal faire hate to comprehend,
Arms to keep this Crie.

Bleasu. Here is a daw,
That fitts the rotten cackle of old death,
Or our ragers: heres a large mouth indecle,
That spits forth death, and mountains, rookes, and seas.
Talks at familiarity of roasting Lyons,
As maids of this time, do of puppy dog gets.
What Cannonere begot this bullet blood,
He speaks as plainly Cannon fired, and smokes, and bounce,
He gives the battaunds with his tongue:
Our ears are edged, not a word of his
But boister better then a fit of France,
Zounds, I was never in battel with words,
Since if I call my brothers father Dad.

Old Quo. Son, list to this counsell, make this match.
Give with our niece a dowrie large enough,
For by this knot, thou shalt to surely eye
 Thy now vast difference to the Crowne,
 That young greenes boy shall have no Sunne to shine
 The bloome that promoteth a mightie fruites.
Hic a yeelding in the looks of France:
Mark how they whisper, urge them while their soules
Are capable of this ambition,
Leaft zeale now melted by the winde breath
Of soft petitions, pittie and remorse,
Coole and congeale arising to what it was.

Find. Why answer not the double Mischief.
This friendly treatise of our threatened Towne,
This treatise of seuerall Townes.

To take into this Crie: what say you?

If this be the Dolphin there the Princely Counte,
Her Diamond shal we make equal with a Queen.

For Angiers and lau, d' Artois, Maine, Poyllers,
And all that we vpon this houe: sea.
(Except this Crie now he by our bruit)

Shall dold her bridall bed and make her rich


Do. I do my Lord, and in her eye I finde
A wondre, or a wondrouse miracle,
The shadow of my face form'd in her eye,
Which being but the shadow of your fomme,
Becomes soome and makes you somme a shadow.

I do presse! I see you dote,
Till now, infixed I behold my selfe,
Drawne in the flattering table of her eye.

Whispers with Bleasu.

Bleasu. Drawne in the flattering table of her eye,
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow,
And quarter'd in her heart, she doth chie.
Himselfe loves a trayon: this is pitie now!
This hang'd, and drawne, and quarter'd there should be
In such a longe to see a Lour a she.

John. My vacckes will in this respect is mine,
If the see ought in you which makes him like,
That any thing which he see which moves his liking,
I can with easie tran/xhtml e to my will:
Or if you will, to speake more properly,
I will enforce it in the my loue.
Further I will not betray, you my Lord,
That all I see in you is worthie love,
Then this, that nothing do I see in you,
Though unchristian thoughts themselves should bee your
Judge.

That I can finde, should merit any hate.

John. What fare these young ones? What say you my
Niece?

Bleasu. That she is bound in honor till to do
What you in wifedome still vouchsafe to say.

John. Speake then Prince Dolphin, can you love this
Lady?

Did. Nay, sir, if I can refraine from love,
For I doe love her most uncondically.

John. Then do I give Angiers, Tournais, Blaine,
Poyllers, and Alain, those fine Provinces
With her to thee, and this addition more:
Full thirty thousand Marks of Engishes coyne.

Philips of France, if those by pleas'd withall,
Command thy fomme and daughter to joyne hands.

Did. It lies vs well young Prince; close your hands.

Angiers, and your lips too, for I am well satisfied,
That I did fo when I was full affraid.

Did. Now Citizens of Angiers open your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made.
For at Saint Marin Chapell presently,
The rights of marriage with all solemnities,
Is not the Lady Constance in this troop,
I know, she is not for this match made vp,
Her presence would have interrupted much,
Where is she and her fomme, tell me, who knowes?

Did. She is far and passionate at your highness Tent.

Did. And by my faith, this league that we have made,
Will give her fomme a very little care.
Brother of England, how may we content,
This widowe Lady a theright we came,
Which we God knowes, hace turn d another way.
To our owne vantage.

John. We will haile ye all.

For we'll create young Arthur Duke of Bragwine,
And Earle of Richmond, and this rich faire Towne.

We...
The life and death of King John.

We make him Lord of. Call the Lady Constance,
some speedy Messenger bid her prepare
To our solemnity: I trust we shall,
(If not fill up the measure of her will)
Yet in some measure satisfy her foe,
That we shall stop her exclamation,
Go we as well as hail will interve,
To this vnlook'd for wap prepared pomp,

Baff. Mad world, mad kings, mad composition:
John to hop. Arthur, side in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part,
And France, whose armour Conscience buckled on,
Whose zeal and curtness brought to the field,
As God's own foot, in time of the fare,
With that same purpose-changer, that fire-diel,
That Broker, that full breaks the pat of faith,
That daily breaketh, he that wittens of all,
Of kings, of beggars, of men, young men, maid's,
Who bailing no extremity to loose,
But the word Maid, cheers the poor Maid of that.
That smooth-face'd Gentleman, tickling commodity,
Commodity, the bys of the world,
The world, who of all is paid off well,
Made to run even, upon even ground;
Till this advancement, this vile drawing bys,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifference,
From all diredition, purpose, confine, control,
And this same bys, this commodity,
This Bawd, this Broker, this all-changing world,
Clap'd on the outward eye of little France,
Hath drawn him from his owne determin'd and,
From a rude and unprofitable warre,
To a more safe and wile-enclosed peace.
And why sayle I this commodity? 
But for because he hath not wittened me yet;
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his faire Angels would salve my pains,
But for my hand, as unempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, ralest on the rich.
Well, whilsts I am a beggar, I will rale,
And say there is no fite but to be rale;
And being rich, my verme shall then be,
To say there is no voice, but beggerie:
Since Kings breaketh on commodity,
Gain be my Lord, for I will worthip thee.

Actus Secundus

Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury.

Con. Gone to be married? Gone to swear a peace?
Falfe blood to false blood lays'd. Gone to be friends?
Shall Lewen have Blanche, and Blanche those Provinces?
It is not so, thou hast mislaid, me ill read,
Be well advis'd, tell me thy rafe again.
It cannot be, thou dost but saye it so;
I trust I may not trust thee, for thy word
Is but the vaine breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee man;
I have a Kings oath to the contrarie,
The oath shall be punnished for thus frightening me;
For I am ticked, and capable of fears.

Oppress with wrong, and therefore full of Lester,
Some speedy Messenger bids her prepare,
To our solemnity: I trust we shall,
(If not fill up the measure of her will)
Yet in some measure satisfy her foe,
That we shall stop her exclamation,
Go we as well as hail will interve,
To this vnlook'd for wap prepared pomp.

Baff. Mad world, mad kings, mad composition:
John to hop. Arthur, side in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part,
And France, whose armour Conscience buckled on,
Whose zeal and curtness brought to the field,
As God's own foot, in time of the fare,
With that same purpose-changer, that fire-diel,
That Broker, that full breaks the pat of faith,
That daily breaketh, he that wittens of all,
Of kings, of beggars, of men, young men, maid's,
Who bailing no extremity to loose,
But the word Maid, cheers the poor Maid of that.
That smooth-face'd Gentleman, tickling commodity,
Commodity, the bys of the world,
The world, who of all is paid off well,
Made to run even, upon even ground;
Till this advancement, this vile drawing bys,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifference,
From all direedition, purpose, confine, control,
And this same bys, this commodity,
This Bawd, this Broker, this all-changing world,
Clap'd on the outward eye of little France,
Hath drawn him from his owne determin'd and,
From a rude and unprofitable warre,
To a more safe and wile-enclosed peace.
And why sayle I this commodity? 
But for because he hath not wittened me yet;
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his faire Angels would salve my pains,
But for my hand, as unempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, ralest on the rich.
Well, whilsts I am a beggar, I will rale,
And say there is no fite but to be rale;
And being rich, my verme shall then be,
To say there is no voice, but beggerie:
Since Kings breaketh on commodity,
Gain be my Lord, for I will worthip thee.

Actus Secundus

Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury.

Con. Gone to be married? Gone to swear a peace?
Falfe blood to false blood lays'd. Gone to be friends?
Shall Lewen have Blanche, and Blanche those Provinces?
It is not so, thou hast mislaid, me ill read,
Be well advis'd, tell me thy rafe again.
It cannot be, thou dost but saye it so;
I trust I may not trust thee, for thy word
Is but the vaine breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee man;
I have a Kings oath to the contrarie,
The oath shall be punnished for thus frightening me;
For I am ticked, and capable of fears.
Enter King John, France, Delphi, Blanc, Elizer, Philip, Afligus, Confinage.

Fra. This true (fair shone lady) and this blessed day,
Ever in France shall be kept felicissim.
To solemnize this day the glorious sunne
Stays in his course, and plays on the Aichynith.
Turning with splendour of his precious eye
The meagre cheste earth to glittering gold;
The yearly course that brings this day about,
Shall never see it, but a holy day.

Conf. A wicked day, and a holy day.
What hath this day denoted? What hath done,
That in golden letters should be set
Among the high titles in the Kalender?
Stay, raise thine this day out of the wreck.
This day of Flaine, oppossition, pestilence,
Or if it stand still, let witches with child
Pray that their burnings may not last this day,
Left that their hopes prodigiously be crost;
But, on this day, let men more be awrestruck.
No bigger breaks than are not this day made.
This day all things begun, come to an end.
Yes, faith is false, through falsehood change.

Fra. By heven Lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the faire proceedings of this day:
How I have so pased to you my Maiesty?

Conf. You have beguiled me with a counterfeit
Resembling Misbelie, which being touch'd and tried,
Proofs valueless: you are forsworn, forsworne,
You came in Arms to spill my enemies blood,
But now in Arms, you strengthen it with yows.
The grasping vigor, and strong yowes of Warre
Is doubled in amities, and painted peace.
And our oppossition hath roused vp this league.
Arms, arms, you heaueens, against the perill'd Kings.
A widow cries, be husband to me (heauens)
Let not the howers of this vigrant day
Weather the dates in Peace; but ere Sun-set,
Set armed diered to the perill'd Kings,
Hear me, Sir, Oye, heare me.

Aff. 1. Lady Confiжение peace.

Conf. War, war, no peace, peace is to me a warre.
O Lymest, O Antes, thou dost flame
That bloody spiesie: thou slayst, thou wretch, 
Coward, Thou little wretch, great in villaine,
Thou euer strong upon the strongest side:
Thou Fortunes Champion, that dost never fight
But when her glorious Ladiship is by
To teach thee safety: thou art perill'd too,
And looth it vp greatness.
What a foolart thou: A ramping foam, to brag, and flatter,
Upon my great确实: thou cold blooded base,
Hast thou not spoken like thundr on my side?
Bene (Swoone my Soulfor, bidding me depend
Upon thy martial, thy fortune, thy strength.
And dost thou now fall out to my foes?

Thou wast a Lyons hide, doff'd for frames,
And hand's a Calues skin on thine recreant limbs.

Aff. O that a man should speake thofe words to me.

Conf. And hang a Calues skin on thine recreant limbs.

Aff. Thou danst not say to villainise thy life.

Fra. Here comes the holy Legat of the Pope.

Pan. Halfe ye nomonned deputies of heaven.
To thee King John my holy errand is:
I Raphael, of faire Milana Cardinal,
And from Pope Innocent the Legat here.
Doe in his name religiously demand
Why thou against the Church, our holy Mother;
So wilfully dost swinge our feuer george perchute.
Kepe Stephen Langton chosen Archbishops
Of Canterburie from that holy Sea: This
In our forefeard holy Fathers name.
Pope Innocent, I doe demand of thee.

Fra. What cause to name the infracenciones
Can tal the free breath of a sacred King?
Thou canst not (Cardinal) decease a name
So fliht, so worthy, and ridiculous.
To charge me to an anlire, as the Pope?
Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of England.
Adust him much more, that no Italian Priest
Shall saye the orde in our dominions.
But as we, under heauen, are figure head,
So vnder him that great supremacy.
Where we doe tyraine, we will alone uphold.
Without of afference to a mortal hand:
So tell the Pope, all reverence set apart
To him and his warp'd authoritie.


John. Though you, and all the Kings of Christendom
Are led to grosefly by this medling Priest,
Dressing the carre that money may buy our,
And by the meere of wile, dross, duff, duff,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that false pardin from himselfe:
Though you, and al the rest so grosely led,
This ingiling witchcraft with reumeus cherubin,
Yet I alone, alone doe me oppose.
Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then by the lawfull power that I have,
The Pope shall (and curse) if I, therefor.
Thou shalt (and curse) excommunion,
And blessed shall he be that doeth resolute
From his Allegiance to an heretique,
And meurtrious shall that hand be cull'd:
Cantonez and worshippe as a Sainct,
That takes away by any secret course.
Thy hatefull life.

Con. 0 Lawfull let it be
That I have roome with Rome to curse a white.

Good Father Cardinal, cry thou Amen
To my keene curse, for without my wrong
There is no tongue hast power to curse him right.

Pan. There's Law and Warrant (Ladie) for my curse.

Conf. And for mine too, when Law can do no right.

Let it be lawfull, that Law barre no wrong:
Law cannot give my childe his kingdome here:
For he that holds his Kingdome, holds the Law.
Therefore since Law it selfe is perfect wrong,
How can the Law forbid my tongue to curse?

Pand. Philip of France, on perill of a curse,
Let goe the hand of that Arch-heretique,
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Wrench he doe fabriche his false to Rome.

Els. Look at thou pale France? do not let go thy hand,
Con. Look to that Deuill, left that France repents.
The life and death of King John.

And by dissembling hands he led a false soul.
Asf. King Philip, listen to the Cardinal.
Baf. And hang a Calues-skin on his recreant limb.
Asf. Well sufficed, I must pocket up these wrongs.
Becaus.
Baf. Your breaths bell may carry them.
Iohn. Philip, what full thou to the Cardinal?
Con. What should he say but as the Cardinal?
Dolph. Behinke youfather, for the difference.
Is purchase of a heavy curtise from Rome.
Or the light loss of England, for a friend.
Frogoe the eather.
Bia. That is the curtise of Rome.
Con. O Leue, hang full, the dail tempest thee here.
In benefite of a new verity in the world.
Bia. The Lady Consance speaks not from her faith,
But from her need.
Con. Oh, if thou grant my need,
Which onely lies but the death of faith.
That need, must needs inferre this principle.
That all would have a game by death of need.
O then tread downe my need, and faith mounts vp.
Kepe my need vp, and faith is trodden downe.
John. The king is moud, and answeres not to this.
Con. O be remou'd from him, and answer we well.
Asf. Doe to King Philip, hang no more in doubt.
Baf. Hang nothing but a Calues skin most sweete lour.
Fro. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.
Fau. What canst thou say, but wilt perplex thee more?
If thou stand excommunicate, and curt.
Fra. Good reverend father, make my person yours.
And tell me how you would bow to your selfe.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
And the composition of our inward soules.
Married in league, coupled, and link'd together.
With all religious thoughts of sacred vowes,
The lastest breath that gave the found of words.
Was deeper-than a faith, peace, anity, true love.
Between us our domes and our royal feltes,
And even before this true, but new before,
No longer then we well could wash our hands.
To clap this royall bargaine vp of peace.
Heauen knowes they were benmet'd and ouer-strain'd.
With slaughter's penell, where reuseing did paint.
The fairest difference of incendiary kings:
And shall these hands so lately purl'd of blood?
So newly in love? or strong in both.
Vyoke this fury, and this kinde regrette.
Play fast and loose with faith? so left within heaven.
Make such vyncintile children of our feltes.
As now againe to fetch our palme from palme:
Vn-foarse faith review, and on the marriage bed.
Of muling peace to match a bloody brest,
And make a root on the gentle brow.
Of true incertecy? O holy Sir.
My reverend father, let not be so.
Out of your grace, desirous, ordain, impose.
Some gentle order, and then we shall be blent.
To doe your pleasure, and continue friends.
Pard. All forme is formeless, Orde and orderlyes.
Save what is opposit to England base,
Therefore to Armes, be Champion of our Church.
Or let the Church our mother breathe her curtie.
A mothers curtie, on her resulting bones.
Fran. thou maist hold a serpent by the tongue.
A railed lion by the moral paw.
A falling Tyge faster by the tooth.
Then keep the peace that hand which thou dost hold.
Fra. I may dif-fuse my hand, but not my faith.
Pard. So mak'rt thou faith an enemy to faith.
And like a ciiuii warre set to oast to oast.
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O let thy vow.
First made to heauen, first be to heauen perform'd.
That is, to be the Champion of our Church.
What once thou wrofet, is sworn against thy selfe.
And may not be performed by thy selfe.
For that which thou sworne to doe smiife,
Is not amiss when it is wronely done.
And being none done, where doing tendes to ill,
The truth is then most done not doing it.
The better Act of purposes mislike,
Is to mislike againe, though indirect, or.
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falshood, falshood cures, as fire cooles fire.
Within the forched veins of one new burn'd.
It is religion that doth make vows kept.
But thou hast made against religion:
By what thou swearst, against the thing thou swears.
And mak'rt an oath the suretie for thy truth,
Against an oath the truth, thou art victorie.
To foarse, swearest only nor to be forsworne.
Else what a mockery should it be to tswerze?
But thou dost sworze, only to be forsworne,
And keep what thou dost forswore.
Therefore thy later vows, against thy first,
Is in thy selfe rebellion to thy selfe.
And better conquest neuer canst thou make.
Then are thy constant and thy nobler parts.
Against thee giddy loose suggestions.
Vp' whiche better part, our prayers come in,
If thou wouldest be them. But if not, then know.
The perill of our curses light on thee.
So heavy, as thou shalt not finke them off.
But in despairs, dye under their blacke weight.
Asf. Rebellion, that rebellion.
Baf. Will't not be?
Will not a Calues-skin stop that mouth of thine?
Dand. Father, to Armes.
Blanche. Vpon thy wedding day?
Against the blood that thou haft married.
What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?
Shall braying trumpets, and loud churish'd drums.
Glumors of hell, be measures to our pomp.
O husband heare me: as I, alake, how new.
Is husband in my mouth? then for that name.
Which till this time my tongue did never pronounce.
Vpon my knee I beg, goe not to Armes.
Against mine vnle.
Conf. O, vpon my knee made hard with kneeling.
I doo pray to thee, thou vertuous Daniel.
Alter not the doome fore-thought by heamen.
Blaue. Now shall I see thy lour, what motione may.
Be stronger with thee, then the name of wife?
Con. That which vpholdeth him, that thee vpholdeth.
His is more, Oh thoune Honor, Lewis thine Honor.
Dolph. I make thy Maiestie doufe frome to cold.
When such profound respectes doe pull you on t.
Pard. I will denounce a curie vpon his head.
Fra. Thou shalt not need. England, I will fall firher.
Conf. O faire returne of banished Maiestie.
Ehune. O foule result of French insconstancy.
Eng. Blashe, if all true this houre within this houre.
The life and death of King John.

Bash. Old Time the clocke letter, I sayd it on Time:
Is it he will? well then, France shall rue.

Ish. The Sun's arisit it with blood: faire day adieu,
Which is the tide that I must go withall?
I am with both, each Army hath a hand,
And in their res, I having hold of both,
They whirle adander, and dismember mee.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou maist winne,
Virtue, I needs must pray that thou maist lose:
Father, I may not with the fortune thing
Grandam, I will not with thy wishes thrive.
Who euer wins, on that side shall I lose.
Afforded loyally, before the match be paid.

Delf. Lady, with thee, with me thy fortunes lyes.

Bla. There thick my fortune lyes, there my life dies.
John. Cesur, get drawe our pittance together,
France, I am burn'd vp with inflaming wrath.
A rage, whose heart hath this condition;
That nothing can ally, nothing but blood.
The blood and dearin valued blood of France.

Fra. Thy rage shal barren thee vp, and though it last.
To ships, erect a blood (shall quench that fire)
Look to thy selfe, thou art in jeopardy.
John. No more then lie he that threats. To Arms let's rise.

Scene Second.

Allarums, Excursions: Enter Bashard with Auffria's head.

Bash. Now by my life, this day grows woodross her,
Some very Deutiil lourers in the shire,
And pou's downs miscifes. Auffria's head ly there.

Enter John, Arthur, Hubert.

While Philip breathe.

John. Hubert, keep this boy: Philip make vp,
My mother is aylid in out Ten;
And tane I fear.

Bash. My Lord I refreshed her,
Her Highness is in safety, fear you not:
But on my Liege, for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end.

Exit.

Allarums, Excursions, Retreat: Enter John, Eleanor, Arthur Bashard, Hubert, Lords.

John. So shall it be: your Grace shall day behind
So strongly guarded: Cosen, looke not sad,
Thy Grandame loves thee, and thy Vrkle well.
As deere to thee, as thy father was.

Aeth. O this will make my mother die with griefe.

John. Cofen away for England, haste before,
And ere our comming, let thou shake the bags.
Of hoarding Abbeis, imprisoned angels.
Set at liberty: the fairest of peace.
Mull by the hungry now be fed vp;
Vie our Commination in his utmost force.

Bash. Bell, Book, & Candle, shall not dito me back,
When gold and harters beckes me to come on.
I shall ye higheinesse: Grandame, I will pray,
(If ever I remember to be holy)
For your faire safety: so I kiss your hand.

Etce. Farewell gentle Cofen.

John. Co. farewell.

Ele. Come her a little kindman, haste, a word.

John. Come her a little Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much: within this wall of death.
There is a foule counts thee her Creditor,
And with advantage meanes to pay thy love:
And my good friend, thy voluntary oath.
Lies in this bosone, deepely cherished.
Give me thy hand, I had a thing to say,
But I will fit it with some better tone.
By heaven Hubert, I am almost afiaid
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your Majestie.
John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet.
But thou shalt have a thousand times more to say,
Yest it shall come, for me to doe thee good.
I had a thing to say, but let it now goe;
The Sunne is in the heauen, and the proud day
Attendeth with the pleasures of the word;
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawdes.
To give me audience: If the mid night be bell
Did with his yron tonge, and bracen mouth
Sound on into the drawlence of night:
If these fane were a Church-yard where we stand,
And thou possest with a thousand wronges;
Or if that lufy spirit melancholy
Had bade thy blood, and made it heavy, thicke,
Which else names tickling vp and downe the veins,
Making that idiot laughter keep me mans eyes,
And straine their cheekes to idle merriment:
A passion halffull to my purposes:
Or if thou couldest see without eyes,
Hear me without thine cares, and make reply.
With on a tongue, thine covert alone.
Without eyes, ears, and harmefull sound of words:
Then, in daylight brooked watchfull day,
I would into thy bosone pour my thoughts;
But (ah) I will not, yet I love thee well,
And by my truth I think thou lovest me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adunck to my Act:
By heaven I would do it.

John. Doest not I know you would do it?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert throwe thine eye.
On you young boy: he tell he what my friend,
He is a very expert in my way,
And wherecert this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me: dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And he keeps him so,
That he shall not offend your Majestie.

John. Death.

Hub. My Lord.

John. A Grant.

Hub. He shall not lie.

John. Enough.

I could be merry now, Hubert, I loose thee.

Well, Ie not say what I intend for thee:
Remember: Haddam, Fare you well.
Ie send theke poevere o're to your Majestie.

Ele. My blessing goe with thee.

John. For England Cofen, goe.

Huberts shall be your man, attend on you,
With all true dutie: On towardes Calteur, houe.
Scene Third.

Enter France, Dolphin, Pandolpho, Attendants.

France. So by a roasting Tempest on the flood,
Is scattered and dif-torn'd from fellow-sheep.

Pand. Courage and comfort, all shall yet goe well.

France. What can I doe, when we have runne to thij?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?

Arise, save prisoners: divers deere friends slaine?
And bloody England into England gone,
One-lavish corruption flight of France?

Dol. What we have boath, that hast he fortified:
So hot a speed, with such advice dispose'd,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example, who hath read, or heard
Of any kindred-action like to this?

France. Well could I bear that England had this praise,
So we could finde some patterne of our shame.

Enter Confessors.

Looke who comes hither, a grace unto a foule,
Holding the eternal spirt against his will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath:
I praise God goe away with me.

Conf. Lo, now how doth the stage of your peace,
Praise patience good Lady, comfort gentle Confessors.

Conf. No, thee all Counteunc, all restfull,
But that which ends all counteunc, true Redresse.

Death, death, O amiable, lovely death,
Thou odioues mournes: bound rottennesse,
Arise forth from the couch of lastning night,
Thou hate and terror to peopil-square,
And I will dye thy detestable bostes,
And put my eye-ball in thy vallent burkes;
And ring their fingers with thy household worms,
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
And be a mature Mourner like thy selfe.

Come, grine on me, and I will thank thou full it,
And build thee as thy wife: Marius Loue,
O come to me.

France. O fair affliction, peace.

Conf. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:
O that my tongue were in the thunders mouth,
Then with a passion would I shake the world,
And rowze from sleepe that fell Anatomy.

Which cannot hear a Lasses fleche voyce,
Which forms a modern Innovation.

Pand. Lady, you write madneffe, and not sorrow.

Conf. Thou art holy to belye me so,
I am not mad: this haint I fear is mine,
My name is Confessors, I was Coffrey's wife,
Young Archier is my sonne, and he is lost.

I am not mad, I would to heaven I were,
For then's it like I should forget my felse?
O, if I could, what griefe should I forget?

Preach some Philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be Camoros (Cardinal)."

Pand. Being not mad, but feable of griefe,
My reasonable part produces reason,
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And reach me to kill or hang my felse:
If I were mad, I should forget my fonne,

Or madly think a babie,

France. What is the cause?

Conf. The reason is, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

France. Denie you these fleshes: O what cause
In the faire multitude of those her haires,
Where but by chance a slender drop hath faine,
Even so that drop ten thousand with my friends.

Dol. They grieve themselves in sociable griefe,
Like true, inseparsable, faithful louses.

Conf. Sticking together in calamity.

France. To England, if you will.

Conf. Denie you your haires.

France. Yes, there I will: and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds, and exil'd abroad
O, that thee hands could do redeem my fonne,
As they have given thee, hayres their libertie.

Conf. But now I ene thei libertie,
And will against commite them to their bonds,
Because my poore child is a prisoner.

France. And father Cardinal, I have heard you say
That we shall see and knowe our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For since the birth of Caine, the first male-child.

Conf. To him that did but yesterday expire,

France. There was not such a gracious creature borne:
But now will Caine or iorow eat my bud,
And close the nature beauty from his cheske,
And he will look as hollow as a Ghost.

Conf. As did and meager as an Agues fette,

France. And so hee'll dye: and rilling to againe,
When I shall meet him in the Court of heaven.

Conf. Thou not know him: therefore never, never,
Muf I behold my preetye. Avisior more.

Conf. Thou holde too heinous a respect of griefe.

Conf. He talks to me, that never had a fonne.

Conf. Thou are as fond of griefe, as of thy child.

Conf. Greekes fells thesoume vp of my absent childe:
Lies in his bed, wakes vp and doeneth with me,
Putts on his prettye looks, repressest his words,
Rememberes me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his fonne,

Conf. Then have I reason to be fond of griefes.

Conf. Farewell well I had you aches a losse as I,
I could gaine better comfort then you doe,
I will not knowe this fonne upon my head,
When there is such disorder in my witte,

Conf. O Lord, my boye, my Archier, my faire fonne,

Conf. My life, my joye, my food, my all the world.

Conf. My widow-comfort, and my forrowes cure.

Conf. There is nothing in this world can make me joye,
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsie man,

Conf. And bitter frame hath spoild the sweet words trait.
That ye chills nought but frame and bitternesse.

Conf. Before the cuting of a strong disea,
Even in the instant of repairs and health,
The fit is strong est: Equils that take leasen
On their departure, most of all doew euals.

Conf. What hast thou lost by losing of this day?

Conf. All daies of glory, joye, and happinesse.

Conf. If you had won it, certainly you had.

Conf. No, no: when fortune means to men most good,
Shee looks upon them with a threatening eye.
Tis for to thinke how much King John hath lost

In this which he accounts so clearly wronke.
Are not you grie'd that Arthur is his prisoner?

Del. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

Fau. Your minde is all as youthfull as your blood.

Now hear me speak with a prophetike spire.

For euen the breath of what I meane so faine,

Shall blow each drift, each straye, each little rub

Out of the path which shall directly lead

Thy sole to Englands Throne. And therefore markes:

John hath seiz'd Arthur, and it cannot be,

That whils they were life players in that inferne veins,

The mid-Plac's John should therefore staine an houre,

One minute, say one quiet breath of rest.

A Scepter snatch'd with an unruly hand,

Mull be as boylerously maintaine'd as gain'd.

And he that standes upon a slippery place,

Makes nice of no while hold to thy him

That Iohn may stand, then Arthurs need must fall,

So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Del. But what shall I gain by yong Arthurs fall?

Fau. You in the right of Lady Blanche your wife,

May then make all the claimes that Arthurs did.

Del. And look all life, and all as Arthurs did.

Fau. How green you are and fresh in this old world?

Iohn lays you plots the times conspire with you,

For he that stealeth his saucie in true blood,

Shall finde but bloody safety, and vulture.

This Art fo emplye borne shall coole the hearts

Of all his people, and freeze up their scale,

That none so small advantage shall stypp forth

To check his reigne, but they will cheekish it.

No natural exaltation in the skie,

No scope of Nature, no time tempe'st day,

No common windes, no ordinarie events,

But they will plucke away his natural cape,

And call them Meteors, prodigies, and signes,

Abdorfines, presages, and tongues of heauen,

Plainly denouncing vengeance upon Iohn.

Del. May be he will not touch yong Arthurs life,

But hold him selfe safe in his prynicans.

Pan. O Sir, when he shall hear of your approacht,

If that yong Arthur be not gone alreadie,

Even at that heues he dies; and then the hearts

Of all his people shall revolt from him,

And kiffe the lippes of unacquainted change,

And picke strong oroute of words, and war doth

Out of the bloody fingers ends of Iohn.

Me thinke I see this husle all on foot;

And O, what better master breed for you,

Then I have nam'd. The Baffard Faulconbridge

Is now in England ransackinge the Church,

Offending Charity: If but a dozen French

Were there in Armes, they would be as a Call,

To traine ten thousand English to their side;

Or, as a little know, tumbled about,

Anes becomes a Mountains. Noble Daphnie,

Go with me to the King, tis wonderfull,

What may be wrought out of their discomfit,

Now that their foules are topfull of offence,

For England go, I will whet on the King.

Del. Strong reasons makes strange actions steve go,

If you say I, the King will not say no.

Exit Del.
The life and death of King John.

If heaven be pleas'd that you must see me ill,
Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?
That eyes, that never did me never shall
So much as frowny on you.

Hub. I thee pronounce to do it;
And with hot irons must I burne them out.

Art. Ah, none but in this iron age, would do it:
The iron of it selfe, though he be red hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink up my teares,
And quench this fierce indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence.

Nay, after that, confound away in ruff,
But for containing fire to burne mine eyes:
Are you more inborne hard, then hammer'd iron?
And if an angel should come to me,
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have beleaun't him: no tongue but Hubert.


Art. O fume me Hubert, sate me: my eyes are out
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron I say, and binde them there.

Art. Alas, what need you be so brutish rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand and shewe full:
For heaven take Hubert let me not be bound:
Nay heare me Hubert, drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a Lamb.
I will not shew, nor whine, nor speake a word,
Nor looke upon the iron angrily:
Thrust but these men away, and Ie forgive you,
What euer torment you do put me too.

Hub. Go stand within: let me alone with him.

Exe. I am beloyn'd to be from such a deed.

Art. Alas, I then have chace away my friend,
He hath a ferme look, but a gentle heart.
Let him come backe, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.


Art. Is there no remeide?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Art. O heaven! that there were but a mod in yours,
A graine, a dust, a grain, a wonderfull hape,
Any annoyence in that precious face:
Then feeling what small things are boyterous there,
Your vilde intent must needs seeme horible.

Hub. Is this your promise? Go, take hold your tongue.

Art. Hubert, the vittencese of a brace of tonguees,
Muffed their want pleasing for a pare of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue: let me not Hubert,
Or Hubert, if you will cut out my tonguie
So may kepe me mine eyes. O spare mine eyes,
Though to no vie, but fill to looke on you.
Lost, by my oath, the instrument is cold;
And would not harme me.

Hub. I can heare it, Boy.

Art. No, in good soule: the fire is dead with griefe,
Being create for comfort, to be ye'd
In vndefin'd extremities: see if thee thy selfe,
There is no misle in this burning cole,
The breath of heaven, hath blowne his spirit out,
And fruited repentant skyes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can reduce it Boy.

Art. And if you do, you will but make it bluf,
And glow with flame of your proceedings, Hubert:

Nay, it percehance will sparkle in your eyes:
And like a dogge that is compelled to fight,
Snatch at his Matter that doth curse him on.

All things that you shoulde wite to do me wrong
Deny their office: none that you do lacke.
This fire, which fierce, fiery, and iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy, looking vies.

Hub. Well, see to it: I will not touch thine eye,
For all the treasure that shine Vnkle owes,
Yet am I worne, and I did purpse, Boy,
With this same very Iron, to burne them out.

Art. O now you look like Hubert: All this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace; no more. Adeiu.
Your Vnkle must not know but you are dead.
Ile fill these dogged Spies with false reports
And, pretty childe, sleepe doubtfull and secure,
That Hubert for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Art. O heaven I thank thee Hubert.

Hub. Silence, no more; go closely in with mee,
Much danger do I undergoe for thee.

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter Iden, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lords.

Iohn. Here once againe we feate: once against crowne
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerefull eyes.

Pem. This once again (but that youe Highnesse please'd)
Was once so superfuous: you were Crown'd before,
And that high Royalty was nere pluck'd off.

Iohn. The faiths of men, were stain'd with resroke
In freshe expectation troubled not the Land
With any long-d for change, or better State.

Sal. Therefore, to be person'd with double pompe,
To guard a Title, that was rich before;
To gild refined Gold, to paint the Lilly;
To throw a perfume on the Violet.

Pem. But that your Royall pleasure must be done,
This sate, is as an ancient tale new told,
And, in the last repeating, troublesome.

Iohn. Being urg'd at a time unseasonable.
Sal. In this the Anticke, and well note'd fact
Of plain old forme, is much disfigur'd,
And like a shifted winde vnsteale.
Pem. It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,
Startles, and frights consideration.

Sal. Makes fond opinion tickle, and truth dispeate,
For putting on to new a fashion'd robe.

Pem. When Workmen strive to do better then we,
They do confound their skill in course outeffe.

Iohn. And oftentimes excusing of faults,
Doth make the fault the work: by the excuse.

Sal. At patches fer upon a little breach
Differently more in hiding of the fault,
Then did the fault: before it was to patch'd.

Pem. To this effect, before you were new crown'd
We breath'd our Counsellor: but pleas'd your Highness
To over-bear it, and we are all well pleas'd
Since all, and every part of what we would
Doth make a stand, at what your Highness wil.
The life and death of King John.

Iab. Some reasons of this double Coronation, I have performed you with, and think them strong:
And more, more strong, then letter is my taste:
I shall induce you with: Meane time, but sake:
What you would have gathered, that is not well,
And well shall you perceive, now willingly:
I will both hear, and grant on your request.

Prem. Then I, as onethar am the tongue of these:
To found the purposes of all their hearts,
Both for my selfe, and them: But clerks of all
Your fatteness: for the which, my selfe and them,
Bein their best studys, hearstly request.

Th' Unfranchised of a, Arthur, whole right is;
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument:
If what in rett you have, in right you hold.
Why then your fears, which as they say, attend
The steps of wrong, should move you to new yr.
Your tender kinman, and to checke his dayes;
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth.
The rich advantage of good exercise,
That the time enemies may not have this.
To grace occasion: let be our fate,
That you have Bin vs. ask his libbire,
Which for our goods, we no further ask,
Then, whereupon our weale on you depending,
Counts is your weale: he haue his liberty.

Iab. Let it be so: I do commit his youth
To your direction: Hubert, what news with you?

Prem. This is the man should do the bloody deed:
He flew his warrant to a friend of mine,
The image of a wicked hennys fault.
Lose in his eye: that clothe the worst,
Do shew the manner of a much troubled brief.
And I do fearly beleue tis done,
What we to fear he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the King doth come, and go.
Betweene his purpose and his confidence.
Like Heralds with their daces, among the Clergy men.
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Prem. And when it breaks, I fear it will influe the worst.
The foule corruption of a sweet childes death.

Iab. We cannot hold mortalities from hand.
Good Lords: although my will to gue, is living.
The faire which you demand is gone, and ill.
He tells us: Arthur is deceas'd to night.

Sal. Indeed we fear'd his fickle was past cure.

Prem. Indeed we heard, how nere his death he was,
Before the child himselfe felt he was sick.
This must be answer'd either here, or hence.

Iab. Why do you bend such folke, man to man?
Think you I bear the Sheers of destiny?
Hau I commandement on the puffs of life?

Sal. It is apparent foule-play, and its faine
That Greatestelle should go profly out of it.
So thrite it in your game, and to fairewell.

Prem. Stay yet (Lord Salisbury) Ie go with thee,
And finde in inheritance of this poor child.
His little kindgone of a forced grave.
That blood which ow'd the breach of all this Ie,
Three feet and doth hold, bad would the while?
This must not be thus borne, this will break out.
To all our foreswear, and long I thought:

Exeunt.

Ies. They burn in indignation? I repent:
There is no sure foundation on earth.
No certaine life archieft by others death:
A fearfull eye thou haft. Where is that blood,
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foule a skie, cherees not without a storme,
Pourde downe thy weather: how goes all in France?

Iab. From France to England, never such a power.
For any foraigne preparation,
Was lent in the body of a land.
The Copie of your spede is learnt by them:
For when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings comes, that they are all armed.

Iab. On where hath our Intelligence bin dranke?
Where hath it slept? Where is my Mothers care?
That such an Army could be drawn in France?
And the not bear of it?

Iab. My Liege, her care
Is slept with death; the birth of April di'de:
Your noble mother, and as I hear, my Lord.
The Lady Constance in a frenzie di'de.
Three days before: but this from Rumours tongue
I didly heard: true or false I know not.

Iab. Withheld my speed, dreadfull full of Occasion:
O make a league with me. all I have heard.
My discontented pressing. What's Mother dead?
How will it then walkes my Eftate in France?
Vnder, whole conduct came the whole poweres of France,
That thou for what's gain't out are lancked here?

Iab. Want of the Dolphin.

Iab. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings: Now what lays the world
To your proceedings? Do not seek to shuflle
My head with more ill newses: for it is full.

Iab. But if you be, dear to heare the worst,
Then let the worst voice, heard, fall on your head.

Iab. Bear with me Coten, for I was amaz'd
Vnder the tide: but now I breath again.
Aloft the flood, and can glue audience.
To any conceit, spake not of what it will.

Iab. If I have feard among the Clergy men,
The sumnes I have collected shall expresse:
But as I travailed through the land,
I finde the people strangely fantastick.
Possift with Rumors, full of idle dreams
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear.
And here's a Prophet that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfort, whom I found
With many hundreds reading on his healest.
To whom he sung in rude hardy founding times,
That ere the next Ascension day at none.

Iab. Thou idle Dreameur, wherefore didst thou so?
Per. For knowing that the truth will fall out,
Iab. Hubert, away with him: imprision him,
And on that day at none, whereon he layes.
I shall yield vp my Crowne, let him be hang'd.
Delter him to death, and returne.
For I must ye shew. O my gentil Coten,
Hear thou the newest abroad, who are arr'at.

Baf. The French (my Lord) mens mouths are full of it.
Befides I met Lord Bipes, and Lord Salausborrie
With eyes asred as new enkindled fire.
And others more, going to tickle the grave
Of Arthur, whom they say is kill'd so night, on your
Iab. Gentill kinman, go

[Signature:]
And shrait thy selfe into these Companies.
I have a way to winne their lovinge againe,  
Bring them before me:  

Spake, I will feele them out.  

Nay, but make haste the better, for before,  
O, let me have no inconstent enemies, 
When aduerse forreiners affright my Townes, 
With dreameful pomp of Forreign motion, 
Be Mercures, let feathers on thy heare, 
And flye like thou, flye from them, to me againe.  

The spirit of the time shall teach me neede.  
Spake like a rightfull Noble Gentleman.  

Go after him: for he perhaps shall neede 
Some Messenger betweene me, and the Peeres, 
And be thou here.  

With all my heart, my Liege.  

My mother dead?  

Hub. My Lord, they say five Moones were seene to 
Feare fixed, and the life did whistle about (night).  
The other foure, in wonderfull motion.  

Fise Moones.  

Hub. Old men, and Beldames, in the streets 
Do prophesie vpont it dangerously: 
Young Arthurs death is common in their mouthes, 
And when they talke of him, they shake their heads, 
And whisper one another in the eare. 
And he that speakes, doth grope the hearers with 
What he that heareth, makes tearfull shien 
With winkted browses, with sads, with rolling eyes. 
I saw a Smith fland with his hammer (thus) 
The whilist his Iron did on the Anvil coole, 
With open mouth I sawtonging a Taylors newes, 
Who with his Shears, and Measure in his hand, 
Standing on flippers, which his nimble haste 
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feete, 
Told of a many thousand warse French, 
That were embattailed, and raked in Kent. 
Another feare, you shall d Artilleur, 
Cuts of his tale, and talke of Arthurs death.  

Why seek it thou to assallce me with thine feares?  
Why vexest thou to tell young Arthurs death?  
Thy hand hath undesir'd him, I had a mighty cause 
To with him dead, but thou hast done to kill him.  

No had (my Lord;) why, did you not provoke me?  

It is the cirke of Kings, to be arraigned 
By them, that take their humors for a stratagme, 
To breake within the bloody house of life, 
And on the winking of Authoritie 
To understand a Law; to know the meaning 
Of dangerous Mischief, when percheance it frownes 
More upon humors, then aduis'd respect.  

Hercules, is your hand and Scale for what I did, 
Oh, when the left accroc threat heaven & earth 
It is to be made, then flint this hand and Scale 
Witt nesse against ys to damnation. 
How of the sight of meanes do ill deeds, 
Make deeds ill done? Had I not thou beene by? 
A fellow by the hand of Nature markd, 
Quoted, and sign'd to do a deed of fame, 
This mixture has not come into my minde, 
But taking note of thy abhor'd Aspex, 
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy: 

Apr, liable to be employ'd in danger, 
I hastily broke with thee of Arthurs death; 
And soon, to be indicted on a King, 
Made no condition to destroy a Prince.
The life and death of King John.

Big. To morrow morning let vs meere him thin.
Sal. Or rather then set forward, for I will be
Two long days journey (Lords) for we meete,

Enter Sal distant.

Big. Once more to day well met, dissembler Lords,
The King by me requests your presence straight.
Sal. The king hath disposed himselfe of vs,
We will not lyne his thin-beathed clanke
With our pure Honors: but attend the house
That leaves the print of blood where er it walke.
Return, and tell him fo that we know the word.

Big. What ere ye think, good words I think
were best.
Sal. Our greefe, and not our manners reason now.
Big. But there is little reason in your greefe.
Therefore there reason you had manners now.

Pem. Sir, I apprehend his prudence.

Big. Tis true, to hurt his matter, no man else.
Sal. This is the prision: What is the eyes here?
P. Oh death made proude with pure & princely beuty,
The earth had not a hole to hide this deede.

Big. Munther, as having what himselfe hath done,
Doth lay it open to tryge our reuenue.

Pig. Or when he doom'd this beautie to a grave
Found it too precious Princely, for a gait.
Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? you have held,
Or have you not, or what could you thinke?

Do you allow thinkes, although you do,
That you do fee? Could thinke, without this obiect
Form'd such another? This is the very top,
The bright, the Creft or Crest wo the Creft.

Of mothers Arms: This is the bloodleft shame,
The wieldft Sawagery, the wieldft stroke
That ever wall'd it wrathe, or flaming rage
Dedicated to the tears of lost remorse.

Pem. All mothers pait, do stand except'd in this:
And this is solely, and so unmatchable,
Shall pinn a holieffe, a paste,
To the yet vowe appotene time of times;
And prone a deadly bloodshed, but a tell,
Examnled by this heamous spectacle.

Big. It is a damned, and a bloody worke,
The gracieless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the worke of any hand.
Sal. What that it be the worke of any hand?
We had a kind of light, what would enuie,
It is the shameful worke of Hubert's hand,
The practice, and the purpose of the king:
From whose obedience I forbid my soule,
Kneeling before this nuns of favorite life,
And breaching to his blastheffe Excellence.

The Incense of a Vow, a holy Vow:
Next, to take the plentues of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor counterfeitt with Ease; and I delicate,
Till I have set a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worship of Reuenge.

Pem. Big. Our soules religiously confine thy words.

Hubert. Lords, I am here with haffe, in seeking you,
Arthur doth live, the king hath sent for you.
Sal. Oh he is bold, and blusses not at death.

Auant that basefull villain, get thee gone. (The Law)

Hub. I am no villaine.
Sal. Maff Rob.

Big. Your word is bright hit, put it vp agayne.
Sal. Not till I maes it in a murtherers skin.
The life and death of King John.

How canst thou then take all England vp? What forc'dst thou this miserable and dead Royalty? The life, the right, and truth of all this Realm is fled to heaven; and England now is left to tug and scramble; and part by part the
The vn-owned interest of proud swelling State: Now for the bare picks hole of Maidens. Dost diggèd warre bristle his angry crest? And farseeth in the gentle eyes of peace;
Now Powers from home, and discontented at home Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits As doth a Raven on a sickle-fall bed;
The imminent decay of crested pomp; Now happy be, whole cloth and center can Hold out this tempest; Bear away that child, And follow with speed: I go to the king:
A thousand bullfinches are briefs in hand, And heuèr it false doth frome you put the Land. Exit.

Actus Quartus, Scena prima.

Enter King John and Pandolph, attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yealded vp into your hand The Circle of my glory.

Pand. Take againe
From this my hand, as holding of the Pope Your Soueraine greatnesse and authority.

K. John. Now keep your holy word, go meet the French, And from his holie visit all your power To stop their marche, here we are endend:
Our discontented Counties doe revolt;
Our people quarrel with obedience,
Swearing Allegiance, and the vows of feit.
To stranger-blood, to forsake Royalty;
This inundation of mistempred honor,
Reigns by you only to be qualified.

See, the prince, for the pleasant time's for feare,
That present medicine must be ministr'd,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this Tempest vp,
Upon your suborne viage of the Pope:
But since you are a gentle conqueror,
My tongue shall hush against this storme of warre,
And make faire weather in your blustering land:
On this Ascension day, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the Pope,
Goe I to make the French lay downe their Armes.

K. John. If this Ascension day did not the Prophet Say, that before Ascension day at noon,
My Crown should I give off? even to I have:
I did impose it should be on constraint,
But (heau't be thank'd) it is but voluntary.

Enter Baffard.

Baffard. All Kentishmen yeeld: nothing there holds out
But Foure Castles: London hath receiued.
Like a Kinde Hoff, the Dolphin and his powers.
Your Nobles will not buire you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy:
And wildes amazement hurties vp and downe
The littell number of your doubfull friends.

K. John. Would not my Lords returne to me againe
After they heard yonge Arthor was alive?
The life and death of King John.

I am too high-borne to be propos'd
To be a secondary at control,
Or viole full hunting-man, and Infirme.
To any Soueraigne State throughout the world,
Your breath first kindled the dead coale of warses,
Burnt omly this chaff'd kingdom done and my selfe,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 'tis farre too huge to be blowne out
With that fame weakes winde, which enkindled it:
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interrrest in this Land,
Yes, taught this enterprise into my heart,
And come ye now to tell me John hath made
His peace with Rome what is that peace to me
I (by the honour of my marriage bed)
After young Arthur, claim this Land for mine,
And now it is half conquered, must I backe,
Because John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne?
What men proposed? What munition sent
To vender-prop this Action? Is't not I
That vender-go this charge? Who else but I,
And such as to my clain are able,
Sweet in this battle, and maine in this warre.
Haste I not heard these Hands shew out
Une le Roy, as I haste bank'd their Townes?
Haste I not heere the heralds Cards for the game
To winne this este match, paid for a Crowne?
And shall I now give o're the yielded Set?
No, no, on my sole it never shall be said,

Pand. You look but on the out-side of this worke.

Del. Out-side or in-side, I will not returne
Till my attempts so much be glorified,
As to my amble hope was promis'd,
Before I drew this gallant head of warre,
And call'd the fierce spirits to the world
To out looke Conquest, and to winne renowne
Even in the aues of danger, and of death:
What lufy Trumpet thus doth humnony vs?

Enter Baffard.

Baff. According to the faire-play of the world,
Let me have audience: I am sent to speake:
My holy Lord of Millane, from the King
I come to leame how you have dealt for him:
And, as you answer, I doe know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The Delfon is too well full opposite
And will not temporize with my intrestes:
He fiercely bese, he fast lay down his Armes.

Baff. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The youth bese well. Now have our English King,
For thus his Royalie doth speake in me:
He is prepare'd, and reason to be should,
This spight and unmanly approach,
This barne's d Maske, and variety Reuell,
This vn-heard favonish and boyish Trooper's,
The King doth make a shew, and is well prepare'd
To whip this durtish warre, this Pigmy Armes
From out the circle of his Territories.
That hand which has the strength, even at your dore,
To cudgell you, and make you take the hatch,
To dace like Buckets in conceale Wellies,
To crowne in litter of your stable planks,
To lye like paunes, lock'd vp in chefs and trunks,
To lug with swine, to seake sweet safety our
In vaults and prisons, and to thrill and shakke

Del. Your Grace shall pardon me, I will not backe:
The life and death of King John.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, and Bige.
Sal. I did not think the King so froward with friends.
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.
Sal. That misbegotten wench Edmonshury,
In fright of spight, alone uphold the day.
Pres. They say King John is sick, hath left the field.
Enter Melun wounded.
Mel. Lead me to the Rest of England here.
Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.
Pres. It is the Count Melun.
Sal. Wounded to death.
Mel. Fly Noble English, you are bought and sold,
Vnther the rude eye of Rebellion,
And welcome home again disdained faith,
Seek to our King John, and fall before his feet.
Sef for the French be Lords of this loud day,
He means to recompose the peers you take,
By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the Altar at S. Edmondsbury.
Each on that Altar, where we swore to you
Deere Amity, and everlastiny louse.
Sal. May this be possible? May this be true?
Mel. Haste I not hideous death within my view,
Reeking but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, even as a forme of wake
Refolisheth from his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should she make me now deceive,
Since I must looke the vie of all deceivers?
Why should I then be false, since it is true
That I must dye here, and hence herein, by Truth?
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworne, if ere those eyes of yours
Behold another day breake in the East:
But euene this night, whose blacke contagious breath
Already smokes out the burning Cret
Of the old, steele, and day-wearied Sunne,
Even this night, your breathing shall expir,
Paying the fine of rated Treachery,
Risen with a teachorous fine of all your lustes:
If Lewis, by your assistance, win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert, with your King;
The love of you, and this respect besides
(For that my Grandaire was an Englishman)
Awakes my Confidence to confute all this:
In liet whereof, I pray you heare me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the Field,
Where I may think the remaine of my thoughts
In peace and part this bodie and my soule
With contemplation, and devout desires.
Sal. We do believe thee, and bethrew my soule,
But I do lose the favour, and the forme
Of this most faire occasion, by the which
We will restrain the flames of damned flight,
And like a bated and retired Pheon,
Leaving our ranknesse and irregular course,
Stooppe low in those bounds we have er-shot,
And calmly run on in obedience.
Even to our Ocean, to our great King John.
My arme shall give thee helpes to bear thee hence.

Alarms. Enter Hubert and Hubert.
Hub. How goes the day with us? oh tell me Hubert.
Hub. Excellently, my Lord, you are safe and well.
Vnlesse be my name, oh, my heart is sicke.
Enters a Messenger.
Mess. My Lord: ye valiant Knight Falconbridge,
Desires your Majesty to sete the field,
And lead him with me, which way you go.
Hub. Tell him toward Swinfield, to the Abbey there.
Mess. Be of good comfort: for the great supply,
That was expected by the Dolphin here,
Arrack'd three months ago on Goodwin sands.
This news was brought to Richard but even now,
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.
Hub. Ay me, this same Feauest burns mee vp,
And will not let me welcome this good news.
Seton toward Swinfield: to my Luter strait,
Weaknesse poffest mee, and I am faint.

Scena Tertia.

Enter John and Hubert.
Hub. What doe you think of the King's death?
John. This Feauest that hath troubled me so long.
Ies be with me: oh, my heart is sicke.
Enters a Messenger.
Mess. My Lord: ye valiant Knight Falconbridge,
Desires your Majesty to sete the field,
And lead him with me, which way you go.
Hub. Tell him toward Swinfield, to the Abbey there.
Mess. Be of good comfort: for the great supply,
That was expected by the Dolphin here,
Arrack'd three months ago on Goodwin sands.
This news was brought to Richard but even now,
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.
Hub. Ay me, this same Feauest burns mee vp,
And will not let me welcome this good news.
Seton toward Swinfield: to my Luter strait,
Weaknesse poffest mee, and I am faint.
Scena Quinta.

Enter Dolphi, and his Train.

Dol. The Sun of heaven (me thought) was lost to set; But it is hid, and made the Westcome Weikin blithe.

When Englishmen measure backward their owne ground;

In faint Defin: Oh, bravely came we off,

When with a volley of our scedelle shot

After such bloody stile, we bid good night;

And woon'd our tottering solars clently vp.

Left in the field, and almost Lords of it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where is my Porter, the Dolphi?

Dol. Hecce: what newses?

Mes. The Count Atleon is flaine. The English Lords

By his persuasion, are againe flaine off.

And your supply, which you have with you so long,

Are cast away, and sunk in Goodewe sands.

Dol. Ah, lowe, these newses, Beithrew thy very

I did not thinke to be so fould night.

(here)

As this hast made me. Who was he that said

King Iohn did lie an hour or two before

The humming night did past our westerly powers?

Mes. Who spake it, is it true my Lord.

Dol. Well: keere good quarter, & good care to night,

The day shall not be vp so soon; I

To try the faire adventure of to morrow.

Exeunt

Scena Sexta.

Enter Baffard and Hubert, generally.

Hub. Whose there? Speak low, speake quickly or I

Bass. A Friend. What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Bass. Whether dost thou go?

Hub. What a thing to thee?

Why may not I demand of thine affairs,

As well as thou of mine?

Bass. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought;

I will vpon all hazards well beleue.

Thou art my friend, that know my tongue so well.

Who art thou?

Bass. Who thou wilt: and if thou pleaseth

Thou maist be friend to me so much, as to think

I come one way of the Plantageners.

Hub. Wilt thou content me; thou shalt have my remembrance; show, & endeall night.

Hove done me frame; Brue Sollier, pardon me.

That any accend breaking, from thy tongue,

Should leaue the true acquaintance of mine ears.

Bass. Come, come; I ans complements, What newses abroad?

Hub. Why heere walke I, in the black bow right of night.

To finde you out.
The life and death of King John.

It would not out at windowes, nor at doores,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust?
I am a fedded forme, drawne up with a pen.
Upon a parchment, and againe, this fire
Do I drinke vp.

Hear. How fares your Maiestie?

Iob. Poysoned, ill fares; death, forsook, call off.
And none of you will bid the wintercome.
To thrust his yole fingers in my mouth.
Not let my kingdoms rivers take their course.
Through my burn'd bosome; nor unlessthe North
To make his blakke winde kill my parched lyes.
And comfort me with cold. I do not ask you much.
I begge cold comfort; and you are so strait.
And to ingrateful, you deny me that.

Hear. Oh that there were some verue in my teares,
That might releuce you.

Iob. The sail in them is hot.
Within me is a hell, and there the payson
Is, as a friend, confined to tyrannise.
On unrepresentable condesned blood.

Baff. Oh I am feaieded with my violent motion.
And spleene of speed, to see your Maiestie.

Iob. Oh Cozen, thou art come to see mine eye.
The tackle of my heart, is crack'd and burn'd.
And all the howows where with my life should faile.
Are turned to one thread, one little hare.
My heart hath one poore string to stay it by,
Which holds but till the news be vitiated,
And then all this shoot feebly, is but a clog.
And module of confounded royalty.

Baff. The Dolphin is preparing higher wind,
Where heaven be knowes how we shall answer him.
For in a night the best part of my powers.
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the Wolfer, all unvarying.
Denoumed by the vnaped flood.

Sal. You breath these dead newes in a dead an exe.

My Liege, my Lord; but now a King, now thus.

Hear. Even in to muff, in morn, and even do flog.
What surtice of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a King, and now is slay?

Baff. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behinde.
To do the office for thee, of revenge,
And then my soule shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath bene thy fermeate fill.
Now, now you starrs, this move in your right spere,
When be your peasants? Shew me on your marred sides,
And infinitely returne with me againe.
To push destruction, and perpetuall shame
Out of the weake doore of our fainting land:
Straight let vs seeke, or straight we shall be fought.
The Dolphin rage at our vere heele.

Sal. If terme you know not them so much as we,
The Cardinal Pardolph is within at reft.
Who is an issue once 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 times well finedd to our defence.

Sal. Nay, this in a manner done already.
For many carriages he hath dispatched
To the sea side, and put his cause and quarrell
To the dispoling of the Cardinal:
To whom your felle, my felle, and other Lords.
If you think meete, this afternoon will pass.
To conclave this benefice, happily.

Baff. Let it be so, and you my noble Prince.
With other Princes that may befie the fairest,
Shall wait upon your Fathers Funeral.

Hear. As Morall must his body bee interd.
Forso be he will do.

Baff. Thine here it then.
And happily may your sweet sole put on
The lineall bare, and glory of the Land.
To whom with all sublimation on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithfull members.
And true sublimation everlasting.

Sal. And the like tender of our love were made
To reft without a speceuer evermore.

Hear. I have a kindle soule, that would give thanks.
And knowes not how to do it, but with tears.

Baff. Oh let vs pay the time but needfull war.
Since it hath bene before hand with our greene.
This England never did, nor never shall.
Lye at the proud foote of a Conqueror.
But since this first did help to wound it fierce.
Now, these their Princes are come home again.
Come the three corners of the world in Armes.
And we shall shucke them: Naught will make vs rue.
If England doct selfe, do rest but true,
The life and death of King Richard
the Second.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

Enter King Richard, Iohn of Gaunt, with other Nobles and Attendants.

King Richard.

Iohn of Gaunt, thine honoured Lancaster,
Half thou according to thy oath and band
Brought hither Henry Herford thy bold son:
Here to make good thy boisterous late appeal,
Which then to overawe our levy would not be rest.

Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I haue my Liege.

King. Tell me moreon, halfe thou founded him,
If he appeale the Duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily as a good subject should
On some knowne ground of treacherie in him.

Gaunt. As mee as I could sift him on that argument,
On some apparant danger feene in him,
Ayms at your Highness, no inncencte malice.

King. Then call them to our presence face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, our furies will hear
The unconf, and the aspned, freely speake:
High frome and d are they both, and full of ire,
In rage, deafe as the first; halfe as fire.

Enter Bullingbrook and Mowbray.

Bull. Many years of happy days befall
My gracious Soveraigne, my most loving Liege.

Mow. Each day still better others happinelle,
Vntill the heauens enuing earths good hap,
Add an immortal title to your Crowne.

King. We thank you both; yet one but flatters vs,
As we think, still be the cause you come.

Bull. To appeale each other of high treason.

Mow. Conun of Hereford, what doth thou object
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Bull. Fie, heauen be the record to my speech,
In the devotion of a subject pure,
Tendering the precious sacrifice of my Prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate.

Come I appealent to this princely presence.

Now Thomas Mowbray do I turne to thee,
And make my greeting well: for what I speake,
My body shal make good upon this earth,
Or my diuine soule answer in heauen.
Thou art a Traitor, and a Villaine.
Too good to be so, and too bad to live.
Since the more faire and christall is the skie.

Mow. The vllier seeme the coudes that in it fyue:
Once more, the more to aggravate the sone,
With a sole trauers same fluffe I thy throne,
And with (to please my Soveraigne) ere I none,
What my tong speake, my right drawn fowd may prome.

Mow. Let not my cold words here secrete my zeal.
This is not the trall of a Woman warre,
The bitter clamour of two enger tongues,
Can arbitrate this ene de by vve we exame:
The blood is hot that must be cooled for thin,
Yet can I hear of such tame patience boast,
As to be Hugh, and notight at all to lay.
First the faire reerence of your Highnesse curtes me,
From gaiting renies and fructose to my free speche,
Which elle would past, vntill it had return'd.
Their teardres of tression, doubly downe his throat.
Setting aside his high bloods royality,
And let him be no Runman to my Liege,
I do defie him, and I spit athim;
Call him a fandrous Coward, and a Villaine.
Which to maintain, I would allow him oddes,
And meet him, were I tise to rumme alote,
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alpes,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where no Englishman dare set his foote,
Meane time, let this defend my loyalte,
By all my nopes moft falsely doth he lie.

Bull. Pale trembling Coward, there I throw my gage,
Difclaiming hence the kindred of a King,
And lay aside his high bloods Royalty,
Which hence, no reverence makes thee to except.
If guilty deed hath left thee to much strengt,
As to take vp mine Honours poune, then floope,
By that, and all the rites of Knight-hood erce,
Will I make good against thee come,
What I have spoken, or thou canst denye.

Mow. I take it vp, and by that word I forswear,
Which gentlly layd my Knight-hood on my shoulder,
Le answer thee in any faire degree,
Or Chivalous deligne of Knightly trall:
And when I mount, alway may I not light,
If be Traitor, or viliely fight.

King. What doth our Cousin say to Mowbray's charge?
It must be great that can inuerse vs,
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Bull. Looks what I said, my life shall prove it true,
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand Nobles,
The life and death of Richard the Second.

In name of lendings for your Highness Soldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for loved employments,
Like a false Traitor, and inurious Villain.
Befored 1 say, and will in bataile proue,
Orchere, or elsewhere to the forsetti Verge
That ever was forsey'd by English eye,
That all the Treaties for these eightene yeares
Compleated, and contynued in this Land,
Fetched from siste [sic] to the first head and spring,
Further I say, and further will maintaine.
Upon his bad life, to make all this good,
That he did plot the Duke of Glyouthers death,
Suggest his sonne beleeting aduersaries,
And consequently, like a Traitor Coward,
Slue his innocent soule through streames of blood;
Which blood, like sacrificing Ablis cries,
(Biue from the toonge [sic] caurenes of the earth)
To me for tatter, and rough chastisement;
And by the glorious worth of my diacree,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spred.

King. How high a pitch his resolution soares?
Both of Norfolk, what sayest thou to this?

Mow. Oh let my Soneraigne turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this blinde of his blood.
How God, and good men, hate to foule a lyar.

King. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears,
Were he my brother, my owne kingdomes heyre,
As he is but my fathers brothers sonne;
Now by my Scepters sue, I make a vow,
That every neighbour-regretted to our sacred blood,
Should nothing privilidge him, nor partialize
The vn-fooping [sic] firmenee of my rightful soule.
He is eue subiect (Mowbrey) to our thron,
Free speach, and fearleess, I to thee allow.

Blow. Then Begone, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false pallage of thy throat; thou lyest
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calicke,
Disburke to his Highness soouldiers;
The other part refer'd by conjur,"
For that my Soneraigne Liege was in my debt,
Vpon remainder of a deere At compt,
Since left I went to France to fetch his Queene:
Now swallow down that Lyre.
For Glousters death, I flew him not; but (to mine owne disgrace)
Negleect my owne duties in that case:
For you my noble Lord of Lancaster,
The honourable Father to my face,
Once I did lay the ambush for your life,
A treaplate that death vex my creased soile;
But ere I lift receiv'd the Sacrament,
I did confess'd, and exactly begg'd
Your Grace's pardon, and I hope I had it,
This is my fault: as for the rest appeal'd,
I suffer from the reward of a Villaine,
A recant, and still degenerate Traitor,
Which in my soile I boldly will defend,
And interchangably heale downe my gage
Upon this over-sweening Traitors foot,
To prove my soile a farall Gentleman,
Drew in the backe loude chamber'd in his boosome.
In hali witcher'd, most beautyly I pray,
Your Highness to assigne our Teall day.

King. Wrath-kindled Gentlemen be rul'd by me:
Let's purge this cheller without letting blood:
This we preferrible, though no Physicon,
Deepe malice makes too deepe incision.
Forget and forgive, and be agreed:
Our Doctors say, This is no time to bleed.
Good Vache, let this end where it begin.
We'll calme the Duke of Norfolk, you, your son.
This is a peace-peace full becometh my age;
Throw downe (my sonne) the Duke of Norfolk's gage.

King. And Norfolk, throw downe his gage.
Ganet. When Harry's when? Obedience bids I should not al jes.

King. Norfolk, throw downe, we bidde; there is no boose.

Mow. My felle I throw (dead Soneraigne) at thy feet,
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame,
The one my dutie owes, but my face name
Delight of death, that lues vpon my graue,
To darke dishonnours vie, thou shalt not have,
I am distrc't, impache'd, and baffled here,
Pierc'd to the soule with floweres venon'd peare:
The which no balsome can cure, but his heart bled.
Which breath'd this poyson.

King. Rage must be withheld:
Give me his gage: Lyets make Leopards tame.

Mow. Yes, but not change his spot strike but my face,
And I resign my gage. My deere, dear Lord,
The purest creature amongst times afford
Is spotless reputation, that away,
Men are but gilded soame, or painted clay.
A Jewell in a ten times barr'd wp Cheeck,
A bold sprit, in a joyful breth.
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 trie,
In that I live, and for that I will die.

King. Coothin, throw downe your gage,
Do you begin.

Blow. O hie heaven defend my soale from such faults as,
Shall I form Cretif-false in my fathers sight,
Or with pale beggarse-face impeach my light
Before this out of sight I did not set? Ere my young,
Shall wound mine honor with such feele wrongs,
Or found to bafe a parle: my teeth fail'd reste
The flauish morte of recanting feare,
And this is bleeding in his high disgrace,
Whereof shame doth harboar, even in Mowbrays face.

King. We were not borne to sue, but to command,
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, (as your liues shall answer?)
At Countrie, upon S. Lambers day:
There shall your favor and Lances arbitrate
The dwelling difference of your rooted hate:
Since we cannot atorne you, you shall fee
Inflicte disigne the Victors Chasitrie.
Lord Marshall, command our Officere at Arms,
Be ready to direct these home Alarums.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Ganet, and Thane of Gloucester.

Ganet. Alas, the part I had in Glousters blood,
Dost more sollicite me than your exclamation,
To strive against the Butchers of his life.
The life and death of Richard the second.

But since correction byeth in those hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven,
Who when they see the houses ripe on earth,
Will raise by vengeaunce on offenders heads.

**Dut.** Find brotherhood in thee no sharper spine?

Hath hurt in thy old blood no hating fire?

Edward seven sons (whereof thy selfe art one) Were as seven violles of his Sacred blood, Or seven faire branches springing from one root; Some of those seven are dried by names courte, Some of those branches by the deines cut: But Thomas, my deere Lord, my life, my Glourner, One Viol of full of Edward Sacred blood, One flowering branch of his most Royall root, Is crackt, and all the precious liquor spilt; It haks downe, and his surmmer leaves all yaid By Enris hand, and Mordac's bloody Axe. Ah Gamur! His blood was shining, that bed, that wondre, That msett, that selfe-mooule that foolish sheare, Made him a man, and though thou liest it, and breathest, Yet not then Laine in him: thou dost both fall In some large measure to thy Fathers death, In that thou feést thy wretched brother dye, Who was the modell of thy Fathers life. Call it not patience (Ganur) it is a dispaire, In oysting thus thou brother to be wroght, Then these Three the naked pathway to thy life, Teaching thence murther how to butcher thee; That which in meane men we intitle patience If pale cold ariseth in noble brests: What shall I say, to safegarde thine owne life, The best way is to venge my Glourner death. 

Gamer! Hearest is the quarrell! for heastes substitute His Deputy appointed in his fight, Hath caus'd this death, the which if wrongfully Let heastes revenge: for I may never lift An angry word against his Minister.

**Dut.** Where then (as may) complaint my selfe for Ganur, To heaste, the widows Champer to defence 

**Dut.** Why then will I farewell old Gamer, Thou go'st to Countreys, there to behold Our Conime Herford, and fell Mowbray fight: Of my husbands wrongs on Herfords spare, That it may enter butcher Mowbray do brest: Or if infallible the first carriage, So Mowbrays faine so heavy in his bosome, That they may break his frozen Counters backes, And throw the Ryder headlong in the Lists. 

A Caynife recesse to my Conime Herford: Farewell old Gamer, thy sometimes brothers wife With her companion Greefe, must end her life. 

**Gamer.** Sifer farewell: I must to Countreys, As much good day with thee, as go with mee. 

**Dut.** Yet one word more: Greefe bound thy where it Not with the empike fowllows, but weighte (fells), I take my leave, before I have begun, For sorrow ends not, when it isd done, Command me to my brother Edmund York, 

Lye, this is all: say, yet deare not so, Though this be all, do not to quickly go, I shall remember more. Bid him, Oh what? With all good speed at Plaffard to come. 

Alacke, and what shall good old York see there But empty lodgings, and vniclourd wallers, Vn-peopled Offices, vntroden stones?

And what heare there for welcome, but my groans? Therefore commend me, let him not come there, To break our towrow, that dews every where, Defoliate, defolate will I hence, and dye, The last lease of thee, takes my weeping eye. 

**Scene Tertia.**

*Enter Marshall, and Anmure.*

**Mar.** My L. Anmure, is Harry Herford arm'd. 

**Anm.** Yes, at all points, and long's to enter it. 

**Mar.** The Duke of Norfolk, frightfully and bold, Stayes but the lumines of the Appelants Trumpet. 

**An.** Why then the Champions, are prepar'd and staye For nothing but his Miacitles approach. 

*Enter King, Gamer, Bathy, Bagat, Green, & others: Then Mowbray in Ar. sour, and Harrol.*

**Rich.** Marshall, demand of youder Champion 
The cause of his actuall heere in Armes, Ask hed his name, and orderly proceed To sweare him in the influence of his cause. 

**Mar.** In Gods name, and the Kinges ey wholy art, 

And why thou com in this knights dyd, to know? Against what man thou com in, and what's thy quarrell, Speakes truly on thy knightes blood, and shine out. 

As to defend thee heare, and thy valour. 

**Mar.** My name is Thos. Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, 

Who hither comes engag'd by my oath (Which heaven defend a Knight should violate) 

Both to defend my loyalty and truth, 

To God, my King, and his proceedings issue, 

Against the Duke of Herford, that appeals me: 

And by the grace of God, and his mine name, 

To prove him (in defending of my selfe) 

A Traitor to my God, my King, and me, 

And as I truly fight, defend me heare. 

**Tucke.** Enter Hereford, and Harrol. 

**Rich.** Marshall: Ask ye yonder Knight in Armes, 

Both who he is, and why he committeth him, 

Thus placed in habiliments of warre; 

And formerly according to our Law, 

Depart him in the influence of his cause. 

**Mar.** What is thine name? and wherfore committ'sh thee. 

Before King Richard in his Royall Lists? 

Against whom comest thou? and what's thy quarrell? 

Speakes like a true Knight, to defend thee heare. 

**But.** Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby, 

Am I: who ready heere do stand in Armes, 

To prove by heastes gain, and my bodies valour; 

In Lists, on Thos. Mowbray Duke of Norfolk, 

That he's a Traitor soule, and dangerous, 

To God of heastes, King Richard, and to me, 

And as I truly fight, defend me heare. 

**Mar.** On paine of death, no perfon be so bold, 

Or daring hardie as to touch the Lists, 

Except the Marshall, and such Officers 

Appointed to direct these faire designs, 

**But.** Lord Marshall, let mee kiss my Soveraigns hand, 

And bow my knee before his Miacitles: 

*For Mowbray* and my selfe are like to men, 

That vows a long and weary pilgrimage.
The life and death of Richard the second.

Then let us take a ceremonious leave
And looking well of our several friends,

Mer. The Appellant in all duty greets your Highness,
And excuses my hand, and takes his leave.

Rib. We will defend, and hold him in our arms.

Cofin of Herford, as our cause is just,
At so great fortune in this Royal fight;

Farewell, my blood, which is to day thou hast,
Lament we may, but not retrench thee dead.

Bul. Oh let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be god with a myriad speares:

As confident, as the Pelican's flight,
Against a bird, do I wish Memorable fight.

My loving Lord, I take my leave of you,
Of you, my noble Cousin Lord Anmore;

Not fickle, although I have to do with death,
But useful, young, and cheerfully drawing breath.

Lae, as at English feasts, I do regresse.

The sight left, to make the end most sweet.

Oh thou the earthy author of my blood,
Whose full spirit in me regenerate,

Dost with a two-fold vigor lift me vp
To reach at victory above my head,

And depe into mine armour with thy prayers,
And with thy blessing fixe thy Lances point,

That I may enter Memorable wars, Cowte;

And furnish now the name of a saint a saint.

Even in the lusty humour of his tone.

Cann. Heaven in thy good cause make thee prosper,
Be swift like lightning in the execution,

And let thy blows doubly emboldled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the Cake

Of thy amaz'd pittious enemy.

Rouse vp thy youthfull blood, be valiant, and live,

Bul. Mine innocence, and S. George to admire.

Mer. How ever heaven at Fortune call my lot;
There lies, or dies, true to Kings Richard's Throne,

A loyal, firm, and weigh't Gentlemen;

Neiter did Captive with a free heart,

Cath off his chains of bondage, and embrace

His golden encounter'd enfranchisement,

More than my dancing fable doth celebrate

This Fear of State, with mine Adversarie.

Most mighty Liege, and my companion Peeres,

Take from my mouth, the with the worth of happy yeares,

As gentle, and as innocent, as to slie,

Go I to fight! Truth hath a quiet brevt.

Rib. Farewell, my Lord, securely I lepe

Verme with Valour, couched in thine eie:

Order the trall Marshall, and begin.

Mer. Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby.

Receive thy Laureus, and heaven defend thy sight.

Bul. Strong as a towre in hope, I cry Amen.

Mer. Go bear this Lance to Thomas D. of Norfolke.

1 Har. Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby.

Stands here for God, his Soveraigne, 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 dares him to set forwards to the fight.

2 Har. Here landeth Thomas Duke of Norfolke

On paine to be found false and recreant,

Both to defend him selfe, and to oppose

Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby.

To God, his Soveraigne, and to him duly all.

Couragiously, and with a free deare

Attending but the fifftall to begin. A charge founded

Mer. Sound Trumpers, and let the Rounds be sounded.

Rieb. Let them lay by their Helmets & their Spears.

And both return backe to their Charges againe:

With as much as we can, and let the Trumpers sound,

While we returne the Dukes what we decreed.

A long flourish.

Draw neere and live.

What with our Counsell we have done.

For that our kingdomes earth should not be fayld

With that dement blood which is our determined,

And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect.

Of civil wounds流程d wp with neighbors words,

Which on the dement blood with boyfuls violets durnes

With harls retundning Trumpets dreadfull bray,

And grousingatches of a breathful puon Armes.

Might from our quiet Contines fright faire peace,

And make vs wade euer in our kindreds blood.

Therefore, we banish you our Territories.

You Cofin Herford, you on paine of death,

Till twice five Summers have enrichd our lands,

Shall not regreest our false dominions.

But tread the stranger patters of banishment.

The Sun that warms you heare, shall shine on me,

And thofe his golden beams to you heare lent

Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

Rib. Norfolkour: for these remaynes a heavier doome,

Which I with some ruhllingnesse pronouce.

The eie floweth hours shall not determin.

The daintie limits of thy deere exile;

The hopefull word, of Neuer to returne,

Breathe I against thee, upon paine of life.

Mer. A Henry sentence, my most Soveraigne Lord,

And all enlockd for from your Highness mouth.

A deere merite, not to steep a maine,

As to be call forth in the common eie

Hauing beene affected at your Highness hands.

The Language I have learn'd these forty yeares,

(My native English) now I must forgo,

And now my tongues violets is to men no more,

Then an unrul'd wail, or a Harpe,

Or like a running Instrument can't vp,

Or being open, put his hands.

That knowles no touch to unite the harmony,

Within my mouth, you have engra'd my tongue,

Doubly percussing with my teeth and lippes,

And dull, vveetering, barren ignorance,

Is made my Glaes to attend on me.

I am too old to famme upon a Staff.

Too farre in yeares to be a pupill now.

What is thy sentence then, but speechless death?

Rib. It boote thee not to be commissionate,

After our sentence, planinge comes too late.

Rib. You know thus I turne me from my countries light

To dwell in solemne shades of endlesse night.

Rib. Return againe, and take an oath with thee.

Lay on our Royall sword, your banishd hands;

Sware by the duty that you owe to heauen

(Our part therein we banish with your selues).

To know the Oaths that we administre:

You swear full (to helpe you Truth, and Heauen)

Embrace each other ioue in banishment,

Nor ever looke upon each others face.
The life and death of Richard the second.

Nor ever write, regrete, or reconcile
This lowring temper of your home-bred hate,
Nor ever by adjured purpose meete,
To plot, contrive, or compleat my ill,
Gainst Vs, our State, our Subjects, or our Land.

But. I frame.

Men. And I, to keepe all this,
But. Norfolk, I do, as to mine enemie,
By this time (had the king permitted vs)
One of our foules had wandred in the eyre.
Banished this stale sequele of our flee.
Now our fleesi's banished from this Land.
Confiscate the Treacony, ere thou flye this realme,
Since thou hast faire to go, beare not long
The clogge of burden of a guilty soule.

[Enter. No Advertiser.]
Yet I were traitor,
My namee blotted from the booke of Life,
And I from heauen banished, as from hence:
But what thou art, heauen, thou, and I do know,
And all too soon (I fear) the king shall see.
Farewell (my prince) now no more can I stay,
Saue backe to England, all the way I go.

But. Yclepe, even in the colleagues of mine eyes
I see thy greene heart: thy lad aspect,
Hath from the number of his banished years
Pluck'd foure away: Six frozen Winter's spent,
Returne with welcome home, from banishment.

But. How long a time, ye see in one little word:
Foure legging Winter's, and foure wanting springs
End in a word, the birth of kings.

Gant. I thank the king, that in regard of me
He shortens four yeeres of my sentence exile:
But little vantage shall I reape thereby,
For these four yeeres that he hath to spend
Can change their: Moones, and bring their times about,
My oyle-drike Lampes, and time-beawited light.
Shall be extinct with age, and endless night:
My inch of taper, will be burnt, and done,
And my small death, now let me see my faine.

But. Why, Vincenn, thou hast many yeeres to live.

Gant. But not a minute (King) that then can't giue;
Shorten my days thou canst with sudden sorrow,
And pluck from me, and not lend it another:
Thou canst not heape time to burrowe me with age,
But hop no wrinkles to his pilgrimage:
Thy word is current with him, for my death,
But death, thy king, alone cannot my breath.

Rio. Thy sonne is banished from good society,
Where te thy tongue a party-ward of grace,
Why at our Justice seeme if thou then to approve.

Gant. Things sweet to tell, proue in direction forre:
You would make me a judge, but I had rather
You would have me a judge as a father.
Alas, I look'd when of you should say,
I was too farre to make mine owne way:
But you gaue leave to my unwilling song,
Against my will, to do me fettle this wrong.

Rio. Confine farewell and Vincenn bid him farewell:
Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

[Exit.]

An. Confine farewell, what presence must I know,
From where you do remaine, her paper flow.

Mar. My Lord, no heare take I, for I will ride
As fast as a land will bear me, by yon stage.

Gant. Oh to what purpose doth thou hard thy words,
That then return no greeting to thy friends?

But. I have too few to take my issue of you,
When the tongues office should be prodigall,
To breath an abundant doliour of the heart.

Gau. Thy greese is but thy silence for a time.

But. I say again, greese is pleasant for that time.

Gau. What is faire Winter, they are quickly gone?

But. To men in joy, but greese makes on houre tea.

Gau. Call it a travell that thou tak'st for pleasure.

But. My heart will light, when I miscall it so,
Which induces an inforced Pilgrimage.

Gau. The fallen pallage of thy weeny flepess
Esteeme a toyple, wherein thou art to set.

But. The precious jewell of thy home returne.

An. Oh who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the froste? canst thou?
Or choy the hungry edge of appetite,
by more imagination of a fay?
Or Wallow naked in December snow
by thinking on fantastick summer's heats?
Oh no, the apprehension of the good
Dives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrowe toorth, doth enter rancile none
Then when the bowes, but last not the fire.

Gau. Come, come (my son) I bring thee on thy way.

But. I say again, greese is pleasant for a time.

Gau. The fallen pavement of thy weeny flepess
Esteeme a toyple, wherein thou art to set.

But. The precious jewell of thy home returne.

An. Oh who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the froste? canst thou?
Or choy the hungry edge of appetite,
by more imagination of a fay?
Or Wallow naked in December snow
by thinking on fantastick summer's heats?
Oh no, the apprehension of the good
Dives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrowe toorth, doth enter rancile none
Then when the bowes, but last not the fire.

Gau. Come, come (my son) I bring thee on thy way.

But. I say again, greese is pleasant for a time.

Gau. The fallen pavement of thy weeny flepess
Esteeme a toyple, wherein thou art to set.

But. The precious jewell of thy home returne.

An. Oh who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the froste? canst thou?
Or choy the hungry edge of appetite,
by more imagination of a fay?
Or Wallow naked in December snow
by thinking on fantastick summer's heats?
Oh no, the apprehension of the good
Dives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrowe toorth, doth enter rancile none
Then when the bowes, but last not the fire.

Gau. Come, come (my son) I bring thee on thy way.

But. I say again, greese is pleasant for a time.

Gau. The fallen pavement of thy weeny flepess
Esteeme a toyple, wherein thou art to set.

But. The precious jewell of thy home returne.
A brace of Dry-men bid God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With thanks to my Counsellors, my loving friends,
As were our England in their lives.
And the iniquity of his next degree in hope.
Or, Well, lie gone, with him go these thoughts:
Now for the Rebels, which stand out in Ireland,
Expended manage must be made by my Liege
Ere further leisure, yeild them further means
For their advantage, and your Highnesses love.
Ric. We will our forces in person to this warre,
And for our Coffers, with too great a Court,
And liberall Largeffe, are grove home in light.
We are incourag'd to warne our royal Realme,
The Reuenue which of all shall fitt vs
For our affayres in hand, if that come short
Our Substittues at home shall have Blanket-charters:
Whereas, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large summes of Gold,
And send them after to supply our wants:
For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter Dryo.

Dryo. what news?
Th. Old John of Gaunt is very sicke my Lord,
Sodainly taken, and hath sent post hafe.
To entreat your Maiestie to visit him.
Ric. Where lies he?
Th. At Ely house.
Ric. Now put it (heaven) in his Physicians minde,
To help him to his graue immediately:
The licing of his enders shall make Coates
To decke our soldiers for these Irish warres.
Come Gentlemen, let's all go visit him:
Pray heaven may he make halfe, and come too late.

Aulus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gaunt, sick with Tars.

Gaunt. Will the King come that I may breake my fast?
In whatsoeuer counsell to his said youth?
Ter. Verily your seelle, nor issue with your breath,
For all in woe comes counsell to his care.
Gaunt. Oh bus (they say) the tongues of dying men
Informe attention like to deepse harmony,
Where words are scarce, they are feldsome spent in vaine,
For they breath truth, that breaths their words in paine,
He that no more muse say, is lisen'd more,
Then they whom youth and fate have sought to gate,
More are men ends mark, then their lines before,
The secting Sun, and Mufeke is the cloie.
As the last tale of Sweets is, sectess sect.
Write in remembrance, more then things long past,
Though Richard my lines counsell would not breake,
My deaths fad tale, may yet vocafe his care.
Ter. No, it is stopp with other flatter'sing sounds
As praiser of his state: then there are bound
Ludicrous Merets, to whose venem found
The war that our Youth comes counsell always lasts
Report of fashions in proud estopy
Whole manneres still our cattie aphith Nation
Limpes after in base imitation.

Where doth the world drift forth a vanity,
So is he now, there's no respeet how wise,
That is not quicly buzz'd into his eare,
That in all his life, is not once heard:
Where will doth mutiny with wise regard:
Direct not him, whose way himselfe will choose,
Tis breath thou lackst, and that breath willt show.
Gaunt. Me thinks I am a Prophet newes inspir'd,
And thus exspiring, do foretell of him,
His rath fierce blaze of Ryce cannot last,
For violent times some burne out themselves.
Small fowres laft long, but sodaine itners are short,
He eyres becomes, that spurs too fast betimes:
With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder.
Light vanity, infecte coromone,
Confusing manneres loose preyres upon it selfe.
This royal Beale of Kings, this fepulchred life,
This earth of Malchly, this loose Meme,
This other Eden, demy paradise,
This Fortresse built by Nature for her selfe,
Against incendion, and the hand of warre:
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone, set in the filter sea,
Which freses in the office of a wall,
Or a Moore defitute to a houte,
Against the emoy of ific happier Lands,
This blestes plot, this earth, this Realme, this England,
This Nure, this seeming wnde of Royall Kings,
Fear'd of their breed, and famous for their birth,
Renowned for their deeds, as fame from home,
For Chistian seruice, and true Chaste.
As it is the fepulcher in stonitude:
Of the Worlds ransome, blest of Merits Sonne.
This Land of pitch deere foules, this deere-land.
Deere for her reputation through the world,
Is now Leas'd out (I dyse pronouncing it)
Like to a Tenement or priing Parme.
England bound in with the fluctuant sea,
Whole rocky there bears backe the cumbrous fedge
Of watry Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With stinking botches, and rotten Parchemn bonds.
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of his selfe.
Ahl would the scandall vanish with my life,
How happy then were my enuing death?

Enter King, Quera, Anneris, Elffy, Grelitt,
Rasa. Rat, and Umbelshop.

Ter. The King is come, deal milde with his youth.
For young hot Cola, being rage'd do rage the more.
Quera. How gies our noble Vincle Lancastere?
R. What comfort man? How is it with aged Gaunt?
Gent. Oh how that name behis my composition
Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old:
Within me grees hath kept a tedious fall,
And who amidst from meats, that is not gaunt?
For feeding England long time have I watch'd,
Watching beasts leaneffe, leneffe is all gaunt.
The pleasure that some Fishers feede upon,
In my frict fall, I mean my Childrens looker,
And therein falling, last thou made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the grans, gaunt as a grans,
Whoe follow womeh in their pathes and bates
Rasa. Can fitches men play to misstep with their names?
Gaunt. No, raferyn makes (port to mocke in lid.
Since thou doth seek to kill my name in me,
I mocke my name (great King) to flatter thee.

Rich. Should dying men flatter those that live? 

Geo. No, no, men living flatter those that die.

Rich. Thou now a dying, sayst thou; flatter then.

Geo. Oh, thou eyest, though thee flatter be.

Rich. I am in health, I breathe, I see thee ill.

Geo. Now he that made me knowes I thee ill: Ill in my soul to see, and in thee, feeling ill,
Thy death-bed is no lecher than the Land; 
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick.
And thou too est leper silence as thou art,
Commit'th my anointed body to the care
Of thee Physicians, that first wounded thee;
A thousand flatterers sit within thy Crown;
Whose compass is no bigger cheater thy head.
And yet encaged in to small a verge,
The waste is no white lether thes thy Land;
Oh had thy Grandfather with a Prophets eye,
Scene how his sonnes sonne, shoul destroy his sonnes,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,
Deposing thee before thou were posset,
Which art posset now to depose thy life.

Why (Colin) were thou Reign of the world,
It was a flame to let thy Land by leaves:
But for thy world enjoying but this Land,
Is it not more then shame, to advance it so?
Landlord of England art thou, and not King;
The state of Law, is bauldcast to the law,
And—

Rich. And thou, a lustickke leane spin'd foule,
Deflumming on an Agues priulgede,
Dart'eth with thy frozen emissions
Make pale our cheekes, casting the Royall blood
With fury, from his nat'rouse rechouse?
Now by my States right Royall Murrice,
We're thou not Brother to great Edwardes fome;
This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head,
Should ran thy head from thy vertuent shoulders.

Geo. Oh spare me not, my brotheh Edwardes fome,
For that I was his Father Edwardes fome;
That blood already (like the Pelican)
Thee hath baptiz'd, and drinkedly carow'd.
My bosome Gloucester, plane well meaning sole
(Whom faire behoul in heauen mongst happy soules)
May be a presidet, and winneth good,
That thou respeth'th not filling Edwardes blood:
Joyse with the present sicklere that I have,
And thy winneth my be like crooked age,
To cop at once a too-longer wister swythe,
Lye in thy frame, but dye not thine with thee.
These words becaste, thy tormentors be.
Consey me to my bed, then to my grave,
Lose they to live, that lose and honor have.

Exit Rich. And let them dye, that age and fullens hate,
For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

Geo. I do beset thy Majestie impuhte his words
To wayward sicknesse, and age in him:
Hcloses you on my life, and holds you dear.
As Harry Duke of Herford, were he here.

Rich. Rightly, your sayst me: Herford loue, for his;
As theirs, to mine soul all beast it is.

Enter Northumberland.

Geo. My Lige, old Gaunt commends him to your Majestie.
The life and death of Richard the second.

What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell
But by bad counsels may be nourished,
That their events may never fall out good.

Exe. Go yet to the Earl of Wiltshire's feast,
Bid him repair to us to Elly house.
To see this business: to-morrow next
We will for Ireland, and the rest.
And we create in absence of our felice.

Our Uncle York, Lord Governor of England
For he is alive, and always loud as well.
Come on our Queen, to-morrow must we part,
Be merry, for our time of day is short.

Scene Seconda.

Enter Queen, Bolingbroke, and Belis.

Bol. Madam, your Majesty is too much sad,
You promised when you parted with the King,
To lay aside self-harming humilities,
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

Q. To please the King, I did; to please my self
I cannot do it: yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as greese,
Saucy bidding farewell too to swear a guest
As my sweet Richard, yet againe me thinkes,
Some vniborne sorrows, rive in fortunes wosome
Is comming towardes me, and my inward soule
With nothing trembles, at something is grettes,
More then with parted from my Lord the King.

Bol. Each habitation of a greese hath twenty shadows
Which shews like greese it selfe, but is not so:
For customes eye, glazed with blinding teares,
Dissides one thing intire, to many objects,
Like perspecutives, which rightly gaz'd upon
Shew nothing but confusion, ey'd away.

Looking away upon your Lords departures,
Finds shapes of greese, more then himselfe to wail,
Which look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not: then three gracious Queens,
More then your Lords departures weep not, more's not
Or if it be, 'tis with sadness, sorrows etc.
Which things me, weepes things imaginary.

Q. It may be so: but yet my inward soule
Perffects me it is otherwise: how e'er it be,
I cannot but be sad: so heayy sad,
As though on thinking on no thought I thinkes,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrinks.

Bol. 'Tis nothing but conceits (my gracious lady).
The life and death of Richard the second.

Enter Greene.

Gree. Heauen saue your Maiestie, and wel met Gentle.

I hope the King is not yet sipp'd for Ireland. (men)

Gree. Why hop it shou'd he? Is his better hope he is:

For his designes beaste ha, his lust good hope,

Then wherefore shoul they hope he is not shipp'd?

Gree. That he our hope, might have resolv'd his power,

And druen into disipr'a enemies hope,

Who brought hath fet footing in this Land.

The banish'd Bullenbrooke replays himselfe,

And with well-serv'd Armes is faile arris'd.

At Restowur.

Qu. Now God in heauen forbid.

Gr. O Madam 'tis too true: and that is worse.

The L Northumberland, his yong sonne Henry Percy,

The Lords of Ruff, Beauford, and Montagu,

With all their powerfull friends are fled to him.

Bull. Why hope you not? They pretend'd Northumberland,

And the rest of the resolv'd he causeth traitors?

Gree. We haue whereuppon the Earl of Worcester,

Hath broke his staffe, refug'd his Stewardship,

And at the houseold seruants fled with him to Bullenbrooke.

Qu. So Gree, then at the mid-wife of my woe,

And Bullenbrooke is my sorrowes dimall bryere:

Now hath my soule brought forth her prodigy,

And a gasping new-delivered mother,

Hau'e woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow lynd.

Bull. Dispair not Madam.

Qu. Who shall hinder me?

I will dispair, and be as eanie.

On coursing hope; he is a Flatterer,

A Parfit, a keeper backe of death,

Who gentely would dissolve the bands of life,

Which false hope linger in extremity.

Enter York.

Gree. Here comes the Duke of York.

Qu. With signes of ware about his aged necke,

Oh full of carefull businesse are his lookes:

Vile, for heavens were speake comfortale words:

For comfort in heauen, and we are on the earth,

Where nothing lines but crofts, este and greete;

Your husband he is gone to faste farre off,

Whilst others here to make him loose at home.

Here am I left to vnder-prop his land,

Who weeke with age, cannot support my selfe.

Now comes the fickle houre that his lattest made,

Now shall he try his friends that flatter him.

Enter a seruante.

Ser. My Lord, your commaund was gone before I came.

Tor. He was: why so? go all which way it will:

The Nobles are fled, the Commons they are cold,

And will I seare renit on Herford's side.

Sirr, get thee to Phillie to my sister Gisler,

But her send me presently a thumbed pound,

Hold, take my King.

Ser. My Lord, I had forges,

To tell you your lordship, so day I came by, and call'd thee,

But I shall greene you to report the rest.

Tor. What's knowne?

Scena Tertia.

Enter the Duke of Hereford, and Northumberland.

But, how fare it is my Lord to Berkeley now?

Now, beleue me noble Lord,

I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire,

These high wylde hilles, and rough vynceau waires,

Drawes out our miles, and makes them wearisome,

And yet our faire Discourse hath beene as sugar,
The life and death of Richard the second.

Enter Barkley.

North. It is my Lord of Barkley, as I sithse.

Bark. My Lord of Hereford, my Message is to you.

North. My Lord, my Answer is to Lancaster.

And I am come to seek that Name in England,
And I must finde that Title in your Tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.

Bark. Misse me not, my Lord, 'tis not my meaning
To tire one Title of your Honor out.

To you, my Lord, I come (what Lord you will)
From the most glorious of this Land,
The Duke of York to know what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time,
And make out Nature peace with false-borne Armes.

Enter York.

Bark. I shall not need transport my words by you,
Here comes his Grace in Person.

York. My noble Vrackle.

Bark. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose dute is deceivable, and stale.

Bark. My gracious Vrackle.

York. Truth, grace me no Grace, nor Vrackle me,
I am no Traytor nor Vrackle; and that word Grace,
In an ungracious mouth, is but prophanne.

Why have ye banish'd, and forbidden Legges,
Dar'st thou to touch a Duke of England's Ground?
But more then why, why have ye daft to march
So many miles upon your peacefull Bosome,
Frighing her pale-face'd Villages with Warre,
And offering of declared Armes?

Canst thou then behende that Anointed King is hence?
Why foolish Boy, the King is left behind,
And in my loyal Bosome lies his power,
Where I now, now in the South, and yet,
As when in Rome Cadber thy Father, and my felde
Recd the Black, Prince that song: Marse of man.
From forth the Ranks of many thousand French:
On then, how quickely should this Arme of mine,
Now Pusson to the Palse, chaste thee,
And make correction to thy Fault.

Bark. My gracious Vrackle, let me know thy Fault.

On what Condition stands it, and wherein?

York. Even in Condition of the world degree,
In grossse Rebellion, and detected Treson:
Thus art a banisht man, and here art come
Before the expiracion of thy time,
In fresing Armes against thy Southerne.

Bark. As I was banisht, I was banisht Hereford,
But as I come, I come for Lancaster,
And noble Vrackle, be trewe to thy Grace,
Look on my Wronges with an indifferent eye:

You arm thy Father, for me thankes in you
I see old Cadber alone.
On then my Father,
Will you permit, that I shall stand contented
A wandering Vagabond, my Rights and Royalties
Plucked from my armes, porc, and given away
To vilifie Vtishripe. Wherefore was I borne?
If that my Cousin King, is King of England,
It must be granted, I am Duke of Lancaster.
You have a Sonne, Almerio, my Noble Kinsman.

York. If thou hast found his Vrackle Cadber a Father,
To rowse his Wronges, and chaff them to the bay.

Bark. I demyde to sue my Liuerie here,
And yet my Letters Patents give me leues:
My Fathers goods are all diufrayed, and fold,
And there, and all, are all mistife employed.
Sal. Ah Richard, with eyes of beautie mind,
I see thy Glory, like a shining Starre,
Fall to the base Earth, from the Firmament:
Thy Sunne sets weeping in the lowly Welt,
Winnowing Stormes to come, Woe, and Yrrest:
Thy Friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes;
And crossly to thy good, all fortune goes. Exe.

Aulus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Bolingbroke, Parkes, Northumberland.

Bolf. Pray, let us walk by the chambers,
And there will I show thee what I intend.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Salisbury, and a Captain.

Capt. My Lord of Salisbury, we have layd ten dayes,
And hardly kept our Countrymen together,
Yet we have no tidings from the King:
Therefore we must disperse our selves: Farewell.
Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trustie Welchman;
The King reposeth all his confidence in thee.
Capt. 'Tis thought the King is dead, we will not stay.
The Bay trees in our Country all are wither,
And Meteors fright the fixed Stars of Heaven;
The pale-fled Moone looks bloody on the Earth,
And lean-thro'ld Prophets whisper is neath change;
Rich men look sad, and Ruffians dance and leap,
The one in fear, the other in delight,
The other to enjoy by Rage, and Warses.
Their signes fore-run the death of Kings.
Farewell, our Countrymen are gone and fled;
As well affrighted Richard, their King is dead. Exe.
The life and death of Richard the second.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Richard, Angels, Carols, and Soldiers.

Richard. Barkingly, Castle, tell you this is by hand?

Angel. Ye, my Lord, how break your Grace the ayre?

Richard. Needs must I like it well: I weep for joy

To stand upon my King's throne once again.

Deere Earth, due faine thee with my hand,

Though Rebels wound thee with their Flowers hooves:

As a long parted Mother with her Child,

 Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting;

So weeping, finding great I thee my Earth,

And doe thee favour with thy Royal hand.

Feed thee my Sovereigns Foe, my gentle Earth,

Not with thy Sweetness, comfort his ravenous founts:

But let thy Spiders, that suck up thy Venom,

And hate-gated Tunes, live in thy way,

Doing no wrong to the tedious fette,

Which with whirling plumes doth transgress thee;

Yielding stinging Nettles to mine enemies;

And when they from thy bosom pluck a Flower,

Guard it for thee with a lasting Adder,

Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch

Throw death upon thy Sovereigns Enemies:

Mock not thy celestial Consonance, Lords;

This Earth shall have a feeling, and thy Stone

Prove armed Soldiers, ere thy Nativity

Shall fall upon foul Rebellious Armies,

Car. Fear not my Lord, that Power made you King

Hath power to keep you King, in fright of all.

Angel. Haste me, my Lord, that we are too remiss:

Whilst Bellingbrough through our securitie,

Growes strong and great, in substance and in friends.

Richard. Comfortable Comfort, know well thou not, that

When the searchings Eye of Heaven is hid

Behind the Globe, that hides the lower World,

Then Teese and Robbers range abroad indecent,

In Musters and in Outrage bloody here:

But when from under this Terrestrial Ball

He fixes the proud tops of the Eastern Pines,

And darts his Luminous through every guidel hole,

Then Musters, Pretence, and deject of fame:

The Clouds of Night bring plucks from off their backs

Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves,

So when this Thrice, this Thrata Bellingbrough,

Who all this while hath resided in the Night,

Shall see my figure in my Throne, the East,

His Treasons will be blushing in his face,

Not able to endure the sight of these:

But false in sight, to encrease at his lone.

Nor, if the Water in the rough rude Sea

Can wash the Balm of an enchanting King;

The breath of worldly men cannot depop

The Deputies elected by the Lord;

For every man that Bellingbrough is like

To lift the will Steele against our Golden Crowne,

Hence for his Richard hath in healthe pay.
The life and death of Richard the second.

That they hate the dangerous Enemie
Mature our Confinse with such peacefull Men?
If we-notat, their heads shall pay for it,
I want, and they have made peace with Bellinghrocks.

Say Bellinghrocks, where eyes our Nackle with his Power?
Speeke sweete man, although thy looke be foure.

To change Bower with thee, for our day of De.isoone:
This gue of fear is oute-blowne,
An esie taskes it to winne our owne.

Say Bellinghrocks, where eyes our Nackle with his Power?
Speeke sweete man, although thy looke be foure.

To lengthen out the word, that must be spoken.
Your Nackle Nestely is help'd with Bellinghrocks.
And all your Northern Ciftles yealded vp.
And all your Southern Gentlemen in Armes
Vpon his fiction.

Bellinghrocks. Thought it haue enough.
Belleroe the Cuion, which did lead me forth
Of that sweete way I was in, so deep ari.
What say you now? What comfort have we now?
By Heauen I'll hate him everlastingly.
That bids me of comfort any more.
Goe to Pite Ciftle there lye pine away.
A King, Wyes faire, shall Kingly Woe obey.
That Power I have during, and I'll en gra.
To care the Land, that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none, let no man speake again.
To alter this, for comfort is but vain.

Enter. My Liege, one word.
Bellinghrocks. He doth me double wrong.
That wounds mee with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers: let them hence away.
From Richardes Night, to Bellinghrocks Faize Day.

Scena Tertia.

Enter with orison and colours, Bellinghrocks, Turky, Northumberland, Attendants.

But, so that by this intelligence we learn.
The Welschmen are deffer'd, and Salisbury
Is gone to meete the King, who lately landed.
With some few private friends, upon this Castle.

North. The newest is very faire, and good, my Lord.
Richard, not farre from hence, hath bid his head.

Turk. It would becomme the Lord Northumberland,
To say King Richard: slack the beautie day.
When such a faire King should hide his head.

North. Your Grace mistakes: onely to be briefe,
Left is his Title out.

Turk. The time hath bene.
Would you have bene so briefe with him, he would
Have bene so briefe with you, to shorten you,
For taking to the Head, your whole heads length.

Bell. Mistake not (V marched you should) Turky.
Take not (good Coward) further then you should.
Least you mistake the Heauens are over your head.

But, I know it (V marched you not my telle)
Against their will. But who cometh here?

Enter Perkin.
Welcome Harry, what will this Castle yeald?
Per. The Castle royally is nam'd, my Lord,
Against thy Entrance,
The life and death of Richard the second.

Hall. Royally? Why, it contains no King?
Per. Yes (my good Lord).
It doth contain a King; King Richard lies
Within the limits of your Line and Stone,
And with him, the Lord Anwells, Lord Salisbury,
See, the Staple Scape, Debatis, a Saracen man.
Of holy reverence; who I cannot learn.
North. Oh, believe it is the Bishop of Carlise.
Dieu. Noble Lord,
Go to the rude Ribs of that ancient Castle,
Through Brasen Trumpeft send the breath of Partie
Into his mind's Ear, and thus deliver:
Henry Bullingbrook upon his knees doth kiss
King Richard, hand, and sends allegiance
And true faith of heart to his Royall Person: hither come
Even as his feet, to lay my Armies and Power,
Proudly, that my Banishment repel'd
And Lands refir'd again be freely granted.
If not, He use the advantage of my Power,
And lay the Sumner's dast with flower of Blood,
Rayn'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen;
The which, how faire off from the mind of Bullingbrook
It is, such Camden Tempell should bedrench.
The teeth of an ape, or a King Richard Land,
My throning dute tendenly tall few.
Go figure it as much, while here we march
Upon the Gravice Carpes of this Plaine:
Let's march without the noise of threatening Drum,
That from this Castle scatter'd Battlements
Our faire Apprentices may be well pend'd,
Me thinks King Richard and my wife should meet
With no jeafe terror then the Elements
Of Fire and Water, where their thundering smokke
At meeting bears the cloudy Checkes of Heauen:
Be he the fire, Ile be the yielding Water;
The Rage be his, while on the Earth I raine
My Waters on the Earth, and not on him.
March on, and make the King Richard how he looks,
Partie without, and answer without: thus a Florish.
Enter on the Wall, Richard, Carlise, Anwells, Scroop,
Salisbury.
See, see, King Richard doth himselle appeare
As doth the blushing disconsolat Sunne
From out the sterne Parallell of the East:
When he perceives the emious Cloudes are bent
To dimme his glory, and to slaine the track
Of his bright Pallage to the Occident.
Turk. Yet looks he like a King: behold his Eye
(As bright as thats the Eagles) lightens forth
Controlling Matthe: iack, slack, for weare,
That any baste should stand to faire a Pew.
Rich. We are as mad, and thus long have we staid
To watch the fearefull bending of thy knee,
Because we thought our seale thy lawfull King:
And if we be, how dare thy Tomates forget
To pay their awfull dutie to our presence?
If we began, shew us the Hand of God,
That hath dissimul'd vs from our Stewardship
For wele wee know, no Hand of Blood and Bone
Can gripe the sacred Handle of our Scepter,
Valesse he doe prophan, Heale, or viuare.
And though you think, that all as you have done
Have somebys Colors, by turning them from vs,
And weare barren, and beare of Friends;
Yet know, my Master God omnipotent,
Is matrining in his Clouds, on our behalfe,
Arayes of Peffilence, and they shall strike
Your Children yet vnbefore, and vnbegott,
That lift your Vassall Hands, against my Head,
And threat the Glory of my precious Crowne.
Tell Bullingbrook, for yound me thinkeths he
That every Bride he makes upon my Land,
Is dangerous Treason: He is come to ope
The purple Taffetam of bleeding Wares.
But ere the Crowne he looks for, hoope in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crownes of Mothers Sorrows
Shall ill become the flower of Englands face.
Change the complexion of her Maid-pale Peace
To Scarlet Indignation, and bedew.
Her Palets Graits with faithful English Blood.
North. The King of Heaven forbid our Lord the King
Should fo with ciuill and vynceuill Armes
Be rush'd upon: Thy thirteene noble Counsels,
Harry Bullingbrook hath thimfully kifte thy hand,
And by the Honoroble Tumbe he foreares,
That stands upon your Royall Granires Bones,
And by the Royalties of both your Bloods;
(Currents that spring from one most gracious Head)
And by the buried hand of Warke Gious,
And by the Worth and Honor of himselfe,
Compeling all that may be blemishes or soad,
His coming hath no further scope,
Then for his Linseaual Royalties, and to begge
Infranchishment immediate on his knees:
Which on thy Royall part granteed once,
His gittering Armes he will commende to Rufs,
His Barbled Steedes to Stables, and his heart
To faftfull tenure of your Matrisee.
This sweares he, as he is a Prince, is just,
And as I am a Gentleman, I credit him.
Rich. Northumberland, say thus: The King returns,
His Noble Counsell is right welcome hither,
And all the number of his faire demands
Shall be accomplished, without composition:
With all the gracious viscerace thou haft,
Spearke to his gentle hearing kind commends.
We doe debate with selfe (Counsellors doe we not,
To looke to poorly, and to speake to faire?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and lend
Delight and make him take the Troyon, and so on?
Ann. No, good my Lord, I saw him fight with gentle wordes,
Till truest friends, and friends their helpful wordes.
Rich. Oh God, oh God, that ere this tounge mire,
That laid the Sentence of dread Banishment
On yond proud man, should take it off againe:
With words of sooth: Oh that I were as great
As it is my Griefe, or better then my Name,
Or that I could forget what I have beene,
Or not remember what I must be now.
Swell'th it proud mens hearts? He gues the scope to best,
Since Foes have scope to beat both thiser and me.
Ann. Northumberland comes backe from Twyning.
Rich. What must the King doe now? must he admiit
The King shall doe it: Müst he be depos'd?
The King shall be conitended: Müst he loose
The Name of King o Gods Name let it goe.
He give my Jewels for a feet of Beades,
My gorgeous Pallace, for a ferimentage,
My Apparrel, for an Almesman's Crowne,
My figur'd Goblets, for a Dish of Wood,
My Sceptre, for a Palmers walking Staffe,
The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

My Subject, for a payre of cursed Saints,
And my large Kingdom, for a little Grace,
A little Grace, an obscure Grace.
Or be buryed in the Kings high-way,
Some way of common Trade, where Subjects feet
May hourly trample on their Sovereines Head:
For on my heart they tread now, whilst I live;
And buryed once, why not upon my Head?

Aumerle, thou weep not (my tender-hearted Couin),
We'll make feuds Weather with defiled Teares;
Our fights, and they, shall lodge the Summer Corn,
And make a Death in this revolting Land.
Or shall we play the Wantons with our Voes,
And make some prettie March, with sheeding Teares?
As thus: to drop them full, upon one place,
Till they have fretted a payre of Graves,
Within the Earth and therein by'd, there are eyes
Two Knives, and all their Grace with weeping Eyes:
Would not this ill, doe well? Well, well, I see
I talk but idle, and you mock at me.

Molt mightie Prince, my Lord Northumberland,
What sayes King Butterbrough? Will his Maiestie
Give Richard leave to hang, till Richard die?
You make a Legge, and Butterbrough a Sce.

North. My Lord, in the base Court he dare not attend
To speak with you, may it please you to come downe,
Rich. Downe, downe, downe, I come like glibbing Passion,
Wanting the managing of varly Jades,
In the base Court? base Court, where Kings grow base,
To come at Treasons Calls, and doe them Grace.
In the base Court come down, down Court, down King,
For night-Owles flrike, where mording Larks should sing.

But. What sayes his Maiestie?
North. Sorrow, and grievance of heart.

Makes him speak foamy, like a franticke Man:
Yet he is come.

But. Stand all apart.
And shew a due duty to his Maiestie.

My gracious Lord,
Rich. Fair Cousin,
You desire your Princely Knee,
To make the base Earth proud with hugging it.
Me rather had my Heart might, tease your Knee,
Then my vppest Eye see your Courtesie.
Vp Confin, vp, your Heart is vp, I know,
Thus high at least, although your Knee be low.

But. My gracious Lord, I come but for mine owe.

Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

But. So farre be mine, my most redoubted Lord,
As my true service shall defend your loue.
Rich. Well you defend it
They well defend to hate,
That show the strength, and fairest way to get.
Vuckle me your Hand: I say, dye your Eyes,
Teares shew their Lion, but want their Remedy.

Confin, I am too young to be your Father,
Though you are old enough to be my Heire.
What you will have, I'll give, and willing to,
For doe we must, what force will have vs doe.

Set on towards London:

Confin, is it so?

But. Ye, my good Lord.
Rich. Then must not say, nay.

Scena Quarta.

Enter the Queene, and two Ladies.

Qu. What sport shall we devote here in this Garden,
To drive away the beseie of thought of Care?
La. Madame, we'll play at Bowles.
Qu. 'Twill make me think the World is full of Rabs,
And that my fortune runs against the Byes,
La. Madame, we'll play at Dance.
Qu. My Legges can keep no measure in Delight.
When my poor Heart no measure keeps in Griefe,
Therefore no Dancing (Griote) some other sport.
La. Madame, let us call Tales.
Qu. Of sorrow, or of Griefe?
La. Of cyther, Madame.
Qu. Of neither, Griote.

For if of Joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of Sorrow;
Or if of Griefe, being altogether had,
It addes more Sorrow to my want of Joy;
For what base I need not to repent;
And what I want, it boastes not to complaint.

La. Madame, il est;
Qu. It's well that thou hast cause:
But then should I please me better, should thou weep:
La. I could weep, Madame, would it doe you good?
Qu. And I could sing, would weeping doe me good,
And never borrow any Teare of thee.

Enter a Gardiner, and two Servants.

But stay, here comes the Gardiners,
Let's step into the shade of those Trees.

My wretchedness, vato a Rowe of Bittes,
They call of Starke: for every one deth to,
Against a Change, Woe is for-comming with Woe.

Gard. God brede thou vp yond dangling Apricockes,
Which like varly Children, make their Sire
Scape with apprehension of their godfussgall weight:
Guide some suoperior to the bending cquisite.
Goe thou, and like an Executioner
Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays.
That loose too noisie in our Common-wealth:
All must be cut, to our Government.

You thus employ'd, I will goe root away
The noyfome Wether, that without profit sucke.
The Soyles fertilize from wholesome flowers.

Ser. Why should we, in the compass of a Pale,
Keep Law and Forome, and due Proportion,
Showing us in a Modell our frums Estate?
When our Sea-walled Garden, the whole Land,
Is full of Weedes, her fairest Flowers choke vp,
Her Fruit-trees all vpon't, her Hedges reind,
Her Knots disorder'd, and her wholefome Herbes
Swarming with Casterfifiers.

Gard. Hold thy peace.

But. He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd Spring,
Hath now himselfe met with the Fall of Leaf.
The Weeds that his broad-spreading Leaves did fester,
That seem'd, in eating him, to hold him vp,
Are pull'd vp, Root and all; by butterbrough:
I mean, the Earl of Wiltshire, Nugent, Greene.

Ser. What?
The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

Ser. What are they dead?

Now Bagen, freely speake thy minde,
What thou do'st know of Noble Glousters death:
Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd
The bloody Office of his Timelesse 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,
Scornes to unlay, what it hath once deliver'd.
In that dead time, when Glousters death was plotted,
I heard you say, It is not my name of length,
That reacheth from the reftfull English Court
As farre as Calis, to my Vileks head,
Amongst much other tale, that very time,
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand Crownest,
Then Bellingbrookes returne to England; adding whilash,
How blest this Land would be, in this your Coines death.

Aum. Princes, and Noble Lords:
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much difhonour my faire Sterres,
On equal terms to give him chastisement?
Either I must, or have mine honor for'd
With the Ascendant of his flamboyant Lypes.

There is my Gage, the manuell Seal of death
That makes thee out for Hell. Thou lyef,
And will maintain what thou haft said, is false,
In thy heart bloody, though being all too base
To flaine the temper of my Knightly sword.

Bul. Bagen forsoore, thou didst not take it vp.

Aum. Excepting one, I would have been the bell
In all this preface, that hath made me so.

Fitz. If thys valour hand on sympathize:
There is my Gage, Aumerle, in Gage to shine:
By that faire Sunne, that thyes me where thou haft,
I heard thee say (and yoongly thou spakest it)
That thou wert cause of Noble Glousters death.
I thou denie it, twenty times thou lyest.
And I will turne thys falsehood to thy harm,
Where it was forst in my Rapiers point.

Aum. Thou darst not (Coward) live to see the day.
Fitz. Now by my Soule, I would it were this hour.

Aum. Fitzwater thou art damn'd to hell for this.
Fitz. Aumerle, thou lyest; this Honor is perjur'd
In this Apprene, as thou art all iniusti.
And that thou art so, there I throw my Gage
To pronounce on thee, to th'extremeest point
Of mortal breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'st.

Aum. And I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more reuengeful Steale,
Ouer the glittering Helmet of my Foe.

Sur. My Lord Fitzwater:
I do remember well, the very time
Aumerle, and thou diest.

Fitz. My Lord,
'Tis very true; You were in preffence then,
And you can witness with me, this is true.

Sur. As itt, by heauen,
As Heaven it selfe is true.

Fitz. Surry, thou Lyef.

Surry. Dishonourable Boy?

That Lyf, shall lie to heavy on my Sword,
That it shall render Vengeance, and Revenge,
Till thou the Lyse-quyer, and that Lyse, doe lyse
In earth as quiet, as thy Fathers Stell,
In proofe whereof, there is mine Honors pawne,
Engage it to the Triall, if thou dar'st.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter a as to the Parliament. Bellingbrooke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, Surry, Castleh, Aumour, Fitzwater, Neilinear, Officers and Bagen.

Bellingbrooke, Call forth Bagen.
The Life and Death of Richard the Second. 39

Thou fondly dost thou show a forward Horie? If I dare care, or drink, or breathe, or live, I dare more Sorrow in a Wilderness, And lovest thou, wilt I say he Lyes, And Lyes, and Lyes: there is my Bond of Faith, To vye thee to my strong Correction. As I intend to thrive in this new World, Annerle is guilty of my true Apparle. Besides, I heard the manfuld Nafolfe say, That thou, Annerle didst fend two of thy men, To execute the Noble Duke at Gallis. Amen. Some hast Christians trust me with a Gage, That Nafolse goes here, I dare not show downe this, If he may be reaped, to trie his Honor. But these differences shall all rest under Gage, Till Nafolse be reaped: I dare not show him, And though mine Enemy serjeant Catharine, To all his Lands and Apparles, when her returnes him, Against Annerle we will enforce his Tyrant.

Car. That honorable day shall not be seen, Many a time hath baneful Nafolse fought For Jefu Christ, in glorious Christian field, Streaming the Ensign of the Christian Cross, Against black Pagans, Turks, and Saracens; And trayled with works of Warre, retayled himselfe, To Italy, and there at Venice gane His Body to that pleasant Countries Earth, And his pure Soule into his Captaine Ffederick, Whose colours he had fought for long. But why shoult, no Nafolse dead? Car. As true as I live, my Lord. But sweet peace condues this sweet Soule To the Bosom of good old Abraham. Lords: Appoynt your differences shall all rest under, Gage, till we affinge you to your dayes of Tyrant. Enter York.

York. Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee From plume-pluck of Richard, who with willing Soule Adopted thee Heire, and his high Scepter yeldeth To the possession of thy Royal Hand, Affend his Throne, defending now from him, And long line Henry of that Name the Fourth. But in Gods Name: He affends the Regall Throne. Car. Mary, Heaven forbid, Worth in this Royal Presece may I speake, Yet beft becominge me to speake the truth. Would God, that any in this Noble Presece Were enough Noble, to be wight of Judic. Of Noble Richard: thou true Nebeneche wouldst Learn me forbearance from his foleate Wrong. What Subiecte can give Sentence on his King? And who fitt here, that is not richards Subiect? The ftreets are not judge, but they are by to hearre, Although apparent guilt be feene in them: And shall the figure of Gods Maleflee, His Captaine, Serward, Durned, rench. Anonymed, Crown'd, dplantard many yeeres, Be judge by subiects, and inferior breathe, And he himfelf be not preynt? Oh, forbide it, God, That in a Christian Climate, Souls rench'd, Should be to heynous, black, obfene a deed. Speak to Subiects, and a Subiect speake, Stood vp by Heaven, this holdly for his King. My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call King, is a foleate Tryster, to prove Hereford of King, And if you Crown him, let me prophesie: The blood of Englishe shall masure the ground, And future Ages groame for his foule Act. Peace shall reigne with Turkes and infidels, And in this Seat of Peace, tumultuous Warses Shall Kanne with Kanne, and Kinde with Kinde confound. Disorder, Horror, Peace, and Mutine Shall here inhabit, and this Land be call'd The field of Golgotha: and dead mens Sould, If you errest this house, against this Houfe It will the woefulft Diuination prove, That ever fell upon this cursed Earth, Prevent it, refist it, and let it not be, Least Child, Child, Children cry against you, Woe. North. Well have you argued Sir; and for your pains, Of Capital Treason we arrel you here, My Lord of Westminister, before your charge, To keepe him safely, till his day of Tryall. May it please you, Lords, to grant the Commons Suit? But fetch thine Richard, that in common view He may surrender: so we shall proceed Without inquisition.

York. I will be his Conduett: Exeunt.

Enter Richard and York.

York. Alack, why am I sent for to a King, Before I have smooke off the Regall thoughts. Wherewith I reign'd: I hardly yet have learned To infinate, flatter, bowe, and bend my knee. Give sorrow ease a while, to assure me To this submission. Yet I will remember, The favours of these men: were they not mine? Did they not sometime cry, All hayle to me? So Indus did to Christ: but he in twelve, Pound truth small, but one, I let twelve thousand, none. God fear the Kings, will no man say, Amen? Am I both Priest, and Clark? well then, Amen. God fear the King, although I be not he: And yet Amen? Heaven doe think him me. To doe what service, and I sent for hisser & Yorke. To doe that office of thine own good will, Which tykt Malice he did make his offer: The Resignation of the State and Crowne To Henry Bunlidaykne. York. Give me the Crown. Here Come in, seize the Crown: Here Comyn, on this side my Hand, on that side thine, Now is this Golden Crownse like a deepse Well, That over two Buckers, filling one another, The emptier ever dancing in the amy, The other downe, vnsece, and full of Water: That Buckers downe, and full of Tears am I, Drinking my Griefes, while it ye mouth vp on high. But, I thought you had been willing to reginfe. Rich. My Crowne I am, but till my Griefes are mende: You may my Glories and my State depolet, But not my Griefes: still am I King of these. But part of your Care you give me with your Crowne. Rich. Your Care doth vp, do not pluck my Care downe, My Care is the life of Care, by old Care done, Your Care is the base of Care by new Care wone: The Care I give, I have, though given away, They tend the Crowne, yet still with me they fly: But are you contented to reginfe the Crowne? Rich. 1.
The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

Rich. True, Lord; for I must nothing else.
Therefore no, no, for I am in the silent.
Now, take heed how I will make my felicity.
I give this beauty of a weight from off my head,
And this unyielded sceptre from my hand.
The pride of Kings fly from out our heart.
With mine own tears I wash away my shame,
And with mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue I die my sacred state;
With mine own breath I release all duties.
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
My manners, debts, renunciation; I forgive;
My acts, deeds, and substance I destroy.
God pardon all enemies that are broke to me,
God keep all in everlasting life my soul.
Make me, that nothing should be in perpetual;
And thou, my new Richard, in this world, I stir.
Long may the, true in Richard's seat, be true;
And, lo, my eye Richard, in an earthy pin.
God save King Henry, and King Richard too,
And send him many years of sun-shine days.
What more revere?

North. No more; but that you read
These accusations, and these giveth crimes,
Committed by your father, and your followers,
Against the state, and profit of this land;
That by confessing them, the soules of men
May discern that you are not worthy to depose.

Rich. Madam, I do so; and must I travel out
My wench's deep fowles? Grudge Northumberland,
If the Offences were upon record.
Would it be shame then, in faire a steuple,
To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldst it,
There should it be a speakerful article.
Concerning the depifying of a King,
And breaking the strong warrant of an oath,
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven.
Now, all, that and look upon me,
Wilt thou that I be called no fowle my selfe,
Though some of you, such Pilots, wash your hands,
Shewing an outward piteous? yet you Pilots
Have here deliver'd me to my owne Croos,
And Water cannot wash away your sinne.

North. My Lord, dispatch, cause o're these Articles.
Rich. Mine Eyes are full of tears, I cannot see.
And yet, alas! Water blindest them not so much,
But they can see a fort of Trayors here.
Now, if I turn my eye upon my selfe,
I finde my selfe a Traytor with the rest.
For I have given here my soules content;
This kind, and proud, and body of a King;
Made glory base; a Soveraigne; a Seducer;
Proud Majestie, a subiect; state, a Partisan.

North. My Lord.

Rich. No Lord of thine, thou haughti-infolding man;
No name is known; I have no name, no title;
No man that knoweth me, I am the King,
But in the winter, and the winter day,
That I have won in many winters out,
And now not here, what name to call my name.
Oh! let me be a Mocker, King of Snow,
Standing before the sun of Bully-frankes,
To meet my selfe away in Water drops.
Good King, great King, and yet not greatly good,
And if my word be Sterling yet in England,
Let it condamn a Mirror hitthe straight.

But it may shew me when a face I have;
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.
Bull. Go, swarm of you, and fetch a looking-glass.
North. Read o're this paper, while I Glasse doth come.
Rich. Eare, thou torment me, ere I come to hell.
Bull. My ge is no more, my Lord Northumberland.
North. The Commons will not then be satisfied.
Rich. They shall be satisfied: I read enough.
When I did see the very book indeed,
Where all my fames are writ, and that's my fault.

Enter one with a Glasse.

Glasse. Give me that Glasse, and therein will I read.
No deeper wrinkles yet; hath sorrow shrunk
So many blowes upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wound? O, flatter it I must,
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me. Was this face, the face
That every day, under his house, hold roofe,
Did keep ten thousand men? was this the face
That like the sunne, did make beholders wink?
Is this the face, which did so many validate,
That was at last out-fac'd by Bully-frankes?
A brittle glory shineth in this face,
As brittle as the glory it is the face.
For there it is, crept in an humble flour,
As meanly that King, the mall of this sport;
How Rome, in sorrow hath destroy'd my face
But the shadow of my sorrow hath destroy'd me.
The shadow of your face.

Rich. Say that again.
The shadow of my sorrow's let's see;
Tis very true, my griefes eyes all within,
And the external manner of lamentation,
Are merely shadowes, so the vnforme griefes,
That twells with silence in the corrupted soules,
There lyeth the falseness: and I thank thee King,
For thy great bountie, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way,
How to lament the case; I begge one boone,
And then be done, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtaine it?

Bull. Name it, faire Cousin,
Rich. Faire Cousin? I am greater then a King.
For when I was a King, my flatterers
Were then but fobiches; being now a fobiches,
I have a King here to my flatterer:
Being so great, I have no neede to begge.

Bull. Yet ask.
Rich. And shall I have it?
Bull. You shall.
Rich. Then give me leasse to goe.
Bull. Whither?
Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sight.
Bull. Go, some of you, coney me to the tower.
Rich. Oh, gods consume! Consume are you all,
That rise thus suddenly a true Kings fall.
Bull. On Wednesday next, we openly set downe
Our Coronation: Lords, prepare your felicity.

Abbot. A woffull Pageant have we here beheld.
Carl. The Wees to come, the Chilidren yet unborne,
Shall feel this day as sharpe to them as Thorne.

Adm. You holy Clergs-men, is there no Pleas
To rid the Realms of this pernicious Blight.

Abbot. Before I freely speake my minde herein,
You shall not onely take the Sacrament,
To bury mine intent, but also to effect

What.
The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

What even I shall happen to endure.
I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your heart of sorrow, and your eyes of tears.
Come home with me to supper, I lay a plot.
Shall these vs all a merry day.

Enter, Richard.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Queen and Ladies.

Queen. This way the King will come. This is the way.

To Isidore's, called ill-resolution:
To whose first Boforce my condemned Lord
It does a Prisone, by proud Bulgingbrook.
Here let us rest, if this rebellious Earth
Have any thing for her true King, Queen.

Enter Richard and Gerard.

But so fit, but see, or rather do not see,
My fairest Rose wither: yet you look up, behold,
That you in pitie may disallow to see,
And wash you fresh again with true Lune Tears.

Ah! then the Modell, where old Towy did stand,
Thou Mappe of Honor, thou King Richard's Tomb,
And not King Richard: thou most beauteous Inne,
Why should hard-favor'd Griefe be lodg'd in thee.

When Triumph is become an Ale-house Guest.

Rich. I am not with griefe, faire Woman, do not so,
I shall not too sudden: learn good Soul,
To think our former State a happy Dreame,
From which alack'd, the truth of what we are.
She was vs but this: I am Sworne Brother (Sweet).

To grieve your Friends, and see and I
Will keep a League till Death. High thee to France,
And Gildeth thee in some Religious House.
Our holy lies must win a new World's Crown,
Which our prophane hours here have stricken down.

Queen. What is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transform'd, and weaken'd? Hath Bulgingbrook
Deposed thine illustrious? Hath he borne in the Heart?
The Lyon dying, thrusteth forth his Paw,
And wounds the Earth, if nothing else, with rage.
To be o'er-power'd: and will thou, Pupill-like,
Take thy Correction mildly, kill the Rodde,
And fawn on Rage with bale Humilitie,
Which art a Lyon, and a King of Beasts?

Rich. A King of Beasts indeed! if not but Beasts,
I had been fill'd a happy King of Men.
Good (sometime Queen) prepare thee hence for Frances.
Think I am dead, and that even here thou talkst,
As from my Death-bed, my last living lease,
In Winters tedious Nights fit for the fire.

With good old folks, and let them tell the Tales
Of worldly ages, long ago behind.
And see thou bid good-night, to quit their griefe,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And fend the heares weeping to their Beds:
For why the fenecele Brandes will sympathize
The hearse accent of thy movinge Tongue,
And in composition, wepe the fire out,
And some will moan in aires, some coale-blacke.

For the depoing of a rightfull King.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My Lord, the mind of Bulgingbrook is chang'd.

You must to Pompei, not into the Tower,
And Madame, there is order tis for you:
With all swift speed, you must away to France,
Rich. Northumberland, thou Ladder, wherewithall
The mounting Bulgingbrook ascends my Throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age,
More then it is, ere faire time, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption than I shall think,
Though he divide the Realme, and gibe thee halle,
It is too little, helping him to all:
He shall thinke, that thou which know'lt the way
To plant twenty full Kings, will know againe,
Being here so little, and another way,
To pluck him headlong from the usurped Throne.

The Lute of wicked friends returns to Feare,
That Feare to Hate; and Hate turns one, or both,
To worthie Danger, and deferred Death.

Rich. Doubly dower'd (bad men) ye violate
A two-fold Marriage; twain my Crowne, and me,
And then betwixt me, and my married Wife.
Let me un-kille the Oath's twain thee, and me;
And yet not so, for with a Kille I was made.

Enter York, and his Deputies.

York. Where did I leave you?

York. Blow off thy way with Slaughter, I mine with Graves.

Scena Secunda.

Enter York, and his Deputies.

Duch. My Lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off,
Of all the Curses coming into London.

York. Where did I leave you?

Duch. At that, I told you, Lord,
Where rude mil-govern'd hands, from Windowes tops,
Throw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.

York. Then
The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

York. Then, as I said, the Duke, great Billingbrooke,
Mounted upon a horse and fortune's crown,
Which his aspiring flight would seem to know;
With this, but dearly pace, kept on his course;
While all tongues were idle, God saue thee Billingbrooke.
You would have thought the very windows spatke,
So many greedy looks of young and old,
Through Cafemans stared their defying eyes
Upon their villages and all that is, With painted imagery had fate at once,
Israe pensive these, we come Billingbrooke.
Whil't he, from one side to the other running,
Bare-headed, lower then his proud Steed's necke,
Bespeak them thus: I thank you Countrymen:
And thus still doing, thus he past along.

Dund. Alas poore Richard, where rides he the whiffl

York. As in a Theatre, the eyes of men
After a well grace'd Actor leaves the Stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his Prattling to be tedious.
Even so, or with much more contempt, mens eyes
Did fancy on Richard: no man cried, God saue him:
No joyfull tongue gave him his welcome home,
But cry was thence upon his Sacred head,
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
His face full burning with tears and smiles.
(The badges of his griefe and patience)
That had not God (for some great purpose) fleed'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And Barbarene teares have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in these events,
To whole high will we bound our estate contents.
To Billingbrooke, are we sworn Subiects now,
Whose State, and Honor, I for you allow.

Enter Assuerus.

Dunt. Here come my Amster Assuerus.
Turke. Assuerus that was,
But that is lost, for being Richard's friend,
And Madam you must call him Reuban now:
York. I am in Parliament pledge for his truth,
And laffing false to the new-made King.
Dunt. Welcome my servants who are the Violets now,
That have the green lap of the new made Spring.
Assuerus. Madam, I know now, I greatly care not,
God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.
Turke. Well, bear you well in this new-spring of time
Least you be crept before you come to prime.
What news from Oxford? Hold those Jutta & Triumph's?
Assuerus. For ought I know my Lord, they do.
Turke. You will be there know.
Assuerus. If God prevent not, I purpose so.
Turke. What Scale is that that hangs without thy bosom?
York. Look'st thou pale? Let me see the Writing.
Assuerus. My Lord, it staineth.
Turke. No matter then who sees it,
I will be satisfied, let me see the Writing.
Assuerus. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.
Turke. Which for some reasons sir, I mean to see.
York. I fear, I feare.
Dunt. What should you fear?
Turke. It is nothing but some bonds, that he enter'd into
Far away appear, well against the Triumph.
York. Boundst thou my life? What dost thou with a Bond
That he is bound to? Write thou art as fools.

Boy, let me see the Writing.
Assuerus. I do beseech you pardon me, I may not the word.
York. I will be satisfied, let me see it, gay.
Assuerus. They being found, Villaine, Traitor, Slave.
Dunt. What is the matter, my Lord?
Turke. Hoa, who's within there? Saddle my horse.
Heaven for his mercy: what treachery is here?
Dunt. Why, what is my Lord?
York. Give me my boots, I say: Saddle my horse:
Now by my Honor, my life, my troth,
I will appease the Villaines.
Dunt. What is the matter?
York. Peace, foolish Woman.
Dunt. I will not peace, what is the matter Sonne?
Assuerus. Good Mother be content, it is no more.
Then my poor life must answer.

Dunt. Thy life answer?

Enter Servant with Boots.

York. Bring me my Boots, I will go to the King.
Dunt. Strike him Assuerus. Poor boy, it is amaz'd,
Hence Villaine, neuer more come in my sight.
York. Give me my Boots, I say.
Dunt. Why York, what wilt thou then do?
Turke. What is not the Treipas of thine owne?
Howe can more Sonne? Or are we like to hate?
Is it not your coming date drunk vp with time?
And wilt thou plucke my faire Sonne from mine Age,
And rob me of a happy Mothers name?
Is he not like thee? Is he not thine owne?
York. Thou fond mad woman
What thou conceale this darke Conspiracy?
A dozen of them here, have tane the Sacrament,
And interchangingly set down their hands,
To kill the King at Oxford.
Dunt. He shall none:
We'll keep him there, then what is that to him?
Turke. Thou wouldst be more pitifully,
But now I know thy mine, thou do not suspect
That I have beene chilloyall to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy Sonne.
Sweet York, my sordid husband, be nor of that mind:
He is as like thee, as a man may bee,
Not like to me, nor any of my kin,
And yet I love him.

Turke. Make way, virtuously Woman.

Exit Scena Tertiis.

Enter Billingbrooke, Perseus, and other Lords.

But. Can no man tell me of my vnchrife Sonne?
Assuerus. They fall three moneths since I did see him last.
Turke. I am as great a lord as ever, 'as he,
I would to heare any of my Lord's he might be found:
Enquire at London, amongst the Tauserns there.
For there (they say) he daily doth frequent,
With unrefrained loose Companions.
Even such (they say) as stand in narrow Lanes,
And rob our Watch, and bear our Passengers,
Which he, young wanton, and effeminate Boy
Takes on the point of Honor, to support
So difficult a crew.

Per. My Lord, some two days since I saw the Prince,
And told him of the same Triumphs held at Oxford.

But. And what said the Gallant?

Per. His answer was, he would unto the Stewes,
And from the common streete plucke out a Glasse
And wearie it as a Tafurie, and with that
He would whistle the lost flint Challenge.
But. As difficulte as sleep state, yet through both,
I see some sparks of better hope: which elder days
May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

Enter Aumerle,

Aumr. Where is the King?
But. What means our Coine, that he flies
And looks so wilfully?

Aumr. God fane your Grace, I do beseech your Maiefty
To have some conference with your Grace alone.

But. Withdraw your selves, and leave us here alone:
What is the matter with our Coine now?

Aumr. For ever may my knees grow to the earth,
My tongue cleave to my roote within my mouth,
Vileffe a Pardon, ere I live, or speake.

But. Intended, or committted was this fault?
If on the first, how heavy are they, to bee,
To win thy alow long, I pardon thee.

Aumr. Then give me leave, that I may turne the key,
That no man enter, till my tale be done.

But. Haue they defire. Terke within.

Ter. My Liege beware, looke to thy selfe,
Thou art a Traitor in thy presence there.

But. Vileain, He make thee live.

Aumr. Stay thy tongue, thou hast no cause to feare.

Terke. Open the doore, secure foole-hardy King;
Shall I for lost speake treason to thy face?
Open the doore, or I will break it open.

Enter Terke,

Terke. What is the matter (Yolke) speake, recover breath,
Tell vs how matter is danger,
That we may arm vs to encounter it.

Ter. Prate this writing heere, and thou shalt know
The reason that my haffe for tells me shew.

Aumr. Rememberst thou readest filly promise past:
I do repent me, read not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

Ter. It was (villain) ere thy hand didst it downe.
I was writ it from the Traitors before, King.
Fear me, and not Loue, begats his patience;
Forgets not pitty, heare thy pitty proue.
A Serpent, that will bite thee to the heart.

But. Oh heinous, strong, and bold Conspiracie,
O Loyal Father of a treacherous Sonne:
Thou fierce, immaculate, and furer fountain,
From whence this streame, through muddy passages
Hath had his current, and deigned his life,
Thy outflow of good, counter to bad,
And thy abundant gooddesse shall excuse
This deadly blot, in thy digresting fomae.

Terke. So shall my Vengeance be his Vices bawd,
And he shall spend mine Honour, with his Shame;

As Christes Soones, their sperning Fathers Gold,
Mine honour, when his dishonor dies,
Or my trust d lyfe, in his dishonor lies:
Thou killest me in his life, giving him breath,
The Traitor lyfe, the true mans put to death.

Duke. What hast (my Liege) for heavens sake let me int.

But. What shall we make of this eager cry?

Ducr. A woman, and thine Aumr, (great King) to it.
Speake with me, put me, open the doore,
A Beggar begs, that never begged before.

But. Our Scene steals them a serious thing,
And now changd to the Beggar, and the King.
My dangerous Coine, let your Mother in,
I know she comes, to pray for your soule sin.

Yolke. If thou do pardon, wholesome ever pray,
More finnes for this forgiueneffe, prosper may.
This fethered layne cut off, the reft releas found,
This let alone, will all the reft confound.

Enter Duke.

Ducr. O King, believe not this hard hearted man,
Lour, loving not to selfe, none other can.

Ter. Thou sauci woman, what dost f make here,
Shall I o lad dange, once more a Traitor reare?

Ducr. Sweet Yolke be patient, hear me gentle Liege.

But. Rife vp good Ascript.

Yolke. No yet, I thee beseech,
For ever will I kneele upon my knees,
And never fee day, that the happy fees.
Till thou give joy, till thou bid me joy.
By pardoning Rutland, thy traiterous Boy.

Aumr. Into my mothers prayers, I bend my knee.

Ducr. Pleade be in earnest (lookes upon his Face),
His eyes do drop no tears: his prayers are in liue:
His words come from his mouth, ours from our brach.

But. They pray but faintly, and would be denide,
We pray with heart, and fond, and all before;
His weary toynts would gladly rife, I know,
Our knees shall kneele, till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy,
Ours of true zeal, and deep integrity.
Our prayers do out pray his, then let them hau.

Ter. That mercy, which true prayers ought to hau.

But. Good Aumr stand vp.

Ducr. Nay, do not say (stand vp).
But Pardon first, and afterwards (stand vp).
And if I were thy Nurse, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon should be the first word of thy speach.
I neuer longed to heare a word till now.
Say Pardon (King), let pitty teach thee how,
The word is short, but so short as sweet,
No word like Pardon, for Kings mouth to speake.

Terke. Speak it in French. (King) say Pardon me may.

Ducr. Doth thou teach pardon, Pardon to deftoy?

Ah my sworne husband, my hard hearted Lord,
That feate the word is false, against the word.
Speak Pardon, as its curst in our land,
The shopping French we do not understand.
Those eye begins to speake, fees thy tongue there,
Or in thy pious heart, plant thou thine care,
That hearing how our plaine and prayers do peace,
Pitty may move thee, Pardon to relish.

But. Good Aumr, stand vp.

Ducr. I do not se in stand,
Pardon is all the swae I have in hand.
The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

But, I pardon him, as heaven shall pardon mee.

Dut. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee:
Yet am I fickle for fear: speake it againe,
Twice saying Pardon, doth not pardon staine,
But makes one pardon strong.

But. I pardon him, with all my hart.

Dut. A God on earth thou art,

But. But for our truly brother-in-law, the Abbess,
With all the rest of that comforted crew.

Dut. With all the rest of that comforted crew.

But. With all the rest of that comforted crew.

Dut. Didst thou not make the King what words he spake?

Enter Exeunt and Scrutavit.

Exe. Didst thou not make the King what words he spake?

Haue I no friend will rid me of this living feare?

Was it not so?

Ser. These were his very words.

Exe. Haue I no Friends? (quoth he:) he spake it twice,

And vrged it twice together, did he not?

Ser. He did.

Exe. And speaking it, he withely looke d on me,

As he should say, I would thou wert the man

That would divorce this terror from my heart,

Meaning the King at Pomfret: come, let's goe;

I am the Kings friend, and will rid his fort.

Enter Richard.

Rich. I haue bin studying, how to compare

This Prison where I live, with the World:

And for because the world is populous,

And here is not a Creature, but my selfe,

I cannot do it: yet I have an eye on,

My braines, I haue the Image of my soule,

My soule, the Father: and these two beget

A generation of still breeding Thoughts;

And these same Thoughts, people this Little World

In houres, like the people of this world,

For no thought is contained. The better fort,

As thoughts of things Divine, are intermittent

With tempests, and do surr the Faith it selfe

Against the Faith it self: Come little ones: & then again,

It is as hard to come, as for a Camel

To thread the poterne of Needle's eye;

Thoughts tending to Ambitions, they do plot

Unlikely wonders: how they vanie weakly nailes

May tear a vallie through the Flimy ribbes

Of this hard world, my ragged prison wallis;

And for they cannot dye in their owne Pride.

Thoughts tending to Content, flatter themselves,

That they are not the first of Fortunes flaues,

Nor shall not be the last. Like silly Beggers,

Who sitting in the Stocks, rejoice their Shame

This many have, and others must fit there;

And in this Thought, they finde a kind of ease,

Bearing their owne misfortune on the backe

Of such as have before indued the like.

Thus play I one Prison, many people;

And none contented, Sometimes am I King;

Then Treason makes me with my selfe a Begger,

And so I am. Then crucifying penair, I

Perfwades me, I was better when a King:

Then am I King, d'again and by and by,

Think it that I am vn-King'd by Bullying broke,

And straight am nothing. But what ert I am,

Nor know any man, that but man is;

With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd

With being nothing. Myslike do I here?

Ha, ha! keep time: How owre sweet, Myslike is,

When Time is broke, and no Proportion kept?

So is it in the Myslike of mens Lives:

And here have I the delight of care.

To haue time broke in a disorder'd firing;

But for the Conord of my State and Time,

Had nor an ease to haue my true Time broke.

I wafted Time, and now doth Time waft me.

For now hath Time made me his numbering clocke;

My Thoughts, are minute; and with Sighes they laire.

Their watchs on who mine eyes, the outward Watch,

Where to my finger, like a Diall point, is

Pointing still, in cleansing them from teares.

Now sith, the found that tells what hour it is;

Are clamorous groanes, that strike upon my heart,

Which is the bell: so Sighes, and Terrors, and Groans,

Slew Minutes, Hours, and Times: but my Time

Ran out on in Bullying break proud ly;

While I fluid footing here, hisackle o'th Clocks.

This Myslike made me, let it found no more,

For though it haue holpe madmen to their wis,

In me it seems, it will make wise-men mad:

Yet bletting on his heart that giveth it;

For its a simne of love, and loan to Richard,

Is a strange Broock, in this all-hating world.

Enter Groome.

Gro. Hail Royall Prince.

Rich. Thanks noble Peer.

The cheapeft of vs, is ten greatest too deere.

What art thou? And how com'lt thou hither?

Where no man ever comes, but that sad dogge

That brings me food, to make misfortune light.

Gro. I was a poore Groome of thy Stable (King)

When thou wert King, who trauelling towards York,

With much ado, at length haue gotten leave

to looke uppon my (sometimes Royall) matters fine.

O how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld

In London streets, that Coronation day,

When Bullying brake was on Roane Barbary,

That borse, that thou so oft hast befrind,

That horse, that I so carefull haue dreft.


How went he under him?

Gro. So proudly, as if he had disdained the ground.

Rich. So proudly, that Bullying brake was on his backe;

That fade hath caste bread from my Royall hand.

This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.

Would he not flumbe? Would he not fall downe

(Since Pride must haue a fall) and brake the necke

Of that proud man, that did usurpe his bace?

For none contented, Some time am I King,

Since thou creast to be sw'd by man

Was's borne to bear? I was not made a horse,
The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

And yet I bear a burden like an Afe,
Spar-gul'd, and dye'd by running Bullyingbrooks.

Enter Kemp with a Dial.

Kemp. Fellow, give place, here is no longer sty.

Rich. If thou love me, so time thou wert away.

Gress. What my tongue desires not, that my heart shall say.

Kemp. My Lord, will please you to fall too?

Rich. Tis fit if it be so, as thou wert wont to do too.

Kemp. My Lord I desire not, Sir Pierce of Dartford,

Who lately came from the King, commands the contrary.

Rich. The devil take the bloud of Lancaster, and thee.

Patience is bloud, and I am weary of it.

Kemp. Help, help, help.

Enter Exton and Servants.

Exton. How now? what means Death in this rude still?

Servants. Thine own hand yields thy deathes instrument,

God thou and fill another roome in hell.

Exton. Is he drunke? he is gone.

That hand shall burne in never-quenching fire.

That flaggers thus my person. Exton, thy fierce hand.

Hath with the Kings blood, stain'd the Kings own land.

Mount, mount my soule, thy feare is vp on high,

While I didinkelkst down, here to dye. Exton.

As full of Valor, as of Royall blood,

Both haste I spit: Oh would the deed were good.

For now the diuell, that told me I did well,

Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell.

This dead King to the living King he bearre,

Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.

Exit.

Scena Quinta.

Flourish. Enter Bullyingbrooks, York, with other Lords and attendants.

Bul. Kinde William York, the last newes we heare,

Is that the Rebels have conuent with fire

Our Towne of Cirenet in Gloucestershire,

But whether they be tame or flaine, we heare not.

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome my Lord: What is the newes?

Nor. First to the Sacred State, with all happinete.

The next newes is, I have to London sent.

The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blount, and Kent.

The manner of their taking may appeare

At large discouer'd in this paper here.

But, we thank thee gentle Percy for thy paines,

And to thy worth wili addle right worthy guises.

Enter Percy.

Percy. My Lord, I have from Oxford sent to London,

The heads of Brocket, and Sir William Scroft,

Two of the dangerous conformed Traitors,

That fought at Oxford, thy dissembler now.

But, Thy paines Percy shall not be forgot,

Right Noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter Percy and Cardell.

Cardell. The grand Conspirator, Abbots of Westminster,

With ring of Confidence, and lowre Melancholy,

Hath yeelded vp his body to the grave:

But there is Cardell, living to abide

Thy Kingly doome, and lendece of his pride.

But, Cardell, this is your doome:

Choose out some secret place, some secure and roomes

More then thou hast, and with it joy thy life:

So as thou still in peace, thy free from flue.

For though my enemie, thou hast ever beece,

High speakes of Honor in thee have I feene.

Enter Exton with a Coffin.

Exton. Great King, within this Coffin I present

Thy burned soule. Herein all breathlesse lies.

The might of all thy greatest enemies

Richard of Burdeaux, by me hither brought.

But, Exton, I thank thee not, for thou hast wrought

A.Asdead of Slaughter, with thy fatal hand,

Upon my head, and all this famous Land.

Ex. From your owne mouth my Lord, did I this deed.

Nor. They done no paynent, that do peison neede,

Nor do I think, though I did with him dead,

I hate the Murtherer, love him murthered.

The guilt of confidence take thou for thy labour.

But neither my good word, nor Princeuely favour,

With Came go wander through the shade of night,

And never shew thy head by day, our light.

Lords, I protest my soul is full of woe,

That blood should sprinkle me, to make me grow,

Come mourn with me, for that I do lament,

And put on fullness Blacke Incontinent.

He makes a voyage to the Holy-land,

To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.

March daily after, grace my mourning there.

In weeping after this wistely Beare.

Exeunt.
The First Part of Henry the Fourth, with the Life and Death of Henry Surnamed Hotspurre.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter the King, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Wurtineland, with others.

King.

We are as we are. To war with care,
And peace to pant, and breath short with accents of new broils
To be commenct in Scars a farre remote:
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil,
Shall daube her lipps with her owne children blood,
No more shall trenching Warre channel her fields,
Nor bruise her Flowerets with the armored hoofes
Of hostile paces. Those opprest eyes,
Which like the Meteors of a troubled Heauen,
All of one Nature, of one Substance bred,
Did lately meet in the marke of a chocke,
And furious close of cruel Butcherie,
Shall now in mutual slaughter running ranks
March all one way, and be no more opprest
Against Acquaintance, Kindred, and Allies.

The edge of Warre, like an ill-shapen knife,
No more shall ene his Matter. Therefore Friends,
As farre as to the Sepulcher of Christ,
Whole Sonkleter now wares who is blest Croffe
We are imprisst, and impast to fight,
For why with a power of English shall we leue,
Whose arms were moulded in their Mothers wombes,
To chace the Pagans in those holy Fields,
Auer whole Acres walkd those blessed steere
Which four and hundred years ago were naild
For our aduantage on the birtte Croffe,
But this our purpose is a twelve month old,
And booteless 'tis to telle you we will goe;
Therefore we meete not to tell you: Then let me heare
Of you my gentle Cousin Wurtineland,
What yeffdright our Counsell did decrees,
In forwarding this bene expedience.

My Liege: This Warre was hot in question,
And many limtis of the Charge set downe
But yeffdright when all about there came
A Post from Wurtineland laden with Beawy Newes;
Whole warre was, That the Noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glandower,
Was by the wise hands of the Wurtinian taken,
And a thousand of his people butchered.

Upon whose dead corpes there was such mifare,
Such bravely, flamelette transformation,
By those Weelowemen done, as may not be
(Without much shame) ye told or spoken of.

King. It seems then, that the tidings of this Warre,
Brake off our businesse for the Holy Land.

If this marcht with either like my gracious Lord,
Farre more venuen and vna, welcome Newes
Came from the North, and thus it did report:
In Holy roode day, the gallant Hotspur thar,
Young Harry Percy, and brave Scrothold,
That ever-villain and approvpt Scot,
At Halmode mett, where they did send
A sad and bloody hour:
As by discharge of their Artillerie,
And shope of likely-hood the newes was told:
For he that brought them, in the very heare
And pride of their contention, did take hysself,
Vercertainne of the issue any way.

King. Here is a dear and true industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blount, new lighted from his holles,
Straind with the variation of each foyle,
Bewixt that Halmode, and this Seas of ours:
And he hath brought vs smooth and welcomes newes.

The Earl of Douglas is discomfitt,
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty Knight
Balk'd in their owne blood did Sir Walter too
On Halmode Plains. Of Prisoners, Hotspur take
Mardayng Earl of Fife, and eldest sonne
Thebeasten Douglas, and the Earl of Arold,
Of Moray, a Sonne, and Mentale
And is not this an honourable power?
A gallant prize? Ha Cofin, is it not? Infaith it is.

King. Yes, there thou makst me sad, & mak'st me smile,
In envy, that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the Father of so blest a Sonne:
A Sonne, who is the Theame of Honor and tongue;
Among'st a Groue, the very straightest Plant,
Who is sweet Fortunes Minion, and his Pride:
While I by looking on the praise of him,
See Rysor and Dithonor flaine the brow
Of my young Harry. O that it could be proud,
That some Night-tripping Fairy, had exchang'd
In Chaste-claythes, our Children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet: 
Scena Secunda.

Enter Henry Prince of Wales, Sir John Falstaff, and Page.

Fal. Now Hal, what time of day is it lad?

Page. Now, my lord, I am out so late at night,

Fal. Nay, then, I am as good as dead, and I must

Page. O, sir, I pray you, be careful of your

Fal. Then, sir, I will be careful of myself,

Page. Nay, sir, you shall be careful of yourself,

Fal. And I will be careful of myself, and

Page. O, sir, I pray you, be careful of your

Fal. Then, sir, I will be careful of myself,

Page. O, sir, I pray you, be careful of your

Fal. Then, sir, I will be careful of myself,

Page. O, sir, I pray you, be careful of your

Fal. Then, sir, I will be careful of myself,

Page. O, sir, I pray you, be careful of your

Fal. Then, sir, I will be careful of myself,

Page. O, sir, I pray you, be careful of your

Fal. Then, sir, I will be careful of myself,

Page. O, sir, I pray you, be careful of your

Fal. Then, sir, I will be careful of myself,

Page. O, sir, I pray you, be careful of your

Fal. Then, sir, I will be careful of myself,

Page. O, sir, I pray you, be careful of your

Fal. Then, sir, I will be careful of myself,

Page. O, sir, I pray you, be careful of your

Fal. Then, sir, I will be careful of myself,

Page. O, sir, I pray you, be careful of your

Fal. Then, sir, I will be careful of myself,

Page. O, sir, I pray you, be careful of your

Fal. Then, sir, I will be careful of myself,

Page. O, sir, I pray you, be careful of your

Fal. Then, sir, I will be careful of myself,

Page. O, sir, I pray you, be careful of your

Fal. Then, sir, I will be careful of myself,

Page. O, sir, I pray you, be careful of your

Fal. Then, sir, I will be careful of myself,

Page. O, sir, I pray you, be careful of your

Fal. Then, sir, I will be careful of myself,

Page. O, sir, I pray you, be careful of your

Fal. Then, sir, I will be careful of myself,

Page. O, sir, I pray you, be careful of your

Fal. Then, sir, I will be careful of myself,

Page. O, sir, I pray you, be careful of your

Fal. Then, sir, I will be careful of myself,

Page. O, sir, I pray you, be careful of your

Fal. Then, sir, I will be careful of myself,

Page. O, sir, I pray you, be careful of your

Fal. Then, sir, I will be careful of myself,

Page. O, sir, I pray you, be careful of your

Fal. Then, sir, I will be careful of myself,

Page. O, sir, I pray you, be careful of your

Fal. Then, sir, I will be careful of myself,

Page. O, sir, I pray you, be careful of your

Fal. Then, sir, I will be careful of myself,

Page. O, sir, I pray you, be careful of your

Fal. Then, sir, I will be careful of myself,

Page. O, sir, I pray you, be careful of your

Fal. Then, sir, I will be careful of myself,

Page. O, sir, I pray you, be careful of your

Fal. Then, sir, I will be careful of myself,

Page. O, sir, I pray you, be careful of your

Fal. Then, sir, I will be careful of myself,

Page. O, sir, I pray you, be careful of your

Fal. Then, sir, I will be careful of myself,
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Prin. Good morrow forest lad. What fates Montem Remorie? What saies Sir John Sacke and Suger? lacke? How agrees the Dinell and thee about thy Soule, that thou foldst him on Good-Friday last, for a Cup of Mader, and a cold Capone legge?

Prin. Sir John standis to his word, the dinell shall haue his bargin, for he was neuer eyr a Breaker of Promises. He will gyve the dinell his due.

Peyn. Then art thou dam'd for keeping thy word with the dinell.

Prin. Else he had dam'd for cozening the dinell.

Pey. But my Lads, my Lads, to morrow morning, by foure a clocke early at God's Hill, there are Pilgrimes going to Canterbury with rich Offerings, and Traders riding to London with fat Porces. I haue vizards for you all; you haue horses for your felowe: God's-Hill lyes to night in Rochester. I hate to speke Supper to morrow in Escapeshe; we may doss as secure as sleepe: if you will go, I will wyde you Porces full of Crownes: if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Fal. Hears ye Edward? If I tarry at home and go not, I haue you for going.

Pey. You will shop.

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

Prin. Who, I robb a Theafe? Not I.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood nor good fellowship in thee; nor thou canst not of the blood, nor all, if thou dar'st stand forth with thine armes.

Peyn. Well then, once in my days 1 le be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well sayd.

Prin. Well, come what will, I le tarry at home.

Fal. He be a Traitor then, when thou art King.

Prin. I care not.

Peyn. Sir John, I prythee leave the Prince & me alone, I will lay him down many reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, maist thou haue the Spirit of perswasion, and he ears of profiting, that what thou speakest, may passe; and what he hears may be beleived, that the true Prince may for recreation take a false therefor, for the poore abusers of the time, want countenance. Farewell, you shall finde me in Escapeshe.

Prin. Farewell the latter Spring. Farewell Althomar Summer.

Pey. Now, my good sweet Honie Lord, ride with vs to morrow. I have left to execute, that I cannot manage alonge. Faldaffe, Honie, Roffell, and God's end, shall robbe those men that wee have already way-laid, your selfe and I, will not be there and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

Prin. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Pey. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoynt them a place of meeting, where it is at our pleasure to fall out and then will the adventure upon the exploit them selves, which they shall haue no sooner achieved, but we'll mee upon them.

Prin. I, but it is like that they will know vs by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appoyntment to be our felowe.

Pey. But our horses they shall not see, I le yae them in the wood, our vizards we will change after welee them, and fie, haue Care of Buckram for the nonce, to imstrate oure loose outward garments.

Prin. But I doubt they will be too hard for vs.

Pey. Well, for two of them, I know them to bee as true breed Cowards as ever turn'd backe, and for the third if he fight longer than he fesse reason, Ile forswear Armes.

The vertue of this last will be the incomparable eyes, that this fat Rogue will tell vs when we mee at Supper, how thirty at least he fought with, what Warrs, what blows, what extremities he endur'd, and in the captivity of this, ye are in the left.

Prin. Well, I le goe with thee, provide vs all things necessary, and meeke to morrow night in Escapeshe, there Ile fin. Farewell.

Peyn. Farewell, my Lord.

Prin. I know you all, and will a while vpphold.

The mynd of your idleness:

Yet herein will I imitate the Sunne
Who doth permit the flat contagious clouds
to smoother vp his Beauty from the world,
That when he pleaseth againe to be himselfe,
Being wanted, he may be more wondred at,
By breaking through the foule and ugly mist
Of vapours, that did fence to stranglie him.
If all the yeare were playing holidays,
To sport, would be as tedious as to work;
But when they leade come, they will for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised;
By much more better than my word I am,
By so much shall I faile in mens hopes;
And like bright Meteor on a fallen ground;
My reformation glittering o'the fault
Shall shew more kindly, and attract more eyes,
Then that which hath no estate to set it off.
Ile go againe, to make offence a skill.
Reckoning time, when men think least I will.

Scena Tertia.

Enter the King, Northumberland, Warwick, Hastings, Sir Walter Blount, and others.

King. My blood hath borne too cold, and temperate,
Vnapt to fire these indiginities,
And you have found me; for accordingly,
You tread vp on my patience. But be sure,
I will from hencethence either be my Selfe,
Mighty, and to be feared, then my condition
Which hath beene smooth as Clyde, soft as yong Downe,
And therefore loth that Title of respe, still,
Which the proud soile we're payes, but to the proud.

War. Our houfe (my Soueraigne Liege) little deamn
The rcoonur of greatnesse to be vied on it,
And that fame greatnesse too, which our owne hands
Have happe to make fo poortly.

Nor. My Lord.

King. Warwick get thee gone: for I do set
Dange and disobedience in thine eye.
Of fir, your pretense is too bold and peremptory,
And Maiemie might never yet endure
The moody Frontier of a pleasant brow,
You have good cause to loose vs. When we need
Your wife and comftell, we shall fend for you.
You were about to speake.

Norl. Yes, my good Lord.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

No. on the barren Mountain let him stand:
For I shall never hold that man my friend.
Who's tongue shall ask me for one pence off:
True man he was, and called Mortimer.

Not, Reuel'd Mortimer?
He never did fall off, my Sovereign Liege,
But by the chance of Warre to prove that true.
Needs no more but one tongue. For all those Wounds,
Those murther'd Wounds which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's very happy shire,
In short oppositions to this hand.
He did confound the truce part of an hour,
In changing hastiness with great Gloucester:
Three times they break'd, and three times did they drink
Upon on the swift Severn's happy shire;
Who then attempted with their bloody lookes,
Ran fearfully among the trembling Reeds,
And hid his chiefe-head in the hollow banke,
Blood-drawn with these Vaillant Companions,
Never did base and rotten Policy
Colour her working with such bloody wounds
Nor never could the Noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be hard by with Renous.

King. Thou dost bely him, Percy, thou dost bely him,
He never did encounter with Gloucester:
I tell thee, he durst as well have met the distilled
As Our Gladsome for an enemy,
Art thou not smile at but Sirrah, henceforth

Let me not hear thee speake of Mortimer.
Send me your Prisoners with the freedmen;
Or you shall have in such a knave from me
As will displease ye. My Lord Northumberland,
We licence your departure with your sonne,
Send vs your Prisoners, or else hear of it.

And if the distemper come and raise for them
I will not feed them. I will after things.
And tell him so: for I will set my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

Here comes your Vincible.

Enter Percy.

Not. Speak of Mortimer?

Yes, I will speake of him, and let my soule
Waxe merciful, if I do not my:nde with him,
In his behalfe, he empty all these Venoms,
And laid my dear blood drop by drop I durt,
But I will lift the stowille (Mortimer),
As high as Ayres, as this Vankinfull King,
As this Ingrate and Courteous Tiringe brooke,
Nor. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad
Now who brooke this hate vp after I was gone?

Hot. He will forsooth haue all my Prisoners:
And when I rig'd the raman once again,
Of your Father, then his chiefe look'd pale,
And on my face he turned an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer:

I cannot blame him; he was not proclaim'd
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?

Nor. He was; I heard the Proclamation,
And then it was, when the unhappy King
(Whose wrongs in vs God pardon) did I forth
Upon the Irish Expidition:
From whence he intercepted, did returne
To be depos'd, and shortly murdered.

War. And for whose death, we in the world wide mouth
Lies confounded, and falsely spoken of,

No. 211
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Hor. But hold, I pray you; did King Richard then
Proclaime my brother Mortimer?
Hor. Nay, he did, my selfe did heare it.
Nor. He did, my souldiers did heare it.
Hor. Nay then I cannot blame his Cousyn King,
That wold he make the barren Mountains sound.
But shal it be, that you should fer the Crowne,
Upon the head of this forgetfull man,
And for his sake, were the defence bloud.
Or murtherous subornation? Shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo,
Being the Agents, of base second meanes,
The Cocks, the Ladder, or the Hangman rather?
O pardon, if that I defend do low,
To shew the List, and the Pretendit
Wherein you range under this abyl King,
Shall it be, that ye be spoken in these dayes,
Or fill vp Chronicles in time to come,
That men of your Nobility and Power,
Did pave them both in an small base
(As both of you; God pardon it ever done)
To put downe Richard, that sweetly ruleth,
And plant this Thorne, this Camke Bullyingbreke?
And shall it be in more shame be further spoken.
That you are fool'd, disheartred, and shooke off:
By him, for whom these flames ye utternez?
No yet time streams, wherein you may redeem
Your baselyd Honors, and restore your selves
Into the good Thoughts of the world againe,
Restreme the geering and disdained contempt
Of this proud King, who studieth day and night
To answere all the Deputie he owes unto you,
Even with the bloody Payme of your deaths:
Therefore I say.

War. Peace Cousyn, say no more.
And now I will enclase a Secret booke,
And to your quickke conceyning Discontents,
Ile read ye Musters, deeppe and dangerous,
As full of peril and aduenturous Spirit,
As to ye-walkes a Current, roaring loud,
On the valkyrds foot-posting of a Speare.

Nor. If he fall in, good night, or sink or swimme
Send danger from the East into the West,
So Honor croste it from the North to South,
And let them grapple: The blood more flares.

Nor. Imagination of some great exploit,
Drives him beyond the bounds of Patience.

Hor. By heauen, me thinkes it were an easie leap,
To placke brite Honor from the pale-fac'd Moone,
Or dune into the bottom of the deep,
Where Fadome-line could never touch the ground,
And placke vp flowne Honor by the Lockes:
So he that doth redeeme her thence, might wear
Without Co-rustll, all her Dignities:
But out vp on this pale-fac'd Fellowship,

War. He apprehends a World of Figures here,
But not the forme of what he should attend;
Good Cousyn give me audience for a while,
And lift to me.

Hor. I cry you mercy.

War. Tho those fame Noble Scots
That are your Prifoners.
Hor. Ile keep them all.

Nor. If he be assayed, he shall not have a Scot of them.

Hor. Why doth it not please thee, thou so base a Scot.

War. Why doth it not please thee, thou so base a Scot.
And lend me eare unto my purpose,
Tho those Prifoners you shall keep.

Nor. Nay, I will that's flat:

Hor. He said, he would not ransom Mortimer:
Forbid my tongue to speak of Mortimer.
But I will finde him where he lies asleep,
And in his ease, Ile holde Mortimer.

Nor. Nay, Ile have a Staring shall be caught to speake
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keepe his anger still in motion.

War. Heare you Cousyn a word:
Hor. All judicious I solemnly advise,
Save how to gall and pinch this Buttingbreke.
And that same Sword and Buckles Prince of Wales.
But that I thinkes his Father lutes him not,
And would he be glad to meete with some mishance,
I would haue playd him with a pot of Ale.

War. Farewell cousin, Ile speake to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.

Nor. Why what a Wasp-tongue! & impatiente fool
Art thou, to breake into this Womans mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine owne.

Hor. Why look you, I am whippe & secours'd with such
Nestled, and thung with Prifoners, when I heare
Of this Wise Politician Bullyingbreke.
In Richard's time: What do ye call the place?
A plague vpon't, it is in Gloucestershire:
Twas, where the mad Duke his Uncle kept,
His Uncle Yorke, where I first bowd my knee:
Into this King of Smiles, this Bullyingbreke:
When you and I came backe from Leicester.
Nor. At Buckely Colte.

Hor. You say true:
Why what a cande deal of turfette,
This fawning Greyhound then did profess me.
Looke when his infant Fortune came to age,
And gentle Harry Percy, and kinde Cousyn me,
O, the Duller take such Counzeners, God forgive me,
Good Uncle sell your sale, for I have done.

War. Nay, if you haue not, tooe againe,
We'll trye your leysure.

Hor. I have done incoth.

War. Then once more to your Scottish Prifoners.
Deliver them vp without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglass some your only meanes
For powers in Scotland: which for divers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assur'd
Will easily be granted you, my Lord.
Your Sonne in Scotland being thus impl y'd,
Shall secretly into the bosome crepe
Of that fame noble Prelate, well belou'd,
The Archibishop.

Hor. Of Yorke, is't not?

War. True, who bears hard
His Brothers death at Brissye, the Lord Scroope.
I speake not this in estimation,
As what I think me might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set downe,
And only behalle to behold the face
Of that occasion shall bring it on.

Nor. I mistrust it.

War. Upon my life, it will do wondrous well.

Nor. Before the game's a-foot, thou still let it slip.

Hor. Why, it cannot choosie but be a Noble plot,
And then the power of Scotland and of Yorke
To ioyne with Mortimer, Ha.

War. And so they shall.

Hun. In faith it is exceedingly well spred.

War. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed;
To faze our heads, by raising of a Head.
For, beare our forces as soon as we can,
The King will always think him in our debt,
And think we, think our forces unsatissified,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And stately, how he doth beginne
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hun. He does, he does, we'll be thought of him.

War. Then, by Letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe, which will be seldome:
He shall send to Glendower, and to Mortimer,
Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once,
As I will faze it, shall happily meete,
To bear our fortunes in our owne strong arms,
Which now we hold so much uncertainly.

Nor. Farewell good Brother, we shall thrive, I trust.

Hun. Vincite, atque: O let the hours be short,
Till fields and showers, and gretes, applaud our sporteer.

Altius Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Chamberlaine.

Cham. What ho, Chamberlaine?

Cham. At hand quoth Pick-purse.

God. That's as sure as fate, quoth the Chamberlaine.

Cham. Good morrow Master Guidehill, it holds currant that I told you yester-night. There's a Franklin in the wilder of Kent, hath brought three hundred marks with him in Golds. I heard him tell me to go to his company last night at supper; a kind of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too. (God knows what) they are vp. already, and call for Egges and Butter. They will away presently.

God. Sirra, if they meet not with S. Nicholas Clarke, I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I see none of it: I say thee keep that for the Hangman, for I know thou worshipst S. Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

God. What talketh thou to me of the Hangman? If I hang, he makes a far paye of Gallows. For, if I hang, old Sir Edw hangs with me, and you know it. Here's no Starveling. That, there are other Trouses that I dream not of, the which (for sport sake) are content to doe the Profession some grace; that would (if matters should bee look'd into) for their owne Credit sake, make all Whole. I am intent with no Foot-land Rakers, no Long-taffe by any strikers, none of their mud Muffinio-purple

But Malteriors, but with Nobility, and Triangulaire; Bourgomasters, and great Grovers, such as can hold in, such as will shake foote then speake; and speake sooner then drinke, and drinke sooner then prayes; and yet Iye, for they pray continually unto their Saint the Commonwealth. I say, not to pray so her, but pray on her for they side vp & downe on her, and make hit their Roosters.

Cham. What, the Commonwealth with their Roosters! Who shall hold out water in foule way?

God. She will, she will; Insuffice hath ordred her. We speake as in a Castell,cocklours: she hauie the receit of Fermourde, we walke insuffice.

Cham. Nay, I thinke rather, you are more beholden to the Night, then to the Fermourde, for your walking insuffice.

God. Give me thy hand.

Thou shalt have a thare in our purpose,
As I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false Therefe.

God. Good morrow: Rome is a common name to all men. Bid the Offer bring the Gelding out of the stable. Farewell, ye muddy Knowe.

Enter the Offer.
Scena Secunda.

Enter Briscoe, Fryer, and Poins. Poins. Come hither, gentle, I have remonstrated Raffles of Horse, and he from a yam d'Valois.

Prim. Stand aside.

Enter Raffles.

Fal. Poins, Poins, Poins, and be hang'd Poins.

Prim. Peace ye fat, kidney d' Raffles, what a brawling dot thou keep'st.

Fal. What Poins, Hal?

Prim. He is walk'd up to the top of the hill, he go'seck him.

Fal. I am about to rob in that thee company; that Raffles has remonstrat my horse, and tis in the know not where. If I pull at but force spot by the squire further a foot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but robs by a foot, and escape carrying for killing that Raffles, that forsworne his company nor any time this two and twenty years, & yet I am bewitch'd with the Raffles company. If the Raffles have not given me medicines to make me lose him, I lie beholing him not could not be else I have drunk medicines. Poins, Hal, a Plague upon you both. Browdy. Pois, I rob a foot further. And 'ware not as good a resemble to drink, to turn the true, and to cease these Raffles, I am the servent Vase that euer chawed with a Tooth. Eighty years of viuage, and is therefore & ten miles afoot with me, and the heavy-hearted Villains know it well enough. A plague upon them, when Theesies cannot be true one to another.

Whereas a plague light upon you all, give my Horse you Raffles: give me my Horse, and be hang'd.

Prim. Peace ye fat guts, ye downes, thy shine are close to the ground, and lift if thou canst have the tread of Travellers.

Fal. Have you any Letters to lift me vp again being down? He not bear mine owne flesh for so far afore; again, for all the coin in thy fathers Exchequer. What a plague meanes ye so cold me thus?

Prim. Thou ly'st, thou art not cold, thou art warm.

Fal. I prithee good Prince Hal, help me to my horse, good Kings apples.

Prim. Out you Rogue, shall ye be your Olter?

Fal. Going hilly felo's shine owne hire-apparent Castiers: I'll be tame, He peach for this: and I have not Ballads made on all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a Cup of Sack be my poi'ston: when a tell is so forward, at a foot, too, I hate it.

Enter God's hill.

Gad. Stand.

Fal. So I do against my will.

Pois. O'tis our Setter, I know his voyes.

Bar. Where's what news?

Bar. Say ye, say ye, on with your Violins, there's many of the Kings coming down the hill, 'tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

Prim. You'll ye rogue, 'tis going to the Kings Tavern. Gad. There's enough to make vs all.

Fal. To be hang'd.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

He could be contented: Why is he not then in respect of the love he bears our house. He shewes in this, he loves his owne Barne better therefore then he loves our house. Let me fee some more. The purpose you undertake is dangerous. Why that's certaine: I am dangrous to take a Coate, to sleepe, to drinke: but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this Nestle, Danger, we plucke this Flower, Safety. The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the Friends you have named certaine, the Time is selfe sufficient, and your whole Plot too light, for the counterpiece of it is an open Opposition. Say you to, say you to: I say unto you againe, you are a shallow cowardly Hinde, and you Lye. What a Jacobe-braine is this? protest, our plot is as good a plot as ever was laid: our Friend true and constant: A good Plot, good Friends, and full of expectation: An excellent plot, very good Friends. What a Folly-spirited 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 Raffael, I could braine him with his Ladies Fan. Is there not my Father, no Vnkle, and my Selfe, Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of Yorke, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Dampier? I hope I not all their letters, to meet me in Armes by the ninth of the next Month? and are they not come of them for ward already? What a Pagan Raisal is this? An Infallible, you, shall see now in very certaintie of Fresse and Cold heart, will be to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. GJ could divide my fells, and goe to buffets, for missing such a dill of skynes Milk with so honourable an Action. Hang him, let him tell the King we are prepared. I will set forwards to night.

Enter his Lady.

Now how Kate, I must leave you within these two hours. Why is it seven o'clock? To what offence haue I this to night bin A handknd woman from my Harrys bed? Tell me (sweet Lord) what is that taken from thee Tiny flummocks, pleasure, and thy golden sleepe? Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth? And flats so often when thou firstst alone? Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks? And given my Treasures and my rights of thee, To thicke-ey'd musling, and cnitt melancholy? In my faire-blumes, I by thee have watched, And heard thee our pondeare of Iron Wars; Speake teasmes of manage to thy bounding Steed, Cry courage to the field, and thou hast talkd Of Sallies, and Retreats; Frenchs, Tents, Of Palisadoes, Fronteryes, Parapets, Of Battellices, of Canon, Colorein, Of Prisones, of Hantsome, and of Souldiers flaine, And all the current of a heady fight. Thy spirit within thee hath beene so at Warre, And thus hath so befo'ther thee in thy sleepe, That beds of sweate hath flooded upon thy Brow, Like bubbles in a late-disturbed Streame; And in thy face strange motions have appeard, Such as we see when men refraine their breath On some great sodain halfe, O what passions are those? Some heauie burnish hath my Lord in hand, And I must know it: els he loues me not. Is he Whither? is Gillemore with the Packet gone? Ser. He is my Lord, an hour agoe. Ser. Ha, ha, brings horteis fro the Sheriffe? Ser. One horse, my Lord, he brought even now 'em of Hot. What Horse? A Roane, a corp eate, is it troo. Ser. It is my Lord. Hot. That Roane shall be my Throne. Well, I will back him straight. Esemeres, bid Baster lead him forth into the Park. La. But hear thee, my Lord. Hot. What sayst thou to thy Lady? La. What is it carries you away? Hot. Why, my horse (my Love) my horse. La. Oat you mid-headed Ape, a Wesell hath not such a deed of Spamse, as you are told wise. In forth he know your business Harry, that I will. I fear my Brother Mortimer doth flaire about his Title, and hath sent for you to line his enterprise. But if you go— Hot. So farre's foot, I shall be werry, Love. La. Come, come, thou Paraguito, answering me directly into this question, that I shall ask. Indeed he breakes thy little finger Harry, if thou wilt not tell me true.

Hot. Away, away you trifle: Love, I loose thee not, I care not for thee Kate: this is no world To play with Minns and to talk with lips. We must have bloody Noises, and crack'd Crownes, And pulse them currant too. Gods, do, my horse. What say'st thou Kate? what willst thou have with me? La. Do you not love me? Do ye not indeed? Well, do not them. For since you love me not, I will not lose my life: Do you not love me? Not tell me if thou speak'st in jest, or not. Hot. Come, wilt thou let me ride? And when I am a horsebacke, I will swear I love thee infinitely. But hearke you Kate, I must not have you henceforth, question me, Whether I go: nor reason whereabout. Whether I walk, I must: and to conclude, This Evening must I leave thee, gentle Kate. I know you wife, but yet no further wife Then Harry Percys wife. Conspire you are, But yet a woman; and so secrete. No Lady closer. For I will beleue Thee with what thou doest or not know, And so suffice I trust thee, gentle Kate.

Hot. How to fare? Hot. Not an inch further. But backes you Kate, Whether I go, thither shall you go too: To day will I go forth, no morrow you. Will this consent you Kate? Hot. It is stuff of force.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Prince and Poet. Prim. Nad prehers come out of that sith roome, & lend me thy hand to laugh a little. Poets. Where haft she beene Hal? Prim. With three or foure Logger-heads, amongst 3. or four-score Hogheads. They have founded the very base firing of humility. Sirra, I am sworn brother to a leath of Drawers, and we can call them by their names as Tom, Dick, and Harry. They take it already upon their confidences, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet am I the King of Cursteilling me stilly I am no proud Jack like Falstaff but a Cornishian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, and when I am King of England, I shall command all the good Ladys in Erse-ciphers. They call drinking deeps, drinking Suppers, and when you breath in your watering, then they
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

By him, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am
and a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can
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 sicken
which name of thee, I give thee this pitiful worth of Sug-
s, clape men now into my hand by an under Shrinker,
one that never spake other English in his life, then Eight
shilling and for peace, and, You are welcome: with this thrice
addition, Anon, Anon sir, Serves a Pint of Mul搭载 in the
Huffs Muses, or so. But Ned, to drive away tune till
Mul搭载 come, I prithee do thou stand in some by-room,
while I question my puny Drawer, so to what end he gave
me the Sugars, and do never cease calling Francis, that his
Tale to me may be nothing but, Anon, Rep slide, and He
swore thee a President.

Points. Francis.

Prim. Thou art expert.

Anon. Francis.

Enter Dresner.

Prim. Anon, anon sir; look down into the Domino-
et, Mul搭载.

Prince. Come hither Francis.

Prim. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Anon. For thousand six years, and as much as to—

Anon. Francis.

Anon. Anon, anon sir.

Prim. Five years: Berlady a long Leslie for the clink-
ing of Puerter. But Francis, dare thou be so valiant, as
to play the coward with thy Justice, & shew it a faire
pair of heels, and run from it?

Prim. O Lord sir, I beleive I saw one of the Books in
England, I could find in me to cry.

Anon. Francis.

Prim. Anon, anon sir.

Prim. How old art thou, Francis?

Prim. Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shalbe—

Anon. Francis.

Prim. Anon sir, pray thou say a little, my Lord.

Prim. Nay but howe long time, Francis, for the Sugar thou
gavest me, I was a penithorn, was not?

Prim. O Lord sir, I would it had bene two.

Prim. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: Ask
me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Anon. Francis.

Anon. anon.

Prim. Anon Francis, no Francis, but to morrow Fran-
s: or Francis, on thursday, or indeed Francis when thou
wilt. But Francis.

Anon. My Lord.

Prim. Whil thou rob this Leatheme Ickin, Christhill
button, Nuptiated, Agin tag, False Rockings, Camin
gutter, Smooth tongue, Spanish pouch.

Anon. O Lord, who do you mean?

Prim. Why then your browne Mul搭载 is thy only
drinker; for looke you Francis, your white Canvas dou-
brute will folley. In Mul搭载 he could come to so much.

Prim. What for?

Anon. Francis.

Prim. Away thou Rogue, doth thou bear them call me?
Now they both call him, the Drafter fands amazed, un
knowing which way to go.

Enter Dresner.

Prim. What, stand it thou still, and hearst such a cal-
ing? Look to the Caffles within: My Lord, old Sir
John with half a dozen more are at the doores: shall I
them in?

Prim. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door.

Points.

Enter Points.

Prim. Anon, anon sir.

Prim. Sirra, Mul搭载 and the rest of the Thieves, are at
the door: shall we be merry?

Prim. As merry as Crickets my Lad. But bitte yee,
What cunning match have you made with this left of
the Mul搭载? Come, what is the issue?

Prim. I am now of all humors, that have shewed them,
shoeme, since the old dayes of good man Adam, to
the pupple age of this present twelve a clock at midnight.
What's a clocke Francis?

Anon. Anon, anon sir.

Prim. That ever this Fellow should have fewer words
then a Parrot, and yet the name of a Woman, His indus-
try is vp-stairs and down-stairs, his eloquence the pas-
cell of a reckoning. I am not yet of former mind, the Her-
spare of the North, he that killst me some six or seven
dozen of Scots at a Breakfast, washes his hands, and sits
to his wife; Pie upon this quieter life, I want work. O my
sweat Harry, howe fit, how many have thou killst to day?
Get at my Roane horse a drench (sayes he) and answer,
from fourteen, an hour after a dinner, to drinke. I prithee
call in Mul搭载, Ite play Percy, and that damn'd! Brawne
shall play Dame, Mortimer his wife, Liss, sayes the drum-
kard. Call in Ribes, call in Tallow.

Enter Mul搭载.

Prim. Welcome Sacke, where hast thou been?

Fall. A plague of all Cowards I say, and a Venger;
too, merry and Amen. Give me a cup of Sacke Boy, Ere
I ende this life long, He sowe neither flockes, and heed
then to. A plague of all cowards. Give me a Cup of
Sacke, Rogue. Is there no Venture euen?

Prim. Drift thou never see Titan kife a dress of flint,
pitiful hearted Titan that melanch at the sweete Tale of
the Sunne? If thou didst, then beholde that compound.

Fall. You Rogue, heere is a Line in this Sacke to couthere
is nothing but Raqery to be found in Villanous ments
a Coward is worse then a Cup of Sacke with a. A vil-
nous Coward, go thy wayes old Jacke; die when thou
wil, pambood, good menshoud be not forgot upon the
face of the earth, then and a Lantern Hereing; there be not
three good men vang'd in England; & one of them is
fat, and growes old, God helpes the while, a bad world say
I would I were a Weaver, I could sing all manner of
songs. A plague of all Cowards, I say Hift.

Prim. How now Woollecke, what manner you?

Fall. A Kings Sonner I do not bee the ous in the
Kingdome with a dagger of Luth, and drive all thy
 Subjects as for thee like a flocke of Wilde-goose, I need
weare haine on my face more. You Prince of Wales?

Prim. Why do you honey round man? what's the matter?

Fall. Are you not a Coward? Answer me to that, and
Pass me there?

Prim. Ye fitch psuch, and yeel call mee Coward, Ile
slab thee.

Fall. I call thee Coward? He fee thee deed me call
the Coward: but I would give a thousand pound I could
run as fast as thou canst. You are straigh enough to the
shouders, you care not who feeke thy backe: Call me
that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing: give me them that will face me. Give me a Cup of Sack, I am a Rogue if I drinke to day.

Prince. O Villaine, thy Lipps are scarce wip'd, since thou drinke't it first.

Falstaff. All's one for that. He drinks.

A plague of all Cowards full, say I.

Prince. What's the matter?

Falstaff. What's the matter? here be foure of vs, haste one thousand pound this Morning, Prince. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Prince. Where is it? taken from vs, it is: a hundred upon poor foure of vs.

Prince. What, a hundred, man?

Falstaff. I am a Rogue, if I were not at halle Sword with a dozen of them two hours together, I have shap'd by miracle, I am eight times thrusht through the Doublet, four through the Hose, my Backer cut through and through, my Sword hacke like a Handsaw, etc. Thus I was. I never dealt better since. I was a man, all would not doe. A plague of all Cowards: let them speake: if they speake more or less, their truth, they are Villains, and the lonnes of darkness.

Prince. Speake free, how was it?

God. We foure let upon foure dozen.

Falstaff. Sixteen, at least, my Lord.

God. And bound them.

Prince. No, no, they were not bound.

Falstaff. You Rogue, they were bound, every man of them, or I am a lew, an Hebrew Jew.

God. As we were sharpening, some fixe or seven freth men set upon vs.

Falstaff. And our bound the reft, and then came in the other.

Prince. What sought ye with them all?

Falstaff. All? I know not what ye call all: but if I fought nor with fitage of them, I am a bunch of Radish: if there were not two or three and fitage upon poor olde Jack, then am I no two-legged Creature.

Pan. Fray Heaven, you have not matched some of them.

Falstaff. Nay, that's past praying for, I hate pepper'd two of them. Two I am fure I have payed, two Rogues in Buckhorn Suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a Lye, fplitted in my face, call me Horrify thou know'fst my old words here by. I lay, and thus I bore my point; four Rogues in Buckhorn let drive at me.

Prince. What foure thou say'dst but two, even now.

Falstaff. Four Hal, I told thee foure.

Peit. He said foure.

Falstaff. Thou foure came all a-fount, and mainly thrusht at me; I made no more ado, but took all their fixe points in my Tongue. Thus,

Prince. Seven why there were but foure, even now.

Buckhorn.

Prince. I foure, in Buckhorn Suits.

Falstaff. Seven, by thefe Hills, or I am a Villaine elfe.

Prince. Prethle he let him alone, we shall have more anon.

Falstaff. And then harken me, Hal?

Prince. And mark thee too, Jack.

Falstaff. Doe so, for it is worth the listening too: these nine in Buckhorn, that I told thee of.

Peit. So, two more a-head.

Falstaff. Their Points being broken.

Pan. Downe fell his Hoole.

Falstaff. Began to give me ground: but I followed the clofe, came in foot and hand, and with a thought, shot of the eleuen I pay'd.

Prince. O monstrous! eleuen Buckron men growne out of two?

Falstaff. But as the Deuill would haue it, three mit-begotten Knaves, in Kendall Greene, came at my Back, and let drive at me, for it was so darke, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy Hand.

Prince. Theire Eyes are like the Father that begare them, groffe as a Mountaine, open, palpable. Why thou Clay-brayn'd Guns, thou Knotty-pace Poole, thou Horrifi ob- scene greasie Tailor Catch.

Prince. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

Prince. Why, how could it be know these men in Kendall Greene, when it was so darke, thou couldst not see thy Hand? Come, tell vs thy reason what say'lt thou to this?

Prince. Come, your reason Jack, your reason.

Falstaff. What, upon compulsion? No: were I at the Strappado, or all the Rolls in the World, I would not tell you upon compulsion. Give you a reason upon compulsion? If Reasons were as plente as Blackberries, I would give no man a Reason upon compulsion!

Prince. Be no longer gouder of this story. This Tanguaire Coward, this Bully-priest, this Howl-looker, this huge Hill of Fists.


Prince. Well, breath a-while, and then to agane, and when thou hast try'd thy selfe in base comparisons, hear me speake but thus.

Prince. Make tace.

Prince. We two, saw you foure set on foure; and bound them, and we Mufflers of their Wrench, a mark now how a plaine Tale shal put you downe. Then did we two, set on you foure, and with a word, outcast'd you from your prize, and hau'nest ye, yea, and can shew it in the House. And Falstaff, you caused your Guns away as nimble, with as quickke dexteritie, and roared for mercy, and still rammorne and roar'd, as euer I heard Bell-Call. What a Saint are thou, to hacke thy sword as thou haft done, and then lay it in fight. What tricke? what dexterity? what startling hollie cannot thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent flame?

Prince. Come, let's hear Jacke: What tricke haft thou now?

Falstaff. I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why heare ye my Mufflers, was it for me to kill the Heere apparent? Should I tune upon the true Prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules, but beware Infinel the Lion will not touch the true Prince: Infinel is a great matter. It was a Coward on Infinel, I shall think the better of my selfe, and thinke, during my life: I, for a valiant Lion, and shot for a true Prince. But Lads, I am glad you haue the Monye. Holloa, clap to the doores, watch to night, pray to morrow. Gallants, Lads, Boys, Harts of God, all the good fellows of Fellowship come to you. What, shall we be merry? shall we have a Playe spectacul?

Prince. Content, and the argument shall be, thy burning away.

Falstaff. A no more of that Hal, and thou loueet me.

Enter Holloa.

Holloa. My Lord, the Prince.
Prin. How now, my Lady, the Hoistaff, what say'st thou to me?  
Hoistaff. Marry, my Lord, there is a Noble man of the Court doth wish to speak with you; her, she comes from your Father.

Prin. Give him as much as will make him a Royall man, and send him back again to my Mother.

Hoistaff. What manner of man is he?

Prin. An old man.

Hoistaff. What doth Grauntie out of his Bed at Midnight?

Prin. Shall I give him his answer?

Hoistaff. Faith, and he send him packing.

Prin. Now Sirs, you fought fierce; so did you Peter, so did you Bardell: you are Lyons too, you rouse away upon instinct: you will not touch the true Prince, no, sir.

Bard. Faith, I rouse when I saw others runne.

Prin. Tell mee now in earnest, how came the Hoistaff to break my Sword?

Pars. Why, he broke it with his Dagger, and said he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and peradventure to doe the like.

Bard. Yes, and to tickle our Nooses with Spear and Graine, to make them bleed, and then to bafe our garments with it, and swear it was the blood of true men. I saw that I did not this seven yeares before, I blush to hear his monstrous deeds.

Prin. O Villaine, thou art left a Cup of Sucke euen yeeres agoe, and went taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast been an Exemplum. Thou hast fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou stand away; what Ingratitude hast thou for it?

Bard. My Lord, do you see these Meteors? do you behold these Exhalations?

Prin. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

Prin. Hold Luiers, and cold Purves.

Bard. Choler, my Lord, or rightly taken.

Prin. No, rightly taken, Halter.

Enter Hoistaff.

Here comes brave Jacko, here comes bare-bone. How now my sweet Creature of Bambaff, how long it's agoe, Jacko, since thou saw'st thine owne Knee?

Hoistaff. My owne Knee? When I was about thy yeares (Hal) I was not an Eagles Talons in the Woff. I have crept into my Ailermannus Thumbe-Ring; a plague of figthing and guile, it blows a man vp like a Bladder. There's Villains Neeres abroad: here we are Sir John Birdly from your Father; you must goe to the Court in the Morning. The same mad Fellow of the North, the Percy, and hee of Wales, that gave Amnes to the Binnado, and made Lucifer Cackold, and swore the Deuell his true Liege-man upon the Croffe of a Welch-houke; what a plague call you him?

Fune. O Glennwaver.

Hoistaff. Owen, Owen; the fame, and his Sonne in Law Chesterman, and old Northumberland, and the foughly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runes a Horse-backe vp a Hill perpendicular.

Prin. Hee that rides at high speeds and with a Paddle kills a Sparrow flying.

Hoistaff. You have hit it.
many in our Land, by the Name of Pity; the Pitch is an ancient Writer does report, alphabeticall, to the Piety which is the keepe of the Pity, now I do not speake to thee in Drink, but in Pity, nor in Pleasure, but in Pity; not in Words, but in Words also; and, yet there is a verman man, whom I have often met in thy company, but I know not his Name.

Prit. What manner of man, and it is, like your Majesty?

Falstaff. A goodly part man yaff, and a corpulent, of a cheerfull Looke, a pleasant Eye, and a most noble Carriage, and as I think, his age from sixty, or by ladey, inclining to three score; and now let him come, he is, as it were, like a Fool.

Prit. Enter the Fool.

Fool. O, my Lord, my Lord, my Lord.

Falstaff. Heigh, heigh, the Deuil rides upon a Fiddle-sticker, what’s the matter?

Fool. The Sheife and all the Watch are at the door; they are come to search the House.

Falstaff. Do you then hear, Hal, you hear a true piece of Gold, a Counterfeit, you are effectually made, without seeming so.

Prit. And you a natural Coward, without inflaming.

Falstaff. I defy your Muses, if you will defy the Sheriff, if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cate, as another man, a plague on my bringing vp: I hope I shall be foone be wreaded with a Halter, as another.

Prit. Go hide thee, behind the Arras, the rest walk vp above. Now my Muses, for a true Face and good Conscience.

Fool. Both which I have had, but their date is out, and therefore I heare me.

Exeunt.

Enter Sheriff and the Jesters.

Prit. Now Muster Sherife, what is your will with me?

She. Falstaff pardon me, my Lord. A Hiss and Cry hath followed certain men into this house.

Prit. What means?

She. One of them is well known to me, my Lord, a grosser Spaniel.

Car. As hot as Butter.

Prit. The man, I do assure you, is not here. For I my self at that time have employ’d him, and Sherife, I will engage my word to thee. That I will by to-morrow Dinner time, send him to answer thee, or any man, for any thing he shall be charg’d withal; and to me thereat you desire the house.

She. I will, my Lord; there are two Gentlemen Hauk in this Robbonery left three hundred Marks.

Prit. It may be so: if he have rob’d of these men, He shall be answerable: and so farewell.

She. Good Night, my Noble Lord.

Prit. I think it is good Morrow, is not it?

She. Indeed, my Lord, I think it is yet two o’Clock.

Prit. This only Rascal is known, as well as Poole; go call him forth.

Prit. Falstaff, I shall sleep behind the Arras, and morning like a Horse.

Fool. Hallo, how hard he fetches breath! Search his Pockets.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

His fearabill his Peakers, and his billi

came Paper.

Prince. What hath thou found?

Page. Nothing but Papers, my Lord.

Prince. Let's see, what bethey they readeth.

Page. It is, a Canon.

Prince. I mean, a Sacke, two Gallons.

Page. It is, a Sacke after Supper.

Prince. Bread, Sornitrons, but one halfe penny-worth of Bread to this insolente Deale of Sacke! What there is else, keepe close, we'l reade he at more advantage, therefore let him sache till dry. To the Court in the Morning: We must shif to the Warrers, and thy place she shall be honourable. I procure thee this full Roper of Foot, and I know his death will be a Match of Twelve-score. The Money shall be paid back agayne with advantage. Be with me betimes in the Morning: and so good morrow Page.


Actus tertius. Scena prima.

Enter Halifire, Worcester, Lord Mortimer, Gloucester.

Mort. These promises are false, the parties false, and our induction full ofprosperous hope.

Enjol. Lord Mortimer, and Cousin Gloucester.

Will you sit downe? And Vuckle Worcester, a plague upon it. I have forgot the Mappe.

Glouc. No, here it is:

Sic Cousin Percy, sic good Cousin Halifire:

For by that Name, as oft as Lancaster doth speak of you, his Cheaters loose pale, and with a raing figh, He withereth you in Heaven.

Enjol. And you in Hell, as oft as he heares Cousin Gloucester speak of you.

Glouc. I cannot blame him: At my Nativity,
The front of Heauen was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning Chettis: and at my Birth,
The flame and foundation of the Earth
Sink'd like a Coward:

Mort. Why should it not have done at the same season,
If your Mothers Car had burnt kith, though your selfe
Had never beene borne.

Glouc. I say the Earth did shake when I was borne.

Enjol. And I say the Earth was not of my minde,
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shook:

Glouc. The Heavens were all on Erc, the Earth did tremble.

Enjol. Oh, then the Earth shook.

To the Heavens on fire,

And in fee of your Nativity.

Dissolved Nature sometimes breaks forth
In strange enmities, and the teeming EARTH
With a kind of Colick p innate
By the blowing of winde
Within her Womb: which for enlargement fruiting,
Shakes the old Belts and tumbling downe.

Steeple, and Noise-provoked Towers. At your Sith.

Our Grandams Earth, having this distemperature,
In million Goblets,

Glouc. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these Goblets: Give me leave
To tell you once againe, that at my Birth
The front of Heaven was full of fiery shapes,
The Goblets ranne from the Mountains, and the Heavens
Were strangely clausous to the frighted fields:
These figures have markt me extraordinary,
And all the courtes of my Life dost know,
And I am not in the Roll of common
Where is the Litting, elipe in with the Sea,
That chides the Bankes of England, Scotland and Wales
Which call me Pudist, Jo hath load me to me:
And bring him out, that is but Woman Scourer.
Can trace me in these twiddling ways of Art,
And hold me pace in deepse experiments.

Enjol. I think there's no man speaks better Welsh:

He to Dinner.

Mort. Peace Cousin Percy, you will make him mad.

Glouc. I can call Spirits from the watres Deepe.

Enjol. Why to can I, or to can any man?

But will they come, when you doe call for them?

Glouc. Why, I can teach thee, Cousin, to commande the Devil.

Enjol. And I can teach thee, Cousin, to frame the Devil.

By telling truth, tell truth, and frame the Devil.
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And he be forsworne, I have power to frame him here.
Oh, while you live, tell truth, and frame the Devil.

Mort. Come, come, no more of this impossible Chat.

Glouc. Three times hath Henry Folightbrook made him
against my Powers three times from the Bankes of Wyre,
And newly; but I have none power to frame him here.
Boyleine home, and weather beaten backes.

Glouc. Home without Bootes,

And in foule Weather too.

How eases he a guest in the Deuils name?

Glouc. Come, here he's the Mappe.

Shall whee inside our Rights,

According to this three-fold order now.

Mort. The Arch-Deacon hath divided it
Into three Limes, very equally:

England, from Trent, and Surrey, is richest,

By South and East, it is to my part affixed;

All Westward, Wales, beyond the Surrey though,

And all the fertile Land whithin that bound.

To our Gloucester: And beside, and to you
The remnant Northward, lying off from Trent,

And our Indemnities Tripartite are drawnetic
Which being sealed unchangeably.

A Bullette that this Night may unclose,

To morrow, Cousin Percy, you and I,

And my good Lord of Worcester, will go forth,

To meete your Father, and the Scottish Power,

As is appointed, ye Sire of Westbury.

My Father Gloucester, is not ready yet,

Not till we reede his helpe these fourteenede days.

Within that space, you may have done together,

Of your Tenant, Friends, and neighbourly Gentlemen.

Glouc. A better time shall send me to you, Lords.

And in my Complaisance, you will come, I hope,

From whom you now must flee, and take no leave.

For therfore will be a Word of Water bind.
Vpon the parting of your wings and you,
Hom. There thanks my sonny, from Burton here,
In quanticus equalis not one of yous.
See, how this River comes cranking in,
And cuts me from the bed of all my land,
A huge half Moon, a monstrous Castletown,
It hase the Currant in this place damn'd it up,
And here the aug and Silver Trent shall rise.
In a new Channel, faire and easily,
It shall not winde with such a depe indent,
To rob me of so thigh a Bottom here.
Glend. Not winde? it shall, it miff, you feel it doth.
Hom. Yes, but marke how he bears his course,
And runnes me up with like advantage to the other side,
Gadding the opposed Continent as much,
As on the other side it takes from you.
Wer. Yes, but a little Charge will trench him here,
And over all North side will make the Cape of land,
And then he runnes straight and eas.
Hom. Ile run it so, a little Charge will dot it.
Glend. Itle not have it alter'd.
Hom. Why will you not?
Glend. No, not you shall not.
Hom. Who? Shall say me why?
Glend. Why, that will I.
Hom. Let me understand you then, speake it in Welsh.
Glend. I can speake English, Lord, as well as you.
For I was trau'st'd vp in the English Court;
Where, being but young, I framed to the Harpe
Many an English Dirre, Junely well,
And gaue the Tongue a helphull Ornament;
A Vertue that was never seen in you.
Hom. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart,
That rather be a Litten, and cry new,
Then one of trifle same Mester Ballad-mongers:
I had rather hear a Brena Candlestick car'd,
Or dry Wheele grate on the Axe-tree,
And that would let my teeth motion not an edge,
Nothing so much, as mincing Poetrie;
Till he the fore gate of a diffing Nagge.
Glend. Come, you shall have Trent ton'd o'
Hom. I do not care, he desire too much Land,
To any well-defering friend;
But in the way of Bargaine, make ye me,
Ile caull on the ninth part of a hayre.
Are the Indentures drawne? Shalle we be gone?
Glend. The Moone things faire,
You may away by Night;
Hom. Ile haue the Writer; and wishall,
Breaue with your Wines of your departure hence;
I am afraid my Daughter will make madness,
So much she dothe on her Mercimmon.
Exit.
Mort. Fie, Cousin Percy, how you croffe my Father.
Hom. I cannot chaffe; sometime he angeres me,
With telling me of the Molewine and the Ant,
Of the Dreamer Merlin, and his Prophecies,
And of a Dragon, and a fine-feife Fish,
A clap-wing'd Griffin, and a molten Baken.
A couching Lyon, and a ramping Cat.
And such a dele of skimeble-skamble Stuffe,
As puts me from my Faith. I tell you what,
He held me last Night, at least, nine houres,
In recking vp the severall Denis Names,
That were his Lacieyes:
I cry'd him, and well, goe too,
But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious
As a tyr'd Horse, a raving Wife,
Worse then a smokke House. I had rather live
With Cheefe and Garlick in a Windmills farre,
Then feed on Cases, and here him talke to me,
In any Summer-House in Chiffendene.
Mort. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman,
Exceding well read, and profited,
In strange Concealments:
Valiant as a Lyon, and wondrous able.
And as bountiful, as My act of India.
Shall I tell you Cousin,
He holds his temper so high respest;
And curteshimself, even of his naturall scope,
When you doe crofe his humors, faith he does,
I warrant you, that man is not aline,
Mayt have tempted him, as you have done,
Without the taste of danger, and reprooche.
But doe not doe it of, let me entreat you.
Mort. In faith, my Lord, you are too wellfull blame,
And since your comming hither, have done enough,
To put him quite besides his patience.
You must needs leame, Lord, to amend this faulf
Though sometimes it shew Grumamonte, Courage,Blood,
And that's the dreaste grace it renders you,
Yet owestimes it dothes yet birth Rage,
Deceit and Manners, wait of Government,
Pride, Haughtiness, Opinion, and Disdain:
The lust of which, haunting a Nobleman,
Lesteth men hearts, and leaves behind a shame
Upon the beautie of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.
Hom. Why, well, I am school'd:
Good manners be your speeche,
Here come your Wines, and let us take our leaves.
Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.
Mort. This is the deadly fright that angers me.
My Wife can speake no English, I no Welsh.
Glend. My Daughter wipings, there're no part with you,
Shall she be a Southerner, farse to the Waries.
Mort. Good Father tell her, that she and my aunt Percy
Shall follow in your Conduct speedily.
Glendower speakes to her in Welsh, and she answers him in the same.
Glend. She is in desperate here:
A peevish felon will'd Harlotry,
One that no persuasione can doe good vpou.
The Lady speakes in Welsh.
Mort. I understand thy lookes: that pretty Welsh
Which thou poerfull dost down from thine swelling Heame,
I am too perfect in: and but for name,
In such a parley should I answere thee.
The Lady again in Welsh.
Mort. I understand thy kifes, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation.
But I will not bee a Traunt, Loike,
Till I have learnt thy Language for thy tongue.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Mort. O, I am ignorant if it were in this.
Glend. She bids you,
On the wanton Ruthes lay you down,
And rest your gentle Head upon her Lappe,
And the will sing the Song that pleaseth you,
And on your Eye-lids Crowne the God of sleepe,
Charming your blood with pleasing beautieeffe;
Making such difference betwixt Wake and sleepe,
As is the difference betwixt Day and Night,
The house before the Heavenly Harne’d Teenne,
Begins his Golden Progresse in the East.

Mort. With all my heart Ie fit, and hearre her fing:
By that time will our Bookes, I thinke, be drawnne.
Glend. Doe to:
And shee Mustians that shall play to you,
Hang in the Ayre a thousand Lesses from thence;
And straight they shall be here: fit, and attend.

Hath. Come Kate, thou art perfect in lying downe:
Come, quick, quick, that I may lay my Head in thy Lappe.

Lady. Go, ye giddy Goose.

The Mustian players.

Hath. Now I perceive the Deuill underflatts Welsh,
And is no maruell he is so humourous:
By lady here’s a good Mustian.

Lady. Then would you be nothing but Mustall,
For you are altogether governed by humors:
Eye thinke ye There, and heare the Lady fing in Welsh.

Hath. I had rather hearre (Lady) my Brach howle in Irish.

Lady. Would you have thy Head broken?

Hath. No.

Lady. Then be fell.

Hath. Neuer, it is a Woman’s fault.

Lady. Now God helpe thee.

Hath. To the Welsh Ladies Bed.

Lady. What’s that?


Here the Lady sings a Welsh Song.

Hath. Come, I have your Song too.

Lady. Not inne, in good tooth.

Hath. Not yours, in good tooth?
You wearye like a Commet-makers Wife:
Not you in good tooth; and, as true as I live;
And as God shall rend me; and, as sure as day:
And glisht Irish Screecheet festreth for thy Oakes.
As if thou never walkedst further then Finsbury.
Swear me, Kate, like a Lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling Oath: and leave in tooth,
And such protest of Pepper Ginger-bread,
To Velvet-Guards, and Sunday-Citizens.

Come, fing.

Lady. I will not sing.

Hath. ‘Tis the next way to turne Taylor, or be Redbreast教师: and the Indentures be drawne, Ile away within these two howres: and so come in, when you will.

Exit.

Glend. Come, come, Lord Mortimer, you are as slow
As hot Lord Percy’s on fire to goe.
By this our Bookes is drawne: we colloke, 
And then to Horse immediately,
Mort. With all my heart,
Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.

King. Lords, giue vs leave:
The Prince of Wales, and I,
Must have some private conference:
But be theer at hand,
For we shall presently have neede of you.

Exit Lords.

I know not whether Heauen will have it is,
For so displeasing feruice I have done;
That in his fater Domine, out of my Blood,
He’s breedre Reuengement, and a Scourge for me:
But thou dost in thy passages of Life,
Make me believe, that thou art unly mak’d
For the hot vengeanc, and the Rod of heauen
To punysh my Misreadings. Tell me eille,
Could such indocrate and low defere,
Such poore, such bare, such lewd, such meane attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude socieete,
As thou art mixt withall, and graffed too,
Accompany the greatest ffe of thy blood,
And hold their letter with thy Princely heart?

Prince. So pleaseth your Majesty, I would I could
Quell all offences with as clear excufe,
As well as I am doubtfull I can purge
My felfe of many I am charg’d withall:
Yet such exameation let me begge,
As in reprovce of many Tales deusi’d,
Which of the Earle of Greatmane needes must hear,
By finding Pick-thanks, and base Newest-mongers;
I may for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faultie wandred, and irregular,
Finde pardon on my true intimation.

King. Heaven pardon thee:
Yet let me wnder, Harry,
At thy affection, which doth holde a Wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in Counsell thou hast rudey lost,
Which by thy younger Brother is supply’d, etc.
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the Court and Princes of my blood.
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin’d, and the Scale of every man
Properly due for thee, and thy fall,
Had I so laffed of my presence benne,
So common backney’d in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheape to vulgar Company;
Opinion, that did help me to the Crowne,
Had still kept loyal to poffition,
And left me in reputed eate, in
A fellow of no maker, nor like-ly blood.
By being stolne frome, I could not shirre,
But like a Comet, I was wundered at.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

That men would tell their Children. This is he  
Others would say Where, Which is nothing else. 
And then I noble all Courtiers from Heaven.  
And dwelt my felle in such Humbledness.  
That I did place Allegiance from men's hearts, 
Loved Sowerer and Sublimations from their mouthes, 
E'en in the presence of the Crowned King. 
Thus I did keep my Person fresh and new.  
My Prefence like a Robe Pomefally.  
Ne're fene, but wondred at; and to my State.  
Seldom be flamboyant, fublime, or fmall.  
And may my prefence be the Scale.  
The King's right none rebelled undaunted. 
With fhalvor help by eftablifh'd Basin Wits,  
Soone kindled, and Soone burned, cæd'd his State.  
Mingled his Royality with Captivity Foolies.  
Had his great Name prefurfated with their Scofmef.  
And gave his Companion, against his Name,  
To laugh at gaping Boys, and fland the paff.  
Of every Beadle, vaine Companions.  
Grew a Companion to the vame Streetes.  
Enfeoff'd himfelfe to Popularitie.  
That being daily swallowed by mens Eyes. 
They futfucked with Honore, and began to loathe.  
The tale of Sweetnefs, whereof a little  
More then a little, is by much too much.  
So when he had occasion to be fene,  
He was but at the Crack now in time.  
Heard, not regarded; fene but with fuch Eyes, 
As fickle and Blondefc with Comfitue,  
Affecond no extraordinary Cafe,  
Such as was fent on Sonne-like Mafterfe,  
When it flutes feldome in admiring Eyes:  
But rather doth a York hang their eye-his downe,  
Stole in his Face, and rendeth that fhape.  
As Chantlet men vfe to doe to their adverfaries,  
Being with his preface glared, gorged, and fmall.  
And that very Line, Harry, flandeth thou:  
For thou haft loft thy Priuelye Knowledge,  
With vifh participation. Not an Eye  
But is aweare of thy common fight,  
Sate mine, which hath defir'd to see thee more:  
Which now doth that I would haue had too.  
Make blinde is fente with foft and tendeufe.  
Prince. I shall hereafter, my thrie gracious Lords,  
Be more my felle.  
King. For all the World,  
As thou art to this hour, is Richard then, 
When I from France for fafe as Roarupple;  
And even as I was then, is Percy now.  
Now by my Scepter, and my Soule to boot,  
He hath more worthy intered to the State.  
Then that, the shade of Succifion.  
For no Right, nor colour like to Right.  
He doth fift felds with Itame in the Realme,  
Turnes head againft the Lyon armed Fawes.  
And being no more in debt to yeeres, then thou,  
Leaders an cient Lords, and reverent Bishops on  
To bloody Battales, and to bruifh Armes.  
What never-dying Honor hath he got,  
Against renowned DuncIan? whole high Deedes,  
Whole hot Incursions, and great Name in Armes,  
Holded from all Solldiers chiefes Majoritie,  
And Militaire Title Captall.  
Though all the Kingdomes that acknowledge Christ,  
Thrice hath the Harfear Marke, in wathing Chafees,  
This Infant Warrior, in his Enterprife, 
Difcomfirted great DuncIan, to the undoit.  
Enlarged him, and made a trufte of him,  
To fill the mouth of depe Difance vp,  
And shake the peace and faftetie of our Realme.  
And what fay you to this? Percy, Northumberland,  
The Arch-bishops Grace of York, Durham, Admiration,  
Capitulate againft vs, and are vp,  
But wherefore doe I tell thee Newes to thee?  
Why, Harry, doe I tell thee of my Faces,  
Which art my needfull and deare Enemy?  
That, art like enough, through vallayr Fere,  
False Inclination, and the fhape of Spirene,  
To fight againft me under Prince pay,  
To do thine hekil, and curfle at thy frowne,  
To flye how much thou art degenerate.  
Prince. Does not think fo, you shall not finde it for,  
And Heaven forgive them, that do so much haue way'd  
Your Maiesties good thoughts away from me:  
I will redeem all this on Prince head,  
And in the closing of some glorious day,  
Be bold to tell you that I am your Sonne,  
When I will wear a Garment all of Blood,  
And flame my f凤凰网 in a blood dy Mafe:  
Which, when it flatts, shall leave my Shame with it.  
And that shall be the day, when it flies,  
That this fame Child of Honor and Renowne,  
This Gallant Harry, this all-prayed Knight,  
And your wonted fpirit of Harry chance to meet:  
For ever Honor flitting on his Heine,  
Would they were multitudes, and on my head.  
My Dauns redoubled. For the time will come,  
That I shall make this Northeime Youth exchange.  
His glorious Deedes for my Indignities,  
Percy is but my Factor, good my Lord,  
To engaffe vp glorious Deedes on my behalfe:  
And I will call him to so fricht account,  
That he shall render every Glory vp,  
Ye aunque the fleightest worship of his time,  
Or I will tear the Reckoning from his Heart.  
This, in the Name of Heaven, I proufe here:  
The which if I performe, and doe fortunate,  
I doe before thy our Maiesties may felue  
The long-grown Wounds of my intemperatne.  
If not, the end of Life cancelles all Bandes,  
And I will dye a hundred thousand Deaths,  
Ere breake the smallest parcel of this Vow.  
King. A hundred thousand Rebels dye this:  
I know not haue Charge, and tolerable craft herein.  

Enter Blunt.

How now good Blunt? thy Lookes are full of speed.  
Blunt. So hath the Buftinefe that I come to speake of,  
Lords, Marquisses of Scotland hath fent word  
That DuncIan and the English Rebels met  
The eleventh of this moneth, at Shrewsbury:  
A mightie and a hopeful Head they are,  
(If Promifes be kept on every hand)  
As men offered forle to play in a State.  
King. The Earle of Westmender fet forth to day:  
With him my focne, Lord John of Lancaster,  
For this auidention is fice dayes old.  
On Wednesday next, Harry thou fhall fet forward:  
On Thursday, wec our fifices will march.  
Our meeting is Bridgenorth: and Harry, you fhall march  

Through
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Through Glocester's Siege, by which account,
Our Batterie valued some twelve days hence,
Our general Forces at Bredenorth shall meet.
Our Hands are full of Batterie: let's away,
Adventurage feeds them fat, while men delay.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not false away vily, since first this last action? do I not base? do I not dwindle? Why my skinne hangs about me like an olede Ladies Jolle Gowne? I am withered like an olede Apple John. Well, Ie repent, and that suddenly, while I am in course liking; it shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. And I have not forgotten what the inside of a Church was made of. I am a Pepper-Combe, a Brewers Horse-the inside of a Church. Company, villainous Company hath beene the spoyle of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretfull, you cannot lie long.

Fal. Why there is it: Come, sing me a bawdy Song, make me merry: I was as vertuously glee, as a Gentleman need be; vertuous enough, pure, little, did not about seven times a week, went to a Bawdy-house, and once in a quarter of an honour, paid Money for that I borow'd, threescore times, spend, and in good company; and now I live out of all order, out of company.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs bee out of all company; out of all reasonable company, Sir John.

Fal. Doest thou amend thy Face, and I'll amend thy Life: Thou art our Admiral, thou bearest the Lantern in the Poge, but 'tis in the Nose of thee; thou art the Knight of the burning Lamps.

Bard. Why, Sir John, my Face does you no harme.

Fal. No, I do believe: I make as good vifc of it, as many a man doth of a Death's Head, or of a Memorial Monument. I never see thy Face, but I think of the Hell fire, and Domes that lined in Duplex for there he is in his Robes burning, burning. If thou were any way given to vertue, I would swear by thy Face, my Oath should bee, By this Fire: But thou art stronger, given over; and were indeed, for the Light in thy Face, the Sunne of wise Dackneffe. When thou runnest up Gods-Hill in the Night, to catch my Horie, if I did not think that thou hadst benne an Ignis fatuus, or a Ball of Wild-fire, there's no Purchase in Money. O, thou art a perpetuell I triumph, an ever-lasting Bawdy-Light: thou hast made me a thousand Marks in Looke and Torches, walking with thee in the Night between Taunton and Taunton: But the Sack that thou hast drunk, I would have bought thee Lights as good cheape, as the dearest Chancellers in Europe. I have maintaine d that Salassander of yours, with fire, any time this two and thirtie yeares, Heaven reward me for it.

Bard. I would my Face were in your Belly.

Fal. So should; be sure to be heart-burned.

Enter Hessey.

Hessey. Why Sir John, what do you think? Sir John: do you think I keeper there in my House? I have search'd, I have enquipt, so has my Husband, Mon by Man, Boy by Boy, Servant by Servant, the night of a hayre was never lost in my house before.

Fal. Ye lye! Hessey: Bardolph was afraid; and fewed many a hayre, and I be sworn my Pocket was pick'd: goe to, you are a Woman, goe.

Hessey. Who is it I dispute with? I was never call'd so in mine owne house before.

Fal. General, know you well enough.

Hessey. No, Sir John; you do not know me. Sir John, I know you; Sir John; you owe me Money, Sir John, and now you pick a quarrell, to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of Shirts to your backe.

Fal. Doulos, filthy Doulos: I have given them away to Bakers Wines, and they have made Bakers of them.

Hessey. Now, as I am a true Woman, Holland of eight shillings an Ell: You owe me Money here before, Sir John, for you, for Dyer, and by Drinkings, and Money lost you, for Gaming and Penny Pounds.

Fal. He had his part of it, let him pay.

Hessey. Hee? alas hee is gone: hee hath nothing.

Fal. How Poor Lady lookes upon his Face: What can you Rich? Let them coyn his Note, let them coyn his Cheekes, Ie not pay a Denier. What will you make: Younger of me? Shall I not take mine ease in mine ease, but I shall have my Pocket pick'd? I have lost a Sealing-Ring of my Grand-fathers, worth fortie Marks.

Hessey. I have heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft; that that Ring was Copper.

Fal. How the Prince is a Jacke, a Sneake-Copper, and if he were hence, I would cudgel him like a Dogge, if he would say so.

Enter the Prince marching, and Falstaff meets him, playing on his Trumpion like a oife.

Fal. How now, Lad: is the Winde in that Doore? Must we all march?

Bard. Yes, two, and two, Newsom fashion.

Hessey. My Lord, I pray you hear me.

Prince. What sayst thou, Mistress Quickly? How doest thy Husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

Hessey. Good, my Lord, hear mee.

Fal. Prerose let her alone, and let me mee.

Prince. What sayst thou, Jacky?

Fal. The other Night I fell asleep here behind the Arras, and had my Pocket pick'd: this House is tem'd Bawdy-house, they pick Pocket.

Prince. What didst thou lose, Jacky?

Fal. Will thou believe mee, Jacke Three, or four Bonds of fortie pound apiece, and a Seale-Ring of my Grand-fathers.

Prince. A Trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Fal. So I told him, my Lord; and I said, I heard your Grace say to: and (my Lord) she spakes most vilely of you, like a ruffian: a man as she is, and said, she would cudgel you.

Prince. What she did not.

Fal. There's neyther Falsh, Truth, nor Woman-hood in me else.

Fal. There's
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Fest. There's no more faith in thee than a dog'd prune; nor no more trust in thee, than in a drawer'd Fox; and for a Wooman's hood, Maid-mann may be the Deputies wife of the Ward to thee. Go you nothing go.

Fest. Say, what things? what thing?

Fest. What thing? why a thing to thank beuen on.

Fest. I am nothing to thank beuen on, I would thou should'st know it. I am an honest man's wife; and seeing thy Knighthood afees, thou art a knave to call me.

Fest. Seeing thy woman's hood afees, thou art a knave to say other wise.

Fest. Say, why hast thou this hood on thee?

Fest. What hood? Why do the Oter?

Prim. An Oter, sir John. Why do the Oter?

Fest. Why? She's neither fill'd nor stith, a man knows not where to have her.

Fest. Then are vast men in saying so, thou, or aile man knows where to have me, thou know thou.

Prent. Thou sayest true, Hostes; and he blinds thee most grossly.

Fest. So it doth you, my Lord, and say this other day. You oght him a thousand pound.

Prent. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fest. A thousand pound Hal! A Million. Thy love is worth a Million: thou owest me thy love.

Fest. Nay my Lord, I call'd you ake, and said thee would exalt thee.

Fest. Did I, Bardolph?

Bar. Indeed Sir John, you said so.

Fest. Yes, if he laid my Ring was Copper.

Prin. I say 'tis Copper. Dost thou thou bee as good as thy word now?

Fest. Why Hal, thou know'st, as thou art but a man, I dare: but thou art a Prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the Lyons Whelpes.

Prent. And why not as the Lyon?

Fest. The King himself is to bee feared as the Lyon: Do thou thinke thee fear thee, as I fear thy Father ?

Prent. I am not the Lyon.

Fest. Do it thou thinke thee I thinke thee as I thinke thy Father?

Prent. I am the Lyon.

Fest. How would thy gutters fall about thy knees. But sirra: There's no room for Faith, Truth, nor Honesty, in this bone of time: it is all fill'd with Guits and Misdrife. Charge an honest Woman with picking thy pocket? Why thou horson imprudent imbold Hecall, if there were any thing in thy Pocket but Taurern Reckless, Memory's self of Bawdles-humies, and one poor peny-worth of Sugar-cuckoo to make thee long-wind'd: if thy pocket were enrich'd with anie other injuries but these, I am a Villain: And yet you will flind to it, you will not Pocket vp wrong. Art thou not afraid d's?

Fest. Do it thou thinke Hal? Thou know'st? in the state of innocency, Adam fell: and what should poore Jacke Hostes do, in the days of Villiany? Thou seest, I have more flesh then another man, and therefore more frailly.

Thou dost thinke I thinke thy pocket?

Prent. It appeares by the story.

Fest. Hostes, I forgive thee.

Fest. Go make ready Breakfast, loute thy Husband, Looke to thy Servants, and cherish thy Gittes: Thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason. Thou seest, I am pacified still.

Nay, I prethee be gone.

Enter Hostes.

Now Hal, to the meues at Court for the Robbery, Lad? How is that answered?

Enter Hostes.

Prin. O my sweet Beefe:
I must be good Angel to thee.
The Monie is paid back again.

Fest. O, I do not like that paying backe, 'tis a double Labour.

Prin. I am good Friends with my Father, and may do any thing.

Fest. Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thing thou do'ed, and do it with such a'd hands too.

Bar. Do my Lord.

Prin. I have procured thee Jacke, a Charge of Foot.

Fest. I would it had beene of Horse. Where shall I finde one that can ride well? O, for a fine theefe of two and twenty, or thereabout: I am heynously upprovised. Wel God be thanked for these Rebels, they offend none but the Vernon. I haught them, I praie them.

Prin. Bardolph.

Bar. My Lord.

Prin. Go beare this Letter to Lord John of Lancaster To my Brother John. This to my Lord of Wuterumber, Go Fete, to horse: for thou, and I, Have charrie miles to ride yet ere dinner time.

Lacke, meet me to a dinner in Temple Hall At two a clocke in the afternoone, There skaft thou know thy Charge, and therlow receive Money and Order for their Furniture, The Land is burning, Perseu stands on hye, And other way, or we must lower lyce.

Fest. Rare words! breue would.

Hostes, my breake fast, come:
Oh, I could with this I wereone were my drumme.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Harrius Hostes, Waccester, and Discours.

Host. West alid, my Noble Sco, if speaking truth In this fine Age, were not thought flatteries, Such attribution should the Æpring beoke, As not a Soull have of this scenes flumper, Should go in generall currant through the world.

By beauen I cannot flatter: I defe.

The Tongues of Southers, But a Brerlue place In my heartes lour, hath no man then your Selfe, Nay, I take me to your word; approce the Lord.

Desc. Thou art the King of Honor:
No man in potent breathes upon the ground, But I will Beare him.

Enter a Strangers.

Host. Do we, and is it well, What Letters haft there? I can but thank you.

Desc. Thefe Letters come from your Father,

Host. Letters from him?

Why comes he not himselfe?

Desc. He cannot come: my Lord, He is greuous sickne.

Host. How? how he the leasure to be sick now, In such a surfling time? Who leads his power? Under whose Government come they along?
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Mag. His Letters beats his mind, and his middle.

War. I presume, I do, and he keeper of a Bed?

Mag. He did, my Lord, some day or other, but to this time.

And at the time that he departs hence, he did.

He was much feared by his Physician.

War. How much? the state of time, or the state of a whole.

Ere he by sickness been visited.

His health, as better be, with a new and

War. Sickle now? does not move this sick-bed doth infest

The very life-blood of our Enterprise

War. The watching of his, without to think of it,

And that his friends by distraction

The witchcraft, that invades sickness, know it,

And that, he is in 

Could not so in my mind as he, if he think, it may, To lay so dangerous and fear a truth.

On any Soul remain, but his own.

Yet, doth he geological.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth

Scena Secunda.

Enter Falstaff, and Bardolph.

Falstaff. Bardolph, get thee before to Country, fill me a Bottle of Sack, our Soldiers shall march throughwele 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 do, take it for thy labour, and if it make twenty, take them all. Ile anf were the Coynge.

Bardolph. My Lieutenant, Peres meets me at the Townes end.

Falstaff. I will Captaine peres farewells.

Falstaff. If I be not affam'd of my Souldiers, I am a foole in Curren. I have mis-est the King. Prefile damnable, I have got in exchange of a hundred and fiftie Souldiers, three hundred and odd Pounds. I preside me none but good House-holders. Yonemen Sometime expresse me out Contradicted Batchelers, and Thos. Cotters, and twice on the Bastes such a Commoditie of warme Flour, as had as were the Deule, as a Drumme; such as feare the report of a Calme, were then a strick-foole, or a hurt-wilde-ducke. I pretend none but such Tolsets and Butter, with Heare in their Bellies no bigger then Pimera heads, and they have bought out their sentences: And now, my whole Charge consists of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants, Gentlemen of Companies, Slaves as ragged as Lazaria in the painted Cloth, where the Glutious dogges lick'd his Socks; and such, as indeed were never Souldiers, but discar'ded yeomen, and younger Sonnes to younger Brothers, restless Taverners and Others. Trade-faine, the Cankers of a calme World, and long Peace, tenne times more dishonorably ragged, than an old-lad's Ancient; and such have I to fill vp the rooms of them that have bought out their sentences: that you would think, that I had a hundred and fiftie tooter'd Prodigalls, lately come from Rome-keeping, from eating Driffs and Hams. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, he had unloosed all the Gibbons, and presse the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such skar-Crowes; Ie not march through Country with them, that's flat. Nay, and the Villaines march wide howse the Legges, as if they had Grapes on 'em; for indeed, I had the most of them out of Prison. There's no Shirt and a halfe in all my Company; and the halfe Shirt is two Napkins, as if you were the Hosi of St. Albones, or the Red-Neck tie-keeper of Dauntsey. But that's all one, they're full Linen enough on every Hedge.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Westmoreland.


Falstaff. What haue? how now mad Wasse, what a Deuill doth thou in Warwickshire? My good Lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy, I thought your Honour had already bene at Shrewsbury.

Warr. Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than thyme, that I were there, and you too: but my Powers are there already. The King, I can tell you, looke for vs, we must away all to Night.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Warr. The number of the King exceeded twixt four,
For God’s sake, Cousin, say till all come in.

The Trumpet sounds; a Peasie, Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the King,
If you would have me hearing and republican.

Humph. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt.
And would I do you were of our determination.
Some of us have you well; and even those some
Envy your great courtesies, and good name;
Because you are not of our quality,
But hand against us like an Enemy.
Blunt. And Heaven defend, but still I should stand so,
So long as out of Limit, and true Rule,
You stand against anointed Maiestie,
But to my Charge,
The King hath sent to know
The nature of your Grievances, and whereupon
You contract from the birth of Coquet Peace,
Such bold Healteth, tracking his duty a while
And audacious Cruelty. If that the King
Have any way your good Defers forget,
Which he could not be manfold,
He bids you name your Grievances, and with all speed
You shall have your desires, with Interdit;
And Pardon absolute for your selfe, and these,
Herein mislead, by your suggestion.

Humph. The King is kind:
And well we know, the King
Knowes at what time to promise, when to pay.
My Father, my Vakkle, and my selfe,
Did give him that fame Royaltye he wearres;
And when he was not fire and twentie strong.
Sickie in the Worlds regard, wretched, and low,
A poor unmindfull Out-law, inking home.
My Father gave him welcome to the shore:
And when he heard him swear, and vow to God,
He came not to be Duke of Lancaster.
To sue his Lineage, and begge his Peace,
With tears of innocencie, and thorns of Zeale;
My Father, in kinde heart and pitifull mood,
Swore him affiance, and performed it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realm
Perceiv’d Northumberland did ease to him,
The more and less came in with Cap and Knee,
Meer him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
Attended him on Bridges, flood in Lent,
Laid Gifts before him, proffer’d him their Oaths,
Gave them their Heiries, as Pages followed him,
Even at the heades, in golden Mailnades;
He pretendeth, at Gretnafie knows it well,
Steps me a little higher than his Vow,
Made to my Father, while his blood was poore,
Upon the naked shore at Kenterburgh:
And now (forsooth) takes on him to reform
Some certaine Edicts, and Lonesome Decrees.
That lay too beanie on the Common-wealth;
Cries out upon shent, scenes to weep.
Over his Countries Wronges, and by his Face,
This seeming Brow of Justice, did he vowe,
The hearts of all that he did angre for,
Proceeded further, cut me off the Heads
Of all the Favourables, that the shent King
In depopulation left behind him here.

When she was perillall in the Irish Warre.

Blunt. Or, I came not to hear this,
Humph. Then to the point.
In short time after, she depos’d the King.
Soone after that, depriv’d him of his Life;
And in the neck of that, task’d the whole State,
To make a worse, suffer’d his Minnstrea March,
Who is, if every Owner were plac’d,
Indeed the King, to be engag’d in Wales,
There, without Ranfome, to be forfetted;
Disgrace’d me in my happie Victories,
Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
Rased my Vakkle from the Counsell-Board,
In rage diist’d my Father from the Court,
Broke Oath on Oath, committ’d Wrong on Wrong,
And in conclusion, drove vs to seek our
This Head of safetie; and wish’d to pre.
Into his Title; the which wee finde
Too indirec’t, for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answere to the King?
We shall return it to the King.
Goe to the King, and let there be impaw’d
Some suretie for a safe returne againe,
And in the Morning early shall my Vakkle
Bring him our purpose: and do farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of Grace and Lost.
Humph. And may be, we were shall.
Blunt. Pray Heaven you doe.

Scena Quarta.

Enter the Arch-Bishop of York, and Sir Mischell.

Arch. His good Sir Mischell, heare this sealed Bride
With winged halfe to the Lord Marshall,
This to my Cousin Sarsfield, and all the rest
To whom they are directed.
If you knew how much they doe import,
You would make haste,
Sir Mischell, my good Lord, I guesse their tenor,
Arch. Like enough you doe.
To morrow, good Sir Mischell, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bite the tooth. For Sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly guesse to understand,
The King, with mightie and quick-rayed Power,
Meters with Lord Harry: and I hear, Sir Mischell,
What with the sick nesse of Northumberland,
Whole Power was in the first proportion;
And what with Osen Glanciers silence there,
Who with them was rated finely too,
And comes not in, over-cul’d by Prophecies,
I fear the Power of Perry is too weak,
To wage an infant tryall with the King.
Sir Mischell, why, my good Lord, you need not fear,
There is Douglas and Lord Mischell.
Arch. No, Mischell, is not there.
Sir Mischell. But there’s Major Doran, Lord Barry Perry,
And there is my Lord of Worcester,
And a Head of gallant Warriors,
Noble Gentlemen.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

When yet you were in peace, 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
The danger of the time. You swore to vs,
And you did swear that Oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing of purpose against the State,
Nor clause no further, then your new-adopted right.
The feare of danger, Duckedome of Lancaster,
To this, we swore our side. But in short space,
It rain'd downe Fortune crowning on your head,
And such a bloud of Greatness fell on you,
What with our help, what with the absent King,
What with the inuities of warre and time,
The seeming sufferings that you had borne,
The contrary winds that held the King
So long in the unlucky Irish Warres,
That all in England did repute him dead:
And from this swarms of faire advantages,
You rooke occasion to be quickly wo'd,
To gripe the generall way into your hand,
Forgot your Oath to vs at Doncaster,
And being fed by vs, you vs'd to do,
As that vengefull gull the Cuckowes Bird,
With the Sparrow, did oppose our Neffe,
Grew by our breeding, to great a bulke,
That euen our Lion durst not come near your sight.
For fear of swallowing; But with nimble wing
We were infer'd for safety to lie,
Our of your sight, and raise this present Head,
Whereby we stand oppossed by such means
As you your selfe, have forg'd against your selfe,
By some wise stratagems, dangerous contrivance,
And violation of all faith and troth.
Swarmed with vs in your generous enterprise.

Kyn. These things indeed you have articulated,
Proclaim'd at Market Crosses, read in Churches,
To face the Garments of Rebellion
With some fine colours, that may pleaste the eye
Of fickle Changelings, and proud Dissenters,
Which gape, and rub the Elbow at the newest
Of hardy burly innovation:
And never yet did Inspiration want
Such water-colours, to impute his cause:
Nor modest Beggers, herring for a time
Of yellow-hoak, and confusion.

Prior. In both our Armies, there is many a soule
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
I once they tome in trall. Tell your Nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth tome with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy.

This present enterprise set off his head,
I do not thinke a bauer Gentleman,
More active, valiant, or more valiant, yong,
More daring, or more bold in new stile,
To grace this latter Age with Noble deeds.
For my part, I may fecket it to my shame,
I have a Truste benter to Chivalry.
And so I believe, he doth account me too:
Yet this before my Fathers Maiesty,
I am content that he shall take the oddes
Of his Greene name and estimation,
And will no more the blood on ether side,
Try Fortune with him, in a Single Fight.

King. And Prince of Wales, so dace we wenter thee,
Albert, confidences infinite.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Do make against it: No good Worlfer no,
We louse our people well: even those we loue
That are nuffled vp ouer our Country part,
And will they take the offer of our Grace:
Both be, and they, and you: yea, every man
Shall be my Friend aligene, and lie be his,
So tell your Cousin, and bring me word,
What he will do. But if he will not yield,
Rebuke and help by force, let us have
And they shall so their Office: So bee gone,
We will not now be troubled with reply,
We offer faire, take it aduisely.

Exit Worcestrefr.

Prin. It weill not be accepted, on my life,
The Douglas and the Natepurse both together,
Are confident against the world in Armes.

King. Hence therefore, every Leader to his charge,
For on their answer we wll see on them:
And God beware us, as our cause is sure.

Exit.

Mac. Prince and Faffiffe.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me downe in the barreille,
And befriend me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

Proo. Nothing but a Colofin can doe thee that friendship
Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed time Hal, and all well,

Prin. Why, thou ow'the heaven a death.

Fal. Tis not due yet: I would bee loath to pay him

Fal. What neede I bee so forward with him,
That call'st not on me? Well, 'tis no matter, Honor pricks me

Fal. But how if Honour pricks me off when I come

Prin. Can Honour set too a legge? No: or an arm? No:

Proo. Or take away the greest of a wound? No.

Honor hath no skill in Surgerie, then? No, What is

Honor? A word, What is that word Honour? Ayre.

Trum. Who hath it? He that dyde a Wednesday.

Dueh. Hee itt? Or doe hee heare it? No. Is it

Trum. Is it infallable then? Yes, to the dead. But will it not live with

Honor? Is the life with Honour, or the Honour in the life?

Sir. Honour is a meere Scutchton, and so
ends my Catechisme.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Worcestrefr, and Sir Richard Vernom.

War. O no, my Nephew must not know, Sir Richard,
The liberal kind of the King.

Ver. Twice beft he did.

Wor. Then weare all vndone:
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The King would keepe his word in louinge vs,
He will inspect vs till, and finde a time
To punishe this offence in other faults:
Supposition, all our harts, shall be fuckes full of eyes;
For Traicion is but trucled like the Foxe,
Who are so tane, so christed, and lock'd vp,
Will have a wilde tricke of his Ancestors:
Look, how he can, or fail or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks,
And we shall feel as Oxen at a stall.
The better we ther, the nearer death.
My Nephewes the pasty may be well forger,
It halts the excute of youth, and heart of blood,
And an adopted name of Prinelle.
A harte-brain'd Natepurse, govern'd by a Spleene:
All his offences lies won by my head,
And on his Fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corruption being tame from vs,
We as the Spring of alige, shall pay for all:
Therefore good Cousin, let not Harry know
In any cafe, the offer of the King.

Ver. Deuise what you will, he lay his fo.
Here comes your Cousin,

Enter Natepurse.

War. My Vnkle is return'd
Deliver vp my Lord of Wettmerland.
Vnkle, what news?

War. The King will bid you barrell presently.

Dow. Defie him by the Lord of Wettmerland.

War. Lord Dowles: Go you and tell him for

Dow. Marry and shall, and very willingly.

Dow. There is no seeming mercy in the King.

War. Did you begge any God forbid.

War. I told him, he would not hear me.
Of his Oath breaking: which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he was forsworne,
He calls us Rebels, Traitors, and will seoure,
With haughty armes, this hateful name in vs.

Dow. Enter Dowles.

Dow. Arme Gentleman, to Armes, for I have knowe
A braue defance in King Hower tooth:
And Wettmerland that was ingag'd did bear it,
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

War. The Prince of Wales slept forth before the King,

War. Would the quartell lay upon your heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to day,
But I and Harry Mounmouth. Tell me, tell me,
How shou'd they be talking? Seem'd it in contempt?

War. No, by my Soule: I never in my life
Did hear a Challenge vgh'd more modestly,
Vaille's Brother fhould a Brother dare
To gentle exercise, and prove of Armes.
He gave you all the Dukes of a Man,
Timm'd vp your praires with a Princely tongue,
Spoke your deferings like a Chronicel,
Making you euer better then his praires,
By full praiing praires, valew'd with you,
And which became him like a Prince indeed,
He made a bluching eftate of himselfe,
And chid his Treweit young with much a Grace,
As if he fatterd there a double spirit
Of teaching, and of learning infancy:
There did he paufe, but let me tell the World,
If he one-line the enuit of this day,
England did never owe to sweet a hope,
So muche of his mind in his Wasconymne.

Hor. Cousin, I think thou art enamercd
On his Folies; never did I hear
Of any Prince so wise in Liberty.
But be he as he will: yet once ere night,
I will embrace him with a Southerner arm.
That he shall thinke, and hit my castle.
Arme, arm with speed. And Fellow's, Soldiers, Friends.
Better consider what you have to do.
That I have now not well the gift of Tonge,
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Scene I.

Act IV.

Enter Buckingham, Fluellen, Owen Glendower, and others.

Buck. I prithee, Henry, withdraw thy self, thou bloodey,
So many of his shadowes thou haft mee, And not the very King. I trust two Boyes Seeke Percy and thy selfe about the Field: But lest thou fall it enme me so luckily, I will say thee so defend thy selfe. Dem. I fear there are another counterfeite: And yet infall thou effeas they like King. But note I am sure thou art, where thou be, And thus I win thee. They fight, the King be in danger. Enter Prince.

Prince. Hold vp they head vile Scot, or thou art like Neuer to be hold vp againe: the Spirit Of valiant Shakes, Stafford, and that are in my Army; Let the Prince of Wales that threatnes thee, Who neuer promiseth, but he means to pay. They fight, Douglas fight.

Cheerly My Lord: how fare's your Grace? Sir Nicholas Ganly hath for succour sent, And to Baptist Clifton: I to Clifton straight. King. Stay, and break off. Thou hast redeem'd thy loft opinion, And shew'd thou wast not some render of my life. In this faire refutation he brought to mee, Prince. O heaven, they did me too much injury. That ever I heard to thy death. Fift thou lost, thou mightst have done The taking of hand of Douglas over thee, Which would have beene so speedily in thy end, As all the poysonous Potions in the world, And farr the Trachous labour of your Sonne.

K. Make vp to Clifton, Ile to Sir Nicholas Ganly, Enter Hughfort.

Hot. If it be not now, thou art Harry Mammouth. Prince. Thou speak'st as if I would denie my name. Hot. My name is Harri Percy, Prince. Why then I feele a very valiant rebel of that name. I am the Prince of Wales, and think not Percy, To shew me in glory any more; Two Starres keep not their motion in one Sphere, Nor can our England brooke a double sling, Of Harry Percy, and the Prince of Wales. Hot. Not shall it Harry, for the house is come To end the one of vs; and would to heaven, Thy name in Arms, were now as great as mine. Prince. Ile make it greater, ere I part from thee, And all the building Honors on thy CREST, Hee crop, to make a Corne for my head. Hot. I can no longer brooke thy Vanities. Fight, Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Well said Hot, to it Hal. Nay you shall finde no Boyes play here, I can tell you. Enter Douglas, he fights with Falstaff, who falls down as if he were dead. The Prince killeth Percy.

Hot. On Harry, thou hast rob'd me of my youth: I better brooke the losse of brittle life, Than those proud Titles thou hast wonne of me, They would my thoughts worse, then the sword my flesh: But though she's the fame of Life, and Life, Times foole; And Time, that takes surveye of all the world, Must have a Stop. O, I would Prophesye, But that the Earth, and the cold hand of death, Lyes on my Tongue: No Percy, thou art duff And food for:

Prince. For Winter, brate Percy Farewell great heart: Ill-ween'd Ambition, how much art thou shrunk? When that this bodie did contain a spirit,

A Kingdome for it was too small a bound: But now two pages of the/ill Earth is room enough. This Earth that bears the dead, Bears not alue to font a Gentleman, That thou wast fillable of curstise, I should not make to great a Shee of Zeals, But let my favours hide thy mangled face, And even in thy behalfe, Ile thank thee selfe For doing these faire Rites of Tendencie, Adieu and take thy prattish with thee to heaven, Thy ignomy sleepe with thee in the ground, But not remember'd in thy Epitaph.

What? Old Acquaintance? Could not all this flesh Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell; I could have better spares a better man, O, I should have a heavy miffe of thee, If I were much in love with Vanity. Death hath not frucke so fast a Desire to day, Though many deere in this bloody Praye, Ile be well will I fee thee by, and by, Till then in blood, by noble Percy diee. Exit.

Falstaff relish vp.

Fal. Ile be well will I fee thee by, and by, Till then in blood, by noble Percy diee.

Exit. Prince, and John of Lancaster.

Prince. Come Brother John, full bruely hast thou fiction thy Mansions sword.

John. But so, who haue we here? Did you not tell me this Far man was dead? Prince. I did, I saw him dead, Breathless, and bleeding on the ground: Art thou alive? Or is the sword that plays upon our eye fight, I preache speake, we will not truss our eyes Without our ears. Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certaine: I am not a double man; but if the not Jack Falstaff, then am I Jacke: There is Percy, if your Father will do me any Honor, for if not, let him kill the next Percy himselfe. I look to be either Enter Dute, I can affirme you.

Prince. Why Percy I kill'd my selfe, and saw thee dead. Fal. Did it so? Lord, Lord, how the world is giu to Lying? I grant you I was done, and out of Breath; and so was he, but we rose both at an instant, and fought a longe hour by Shrewsbury clowke. If I may be belieued, or if not, lest them that should reward Valour, hears the fame upon their owne heads. Ile take thy on my death I gave him this wound in the Thigh; if the man were a ling, and would deny it, I would make him eate a piece of my sword.

John. This is the strongest Tale that e'er I heard. Prince. This is the strongest Fellow, Brother John.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Come bring your luggage Nobly on your backs:
For my part, a life may do thee grace,
I'll give it with the happiest thanks I bear.

A Retreat is sounded.
The Trumpets sound Retro, the day is ours:
Come Brother, let's to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are lying, who are dead.

Exit.
The Erast's join'd, for Reward. Her that rewards me, shall reward him. If he grow great again, he grow less? For I purge, and 'scape Sacke, and live cleanly, as a Nobleman should do.

Exit.

Scena Quarta.

The Trumpets sound.
Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
Earl of Northumberland, with Worcester &
Vermonl Prefessor.

King. Thus ever did Rebellion find'st Revere.
Ill-spirited Worcester, did we not send Grace;
Peace, and atonement to all of you?
And wouldst thou then turne out offers contrary?
Mislike the tender of thy Kindness past?
Three Knights upon our party stain'd to day,
A Noble Earl, and many a creature else,
Hath been assay'd this hour,
If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our Armies, true Intelligence.

War. What have done, my safety urg'd me to,
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be overjoy'd, it lies on mee.

King. Bestre Worcester to death, and Vermonl too.
Other Offenders we will put by.

Exit Worcester and Vermonl.

How goes the field?

Prin. The Noble Scots Lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day, quite turn'd from him,
The Noble Percy stain'd, and all his men,
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest;
And falling from a hill, he was to brand'd.
That the pursuer took him. At my Temp.
The Douglas is, and believe your Grace,
I may dispole of him.

King. With all my heart.

Prin. Then Brother John of Lancaster,
To you this honourable bounty shall belong:
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransom'd and free:
His Vassal shewne upon our Crefts to day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds.
Even in the bosom of our Adversaries.

King. Thus this remains: that we divide our Power.
You Sonne John, and my Cousin Wellmerland
Towards York shall bend you, with your fecret speed
To meet Northumberland, and the Prefate Sermon.
Who as we hear, are busy in Armes.
My Selfe, and you Sonne Harry will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower, and the Earl of March,
Rebellion in this Land shall lose his way.
Meeting the Check of such another day:
And since this Business to 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 Fifth.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

INDUCTION.

Enter Rumor.

O pen your Ears: for which of you will stop
The vent of Hearing, when loud Rumor speaks,
From the Orient, to the drooping West,
Making the wind my part, and Fortuny fold
The A gums of this Man, with suits of Arches,
Upon my Tongue, continual Slanders rise.
The which, in every Language, I pronounce,
Stifling the Ears of them with false Reports:11
If I speak of Peace, while covert Emissaries
Under the smile of Safety, wound the World;
And who but Rumor, who but Ruery, y
Make fearful Murmers, and prepar'd Defence,
While the bigge yeare, eighteen with some other griefs,
Is thought with childe, by the fierce Tyrant, Warrs,
And no such matter, Rumor, is a Pipe
Blowne by Seraphims, Iodafulis, Conicures;
And of so easie, and so plaine a stop,
That the blunt Mushroome, with overstolled heads,
The full divers, walking Multitudes,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-knowne Body to Anatomize
Among my househould? Why is Rumor here?
I run before King Harry's victory,
Who in a blinde field by Shrewsbury,
Hath beaten downe young Harry's Trooper,
Quenching the flame of bold Rebellion,
Even with the Rebels blood. But what mean I
To speak so true at first? My Office is,
To noyse abroad, that Harry Montagues fell,
Under the Wrath of Noble Hotspur's Sword:
And that the King, before the Drum and Risse,
Scour'd his Anointed herd, as low as death.
This I have rumour'd through the peasan
towers,
Between the Royal Field of Shrewsburie,
And this Worne-cast-Hole of ragged stone,
Where Hotspur's Father, old Northumberland,
Lyes restlesly Bee. The Poles come tyring on,
And not a man of them brings other newses
Then they have learnt of me. From Rumor's Tongues,
They bring smooth Comforts false, worse then True-
wronges.

Exit.
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Your Spirit is too true, your Fears too certaine.
North. Yet for all this, say not that Persons dead.
I see a strange Confession in thine Eye:
Those Blinks thy head, and lookes hee Feare, or Sinne,
To speak a truth. The Heavens say to:
The Tongue offends not, that reports his death:
And he doth since that doth before the dead:
Not he, which fayres the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unremove News
Hath but a looking Office, and this Tongue,
Sounds once after as a clash'd Bell.
Remember'd, knolling a departing Friend.
E. Bar. I cannot thinke (my Lord) your Son is dead.
North. I am sorry, I should force you to believe
That, which I would not, I seen, I had not seen:
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody Face,
Rending faint quittance (wounded, and out-breath'd)
To Henry Mowbray, whose swift breath breath'd downe
The newly daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence (with life) he neuer more spake vp,
In few's his death (whose spirit sere a fire,
Became to the dullest person in his Camps).
Being beset with fire, and borne away
From the first tempest of Courage in his Troopers.
For from his Mertie, was his Party steeld:
Which once, in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy Lead:
And as the Thing, that's heavy in it selfe,
Vpon enforcement, eyes with great'st speed,
So did our Men, heavy in hoourse last,
Lend to this weight, such lightnesse with their Fear.
That Arrows fell not further toward their Aymes.
Then did our Soldiers fly among their Safety.
Fly from the field. That was that Noble Worcester.
To loose the prisoner, and that foolish Scot,
The bloody Douglas whole well's labouring sword,
Hath three times shone in the countenance of the King.
Gall'd his horsemans, and did grace the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs; and in his flight,
Sombreling in th' air, was tooke. The flamme of all,
Is, that the King hath wonne: and hath fixt our
A speedy power, to encounter you my Lord,
Vnder the Conduct of your Lord.
And Westmoreland. This is the Newer as full.
North. For this, I shall have time enough to moue,
In Poynton, there is Pridekeie: and this newes
(Having beene well) that would have made me sicke,
Being sick, I have in some measure, made me well.
And as the Wretch, whose Fears & weaknesse,
Like green'st guilffe, Handke, backe vnder life,
Impotent of his Fire, breaks like a fire.
Out of his keepers arms: Even so, my Limbes
Weaken'd with grees, being now inrag'd with grees,
Are scarce themselves. Hence therefore thou nice crutches.
A fake of Glandele now, with joyntes of Steele
Muff glones this hand; and hence thou sickly Quaffie,
Thou art a guard too weace for the head,
Which Princes, staff'd with Conquest, ayme to hit.
Now bine my Browes with Irish, and approach
The rag'dt hooure, that Time and Spight dare bring
To browne upon thyrag'd Northumberland.
Let Trumps keepe Earth: now let not Natures hand
Keepeth the wilds Fire confind: Let Oder dy:
And let the world no longer be a stage
To feadle Comports in a tongue: Aye
But let one Spirit of the First borne Cane

Regale
Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaff, and Page.

Fal. Sirr, you giant, what takes the Doct to my water?

Pag. He said fir, the water is felde was a good healthy water: but for the party that ow’d it, he might have more difficulty then he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at mee; the
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

on any side but one, it is worse to blame to begge, then to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of Rebellion cancel to have to make it.

Ser. Why must I be in, Sir?

Fal. Well, sir, the next time you are not honest men, setting your Knight-hood, and your Souldier-ship aside, I had lie ye in my thought, ye had done right.

Ser. I pray you, sir, then for your Knight-hood, and your Souldier-ship aside, and give me leave to tell you, ye lye in your thought, if ye say I am any other than an honest man.

Fal. I lye, and I lye to see me so? I lye a side that which grows to me. I thon'et if I have thee, hang me if thou saull'laughe, or would be hang'd yon Hunt-counter, hence: Auuue.

Ser. Sir, my Lord would spake with you.

Inq. John Falstaff, a word with you.

My good Lord, digine your Lordship good time of the day. I am glad to see your Lordship abroad. I heard say your Lordship was fayne. I hope your Lordship goes abroad by a sudden. Your Lordship (though not clean passed some of our age) yet hath some rashness in you; you find a relish of the fiddle of Time, and I most humbly beseech your Lordship to have a second care of your health.

Inq. Sir John, I sent you before your Expedition, to Shrewsbury.

Inq. It please your Lordship, I hear his Mistryfe is removed with some difcomft from Wales.

Inq. I talk more of his Mistyfe: you would not come when I sent for you?

Fal. And I hear more of his Mistyfe: why would you not come when I sent for you?

Inq. Well, heaven mend him. I pray let me speake with his Apollopexis. (you.)

Inq. This Apollopexis is as he is kind of Lethergie, a sleeping of the blood, a horton Tingling.

Inq. What tell you me of it? who is it as it is.

Fal. It hath its origin from a trait of greate, from gude and perturbation of the braine. I have read the cause of his effects in Galen. It is a kind of Californ.

Fal. I think you are taine into the diseas: For you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well (my Lord) very well; I have not please you: it is the disease of not Listening, the maldy of not Marking, that I am troubled withal.

Inq. To punish you by the heces, would amend the attention of your ear: and I care not if be your Physitian.

Inq. I am as poor as say, my Lord but to say: your Lordship may minifie the portion of imprisonment to me, in respect of Povercie; but how I should be your Patient, to follow your preceptions, the wife may make some shame of a frile, or indeed a frile is self.

Inq. I sent for you (when there were matters against you for your life) to come speake with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned Counsel, in the leaves of this Land-service, I did not come.

Inq. Well, the truth is (to you) you live in great in famy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, cannot list in leffe.

Inq. Your Messe is very slender, and your well great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise: I would my Messe were greater, and my waffe lessen.

Inq. You have mistit the young Prince.

Fal. The young Prince hath mistit me. I am the Fellow with the great belly, and he my Dogge.

Inq. Well, I am glad to call a new head wound'd your estates service at Shrewsbury, hath a little guided over your Night's exploits on Gad's-hall. You may thank the
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

one, and the part pincheth the other; and so both the Degrees present my curtesy. Boy?

Page. Sir.

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page: Seven groats, and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this Confumption of the purse. Borrowing only lingers; and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Go bear this letter to my Lord of Lancaster, this to the Prince, this to the Earl of Welford, and this to old Misericordia, whom I have weekly sworn to marry, since I perceive'd the first white hairs on my chin. About it; you know where to finde me. A pox of this Gowt, or a Cavet of this Pox: for the one or the other plays the rogue with my great toe; it is no matter, if I do halfe, I have the wares for my colour, and my Pension shall seeme the more reasonable. A good wit will make vie of any thing: I will turne diffe-

culties to commodity.

Exeunt

Scena Quarta.

Enter Archibald, Hasting, Monmouth, and Lord Bardolf.

Ar. Thus have ye heard our curtesy & know our Means: And my most nobill Friends, I pray you all.

Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes, And first (Lord Marshall) what say you to it?

Mon. I well allow the occasion of our Armes, But gladly would be better satisfied,

How (in our Meanes) we should advance our selves To looke with forhead bold and big enough

Upon the Power and puissance of the King.

Haif. Our present Musters grow upon the File To fite and twenty thousand men of choice; And our Supplies, late largely in the hope Of great Northumberland, whose bosome burns With an incensed Fire of Injuries. L. Bar. The question then (Lord Haifing) weaneth thus Whether our present fine and twenty thousand May hold vp: head, without Northumberland.

Haif. With him, we may.

L. Bar. I marry, there's the point:

Bat if without him we be thought to feeble, My judgement is, we should not step too farre Till we had his Assistance by the hand.

For in a Throat so bloody fac'd, as this,

Conteoure, Expectation, and Sumnifie

Of Aydes inistant, should not be admittit.

Arb. 'Tis a very true Lord Bardolf, for indeed It was yong, Haifing came, at Shrewsbury.

L. Bar. It was (my Lord) who isn't himself with hope,

Eating the syre, on promiss of Supply,

Fatting himselfe with Protech of a power,

Much smaller, then the smalllest of his Thoughts, And so with great imagination

(Poor to mad men) led his Powers to death,

And (winking) leap'd into destruction.

Haif. But (by your leave) it never yet did hurt,

To lay downe likely-hoods, and former of hope.

L. Bar. Yes, it this present quality of ware,

Indeed the infallible cause on foot,

Lines to in hope: As in an early Spring,

We see the appearing buds, which to proste fruite,

Hope grows not so much warrant, at Difpaire.

That Frosts will bite them, When we measure to build,

We first survey the Plot, then draw the Modell,

And when we fee the figure of the house,

Then must we rate the cost of the Erectio

Which if we finde out-weighted Ability

What do we then, but draw a new the Modell

In fewer offices? Or at least, defit

To build at all? Much more, in this great worke,

(Which is (almoost) to plague a Kingdome downe,

And fer another vp) should we finde

The plot of Situation, and the Modell,

Content upon a faire Foundsation.

Quilchon Surveyors, know our owne estate,

How able such a Worke to vendergo,

To weigh against his Opposite? Or else,

We forliffe in Paper, and in Figures,

Ving the Names of men, instead of men:

Like one, that draws the Modell of a house

Beyond his power to build it; who(halie through)

Cities o're, and lesse his part-created Cost

A naked subjece to the Weeping Clouds,

And waste, for churlis Winters tyrannye.

Haif. Grant that our hopes(yet likely of faire byrth)

Should be full-borne: and that we now posseft

The utmost man of expectation:

I thinkes we are a Body strong enough

(Even as we are) to equall with the King.

L. Bar. What is the King but fine & twenty thousand?

Haif. To vs no more: may not so much Lord Bardolf,

For his dissions (as the Times do brunt)

Are in three Heads: one Power against the French,

And one against Glouceser: Potestas a third

Must take vp vs: So is the vanity of our

In three divided: and his Coffers founed

With hollow Poverty, and Emptiness.

Ar. That he should draw his several strengthes together

And come against us in full puissance

Need not be dreaded.

Haif. Thee should do so,

He lesse his backe warm'd, the French, and Welsh

Baying him at the heels; never feare that.

L. Bar. Who is it like should lead his Forces hither?

Haif. The Duke of Lancaster, and Welford:

Against the Welsh himselfe, and Harrie Monmouth.

But who is adjutistes against the French,

I have no certaine notice.

Arb. Let vs on:

And publish the occasion of our Armes.

The Common-wealth is ficke of their owne Choice,

Their over-greedy love hath suffeted:

An habitation giddy, and vnforme.

Hast he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.

O thou fond Many, with what loud applaus

Didst thou bear heaven with belling Falvings

Before he was, what thou wouldest have him be?

And being now tamit in thine owne desires,

Thou ((saith the Feeder) art to full of him.

That thou prouest thy fells to cast him vp.

So, so.(choum common Dogge) didst thou disforge

Thy gluton-bosome of the Royall Richard,

And now thou wouldest take thy dead vomit vp,

And howl it to finde it. What fruite is in these Times?

They, that when Richard liv'd, would have him dye,

Are now become enamour'd on his grave.

That thou shouldest duft upon his goodly head

When through proud London he stand fighting on,

After that admired hecules of Falvings

Cry now, O earth, yield vs that King againe,
Actus Secundus, Scena Prima.

Enter Hoftes, with ten Officers, Fend, and Swart. Hoftes. Mr. Fend, have your men the Actus.

Fend. It is entered.

Hoftes. What's your Yeoman? Is it a dusty yeoman?

Will he stand up to it?

Fend. Sirrah, where's Swart?

Hoftes. I, good Mr. Swart.

Swart. Here, sir.

Fend. Swart, you and Arstall, Sir John Faffalot.

Hoftes. I good Mr. Swart, I have entered him, and all.

Sw. It may chance so for you, as for others: he will stab Hoftes. As the day, take heed of him: he stab me in mine own house, and then he kills me. He not what mischief he doth, if his weapons be not. Fend. Here will you done me any duel, he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

Fend. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

Hoftes. No, nor I neither, nor the butt on your elbow.

Fend. If I but fill his or come he but within my Vicc.

Hoftes. I am undone with his going: I warrant he is an infinite thing upon my score. Good Mr. Fend, hold him fore: good Mr. Swart, let him not escape, he comes continually to Fy-Center, making your manhoods: to buy a saddle, and he is induced to buy a saddle. Laboura head in Lombardstreet, to M. Smoother the Silkworm. I pray, since my Exon is enter'd, and my Cafe so openly known the world, let him be brought in to his afeuer. A too; Marke is a long one, for a poor lone woman to bear. & I have borne, and borne, and borne, and have b'stuff'd, and stuff'd, and stuff'd, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought upon. There is no honesty in such dealings, unless a woman should be made an Alice and a Beast, to deserve utterly Knaves wrong.

Enter Faffalot and Bedford. Yonder he comes, and that arrant Malnecy-Nate Barlow with him. Do your Offices, do your Offices. Mr. Fend, & Mr. Swart, do me, do me your Offices.

Fend. How now, what's the matter? What's the matter?

Fend. Sir John, set you, at the sight of Milk quickly.

Away, Away, Verrs, draw Bardallo: Can me off the Villains head; throw the Queen in the Channel.

Hoftes. Throw me in the channel! He throw thee there. Will thou wilt, thou hast fastidly rogue, Murder, murder, O thou Hony-fuddle villain, wilt thou kill Gods officers, and the Kings? O thou bony, feed Rogue, thou art a hungry, a Man-querler, and a woman-querler.


Page. Away you Scullion, you Rampallian, you Fufillarian. I'll suckle your Catastrophe. Enter, Ch. and John.

Inf. What's the matter? Keep the Peace here, hoa.

Hoftes. Good my Lord be good to me. I beseech you stand to me.

Ch. Hoftes. How now Sir John? What are you bringling here? Doth this become your place, your time, and businesse? You should have bene well on your way to Yorkes. Stand from him Fellow, wherefore hang upon him?

Hoftes. Ohymo my words fillall Lord, and please your Grace, I am a poor widdow of Bathchepe, and he is arrestt at my faitt.

Ch. Inf. For what name? Hoftes. It is more then for some (my Lord) it is for all I have, he hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his: but I will have some of it out againe, or I will ride thee o' Nights, like the Mars.

Fend. I think I am as like to tire the Mars, if I have any vantage of ground, as to see vp...

Ch. Inf. How comes this, Sir John? Py, what a man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not asham'd to inform a poor Widdow to so rough a couite, to come by her owne?

Fend. What is the time that I must time?

Fend. Marry (if thou wert an honest man) thy self, & the money too, Thou didst see me upon a parcel of gold, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber at the round table, by a feseful fire, on Wednesday in Whiston week, when the Prince broke thy head for liking him to a singing man of Windsor; Thou didst see to me then; as I was wadding thy wound to many a man, and make me my Lady thy wife Can't 3 deny it? Did not goodwife Kersch the Butchers wife come in then, and call me gofflip. Quench the fire in coming to borrow a tafe of Vinegar, telling me, she had a good dish of Prunes; whereby 3 didst desire to eat it: whereby I told thee there, there was a man of good wound; and didst not that (when she was gone down stairs) didst desire me to be no more familiar with this poor people, saying, that ere long they should call me Madam? And didst not kill me, and bid me fetch thee yo's, I put thee now to thy book, oast deny it if thou canst? Fend. My Lord this is a proper mad measured; the eyes yo & down the town, that her eecall in four is like she hath bin in good cafe, & the truth is, poverty hath disgraced her: but for the foolish Officers, I beseech you, I may have redresse against them.

Fend. Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wenching the true cue, the fall a way: it is not a confident brow, nor the strong of words, that come with such (more then impudent); it's what is from you, can thrust me from a level consideration, I know you ha practis'd upon the cafe-yielding spirit of this woman.

Hoftes. Yes in truth my Lord, Fend. Prebree pease, pay her the debt you owe her, and vapsy the villan you have done her: the one you may do with flattering money, & the other with currant reputeance.

Fend. My Lord, I will not endure this incepe without reply. You call honorable Baldnes, impudent Sawinecle. If a man will entend, and say nothing, he is veruus: No, my Lord, (your humble duty rememb'ret) I will not yett you sutor. I say to you, I desire submission from these Officers being upon hally employment in the Kings Affaires.

Inf. You speake, as having power to do wrong: But answer in the effect of your Reputation, and satisfie the poor woman.


Fend. My Lord, be good to me. I beseech you stand to me.

Fend. Then doth this become your place, your time, and businesse?

Fend. What are you bringling here?

Fend. Doth this become your place, your time, and businesse?

Fend. You should have bene well on your way to Yorkes. Stand from him Fellow, wherefore hang upon him?
Fal. Gladness, gladness, is the only drinking: and for dry walls a pretty light Drolery, or the Sconce of the Prodigall, or the Germane hunting in Waterworks, is worth a thousand of these Bed-hangings, and these Fly-bitten Taffetries. Let it be some pound (if thou canst.)

Come, if it were not for thy humour, there is not a better Wealth in England. Go, with thy face, and draw thy Air: Come, thou must not bee in this humour with me, come, I know thou wouldest set on this.

Hey. Prelude, Sir John, let it be, twenty Nobles, I loose to pawn my Plate in good earnest.

Hey. Let it alone, he makes other shift you'll be a fool.

Hey. Well, you shall have it although I pawn my Gowre. You'll come up to supper. You'll pay me altogether.

Fal. Will I line? Go with thy widow: hooke on, hooke on.

Hey. Will you have Don't have first meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words. Let's have her.

Ch. Join. I have heard better news.

Ch. Join. What's the news, my good Lord?

Ch. Join. Where lay the King last night?

Me. At Boasingtoue my Lord.

Fal. I hope (my Lord) 'tis well. What is the news of my Lord?

Ch. Join. Come all his Forces back?

Me. No. Fifteen hundred Foot, five hundred Horse are march'd vp to my Lord of Lancaster, against Northumberland, and the Archbishops.

Fal. Comes the King backe from Wales, my noble Lord?

Ch. Join. You shall have Letters of me quickly.

Come go along with me, good M. Gower.

Fal. My Lord.

Ch. Join. What's the matter?

Me. Master Gower, shall I entreate you with me to dinner?

Gowre. I must waite upon my good Lord here.

Thank you, good Sir John.

Ch. Join. Sir John, you loyest here too long, being you are to take Southwark vp, in Countries as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, Master Gower?

Ch. Join. What foolish Master taught you these manners, Sir John?

Me. Master Gower, if they become mee nor, he was a Fool that taught them mee. This is the right Fencing grace (my Lord) tap for tap, and part faire.

Points. Now the Lord lighten shore, thou art a great Fool.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prince Henry, Points, & Bardolph, and Page.

Prince. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Points. It is come to that I had thought wearies dut

Prince. It doth me much tribulation that you can form me to acknowledge it. Doth it not the vile me to deprive of thee? Beere.

Prince. Why, a Prince should not be so loosely studied, as to remember to weake to a Composition.

Prince. Beileth then, my Appetite was not Princeful: for (in truth) I do now remember the poor Creature, Small Beere. But indeed these humble considerations make me out of love with my Greatness. What a disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? Or to know we thy face to approve? For to take more than any part of the Silk, (cock's & haft's) Viz. thefe, and those that were thy peach-coloured ones: Or to bear the inventory of thy shirts, as one for superfluity, and one other for vfe. But that the Tennis-Court-keeper knows better then I, for it is a low ebe of Linnen with thee, when thou keptst not Racket there, as thou haft not done a great while, because the rest of thy Low Countries, have made a shift to ease up thy Holland.

Page. How ill it followes, after you have labor'd so hard, you should talk so idly? Tell me how many good Princes would do this, their Fathers lying so fecke, as yours is.

Page. Shall I tell thee one thing, Points?

Points. Yes: and let it be an excellent good thing.

Page. It shall serve among writers of higher breeding then thine.

Page. Go to: I stand the puff of your one thing; that you tell.

Page. Why, I tell thee, it is not meet, that I should be said now my Father is feeke: albeit I could tell to thee (as to one it pleases me for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be said, and (if) indeed too.

Page. Very hardly, upon such a subject.

Page. Then think it one of those in the Death Book, at thee, and Falstaff, (for) in such a discourse and perfection, let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds to such a degree, that my Father is so feeke and keeping such villany company, as thou art, that it is taken from me, in all occasion of torment.

Page. The reason?

Page. What wouldst thou think of me if I should weep?

Page. I would think thee most Princefully hypocrite.

Page. It would be every man thought: and thou art a blouded Fellow, to think as every man thinks: no man thought in the world, keeps the Roite-way better then thou. Every man would think me an Hypocrisie in deed. And what a cures thine most wortheful thought to think for?

Page. Why, because you have been to Jewe, and so much ingrasted to Falstaff.

Page. And to thee.

Page. Nay, I will speak of thee. I can hear it with mine owne serious ear that they can say of me, that I am a second Brother, and that I am a proper Fellow of my hands: and those two things I confesse I cannot help.


Prince. And the Boy that I gave Falstaff, he had him from me Christian, and fee'd the first villain here not touch from him Ape, Ape.

Enter Bardolph.

Bardolph. Sune to your Grace.

Prince. And yours, most Noble Bardolph.

Page. Come you ventuous Ape, youußful Fool, shall you be blushing? Wherefore blowe you now? What a Maidenly man as Armes are you become? Is it such a matter to get a Porte-pots Maiden-head?

Page. He call'd me even now (my Lord) through a red Lasciss, and I could determine no part of his face from the window.
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

window: at left spy'd his eyes, and me thought he had made two holes in the Ale-wines new Peticoat, & peeped through.

Proc. Hath not the boy professed?
Bar. Away, you barbarous Rubbers, away.

Proc. Away, you barbarous Alchemists, away.

Proc. Instrictive was Boy: what dreame, Boy?


Proc. There it is, Boy.

Proc. O that this good Boodle might be kept from the Canker: well there is six pence to preserve thee.

Bar. If you do not make him hang'd among you, the gallows shall be wrong'd.

Proc. How dought thy Mother, Bardolph?
Bar. Well, my good Lord: he heard of your Grace comung to Towne. There's a Letter for you.

Proc. Deliver'd with good respect. And how doth the Mantlemans, your Mother?

Bar. He bodily health Sir.

Proc. Marry, the immortal part needs a Physician but that means not him: though that bee sick, it does not.

Proc. I do allow this Wen to bee as familiar with my dogge as he holds his place, for looke you he writes.

Proc. Letters, John Falstaff, Knight: (Every man must know that, as often by that occasion to name himself) Even like those that are kinne to the King; for they never prick their finger, but they say, there is fom of the kings blood spieth. How comes that (sages he) that takes upon him not to conceiv: the answer is as ready as a borrowed cop: I am the King's poor Coon, Sir.

Proc. Nay, they will be his ravs but they will fetch it from Lapset. But to the Letter: - Sir John Falstaff, Knight, to the Sonne of the King, neere his Father, Harri

Prince of Wales greeting.

Proc. Why this is a Certificate.

Proc. Peace.

I will imitate the famous Romaner in brevity.

Proc. Sure he means brevity in breath; short-winded: I commend to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. But not too familiarly with Pointing, for he was told by Hamans so much, that he earnestly to assure his Son. Repeon at will as many as thou mayst, and so foreward.

Thro' for you and me: which is as much as he can, as thou oftest him. Take Falstaff with your Familiar.

John with my Brothers and Sifler: Sir John, with all Europe.

My Lord, I will sall this Letter in Sac, and make him sure it.

Proc. That to make him rare twenty of his Words. But do you view my useful Middle! Must I marry your Sister?

Proc. May the Wench have no worse Fortune. But I never said so.

Proc. Well, thus we play the Foolies with the time & the spirits of the wife: sit in the clouds, and mocke vs: Is your Master here in London?

Bar. Yes my Lord.

Proc. Where loppes he? Dost the old Soe, feede in the old Franke?

Bar. At the old place my Lord, in East-cheesper.

Proc. What Company?

Page. Ephebius my Lord, of the old Church.

Proc. Sup any women with him?
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

He was the Mace, and Gloucester, Cupid, and Bookes,
That fashioned others. And him, O? wondrous him,
O Miracle of Men! Him did you leave
(Second to none) vn-seconded by you,
To looke upon the hideous God of Warre,
In disadvantage, to abide a field,
Where nothing but the found of Hafnors Name
Did frame destnice; so you left him.
Neuer, Quaker doe his Ghost the wrong,
To hold your Honor more precious and nice
With others, than with him. Let them alone:
The Marshall and the Arch-bishop are strong,
Had my sweet Harry had but halfe their Numbers,
To day might I (hanging on Hafnors Neck) have talk'd of Ammonius's Graue.

North. Before your heare,
(Faire Daughter) you doe draw my Spiritas from me,
With new Lamenting auncient Ouer-lights,
But I must goe, and meet with Danger there,
Or it will seek me in another place,
And finde me worst prov'd,
Wife. O flye to Scotland,
Till that the Nobles, and the armed Commons,
Have of their Pausance made a little tale.
Lady. If they get ground, and vantage of the King,
Then may you with them, like a Ribbe of Steele,
To make Strength stronger. But, for all our lous,
First let them try themselves. So did your Sonne,
He was so suffer'd; so came 'a Widow:
And neuer shall have length of Life enough,
To raise upon Remembrance with mine Eyes,
That it may grow, and sprout, as high as Heauens,
For Recordation to my Noble Husband.
North. Come, come, go in with me, with my Minde
As with the Tyde, we'll d v p into his height,
That makes a still-hand, running neither way.
Faire would I goe to meet the Arch-bishop,
But many thousand Reasons hold me backe,
I wil refuse for Scotland: there am I,
Till Time and Vengeance craue my company. Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter two Drawers.


2. Draw. Thow say'st true: the Prince once set a Dish of Apple-John before him, and told him there were five more Sir Iohns: And, putting off his Hat, said, I will now take my leave of their five drie, round, old-wither'd Knights. It angered him to the heart: but he hath forgott it.

3. Drawer. Why then couet, and fet them downe: and see if thou canst finde our Suckers Novice; Sir Iohn Tenor, would faine have some Musique.

4. Draw. Sirrh, here will be the Prince, and Master Pointsman: and they will put one of our Jerkins, and Aprons, and Sir Iohn must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

5. Draw. Then here will be old Vitus: It will be an excellent farceanum.

6. Draw. If thee see if I finde our Novice. Exit.

Enter Hafnor, and Dal.

Hafnor. Sweet-heart, the thinkes now you are, in an excellent good temperallity: your Pudgidge better as extraordinarily, as heart would desire; and your Coloure (I warrant you) is as red as any Red; but you have drunk too much Canaries, and that's a meritorious searching Wine; and it perfumes the blood; erst wee can say what this. How do you now?

Dal. Benet then I was Hen.

Hafnor. Why that was well said: A good heart's worth Gold. Look, here comes Sir Iohn.

Enter Poulse.

Poulse. When Arthur fell in Court---emptie the Jordan
and was a worthy King. How now Mitchri Dal?

Hal. Sick of a Calme: yet, good health.

Poulse. So is all her Sect: if they be once in a Calme, they are firk.

Dal. You muddle Raffall, I that all the comfort you give me?

Poulse. You must eat Raffles, Mitchri Dal.

Dal. I make them: Gluttony and Diffrasse make them, I make them not.

Poulse. If the Cookes make the Gluttony, you help to make the Diffrasses (Dal) we catch of you (Dal) we catch of you: Grunt that, my poor Vertue, grant that.

Hal. I marry, our Chymists, and our Fevols.

Poulse. Your Bouches, Pye, and Orches: For so fierce cruelty, to come halting off: you know, to come off the Brench, with his Pike bent braly, and to Surgeons cruelty: to venture upon the charg'd Chambers braly.

Hal. Why this is the old fashion: you two never more, but you fall to some discords: you are both (it is good truth) as Rhenemakers as two drue Toffes, you cannot one bear with another Confirmatums. What the good-gones? One must bares, and that must bee you: you are the weakest Valfell; as they say, the copyter Valfell.

Dal. Can a weake empiire Valfell bear such a huge full Hogs-head? There's a whole Merchants Venture of Burden Stuffe in him: you have not fence a Hulke better stuffe in the Hold. Come, Ile be friends with thee.

Lappe. Thou art going to the Warres, and whether I shall ever fee thee againe, or no, there is no body cares.

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. Sir, Ancient Poulse is below, and would speake with you.

Dal. Hang him, swaggering Raffall, let him not come hither: it is the four-mouth'd Rogues in England.

Hal. If hee swagger, let him not come here: I must live amongst my Neighbors, Ile no Swaggerers: I am in good name, and fame, with the very bell: that the doores, there comes no Swaggerers here: I have not liv'd all this while, to have swaggering now, I shut the doores, I pray you.

Poulse. Do't thou hear, Hopinell?

Hal. Pray you pacifie your selfe (Sir Iohn) there comes no Swaggerers here.

Poulse. Do't.
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Falstaff. Doth thou here give it us mine Ancient.

Hell. Tilly-filly (Sir John,) I shall tell you, my ancient Swaggers: comes not in my doors. I was before Master
Throckmorton, the other day: and as she is come to me,
It was no longer so than Wednesday last; Neighbour
Quixoty (ladies here,) Master Dampier, our Minister, was
by them; Neighbour Quixoty (ladies here,) received those
that are Cattle for (ladies here,) you are in an ill name: now
she is here, I can tell whereupon: for (ladies here,) you are
an honest Woman, and well thought on: therefore take
heed what Guise you receive: Receive (ladies here,) no
swaggers from.these. There comes none here. You
would blest you to hear tu name she said. No, I'le no
swaggers.

Falstaff. He's no swaggers (Hostess): some Chester,
hey: you may take him as gently, as a Pappie Greyhound:
hey: you will never get with a Barbacie Hene, if
her feathers turne backe in any shew of resistance. Call
him vp (Drawer.)

Falstaff. Chester, call you him? I will have no honest
man in my house, nor no Chester: but I do not love
swaggers: I am the worse when one lays (ladies here)
swaggers: Feelie Makers, how I flanke, looke at, I warrant you.

Dol. So you doe, Hostess.

Falstaff. Do I? yes, in very truth doe I, if it were an
Appen Leaf: I cannot abide swaggers.

Enter Piffard, and Bardolph and his Boy.

Piffard. Saviour you, Sir John.

Falstaff. Welcome Ancient Piffard. Here (Piffard) I charge
you with a Cup of Sackes do you discharge upon mine
Hostesse.

Piffard. I will discharge upon her (Sir John) with two
Bullets.

Falstaff. She is Piffard-proof, (Sir) you shall hardly of
fend her.

Hell. Come, I will drink no Provost nor no Bullets: I
will drink no more then will doe me good, for no man's
pleasure, I.

Piffard. Then to you (Mistress Dorothie) I will charge
you.

Dol. Charge me, I scarce you (fancie Companion)
what? you poore, base, rascall, cheating, slye kille-Mates:
away you mouldie Rogues, away, I am mett for
your Master.

Piffard. I know you, Mistress Dorothie.

Dol. Away you Cut-purse Raffall, you filthy Bung,
away: By this Winge I'll thrush my Knife in your mouldie
Choppes, if you play the favrite Cutte with me. Away
you Rascal, you Basset, this is my Deguer. When
since when, I pray you, Sir, what with two Points on
your shouler? much.

Piffard. I will murder your Ruffe, for this.

Hell. No good Captain Piffard: not heere, sweete
Captain.

Dol. Captain, thou abominable damnd Chester,
such thy name, to be called Captain? If Captains
were of my minde, they would tranchion you out, for
taking their Names upon you, before you have earn't them.
You a Captain? you flaire, for what? for resting a poor
Whores Ruffe in a Bawdy-house? Hee a Captain? hang
him Ruffe, hee lies upon mouldie flour'd Doves, and
dry'd Cakes. A Captain? thev Villaines will make the
court Captainian ouidous: Therefore Captains had
neede looke to it.

Bard. Pray thee goe downe, good Ancient.

Falstaff. Hearke thee hither, Mistress Dal.

Piffard. Not 1: I tell thee what, Corporall Bardolph, I
could teare her: Ile heising'd on her.

Page. Pray thee goe downe.

Piffard. He see her damed first: to Pinto's damed Lake,
to the Infernal Deeps, where Evere and Tortiones wide
also. Hold Hook lips and Line, say 1: Downe: downe
Diggars, downe Faces, hate we not Fowre here?

Bard. Good Captain Piffard be quiet, it is very late:
I beleve you now, egge saue your Choler.

Piffard. There be good Humors indeed. Shall Pack
Hories, and hollow-pamar'd Iades of Aias, which
cannot goe but three miles a day, compare with Cesar,
and with Cagliotte, and Tropic Greeks? my, rather damn
them with King Cagilotte, and let the Welch roste: shall
wee fall foule for Toyes?

Host. By my oath Captaine, there are very bitters
words.

Bard. Be gone, good Ancient: this will grow to a
Brawle anon.

Piffard. Die men, like Dogges: Gloucester like Pinner:
Hate we not Henre here?

Host. On my word(Captaine)there is none such here.
What the good-yeare, doe you thinke I would denye her?
I pray be quiet.

Piffard. Then feed, and be fixt (my faire Capitell,) Come,
glue me some Sack, & Giovanni me tawrante, for me
content. Fere wee brost-fides? No, let the Frenche gluie:
Gluie me some Sack: and Sweet-heart my thyth there:
Come wee to full Points here, and are et certes no
thing.

Piffard. I would be quiet.

Piffard. Sweet Knight, I blight thy Nest: what wee have
seen the fresh Starres.

Dol. Thrush him downe: flies: I cannot endure such
a Fustian Raffall.

Piffard. Thrush him downe: flies? know we not Galloway
Niggars?

Dol. Quick him downe (Bardolph) like a shone-great
shilling: nay, if hee does nothing but spake nothing, hee
shall be nothing here.


Piffard. What? shall wee haue Fustion? shall wee
embrowe? then Death roke me whepe, abridge my doleful
days: why then let rigorous, gallsy, going Wounds,
vint在于Sisters three: Come Atreus, I say,

Host. Here's good stuffe toward.

Dol. Give me my Rapier Boy.

Dol. I prethee Jack, I prethee doe not draw.


Host. Here's a goodly tumulte: Ile forswere keeping
house, before I'll be in these terrors, and frights. So
Mother I warrant now. Alas, alas, put up your naked
Weapons, put up your naked Weapons.

Host. I prethee Jack, be quiet, the Raffall is gone: ah,
you whorson little valiant Villaine you.

Host. Are you not hurt? I'll goe: ye thought he
made a threable Thrush at your Belly.

Dol. Have you turn'd him out of doores?

Bard. Yes Sir: the Raffall's drunke: you have hurt
him (Sir) in the shoulder.

Dol. A Raffall to brave me.

Dol. Ah, you sweete little Rogue, you: alas, poor Ape,
how thou fwoart't? Come, let me wipe thy Face: Come
on, you whorson Chops: Ah Rogue, I love thee: Thou
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and some times better than the nine Worthies, ah Villaine.

Fin. A rascally Slave, I will toile the Rogue in a Blanket.

Dan. Doth, if thou dost not fay thy self, if thou dost, Il can use thee between a paire of Sheetts.

Enter Musique.

Page. The Musique is come, Sir.

Fin. Let them play, play Sirs. Sit on my Knee, Fin. A rascally braggart Slave, the Rogue flie from me like Quick-flyer.

Dan. And thou followedst him like a Church, thou whorson little yeale Sarthe in new Bore-pigge, when wilt thou leave fighting on dyes, and playing on oysters, and begin to patch vp thine old Body for Heaven?

Enter the Prince and Figures despoys'd.

Fin. Peace (good Fin.) do not speak like a Death's head; do not bid me remembre mine end.

Dan. Sirs, what humors is the Prince of?

Fin. A good sly low young fellow; he would have made a good Pandlar, he would have chipp'd Bread well.

Fin. They say Faugher hath a good Wit.

Fin. He's a good Wit, hang him Boboone, his Wit is as thick as Toye's burnt Mustard; there is no more conceit in him, than is in a Miller.

Fin. Why doth the Prince love him so then?

Fin. Because their Legges are both of a biggnesse and hee plays at Quoits well, and eates Cogges and Fenell, and drinks off Candles ends for Flap-digs gons, and rides the wilds-Marre with the Buyer, and prunes upon Joynts-floozes, and feares with a good grace, and weares his Boot very smooth, like unto the Signe of the Legges; f and besides no bare with telling of difcreete stories; and such other Gamboll Feates, he hath, that sweare a weakl Mindde, and an able Body for the which the Prince admits him; for the Prince himselfe is such another: the weight of an hayre will turne the Scales, between their Halier de pois.

Prince. Would not his Nase of a Wheele haue his Eares cut off?

Fin. Let we beat him before his Whore.

Prince. Look, if the wifes good Elter hath not his Poll clow'd like as a Parrot.

Fin. Is it not strange, that Daure should so many yeeres out-live performance?

Fin. Kifie me, Dull.

Prince. Saturne and Fame this yeere in Conjunction?

What sayes the Almanack to that?

Fin. And looke whether the fierie Trieges, his Man, be not lipping to his Maiers old Tables, his Note-Booke, his Counsell-keeper?

Fin. Tho doth hee serve theerring Buffes.

Dan. Nay truly, I kiffe thee with a most confvant hat.

Fin. I am older, I am older.

Fin. I love thee better, then I love thee a sounie young Boy of them all.

Fin. What Stuffe wilt thou have a Little of? I shall receiue Money on Thursday: thou shalt have a Cuppe to morrow. A merry Song, come: it growes late.

we will to Bed, Thou wilt forget me, when I am gone.

Fin. Thou wilt let me weeping, if thou sayst not to proove that i exer rate my selfe handsonde, till thy rite reme, well, hearken the end.

Fin. Some Sack, Princes.

Prin, Princ. Anon anon, Sir.

Fin. His, a Baffard Sonne of the Kings? And art not thou Prince, his Brother?

Prince. Why thou Globe of sinfull Conimette, what a Life doth thou lead?

Fin. A better then thou: I am a Gentleman, thou art a Drawner.

Prince. Very true, Sir; and I come to drawe you out by the Eares.

Fin. Oh, the Lord prevarcate thy good Grace: Wel come to London. Now Heauen bleffe that sweene Face of thine: what, are you come from Wales?

Fin. Thou whorson mad Compound of Maister: by this light Fleth, and corrupt Blood, thou art come.

Fin. Howe you fast Foode, I come you.

Prince. My Lord, hee will drive you out of your reynge, and cause all to a merriment, if you take not the heart.

Prince. You whorson Candle-mye you, how wildly did you speake of me even now, before this honest, vertuous, civil Gentlemann?

Fin. Blessing on your good heart, and so fayre is by my tooth.

Fin. Did thou heare me?

Prince. Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you rame away by Cads-hall; you knew I was at your back, and spake it on purpose, to rive my patience.

Fin. Nay no more: not so. I did not thinke thou wilt within a hearing.

Prince. I shal drive you then to conteste the willfull abuse, and then I know how to handle you.

Fin. No abuse (Fin.) on mine Honor; no abuse.

Prince. Not to displeasse me at all, and the Pandler, and Bread-chopper, and I know not what.

Fin. No abuse (Fin.)

Fin. No abuse.

Prince. No abuse in the World; honest Neinnon, I dispayled him before the Wicked, that the Wicked might not fall in love with him: In which doing, I have done the part of a carefull Friend, and a true Subject; and thy Father is to giue me thanke for it. No abuse (Fin.) none (Fin.) none; no Boys; none.

Prince. See now whether pure Fearre, and entire Courage, doth not make thee wrong this vertuous Gentlewoman, to close with thee of the Wicked? Is there Hotteffle heete, of the Wicked? Or is the Boy of the Wicked? Or honest Bardolph (who is Zelie burnes in his Note) of the Wicked?

Fin. Answere thou him dead Elme, answere.

Fin. The Fiend hath prickd downe Bardolph irreconcileable, and his Face is Jerseys Priuay-Kitchen, where hee doth nothing but roll Mault-Wormes: for the Boy, there is a good Angell about him, but the Devil out-side him most.

Prince. For the Women?

Fin. For one of them, flee is in Hell already, and burns poore Soules: for the other, I owe her money; and whether thee bee dam'd for that, I know not.

Boff. No, I warrant you.

Fin.
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Pol. No, I think thou art not: I think thou art quite for that. Marry, there is another Indictment upon thee, for fouling the fish to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the Law, for which I think thou wilt answer.

Host. All Viuellers do so: What is a Joynt of Mutton, or two, in a whole Loafe?

Prince. You, Gentlewoman.

Del. What lays your Grace?

Fal. His Grace lays that, which his fish rebels against.

Host. Who knocks so loud at doors? Looks to the door there, Francis?

Enter Pete.

Prince. Pete, how now? what news?

Pete. The King, your Father, is at Westminster, and there are twenty weakes and wearied Poets, Come from the North; and as I came along, I met, and over-took a dozen Captains, Bare-headed, swearing, knocking at the Táurors, and asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

Prince. By Heaven (Poets) I feel me much to blame, so idly to profess the precious time, When Tempell of Commotion, like the South, Bear with black Vapour, doth begin to melt, And drop upon our bare unarm'd heads, Give me my Sword, and Cloak:

Falstaff. good night.

Host. Now comes in the sweetest Mortlill of the night, and ween much hence, and leave at vnpick'd, More knocking at the doors? How now? what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to Court, Sir. Presently, and you Captains stay all doors for you.

Falstaff. Pay the Musitians, Sinners: farewell Houstell, farewell Del. You see (my good Wenchers) how men of Merit are fought after: the vndersecy may sleepe, when the man of Action is called on. Farewell good Wenchers: if I be not sent away poe, I will see you again, ere I goe.

Del. I cannot speake: if my heart bee not ready to burst-- Well (sweete Lady) have a care of thy selfe.

Falstaff. Farewell, farewell.

Host. Well, fare thee well: I have knowne these twentie nine yeares, some Pecul-ten-case: but an housekeeper, and true-hearted man--- Well, fare thee well.

Bard. Misitris Teare-feast.

Host. What's the matter?

Bard. Bid Mistris Teare-feast come to my Master.

Host. Oh, take Del, runne: runne, good Del.

Exit.

Actus Tertius. Seena Prima.

Enter the King, with a Page.

King. Go, call the Earles of Surray, and of Warwicke:
But erst they come, bid them re-reade the Letters, And well consider of them: make good speed.

How many thousand of my poorest Subjects
Are at this hour seleepe? O Sleepe, O gentle Sleepe,
Nature's toft Nurse, how hau' I frettred thee,
That thou no more may weigh my eyes aslape downe,
And fleewe my Sences in forgetfullnesse?

Why rather (Sleepe) liest thou in smoakeous Celvs,

Upon vncleane Palaces stretching thee,

And baffle with buffing Night, flies to thy number,

Then in the perfumes Chambers of the Great?

Vnder the Canopicus of comely State,

And full'd with sounds of sweetest Melodie?

O thou dull God, why liest thou with the viles,

In fastishome Beds, and leaft the Kingly Couch,

A Warchare, or a common Larum-Bell?

Wilt thou, vpon the high and gildie Muff,

Scale up the Ship-bayers Eyes, and rook his Braines,

In Cradle of the rude impetuous Surge,

And in the vibration of the Windes,

Who take the Roum Billowes by the top,

Carling their monstrous heads, and hauing them

With destitute Cynos in the flyppzy Clouds,

That with the hurley, Deatht it fell to awake

Canst thou (O partial Sleepe) giue thy Repose

To the wet Sea-Boy, in an house so rude

And in the eashell, and moth illitile Night,

With all appliances, and means to boose,

Deny it to a King? Then happy love thee downe,

Vesieye the Head, that weares a Crowne.

Enter Warwick and Surrey.

War. Many good-morrows to your Maiestie.

King. Is it a good-morrow, Lords?

War. 'Tis One a Clock, and past.

King. Why then good-morrow to you all (my Lords),

Hau ye read the Letters that I sent you?

War. We haue (my Liege.)

King. Then you perceive the Body of our Kingdome,

How foule it is: what manke D_secret grow,

And with what danger, neere the Heart of it?

War. It is but as a Body, ye distemper'd,

With good advice, and little Medicine:

My Lord Northumberland will soone be coold,

King. Oh Heaven, that one might read the Book of Fate,

And see the revolution of the Times

Make Mountains leuell, and the Continent

(Wearie of todsie firmament,) yelt it fell to

Into the Sea; and other Times, to see

The breack Girdle of the Ocean

Too wide for Neptune hoppes; how Chances mocks

And Changes fill the Cuppe of Alteration

With diuerse Liquors. 'Tis not tenne yeares gone,

Since Richard, and Northumberland, great friends,

Did faile togethers; and in two yeares after,

Were they at Warres. It is but eight yeares since,

This Power was the man, bereft my Soule,

Who, like a Brother, toyl'd in my Affaires,

And laid his Life under my foot:

Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard

Gave him defiance. But which of you was by

(You Confin Nest, as I may remember)

When Richard, with his Eye, brim full of Teares,

(Then check'd, and rated by Northumberland)

Did speake these words (now print'd a Prophecy)

Northumberland, thou Ladder, by the which
Scena Secunda.

Shal. Come-on, come-on, come-on: give mee your Hand, Sir: give mee your Hand, Sir: an early hirrere, by the Road, and how doth my good Cousin Silence?

Shal. Good-morrow, good Cousin Shalow.

Shal. And how doth my Cousin, your Bed-fellow? and your faircast Daughter, and mine, my God-Daughter Ellen?

Sil. Also, a blacke Owzelly (Cousin Shalow.)

Shal. By yes and many, Sir, I first say my Cousin William it became a good Scholler; bee is at Oxford still, is hee not?

Sil. Indeede Sir, to my cost.

Shal. Hee must then to the times of Court shortly: I was once of Clement's Lanie; where (I think) they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were call'd Luttie Shalow then (Cousin.)

Shal. I was call'd any thing; and I would done any thing indeed too; and roundly too. There was I, and little John Dier of Staffordshire, and Blacke George Bar, and Francis Pick-bone, and Will Tryntle a Cot-tail-man, you had not founde such Sowtidge-backers in all the land of Court againe: And I may say to you, wee knew where the Bonna-Roda's went, and had the bell of them all at commandement. Then was Jacke Balfe (now Sir John) a Boy, and Page to Thomas Monmouth, Duke of Nor.

Sil. This Sir John (Cousin) that comes hitter from amongst Souldiers?

Shal. The same Sir John, the very same: I saw him breake Scoquet's Head at the Court-Gate, when he was a Crack, nor thus high: and the very same day did I fight with one Yampine Stream, a Frikker, beside Yere
tacie. Oh the mad days that I have spent: and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead?

Sil. Wee shall all follow (Cousin.)

Shal. Certaine: this certaine: very sure, very sure: Death is certaine to all, all shall dye. How a good Yole of Sullocke at Stamford Payne?

Sil. Truly Cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certaine, is old Double of your Towne living yet?

Sil. Dear, Sir.

Shal. Dead? See, see: here drew a good Bow and a dead? here shot a fine Bow, John of Grant houed him well, and gave much money on his head. Dead here would have clapt in the Glove at Twelvetour-score, and carried you a fore-hand Shaft at fourteen-score, and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man a heart good to see. So a score of Eyes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good Eyes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead?

Enter Bardolph and his Boy.

Sil. Here come two of Sir John Falstaff Men (as I think).

Shal. Good-morrow, honest Gentleman.

Bard. I beseech you, which is Justice Shalow?

Sil. I am Robert Shalow, Sir, a poore Esquire of this Countess, and one of the Kings Justices of the Peace: What is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My Captain (Sir), commands him to you: my Captain, Sir John Falstaff, a tall Gentleman, and a most gallant Leader.

Sil. Hee greets mee well: (Sir) I knew him a good Back-Sword-man. How doth the good Knight? may I ask, how my Lady his Wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon: a Souldier is better accommodated, then with a Wife.

Sil. It is well said, Sir; and it is well said, indeed; too: Better accommodated? it is good, ye indee is it: good phraies are surety, and every where very commensurable. Accommodated, it comes of Accommodate: very good, a good Phraie.

Bard. Pardon, Sir, I have heard the word. Phraie call you it? by this days, I know not the Phraie: but I will maintain the Word with my Sword, to bee a Souldier-like Word, and a Word of exceeding good Command. Accommodate: that is, when a man is (as they say) accommodated: or, when a man is, being
whereby he thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

Enter Falstaff.

Shal. It is very in, Lord. Here comes good Sir John. Give me your hand, giving your Worshipp good hand: Trust me, you look well; and bear your years very well. Welcome, good Sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good M. Robert Shallow. Master Secretary, how do you? I think you are.

Shal. Master Doctor, it is my Constant Silence in Communion with me.

Fal. Good M. Silence, it well behoves you should be of the peace.

Sir. Your good Worshipp is welcome.

Fal. Fye, this is not whetcr (Gentlemen) have you provided me here, half a dozen of sufficient men? Shal. How now, we are! Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I breathe you.

Shal. Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see: go, go, go, go; yeas marry Sir. Rafe Munday, set you appear as I call: let them do so, let them do so: Let me speak, Where is Master Munday?

Mond. Here, if it please you.

Shal. What thinke you (Sir John) a good limb'd fellow: young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Munday?

Mond. Yes, if it please you.

Fal. To the more time thou wast of.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, most excellent. Things that are mordant, lacke ye: very angular good. Well said Sir John, very well said.

Fal. Prick me him.

Mund. I was prick'd well enough before, if you could have let me alone; my old Dame will be vouchsafe now, for one to do her husbandry, and her Drudgey: ye need not have prick'd me, there are other men fitter; to go ou, then I.

Fal. Go too: peace Munday, you shall goe; Munday, it is time you were spent.

Shal. Sir, peace? Shallow. Peace, peace, peace; and se, know you where you are? For the other Sir John? Let me see: Simon Shallow.

Fal. I marry, let me have him to fit vnder: he's like to be a cold soulter.

Shal. Where's Simon's Shadow?

Fal. Simon's Shadow, who's fome are thow? Shal. My Mothers fome, Sir.

Fal. Thy Mothers fome: like enough, and thy Fathers Shadow; so the fome of the Female, is the Shadow of the Male: it is often to indecide, but not of the Fathers substance.

Shal. Do you like him, Sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for Summer; prick him: For we have number of Shadows to fill up the Mutton-Booke.

Shal. Thomas Ward?

Fal. Ward. Where's he?

Ward. Here's Sir.

Fal. Is thy name Ward?

Ward. Yea, Sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged Ward.
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

old: certaine shee's old; and had in Night-workes, by old Night-workes, before I came to Clementine Inn.

Shall: That's but little, you see, now.

Shall: Hah, Cousin Silence, thou hast had neere ten, that
that this Knight and I have seen: Hah, Sir John, said I
well?

Falstaff: Wee have heare the Chymney at mid-night, Mas-
ster Shallow.

Shall: That was the house, that was haste: in faith, Sir John,
were haste: our watch-word was, Helm-Beggs. Come,
let's to Dinner; come, let's to Dinner: Oh the dayes that
wee have seen, Come, come.

But: Good Master Corporate Bardolph, stand with my
friend, and here is foure Harry's men, that are in French
Costumes for you: in verily, Sir, I had as lief they had
be here, 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 stay with my friends: else, Sir, I did
not care for mine owne part, so much.

Bardolph: Go-see: stand aside.

Mandeville: And good Master Corporate, for my
old Dame's sake, stand by my friend: she hath no body to
do anything about her, when I am gone: and she is old,
and cannot help myself: you shall have, Sir, and Sir.

Bardolph: Go-see: stand aside.

Feste: I care not, a man can die but once: wee owe a
dearth. I will never bear a base mind: if it be my defile-
ment, I will be for it. For no man is too good to serve his
Princes: and let it goe which way it will, he that dies this
year, is quit for the next.

Bardolph: Well said, thou art a good fellow.

Feste: Nay, I will bear no base mind.

Falstaff: Come, which men shall I have?

Shallow: None of which you please.

Shallow: Sir, sir, word with you: I have three pound, to
free Master Bardolph and Bell-calf.

Falstaff: Go-see: well.

Shallow: Come, Sir John, which faire will you have?

Shallow: Do you chuse for me?

Mandeville: Then, Bardolph, Bell-calf, Feste, and
Shallow.

Shallow: Bardolph, and Bell-calf: for you Mandeville, stay
at home, till you are past service: and for you, Bell-
calf, grow till you come into it: I will none of you.

Shallow: Sir John, Sir John, do not your selfe wrong, they
are your likeyest men, and I would have you tend'ers with
the best.

Falstaff: Will you tell me (Master Shallow) how to chuse
a man? Care I for the Limbs, the Theswes, the stature,
bulk, and bigge assemblance of a man? give mee the
spirit (Master Shallow): Where's Warr? you see what
a ragged appearance it is: her shall charge you, and
discharge you, with the motion of a Pewterer's Ham-
er: come off, and on, twittler then hee that gibbers on
the Brewers Bucket. And this same halfe-fa'd fellow,
Shallow, give mee this man: hee prefers no markes to the
Enemie, the feare man may with a great syme feuell at
the edge of a Pen-knife: and for a Retreat, how swiftly
will this Feste, the Woman Taylor, runne off. O, give
me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a
Calyxuer into Warrs hand, Bardolph.

Bardolph: Hold Warr, Travers: thus, thus.

Falstaff: Come, manage me your Calyxuer: for very well,
go too, very good, exceeding good. O shame me always
a little, Jno, old chump, bad Shot. Well said war: thou
art a good Scab: hold there, is a Tetter for thee.

Shall: He is not his Grace's matter, he doth not do it
right, I remember at Mile-end-Greene, when I lay
in the Blacke Bull, I was the best in the Assault
Show: there was a little Quaker fellow, and he would
manage you his Piece thus: and he would about,
and above, and come in, and come in: Rah, rah, rah,
would he say: Beauce would he say: and away againe
would he give me againe, and againe he would come:
I shall never see such a fellow.

Falstaff: These fellows we shall doe well, Master Shallow.
Farewell Master Silence, I will not waste many words with
you: fare well, Gentlemen both: I thank you; I must a
dozen mile to night, Bardolph giue the Scoldiers
Costers.

Shall: Sir John, Heauen blefe thee, and prosper thy
Affaires, and send vs Peace. As you returne, with
my bower, let our old acquaintances be renewed: per-
adventure I will with you to the Court.

Falstaff: I would you would, Master Shallow.

Shall: Go-see: I have spoke at a word. Fare you
well, farewell.

Falstaff: Fare you well, gentle Gentlemen. On Bar-
dolph, lead the men away. As I returne, I will fetch of
these Judges: I do see the birthome of Justice Shal-
low. How labieth we old men are to this vice of Ly-
ing? This fame star'd Justice hath done nothing but
prate to me of the wildnesse of his Youth, and the
Enemies he hath done about Turnsbull-street, and every
third word a Lye, utter pay'd to the hearse, then the
Turke's Tribune. I do remember him at Clementine Lane,
like a man made after Supper, of a Cheefe-paring. When
he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a feste
Radish, with a Head fantastically carded upon it with a
Knife. Here was to fortune, that his Dimensions (to
any thicke sight) were insensible. Here was the very
Genius of Punicke: hee came euer in the rete-ward of
the Fashion; And now is this Vice Dagger become
Square, and takes as familiarly of John of Gault, as
hee had beene forwome Brother to him: and hee be
ought as hee was, and in the Tilly-yard, and then he
brought his Head, for crowding among the Muscovite
men, I saw it, and told John of Gault, hee be his owne
Name, for you might have drud'd him and all his Ap-
parrell into an Elek-rikine, the Cale of a Trelle Her-
boy was a Mansfield for him: a Court: and now hath
hee Land and Breezes. Well, I will be acquainted with
him, if I returne: and it shall goe hard, but I will make
him a Philosophers two Stones to mee. If the young
Duce be a Bayes for the old Pikes, I see no reason, in the
Law of Nature, but I may leap at him. Let same shape,
and there an end.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Archbishop, Munkhull, Hallings, Wilmerland, Colerne.

Bish: What is this Forrest call'd?

Hylf: Tis Quakerly Forrest, and shall please your
Grace.

Bish: Here stand (my Lords) and send discoverers forth,
To know the numbers of our Enemies.
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Halt. We have lost forth already.

Tib. 'Tis well done.

My Friends, and Brethren in these great Affairs,
I must acquaint you, that I have receiv'd
New-dated Letters from Northumberland:
Their cold intent, tenure, and subsistence this,
Here doth lie with his Person, with such Powers
As might hold Fortance with his Qualitie,
The which he could not leaute: whereupon
He is return'd to ripe his growing Fortunes,
To Scotland; and concludes in heartie prayers,
That your Attempts may ouer-live the hazard,
And peacefull meeting of their Opposite.
Now. Thus do the hopes we have in him, touch ground,
And dash them selves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Halt. Now, what news?

Moff. Well of this Forrest, scarcely off a mile,
In goody forse, comes on the Enemy:
And by the ground they had, I judge their number
Upon, or near, the rate of thirteene thousand.

Mon. The full proportion that we gave them out.
Let us lay upon, and face them in the field.

Enter Westmoreland.

Tib. What well-appointed Leaders fronts we here?

Mon. I think it is my Lord of Westmoreland.

Moff. Health, and safe greetinge from our Generall,
The Prince, Lord Looe, and Duke of Lancaster.

Tib. Say on (my Lord of Westmoreland) in peace;
What doth concern your comming?

Moff. Then (my Lord)
Vnto your Grace do I in chief address.
The substance of my Speech. If that Rebellion
Came like it fell, in haste and tumultuous,
Led on by bloody Youth, guarded with Rage,
And counteracted by Bayes, and Begriages;
I say, of damnd Commotion so appeare,
In this race, nature, and most proper shape,
You (Restored Father, and these Noble Lords)
Had not beene here, to deface the ougly forme
Of base, and bloody Instruction,
With your faire Honors. Yau, Lord Arch-bishop,
Whole Sea is by a Cnili Peace maintain'd,
Whole Board, the Silver Hand of Peace hath touch'd,
Whole Learning, and good Letters, Peace hath touch'd,
Whole white Involvements figure Innocence,
The Done, and very Bloud Spirit of Peace.
Wherefore doth you so ill tranlate your selfs,
Out of the Speech of Peace; that bares such grace,
Into the harth and bloody Tongue of Warre?
Turning your Bookes to Grautes, your Lance to Blood,
Your Petites to Lance, and your Tongue divine
To a lowd Trumpet, and a Point of Warre.

Tib. Wherefore doth I this? for the Question stands,
Sicely to this end: We are all dicas'd,
And with our furnisht, and wanton howres,
Have brought our felons into a burning Fever,
Our late King Richard (being infecte) dy'd,
But (my moss Noble Lord of Westmoreland)
I take not on me here as a Physician,
Nor doe I as an Enemy to Peace,
Troope in the Thronges of Militarie men:
But rather show a while like foolefull Warre,
To dye rashke Minde, fiele of hapiness,
And purge the obstrucions which begin to stop
Our very Veines of Life: harsse me more plaine.
I have in equal balance wholly weight'd,
What wrongs our Arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
And finde our Grieues heavie than our Offences.
We see which way the streames of Time doth runne,
And are enforce'd from our most quiet there,
By the rough Torrent of Occasion,
And have the summare of all our Grieues
(When time shall seer) to the win Articles;
Which long seer this, wee offer to the King,
And might, by no Sute, gaine our Audience:
What we are wrong'd, and would unfold our Grieues,
Wee are deny'd access vnto his Person.
Even by these men, that most have done vs wrong.
The dangers of the dayes but newly gone,
Whole memorie is written on the Earth
With yet appearing blood; and the examples
Of eager Minuters Influx (see now now)
Hath put vs in these ill-befalling Armes:
Not to breake Peace, or any Branch of it,
But to establish here a Peace indeedes,
Concerning both in Name and Qualitie.

Moff. When euer yet was your Appeal deny'd?
Wherein have you beene galld by the King?
What Petic hath beene submited to our gracie,
That you should seal this Lawlesse bloody Booke
Of forg'd Rebellion, with a Seale divine?

Tib. My Brother generally, the Common-wealth,
I make my Quarrell in particular.

Moff. There is no need of any such redresse:
Or if there were, it not belonges to you.

Mon. Why not to him in part, and to vs all,
That sees the brumse of the dayes before,
And suffer the Condition of these Times,
To lay a hand on, and requelle Hand upon our Honors?

Moff. O my good Lord of London,
Construct the Times to their Necessities,
And you shall say (indeed) it is the Time,
And not the King, that doth you injure.
Yet for your part, it not appeares to me,
Either from the King, or in the present Time,
That you should have any of any ground
To build a Grieue on: were you not reduc'd
To all the Duke of Norfolk's Stroniges,
Your Noble, and right well-remembered Fathers?

Mon. What thing, in Honor, had my Father loft,
That need to be restrue'd, and brest in me?
The King that lord'd him, as the State stood then,
Was force'd, perforce compelld to baste him
And then, that Henry Bullingbrooke and hee,
Being mounted, and both towed in their Sestes,
Their neighing Couriers daring of the Spurre,
Their armed Sestes in charge, their Beastes downe,
Their eyes of fire sparkling through flights of Steele,
And the loud Trumpet blowinge them together:
Then, then, when there was nothing could have stayed
My Father from the Breach of Bullingbrooke.
O, when the King did throw his Warde downe,
(As I our Life hung vpon the Staffs hee threw) Then throw hee downe himselfe, and all their Sestes,
That by Indifamie, and by dint of Sword,
Hauing mist-carried vnder Bullingbrooke.
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

If you speak (Lord Marwood) now you know not what.

The Earl of Hertford was reputed then
In England, the most valiant Gentleman,
Who knew, on whom fortune would then have stuck
But if your Father had been Viceroy there,
Hee ne're had borne it out of Country,
For all the Country, in a general voyce,
Cry'd hate upon him; and all their prayers, and Lamentations
Were (let on Hertford) whom they doted on,
And blest, and graci'd, and did more then the King,
But this was meer diresession from my purpose.
Here come 1 from our Prince, in General,
To know your Grievances to tell you from his Grace,
That hee will give you Audience, and therein
It shall appeare, that your demands are just
You shall enjoy them, every thing set off,
That might so much as thinke you Enemies,
But you had forc'd to comply this Offer,
And it proceeds from Polloke, and others.

You see, you must be wise to take it to,
This Offer comes from Mercy, not from Power.
For you, within a Ken our Army eyes,
Upon mine Honor, all too confident,
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our Battaile is more full of Names, then yours,
Our Men more perfect in the use of Arms,
Our Armor all as strong, our Caufe the better;
The success of our Hearts should be as good,
Say you not then, our Offer is compell'd,
Your Lords, let me tell you, shall admit no Parley.

Well, that argues but the shame of your offence:
A rotten Case abides no handling.

Hath the Prince John a full Commission,
In very ample virtue of his Father,
To hear, and absolutely to determine
What all these Conditions we shall stand upon.

That is intended in the General Name:
I must you make to shew a Question,
Then take (my Lord of Wiltshire, and this Schedule,
For this contains our general Grievances:
Each severall Article herein receiv'd,
All members of our Cause, both here, and hence,
That are informed to this Affair,
Acquainted by a true substantiall forme,
And present execution of our wills,
To us, and to our purposes confin'd,
We come within our lawful Banks againe,
And knit our Powers to the Ame of Peace.

This will I shew the General. Please you Lords,
In sight of both our Battailes, we may meete
At either end in peace: which Heauen do frame,
Or to the place of difference call the Swords,
Which must decide it.

My Lord, we will doe so,
Thus do all the Conditions of our Peace stand.

Fear ye not, that if we can make our Peace
Upon such large terms, and so absolute,
Our Peace shall stand as firm as Rockie Mountains,
Likewise, that all our Scheme shall be fain,
That every light, and false-inspired Cause,
Yet, every idle, nice, and wanton Reason,
Shall, as the King, signe of this Action:
That we were Royall facts, Martyrs in lone,
We shall be wonnewed with so comforne a windes,
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

John. The word of Peace is render'd: hearken how they show it.

Men. This had been cheerfull, after Victories.

Bish. A Peace is of the nature of a Conquest:
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loosed.

John. Go to (my Lord).
And let out Army be discharged too:
And good my Lord, (if pleased you) let our Trainers
March by unitate may pacify the men.

Exit.

John. I trust (Lords) we shall ly to night together.

Enter Westmoreland.

Now Cousin, wherefore stands our Army still?

West. The Leaders having charge from you to stand;
Will not go off, until they hear you speak.

John. They know their duties.

Exit Westmoreland.

Haft. Our Army is dispers'd:
Like you, that'll Steer thee, as you'd think, they rooke their course;
Each to his part, South or North, like as the Schooles broke up,
Each hurrie towards his home, and spacing place.

Bish. Good riding (my Lord), for the which I do assure thee (Trinity) of high Trescation.
And you, Lord Arch-bishop, and you, Lord Mowbray,
Of Capitall Trescation, I trust you both.

John. Is this proceeding just, and honorably?

Bish. If your Assembly so.

John. Will you thus break your faith?

John. I pawn'd thee note.

I promis'd you redresse of these some Grievances.
Whereof if you did complain, which by mine Honor,
I will performe, with a most Christian care.
But for you (Rebels) looke to the dews due
Meere for Rebellion, and forth Acts as yours,
Most (allow'd) did you (my Lord) Armes commence,
Bandily brought here, and foolefully sent hence.
Streke vp our Drums, pursue the Scatter'd fryes,
Heauen, and now we, have safely fought to day,
Some guard these Traitors to the Block of Death;
Treasons true Bed, and yeastes vp of breath.

Enter Falstaff and Coleman.

Falstaff. What's your name? Sir, of what condition are you? and of what place I pray?

Cole. I am a Knight, Sir,
And my Name is Coleman of the Dale.

Falstaff. Why then, Coleman is your Name, a Knight is your Degree, and your Place the Dale. Coleman shall fill be your Name, a Traytor your Degree, and the Dungeon your Place, a place deep enough to fall you be fill Coleman of the Dale.

Cole. Are not you Sir John Falstaff?

Falstaff. As good man as he, Sir, who am I doe yet yield Sir, or is Lord (I care for you)? If I doe swear, they are the drops of dry Lovers, and they weep for thy death, therefore streke vp Fear and Trembling, and do obeisance to my mercy.

Cole. I think you are Sir John Falstaff, &c. in that thou dost yield me.

Falstaff. I have a whole Schoole of tonguists in this belly of mine, and not a Tongue of them all, speaks those other words but my name; and I trust but a belly of any indifferency. I was simply the most a true Fellow in Europe, my wombe, my wombe, my wombe wondr'd me. Here comes our General.
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Enter Prince John, and Westminster.

John. The heat is past, follow no farther now; Call in the Powers, good Cousin Westminster. Now Fall safely, where have you been all this while? When every thing is ended, then you come.

Then come Tricks of yours will (in my life), One time, or rather, break some Gallows back. Fall, I would be sorry (my Lord) but it should bee this: I never knew yet, but hebekke and checke was the reward of Valour. Do ye think me a Sallow, an Arrowsor a Bullet? Have I, in my poore and olde Motion, the expidition of Thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremity of prodigality. I have foundred nine score and twelve Poles, and here (well-rained as I may have) in pure and immaculate Valour, taken Sir John Coley, of the Dale, a most famous Knight, and vaularious Enemy. But what of that? she say me, and yielded: that I may holde my way with the hooke-nois'd Fellow of Rome, I came, fav, and never came.

Then it was more of his Courtezse, than your deereing.

Fall. I knew not: here she is, and here I yield him: and I beseech your Grace, let it be bount'd, with the self of this shapey decides: or I leave, I will have it in a particular fashion, with mine own Priked on the right of it (Cattle killing my foot). To the which course, if I be enforced, if you do not rush like gite two-pences to me; and I in the clear Sky of Fame, ove-thine you as much as the Full Mone doth the Cynthis of the Element (which she like Flinstone leads to her) but not the Wodewode of the Noble, therefore let me have right, and let defect mone.

John. Thine's too bounteous to mount.

Fall. Let it shine then.

John. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fall. Let it do something (my good Lord) that may doe me good, and call it, what you will.

John. Is thy Name Callenise?

Col. Jes, (my Lord.)


Fall. And a famous true Subject too, toke him.

Col. I am (my Lord) but as my Barons are;

That led me further: but they become all by me,

You should have wonne them deser'ted then you haue.

Fall. I know not how they fold them selves, but thou, like a kindz fellow, gaull'd thy selfe away; and I thank thee for thine.

Enter Westminster.

John. Have you left this?

West. retreat is made, and execution fly'd.

John. Send Callenise, with his Confederates,

To York, to present the execution.

Blame, lead him hence, and let you guard him here.

Excuse with Callenise.

And now dispatch we towards the Count (my Lords),

I hear the King, my Father, is to be sick.

Our News shall goe before us, to his Majesty,

Which (Cousin you) shall bear, to comfort him.

And if we see good speed, we will follow you.

Fall. My Lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go through Gloucestershire, and to come to Count, with the best good Lord, pray in your good report.

John. Care you well, Fall, I'll see: I in my condition, shall better speake of you, than you do yourse.
The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

King. Humphrey (my Sonne of Gloucester) where is the Prince, your Brother?

Gis. I thinke he's gone to hun (my Lord) at Windor.

King. And how accompanied?

Gis. I do not know (my Lord).

King. Is not his Brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?

Gis. No (my good Lord) here is in presence here.

Clar. What would my Lord, and Father, to his?

King. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.

How chance thou art not with the Prince, thy Brother? How hast so well with him?

Thou hast a better place in his Affection, than all thy Brothers; e'ere it is (my Boy), and noble Offices thou mayst effect.

Of Meditations, after I am dead.

Be it to his Greatness, and thy other Brethren, therefore omit not him: blout, not his Loin, but looke the good advantage of his Grace, by seeming cold, or carelesse of his will.

For he is gracious; if thee be oblidg'd, he his in trust for Peace, and a Hand open (as Day) for melting Charity.

Yet notwithstanding, being incensed, he's Flint, As honourous as Winter, and as sudden,

As Iewes conceal'd in the Spring of day.

His Temper therefore must be well o'rel'd; Chide him for faults, and doe it rearely.

When you perceive his blood enclin'd to mixtus,

But being moody, give him Line, and scope,

Till that his passion (like a Whale on ground)

Confound themselves with working. Learn this, Thomas,

And thou shalt prove a fitter to thy friends,

A Hoole of Gold, to hinder thy Brethren in:

That the virtuous Veffel of their Blood

(Mingled with Venom of Suggestion,

As forse, perfecce, the Age will powere it in)

Shall never leake, though it doe work as strong

As Aciurom, or hath Can-powder.

Clar. I shall obey him with all care, and lone.

King. Why art thou not at Windsor with him (Thomas?)

Clar. He is not there to day: he dines in London.

King. And how accompanied? Canst thou not tell that?

Clar. With Prince, and other his continual followers.

King. Most straited is the fallest Soyle to Weedes:

And see (the Noble Image of your Youth)

In most spread with them: therefore my grieue,

Stretches it felle beyond the power of death.

The blood weeps from my hearne, when I doe spane

(In former imaginacie) ch'anguished Days, and

Rotten Times, that you shall looke upon,

When I am sleeping with my Ancestors.

For when his head-strong Rude hath no Curse,

When Rage and hot-blood are his Counsellors,

When Means and lauifh Manners meete together;

Oh, with what Wings shall his Affections flye;

Towards fronting Peril, and oppos'd Decay?

War. My gracious Lord, you looke beyond him quiet;

The Prince but studies his Companions, like a strange Tongue: wherein to gaine the Language,

Tis needful, that the most immodest word

Be look'd upon, and learn'd: which once assay'd

Your Highness knowes, comes to no farther vie;

But to be knowne, and hated: So like groffe terms,

The Prince will, in the perfecnse of time,

Coff off his followers; and their memorie

Shall as a Paterne, or a Measure, be

By which his Skate must move the lutes of others,

Turning path-eults to advantages.

King. This is a true, when he the Bead doth leave his Combe

In the dead Cornion.

Enter Eyre and Lord Willerne.

Who's heere? Why, master Willerne?

Well. Health to my Soueraine, and new happiness

Added to that, that I am to deliver.

Prince Told your Sonne, both kille your Graces Hands:

A Master of the Bishop, Strange, Buffings, and all,

Are brought to the Correction of your Law,

There is not now a Rebelles Sword with hatred,

But Peace puts forth her Olive enuy where;

The manner how this Action hath bene borne,

Here (at more seuerity) may your Highness see;

With every course, in his particular.

King. Our Eyre and Lord Willerne, thou art a Summer Bird,

Which ever in the branch of Winter singes

The lifting up of day.

Enter Eyre and Lord Willerne.

Looke, here's more newes.

Hare. From Enemies, Heaven keep your Majeсть to be:

And when they stand against you, may they fall,

As thefte that I am come to tell you of:

The Earl Northumberland, and the Lord Barbadoes,

With a great Power of English, and of Scots;

Arc by the Sherifie of Yorkshire ouerthrown:

The manner, and true order of the fight,

This Packet (pleauing to you) contains at large.

King. And wherefore should these good newes

Make me feake?

Will Fortune never come with both hands full,

But write her faire words full in foole's Letters?

Shee either gives a Stomack, and no Poole,

(Such as the poor, in health, or else a Peril,

And takes away the Stomack (fish are the Richy)

That have abundance, and enjoy it not.)

I should rejoyce now, at this happy newes,

And now my Sight yaletes, and my Braine is giddie.

O me, come neere me, now I am much ill.

Gis. Comfort your Majeсть.

Eyre. Oh, my Koy all Father.

Wife. My Soueraine Lord, shew me your selfe, looke w.

War. Be patient (Princes) you doe know, these Fists

Are with his Highness very ordinarie.

Stand from him, give him space:

Hee'll straighte be well.

Clar. No, no, hee cannot long hold out; these pangs,

Thrice diffire, care, and labour of his Minde,

Hath took the Mure, that should confine it in

So thence, that Life looke through, and will break out

Gis. The people freake me, for they do observe

Unfather'd Heales, and leasly Births of Nature:

The Seasons change their manners, as the Yeere

Hath found some Moneths asleep, and leaped them over;

Clar. The River hath thre floodes, no ebbie betweene:

And the old folke (Times doing Chronicles)

Say it did in a little time before

That our great Grand-father Edward died, and dy'd.
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

War. - Speak, lower (Princes), for the King descends.

Cly. - This Apeplexe will (certaine) be his end.

King. - I pray you take me up, and behe me hence

Into some other Chamber, I sould pray.

Let there be no noyse made (my great friends).

Violett shee lost andlostanie hand,

Will whiper Methinks to my veste Spirit.

War. - Give the Musicke in the other Roomes.

King. - Set me the Crowne upon my Pillow here.

Clar. - His eye is hollow, and bee changes much.

War. - Lettle noyse, lettle noyse.

Enter Prince Henry

P. Hen. - Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

Clar. - I am here (Brother) full of sense and sense.

P. Hen. - How now? Raine within doores, and none abroad? How doth the King?

Cly. - Exceeding ill.

P. Hen. - Haed, the good news yet?

Tell it him.

Cly. - Heres it much upon the hearing it.

P. Hen. - If bee be speake with joy,

Her be recouer without Physick.

Not so much speake of (my Lords)

Sweet Prince speake lowe.

The King your Father, is disposed to sleepe.

Clar. - Let us with-drave into the other Roomes.

War. - Why please your Grace to go along with us?

P. Hen. - Now I will find and watch here by the King.

Why doth the Crowne, yet there, upon his Pillow.

Being so sensible of a Bed Fellow.

O palish'd Petturbation! Golden Care!

That keep it the Ports of Slumber open wide.

To many a Watchful Night's sleepe wish is now,

Yet not so found, but halfe to deeply sleepe.

As her whole Browe (with homyly Biggen bound)

Snears out the Watch of Night, O Madre.

When thou dost pinch my Beater, thou dost first

Like a rich Armor, worse in least of day.

That scaldeth with fasterie; by his Gouse of breath,

There shee a Downlye feater, which brings not a

Dier her selfe; that light and weighe of dowlne

Perforce multike that my gracious Lord, and my Father,

This sleepe is found indeede: this is a sleepe,

That from this Golden Rigoll hath duorced;

So many English Kings: Thy she framed from me,

I am of the Line, and Sorrower of the Blood.

Which Naurce, Lour, and Flail tendencie,

Shall (O dear Father) pay thee plentifully,

My dier, from thee, is this Imperial Crowne,

Which (as immediate from thy Place and Blood)

Hath fell to me. Loos here it lies,

Which Heaven shall guard.

And put the world whole streight into one giant Arme,

It shall not force this Liniell Honor from me,

This from thee, will I to mine lease,

As it left me there.

War. - What would your Maister? have feres your

Grace?

King. - Why did you leave me here alone (my Lords?)

War. - We left the Prince (my Brother Heat) (my Liege).

War. - Why would you take fire and watch by you?

King. - The Prince of Wales? where is he? let me see him.

War. - This doce is opened, he is gone this way.

Clar. - He came not through the Chamber where we stayed.

King. - Where is the Crowne? who take it from my Pillow?

War. - When we withdrew (my Liege) we left it here.

King. - The Prince had it here; hence get thee out.

Cly. - Is her in half, that her doth supposse.

War. - My sleepe, my death; thou find (my Lord of Warwick)

Chide him therwith, this part of his connyones is told.

With my selfe, and helpes to end me.

See soundes, what things you are

How quickly Nature falls into revolt,

When Gold becomes her Obiog.

For this, the foolish out, careful Fathers

Haue broke their sleepe with thoughts.

Their brains with care, their bones with industry,

For this, they have a gaffed and my dier of.

The cackler, shee a speake of strange architured Golders,

For this, they have been too thoughtfull to suppre.

Her Sonnes, with Arses, and Maltruet Euerites servisst.

When, like the Bee, sulling from every flower

The vertuous Sweetnes, they parches with War.

Our Mouthes with Honey, we bring to the Horse.

And like the Bee, are murderd for our printer.

This bitter sale yields his engrosses,

To the ending Father.

Enter Warwick.

Now, where is her, that will not stay so long,

Till his Friend Sicknes hath determined me.

War. - My Lord, I found the Prince in the next Roomes.

War. - Why, King of Wales, why doth his Grace sleepe with his Grace?

With such a deepness, in great sorrow.

That Tyranny, which neuer was, but blood.

Would (by beholding him) have whipt his Knife

With gentle eye drops, fierce is comming hither.

King. - But wherefore doe you take away the Crowne?

Enter Prince Henry.

Lor, where she comes. Come hither to me (Harry).

Deport the Chamber, leave us here alone.

P. Hen. - I sould not thought to have you speake against.

King. - Thy wish was Father (Harry) to that thought.

I stay too long by thee, I wearie thee.

Do'st thou to hanger for my empire Chayre,

That thou wilt needs innert thee with mine Honors,

Before howe thou be reple? O foolish Youth!

Thou feest the Creameste, that willsure-whelme thee.

But stay but a little for my Cloud of Dostige

It is hold from falling, with to weake a wnde

That it will quickly drop: my Day is diente.

Thou hast solace that, after some little howe.

Weere things with outenence; and at my death

Thou hast feed'd my expectation.

Thy Life did maniste, thou hast left me not,

And thou wilt have no dye affir'd of it.

Thou bed'st a thousand Daggers in thy thorow,"

Which thou hast whersted on thy flourie heare,

To lab as halfe an howe of my Life.

What? canst thou not forbear thee halfe an howe?
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Then get thee gone, and take my grace thine Oath,

And bid the merry Beelzebub to thy care.

Thee shewest Crowned, not that I am dead.

Let all the Teares, that should bedew my Heart's

Beads of Balm, to fasten up thy head:

Only command me, with this gentlest duff.

Gainst that, which gat thee life, into the Womans,

Pluck down my Others; break by my Decrees;

For now a Nine is come, to mocke at Fortune.

Henry the first is Crown'd: Vp Vanity,

Downe Royall State: All you base Counsellors, hence;

And lo the English Court, Athenians now.

From envy Region. Ares of Killeness,

Now neighbor Consort, purge you of your Scum.

Hast you a Russian that would taste, drunked dancer?

Reuel the night! Robb! Murderers! and connive.

The oldest man, the newest kind of wayde:

So happy, he will trouble you no more.

England shall double gild, his crable guilt.

England, shall give him Office, Honor, Might;

For the first Harry, from erebid License plac'd

The muskell of Reaman, and the wise Dogge

Shall both his roots in every mine one.

Only poor Kingdome, rich with, until blov'd

When that my Care could not with-hold my Byme,

What will you do, when Rome thy Care?

O, thou wise be a Wilderstine against,

Peep'd with Witches, thy old Inhabitants.

Prince, Oparition (my Liege)

But for my Teares,

The small Impediments into my Speech,

Had foresaw'd this deere, and deep Envy,

Ere you, with grief, had spok'd, and I had heard

The cause of it to fare. There is your Crown,

And be that weares the Crowne immortal

Long guard it yours. If I offend it more,

Then as your Honour, so as your Renowne.

Let me no more from this Obedience rite.

Which my most true, and inward duterous Spirit

Teacheth this pious, and excellent binding.

Heares with me, when I heare came in,

And found no course of breath within your Mazzle.

How cold it strooke my heart. If it do fail,

Let me, in my present wildeness, dye,

And hence flee, to shew thine wondrous World,

The Noble change that I have purpose.

Comming to look on you, thinking you dead,

And deat' almost (my Liege) think you were

I spake into the Crowne! for haughtie jenie,

And thus exalted it. The Care on thee depending,

Hath fed upon the body of my Father,

Therefore, thou best of God, art worth of Gold.

Other, lesse fine in Charnel, is more precious,

Prestating life, in Medicinable possesseable

But thou, most Fine, most Honored, most Renowned,

Haft care the Braver vp.

Thus (my Royall Liege)

Acting it, I put it on my Head,

To try this: (as with an Entenie,

That had before my face murdered my Father)

The Quarrell of a true Inheritor.

But it did infect my blood with joy

Or walls my Thoughts, to any traine of Hisses

Health, Rebell, or name spirit of mine

Did, with the least Affection of a Welcome,

Gave entertainment to the might of it,

Let heaven, for ever, keep it from my head,

And make me, as the poorest Waffale to it.

That dodd with awe, and terror, straight to it.

King, O my Sonne!

Heaven put in thy mindes to take it hence,

That thou mightst toyne the more, thy Fathers lone,

Pleas't to witely, in excus of it.

Come hither Harry, fight thou by thy side.

And hence (I thauke the, very lachif Councelfd)

That ever I shall breith, (heaven knowes, my Sonne)

By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways

Let this Crowne, and any false know well.

How troublesome it fate upon my head.

To thee, it shall defend with better Quiet,

Better Opinion, better Confinement.

For all the Witle of the Atchement goes

With me, into the Earth. It seem'd in mee,

But as an Honour match'd with boyli rous hand,

And I had many thing, to upbrande

My gainge, by these their Affiances.

Which dayly grew to Quarella, and to Bloodshed

Wounding toppes Peace.

All there bold Frestes,

Thou feele (with peril) I have answere:

For all my Reigne, hast beene bare as a Scene.

As dach the argument, and now my death,

Changes the Moods: For what in me was purchase.

Failes upon thee, in a more Fayer sole.

So thou, the Garland weare, shall successfull.

Yet, though thou stand, if more true, then I could do

Then we are not fraine enough, since greets are greater.

And all thy Friends, which thou must make to thy Friends

Haste but their chins, and chest, newly ralone,

By whose fell working, I was first advance,

And by whose power, I well might lodge a Peace.

To be againe displac'd. Which to awry'd,

Bent them off, and had a purpose now.

To leade out many to the Holy Land;

Left self, and lying still, might make them looke.

Too were vas'd my State.

Therefore (my Harry)

Be thine equirre to bulle giddy Minded.

With Fortuneg Quassell, that Acton hence borne out,

May waste the memory of the former days.

More worthed, but my Lungs are weas'd for

That strengthes of Speech is vertiely donte mee.

How I came by the Crowne, O heauen forgot me

And grant it may, with thee, in true peace fine.

Counce. My gracious Liege

You wanne it: wore it: kept it, gave it me.

Then place, and right must my poiffession be.

Which I, with more, then with a Common paine.

Gainst all the World, will intelligibly maintaine.

Enter Lord John of Lancaster,

and Warwick.

King, Looke, looke,

Heere enotes my John of Lancaster.

John, Health, Peace, and Happinelle,

To my Royall Father.

King. Thus bring' me happiness and Peace

(Somde John)

But health (alack) with youfull wings is bowne

From this bare, withered Franke. Upon thy sight

My worldly businesse makes a period.
The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Where is my Lord of Warwick?
Prin. My Lord of Warwick.
King. Doth any name particular belong unto the Lodging, where I first did perceive a
Wife. It is called Jerusalem, my Noble Lord.
King. Laid be to heare.

From there my life must end.
It hath beene prophesied to me many years,
I should not dye, but in Jerusalem:
Which (so much as I suspect the Holy Lord.)
But bate me to that Chamber, there I lie:
In that Jerusalem, shall Harry dye.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus, Scena Prima.

Enter Shallop, Silence, Falstaff, Bardolph, Page, and Daunys.

Shal. By Cooke and Pye, you shall not away to night.
Wife. What Danys, I say.
Fal. You must excuse me, Master Shallop.
Shal. I will not excuse you: you shall not be excused.
Excuses shall not admitted: there is no excuse shall serve: you shall not be excused.
Why Danys.
Danys. Here I am.
Wife. Danys, Danys, Danys, let me see (Danys) let me see:
William Cooke, bid him come hither. Sir John, you shall not be excused.
Danys. Marry, sir, thus: those Precepts cannot be
fer'd: and against it, shall we lowe the head and the
Wife. With red Wheate Danys. But see William Cooke:
are there young Pigeons?
Danys. Yes, sir,
Here is now the Smithers note, for Shooping,
And flowing Irons.
Shal. Let it be off, and pay for. Sir John, you shall not be excused.
Danys. Sir, a new linke to the bucket must needs be had:
And Sir, do you mean to flippae any of William Wages, about the Sacke he left the other day, at Tunkley Fayre?
Shal. He shall answer it.
Some Pigeons Danys, a couple of fent-legged Hens:
a layout of Mutton, and any pretty little tine Kickshaws,
tell William Cooke.
Danys. Doth the man of Warre, stay all night sir?
Shal. Yes, Danys.
I will lie him well. A Friend in Court, is better then a
peony in purse. We his men well Danys, for they are ar-
rant Knaves, and will backe-bite.
Danys. No worse then they are bitten, sir: For they
have insatiables fowle linnen.
Shalor. Well concocted Danys: about thy Buffetts, Danys.
Danys. I beseech you sir,
To certificate William Utter of Wenlock, against Clement Parke of the hill.
Shalor. There are many Complaints, Danys, against that
Utter, that Utter is an ardent Knave, on my knowl-

Danys. I grant you, Sir, that he is a knave.
But yet he cannot forbid Sir, but a Knave should have some
Consideration, at his Friends request. An honest man fit,
Is able to eschew for himselfe, when a Knave is not. I have
fer'd your Worthippe truly fit, in eight yeares, and
if he cannot once or twice in a Quarter, beneath a Knave,
against an honest man, I must but a very little credit with
your Worthippe. The Knave is mine honest Friend Sir,
wherefore I beseech your Worthip, let him bee Concerned.
Shal. Gatan.
I say he shall have no wrongs: Lookes about Danys.
Where are you Sir John? Come off, with your Boors.
Give me your hand M. Bardolph.
Bard. I am glad to let your Worthip.
Shal. I thank you, with all my heart, M. Master
Bardolph: and welcome my old Fellow.
Come Sir John.
Falstaff. He follow you, good Masters Robert Shallow.
Bardolph, look to our Horses. If I were five into
Quantities, I should make four dozen of flesh bearded
Hermits Stags, as Master Shallop. This is a wonderfull
thing to see the formidable Coherence of his mans spirits,
and his: They that obseruing of him, do bear them selves
like foolish Laches: Hee, by conversing with them, is
turn'd into a Justice-like Settingman. Their spirits are
so married in Convolution, with the participation of So-
ociety, that they flocke together in content, like to so-
my Wilde-Goese. If I had a letter to Master Shallow, I
would humour his men, with the impudence of being near
their Master. If to his Men, I would curri with
Master Shallow, that no man could better command his
Servants. It is certaine, that either wife bearing, or
ignorant Carriage is sought, as men take diverses, one of
another: therefore, let men take heed of their Company.
I will deserve matter enough out of this Shallows, to
keep Prince Harry in constant. Laughter, the wearing
out of true Fashions (which are true Terms) to two Actions,
and he shall laugh with Internals. O it is much
after a Lye (with a light Oath) and a left (with a fiddle
bow) will do, with a Fellow, that never had the Ache
in his shoulders. O you shall fee him laugh, till his Face
be like a wet Cloake, till laid vp.
Shal. Sir John.
Falstaff. If I come Master Shallow, I come Master Shallop.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Earl of Warwick, and the Lord Chief Justice.
Warwick. How now, my Lord Chief Justice, whether away.
Ch. Just. How dost the King?
War. Exceeding well, his Cares
Are now all ended.
Ch. Just. I hope not dead.
War. Hee's walk'd the way of Nature,
And to our purposes, he lives no more.
Ch. Just. I would his Maitelby had call'd me with him,
The service shall I truly did his life,
Hast left me open to all injuries.
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

War. Indeed I thank the young King loves you not.
Ch. Inf. I know he doth not, and do amaze my life To welcome the condition of the Time,
Which cannot look more hideously upon me,
Then hau e drawne it in my Fairfax.

Enter John of Lancaster, Gloucester, and Clarence.

War. Here come the heavy line of dead Harrius.
O, that the living Harrius had the temper
Of him, the worst of thee three Gentlemen:
How many Nobles then, should hold their places,
That must like falle, to Spirits of wilde fort?
Ch. Inf. Alas, I fear, all will be over-staid.
John. Good morrow, Cofin, Warwick, good morrow,
Glan. Cia. Good morrow, Cofin.
John. We meet, like men that had forgot to speake.
War. We do remember: but our Argument
Is not too heavy, to admit much talk.
Ch. Inf. Well: Peace be with you that hath made vs happy.
Ch. Inf. Peace be with vs, lest we be hatch.
Glan. O, my good Lord, you have lost a friend indeed:
And I dare swear, you borrow not that face
Of being sorrow, is it sure your owne.
John. Though no man be affraid what grace to find,
You stand in coldest expectation,
In the forier, would twere otherwise.
Cia. Whil you must now speake Sir John Paffy-faire,
Which swimmes against your dreame of Quality.
Ch. Inf. Sweet Princes: what did I, did I in Honor,
Led by th'Imperial Conduct of my Soule,
And never shall you see, that I will beg
A ragged, and fore-it I'd Remission,
Whom fhe, and wright Innocency faile me,
He to the King (my Master) that is dead,
And tell him, who hath sent me after him.
War. Here comes the Prince.

Enter Prince Henry.

Ch. Inf. Good morrow, and believe this your Majesty
Prince. This new, and gorgious Garment, Majesty,
Sit not to eafe on me, as you thinke,
Brothers, you make your Saddeffe with some Fears;
This is the English, not the Turkish Court?
Not Amurah, nor Amurah succeedes,
But Harry, Harry: yet be it good Brothers:
For (to speake truth) it is very well become you.
Sorrow to Royally in you appeares,
That I will deeply put the Fathion on,
And weare it in my heart. Why then be sad,
But entertain no more of it (good Brothers).
Then a boy shul be laden with care vs all,
For me, by Heaven (I bid you be affafe).
He be your Father, and your Brother too;
Let me be bare your Lawe: He beare your Care;
But wepe that Horrius's dead, and so will I.
But Harry lives, that shall convert those Teares
By number, into hours of Happynesse.

John. Sir, We hope no other from your Majesty.
Prime. You all look strangely on me and your selfe,
You are (I thinke) affafe (tis me not).
Ch. Inf. I am affafe (it be men or righte).
Your Majesty hath no just cause to hate me.
Prime. How mighty a Prince of my great hopes forget
So great Indignities you laid open me?
The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

That the great Body of our State may go
In equal ranks, with the bell govern'd Nation,
That Army or Peace, or both be one:
As states acquainted and familiar to us,
In which you (Father) shall have foremost hand.
Our Coronation done, we will assist
(As I before remembered) all our State,
And hease (complaining of my good intentions).
No Prince, no Power, shall have just cause to lay
Heaven's fetched Horrors happy life, one day.

Scene Tertia.

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, Bardolph,
Page, and Pistol.

Shalf. Nay, you shall see mine Orchard where, in an
Ahaue we shall have as large berries Pippins of my owne
flying, with a dith of Carrows, and so forth (Come Cor
in Silence, and then to bed.

Fal. You have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.
Shalf. Barren, barren, barren: Beggers all, eggers all
Sir John. Merry, good airy. Spread Dome, spread Dome;
We'll eat, Dome.

Fal. Thus I am to you for good wives: he is your
Servant's, and your Husband.

Shalf. A good Varlet, a good Varlet, a very good
Varlet, Sir John: I have drunk too much Sack at Supper. A
good Varlet. Now fit downe, now fit downe: Come Cor
in Silence.

Sil. Ah fird (quoth-a) we shall doe nothing but eat,
And make good cheere; and praiie heaven for the mercie
years: when wheate is cheape, and Females deere, and luffe
Lads come here, and there; for merity, and curte among
so meryly.

Fal. There's a merry hearts, good M. Silence. He give
you a health for that anon.

Shalf. Good M. Bardolph, some wine. Denie.

Die. Sweet sir, let he with you show, most monarch
fit, good fellow Page, good M. Page, fit. Produce. What
you a woman in here, we'll have in drinks; but you bear,
the heare's all.

Shalf. Be merry M. Bardolph, and my. Little Souldeir
there, be merry.

Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife he's all.
For women are stille, both short, and tall.
In merry Hall, when Beards wagge, all,
And welcome merry Chrestomatie. Be merry, be merry.

Fal. I did not chinke M. Silence had bin a man of this
Mettle.

Sil. Who, if I have beene merry twice and once, ere
now.

Dunt. There is a dith of Linnen-cotes for you.

Shalf. Dunt.

Die. Your Worship; I be with you straight. A cup
of Wine fit.

Sil. A Cup of Wine, that's bracke and fine, & drinke
into the Lemmon wine & a merry heart: haste long, a
Fal. Well said, M. Silence.

Sil. If we shall be merry, now comes in the fiance of
the night.

The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Hunsheff Quickly, Dal Toare-theere, and Bretall.

Hunsheff. No, thou art right base: I would not night dye, that I might have the hang'd: Thou haft drawn my shoulder out of joint.

Off. The Conflables hane deliuer'd her over to me: and thee shall haue Whipping there enough, I warrant her. There had been a man or two (lately) kill'd about her.

Dal. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you Pre: Come on, I tell thee, what thou damst Tripe-witt'd Rafeall, if the Child I now go with, do misencar, thou haft better thou hadst strike thy Mother, than say a word of Villain.

Hunshef. O that Sir John were come, hee would make a bloody day to somebody. But I would the Fortune of her Wombe might mislucky.

Off. If it do, you shall haue a dozens of Cullions against, you haue but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead, that you and Pit-fall beat among you.

Dal. Tell thee what, thou thin man in a Censor; I will haue you as soundly swing'd for this, you blew-Bone'd Rogue; you filthy famish'd Corroders, if you be not swing'd, I shall be a half Kirtles.

Off. Come, come, you thee-Knight-arrang, come.

Dal. O, that right should thus o'come might: Well of sufferance, come safe.

Off. Come ye Rogue, come:

Bring me to a justice.

Dal. Yes, come ye stand'd Blood-ground.


Off. Thou Anonomy, thou.

Dal. Come you thimke Thing; Come ye Rafeall.

Off. Very well.

Scena Quinta.

Enter two Gunners.


2. Gro. The Trumpets have sounded twice.

1. Gro. It will be two of the Clocke, ere they come from the Coronation.

Exit Gro.

Enter Hunsheff, Shello, Thott, Bardell, and Page.

Hunsheff. Stand here by me, M. Robert Shello, I will make the King do you Grace. I will heare upon him, as he comes by: and do but make the countenance that he will give me.

Thott. Blest thy Lucre, good Knight.

Hunsheff. Come here, Pit-fall, stand behind me. O if I had had time to haue made new Luteries, I would haue beseeved the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But it is no matter; this poore shew doth better; this doth infure the zeal I had to see him.

Shello. It doth so.

Hunsheff. It shews my earnestness in affection.

Thott. It doth so.

Pit-fall. My devotion.

Hunsheff. Doth, doth, doth.

Pit-fall. As it were, to see day and night;

Not to be deliberate, nor to remember,

Not to have patience to shift me.

Shello. It is most certain.

Off. But to stand stayed with Truante, and sweateing with desire to see him, thinking of nothing else, putting all strikers in oblation, as if there were nothing els to bee done, but to see him.

Pit-fall. "Tis stuffer them: for oblique buck-sifted. 'Tis all in every part.

Shello. 'Tis so indeed.

Pit-fall. My Knights, I will enslave thy Noble Lutere, and make thee rage; Thy Doll and Helen of thy noble thoughts is in base Durance, and contagious prizcn a Hall'd thither by most Mechanical and durry hand. Rowe vpspe Revenge from Ebon den, with fell Alesco's Snake, for Doll is in. Pit-fall, speaks nought but truth.

Off. I will deliever her.

Pit-fall. There roard the Sea: and Trumpet Clangour sounds.

The Trumpeters sound. Enter King Henry the Fourth, Fift, Brothers, Lord Chiefe Justice.

Fift. Sancte Grace, King Hall, my Royall Hall.

Pit-fall. The heers mens gare, and keep, most royall Impo of Fame.

Off. 'Sancte thee my sweet Boy.

King. My Lord Chief Justice, speake to that wainc man,

Ch. Off. Have you your wits?

Know you what's he you speake?

Fift. My King, my love. I speake to thee, my heart.

King. I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy Prayers:

How ill white haires become a Poole, and left?
I have long dreamed of such a kind of man,
So surfeite well, to old, and to prophane:
But being awake, I do dilate my dream.
Make thee thy body (hence) and more thy grace,
Leave gourmandizing; know the Graces doth gasp
For thee, since wider then for other men.
Reply not to me, with a foul tongue less,
Presume not, that I am the thing I was;
For heaven doth know (I shall the world perceive)
That I have turn'd away my former self,
So will I shape that kept me Company.
When thou dost hear me, as I have bin,
Approach me, and thou shalt as thou wast's
The Eater, and the Feeder of my Riots;
Till then, I banish thee, in paine of death,
As I have done the rest of my Milleaders,
Not to come more our Petition, by ten mile.
For competence of life, I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to emin;
And as we hear you do reforme your selves,
We will according to your strength and qualities,
Give you advancement. Be it your charge (my Lord)
To see perpetual the tenure of our word. Set on.

Final.

M. Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.
Shall. I marry Sir John, which I beseech you to let me
have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, M. Shallow, do not you grieue
at this: I shall be sent for in pruizue to him: Looke you,
he must demean thus to the world; feare out your advancement:
I will be the man yet, that shall make you great.

Com. Will you come, will you come;
We have our Court, and Natine fire
As farre as France. I hear a Bird to sing,
Whole Muses (to my thinking) pleas'd the King.

FINIS.
EPILLOGUE.

First, my Fears: then, my Curstie: last, my Speech.
My Fear, is your Displeasure: My Curstie, my Dutie:
And my speech, to Begge you: Pardons. If you looke for a
good speech now, you enchoe me: For what I have to say,
is of mine owne making: and what (indeed) I should say, will
(I doubt) prove mine owne marring: But to the Purpose,
and so to the Venture: Be it knowne to you (as it is every
well) I was lately here in the end of a displeasing Play, to pray your Patience
for it, and to promise you a Better: I did mean (indeed) to pay you with this,
which if (like an ill Venture) it come unluckily home, I break; and you, my gen-
tle Creditors life. Here I promises, that 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 entreate you to acquit me: will you command me to rée
my Legges? And yet that were but light payment, to Dance out of your debt: But
a good Consciencce will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the Gen-
tlewomen here, have forgiven me, if the Gentlemen will not, then the Gentlemen
do not agree with the Gentlewomen, which was never sence before, in such an Aff-
seably.

One word more, I beseech you: if you be not too much clodi with Fatt Muite,
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) Fal-
staff shall dye of a sweat, unless he already be kill'd with your hard Opinions:
For Old-Callie dyed a Martyr, and this is not the man. My Tongue is weaire,
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.

King Henry the Fourth.
Prince Henry, afterwards Crowned King Henry the Fifth.
Prince John of Lancaster.
Humphrey of Gloucester, Sonnes to Henry the Fourth & brethren to Henry 5.
Thomas & Clarence.
Northumberland.
The Arch Bishop of York.
Mowbray.
Haltung.
Lord Bardolfo.
Traurers.
Morton.
Coleuile.
Warwick.
Welfordland.
Surrey.
Gowre.
Harecon.
Losi Chief Justice.
Shallow.
Both Country Silence.
Stuntz to Shallow.
Phage and Snake.
Mouldie.
Shadow.
Wart.
Feeble.
Bulkeley.

Pointz.
Falstaff.
Bardolph.
Pitbull.
Page.
Irregular.
Humorids.

Of the Kings Partie.

Drawers.
Beldes.
Groomes.
Northumberland Wife.
Percys Widdow.
Hollesse Quickly.
Doll Tear-sheeete.
Epilogue.
The Life of Henry the Fift.

Enter Prologue.

On your imaginative Forces works,
Suppose within the Girdle of these Walls
Are now confin’d two mightie Monarchies,
Waste high, up-ward, and aborting Fronts,
The proude narrow Ocean parts amboyn’d.

Forces out our imperfections with your thoughts
Into a thousand parts divide our Mon.

And make imagine Pinnieance.

Think when we talk of Poetes, that you see them,
Printed their pride Poetrie is receiv’d Earth,
For in your thoughts that now unjustly deck our Kings,
Carry them here and there: Imagine it Times,
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an thousand glasses: for the which Supplic;
Admit me Chorus to this Historie;

Who Prologue-like, your humble patient pray,
Gently to heare, kindly to judge our Play.

Exit.

Achus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter the two Bishops of Canterbury and Ely.

Bib. Cant. Y Lord, Ile tell you that these Bills I ser’ved,
Which in the eleventh yer of the late Kings reign
Was like, and had indeed against vs up.
But that the feauned and enquiring time
Did past it out of further question.
Bib. Ely. But how my Lord, shall we rest it now?
Bib. Cant. It must be thought on: if it passe against vs,
We looke the better half of our Possession:
For all the Temporal Lands, which men descend
By Testament have given to the Church.
Would they shipp from vs; being valid thus,
As much as would maintaine, to the Kings honor,
Full Senate Earles, and fifteen hundred Knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good Esquires:
And to relieve of Lazars, and weak age.
Of indigent faint Sooke, paff corporall toyle
A thousand Andes-houses, right well supply’d.
And to the Collers of the King besides,
A thousand pounds by theyce. Thus runs the Bill.
Bib. Ely. This would drinke deeper.
Bib. Cant. To whom drinke the Capp and all.
Bib. Ely. But what prestation?

Bib. Ely. The King is full of grace, and faire regard.
Bib. Cant. And a true lover of the holy Church.
Bib. Ely. The course of his youth promis’d honor,
The breath no sooner left his Fathers body,
But that his wildnesse, mortify’d in him,
Seem’d to dye too: yea, at that very moment,
Consideration like an Angel came,
And whipt the offending Adam out of him;
Leaving his body as a Paraclete,
Sinuolop and containe Celestial Spirits.
Never was such a sodaine Scholler made;
Never came Reformation in a Flood,
With such a heavy eurrent flowinge faultes.
Nor never Hebra-headed Wild-windife
So soon did loose his Seat: and all at once.
As in this King.

Bib. Ely. We are blessed in the Change.
Bib. Cant. Here is him but resion in Dininitie;
And all admiring with an inward with.
You would describe the King were made a Presby.
Here him debate of Comon-wealth Maires:
You would say, it hath been all in all his guise.
Lift his discourse of Warsre, and you shall heare
A fiercefull Battale rendred you in Mutique.
The Life of Henry the Fifth.

Enter the Bishop.

B.Cant. God and his Angels guard your sacred Throne, And make you long become it. O my Lord, Sire thine Excellency is known to us. My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed, And truly and religiously unfold, Why the Law Sabah, that they have in France, Or should or should not barre us in our Clayme: And God forbid, my deare and faithful Lord, That you should fathom, weep, or be you reading, Or nicely charge your understanding Soul, With opening Titles miscreante, whole right, Surest not in natior colours with the truth: For God doth know, how many now in health, Shall drop their blood, in approbation, Of what your sentence shall inte to us, Therefore take heed how you impresse our Person, How you awake our sleeping Sword of Waite; We charge you in the Name of God take heed: For never two such Kingdome did contend, Without much fall of blood, whole quicke and slowe, Are every one, as wee, a fore Complaint, Which shall be, whose wrongs edges with the Swords, That makes such waife in briefe mortality, Vnder this Conspiration, speake my Lord: For we will heare, note, and believe in heart, That what you speake, is in your Conference waife, As sure as time with Baptisme.

B.Can. Then hear to these gracious Soveraigne, & you Peers, That owe your felicities, your lives, and seruices, To this Imperial Throne. There is no barre To make against your Hightnesse Clayme to France, But this which they produce from Pharamas, In terras Scironi Malendas, or facetudo, No Woman Ball accursed in Sabah Land: Which Sabah Land, the French usuallly gloze To be the Realm of France, and Pharamas; The founder of this Law, and Female Barre, Yet their owne Authors faithfully affime, That the Land Sabah is in Germany, Between the Fronds of Sals and of Elot: Where Charles the Great hasting subdued the Saxons, There left behind and settled certaine Frenchmen, Who holding in disdance the German Women, For some difference amongst of their life, Etablisht this law: to whome No Female Should be Inheritor in Sabah Land: Which Sabah (as I sayd) twixt Elot and Sals, Is at this day in Germanie, call'd Meliten. Then doth it well appear, the Sabah Law, Was not devised for the Realm of France: Nor did the French poole the Sabah Land, Vntill four hundred one and twenty yeares After defension of King Pharamas, Ielly suppos'd the founder of this Law, Who died within the yeare of our Redemption, Four hundred twenty six: and Charles the Great Subdued the Saxons, and did faze the French Beyond the River Sala, in the yeare. Eight hundred foure, Bef葺ise their Writers say, King Pepur, which depoies Childers, Did as Heire General, being defended Of Bletsch, which was Daughter to King Churbair, Make Clayme and Title to the Crowne of France, Hugh Cures alle, who vnipt the Crowne.
The Life of Henry the Fifth.

Of Charles the Duke of Loraine, folc Heire male
Of the true Line and Stock of Charles the Great;
To find his Title with some shrews of truth,
Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught,
Counsel'd himself as the Heire to the Lady Langue,
Daughter to Chastelain, to whom he was betroth'd,
To love the Empereur, and love the Sunne;
Of Charles the Great; also King Lewis the Tenth,
Who was folc Heire to the Vis_DECREF Capet,
Could not keepe quiet in his confidence,
Wearing the Crown of France, 'till satisfied,
That pure Queens [had] this his Grandmother,
Was Lineall of the Lady Esteanger,
Daughter to Charles the forefaile Duke of France;
By which marriage the Lyne of Charles the Great
Was endeavord to the Crowne of France.
So, that as cleere as in the Summers Sunne,
King Pepin's Title, and Hugh Capet's Clayne.
King Lewis his satisfaction, all appeare.
To hold in Right and Title of the Female;
So doth the Kings of France vsto this day,
However, they would hold vp this Salique Law,
To baze your Highnesse claimynge from the Female,
And rather chuse to hide them in a Nig,
Then amply to inbase their crooked Titles,
Wiprste from you and your Progenitors.

King, may I with right and confidence make this claim?
Bish. Cant. The name upon my head, a dread Sovereign;
For in the Book of Numbers is it writ,
When the man dye, let the inheritance
Defend into the Daughter. Gracious Lord,
Stand for your own, wind your bloody Flaggs,
Looke back into your mightie Ancestors;
Goe to your dead Lord, to your great Grandfathers Tomb,
From whom you clane; into his Walk in Spirit,
And your Great Vindex, Edward the Black Prince,
Who on the French ground playd a Tragedie,
Making defeat on the full Power of France:
While his mightie Father on a Hill
Stood filing, to behold his Lyons Whelp
Forage in Blood of French Nobilitie,
O Noble English, that could entertaine
With half their Princes, the full pride of France,
And let another half stand laughing by.
Out of all, we are, and sad for action.
Bish. A wake remembrance of those valiant dead,
And with your pious Arms renew their Fears:
You are their Heirs, ye are upon their Throne;
The Blood and Courage that renounced them,
Runs in your Veines: and in those copious Liege
Is in the very May-Morn of his Youth,
Ripe for Exploits and mightie Enterprises.

Ezr. Your Brother Kings and Monarch's of the Earth
Doe all expect, that thou should rowne thy selfe,
As did the former Lieus of thy Blood.
Wry. They know your Grace hath cuede, and meanes,
And so hath your Highness: never King of England
Had Nobles richer, and more loyall Subjectes,
Whole hearts have left their bodies here in England,
And ye pavilion'd in the fields of France.
Bish. Cant. O let their bodies follow my deare Liege
With Bloods, and Sword and Fire, to win your Right;
In ayde whereof, we of the Spiritualie
Will fav'r your Highness such mightie Summe,
Assurer did the Clergie at one time
Bring in to any of your Ancestors.

King, we must not only arm to invade the French,
But lay down our proportions, to defend
Against the Scot, who will make roade upon us,
With all advantages.
Bish. Cant. They of those Marches Lying, gracious Sovereign,
Shall be a Wall sufficient to defend
Our soil land from the pilfering Borderers.

King, we do not name the coming Marchers only,
But bear the maine intendment of the Scot.
Who has been a giddy neighbour to us:
For you shall read, that my great Grandfather
Nestor went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot, on his unchristian Kingdome,
Came pouring like the Tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fullness of his force,
Galling the gleened Land with hot Affayres,
Girding with grious siege, Calvies and Townies:
That England being empire of defence,
Haith Brooke and Chambe as till neighbourhhood,
And than he was his most fear'd the honest lying Ledge:
For heere his best example of her selfe,
When all her Chastelaine was hauing in France,
And there a mounting widow of her Nobles,
Sice hath her selfe not onely well defended,
But taken and impoarding a strong
The King of Scots, who his first did tend to France,
To fell King Edward's fame with prison Kings,
And make their Chronicle as rich with prassyng,
As is the Owle and bottom of the Sea
With lunken Racket, and famelie Treasures.

Bish. Cant. But there's a laying very old and true,
If that you will France win, then with Scotland first begin,
For once the Eagle (England) being in prey,
To her vanguard'd Nell, the Wexcell Scot
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her Princely Eggs,
Playing the Moone in absence of the Cat,
To came and hanock more then the cat can eat.

Ezr. It follows then, the Cat must lay at home,
Yet that is but a crafty necessity,
Since we have lockses to safeguard necessaries,
And pritty traps to catch the petty theives.
While that the Armed hand doth fight abroad,
The Ashified head defends it selfe at home;
For Government, though high and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one content,
Congreing in a full and natural close,
Like Mafiuces.

Cant. Therefore doth heaven divide
The three of man in divers functions,
Seeking endeavours in continual motion:
To which is fixed as an eyre or butt.
Obedience for to worke the Hony Bees,
Creatures that by a rule in Nature teach
The Act of Order to a peopled Kingdoms,
They have a Kingd and Officers of forts,
Where some like Magistrates cooret at home;
Others, like Merchants wender Trade abroad;
Others, like Solidiers armed in their things,
Make boote upon the Summers Vcnue builders;
Which pillage, they with merry march bring home
To the Tent-royal of their Emperor:
Who bulid in his Majesties surveyes
The singeing Mathesons building roosters of Gold,
The civil Citizens kneading vp the honey;
The poore Mechanick Porters, crowding in
Their heavy buskins at his narrow gate;
The Life of Henry the Fift.

The fad'st dill ce with his finely bumble,
Dedleing ore to Execuer pale
The Iaze yming Dron: this inferre,
Thay many thayings hauying full reference
To one content maye works contrarywise,
As many Arroves loosed of general wayes
Come to one marke as many wayes meet in one towne,
As many Lythes streames met in one salt sea;
As many Lyons close in the Disis center,
So may a thousand actions once a goote,
And in one purpse and be all well borne
Without defect. Therefore to France, my Liege,
Divide your happy England into fouere,
Whereof, take you one quartere into France,
And you with all shall make all Gallia shake.
I have with these fish mighty powers left at home,
Cannot defend our owne doores from the dogge,
Let vs be worried, and our Nation loose
The name of hardinell and polite.

King. Call in the Messengers sent from the Dolphin.
Now are we well releae, this is the Godds help
And your, the noble freeweze of our power,
France being once, we'll bend it to our Awe,
Or brake it all to peaces. On where we'll sit,
(Unless in large and ample Empire,
Ore France, and all her (almost) Kingly Duchedomes)
Or lay the bones in an avow'd Vow.
To be left, with no remembrance over them:
Either our History shall with full mouth
Speak freely of our Aes, or else our great
Like Turkishe mire, shall have a tongueless mouth,
Not worships with a waxen Epitaph.

Enter. Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our faire Cöl Dophin: for we heare
Your greeting is from him, not from the King.

Amb. May your Maiestie to give vs leave
Freely to render what we have in charge:
Or shall we sparingly throw you fare off
The Dolphins meaningt, and our Embassay.

King. We are no Tyrant, but a Christian King,
Vuno whole grace of our passion is as subiect
As is our wrettches fettered in our prisons,
Therefore with franke and with uncured plainnesse,
Tell vs the Dolphins mind.

Amb. This than in few:
Your Highnesse lately sending into France,
Did claim some certaine Dukedomes, in the right
Of your great Predecessor, King Edward the third,
In ansewer of which claim, the Prince our Mater
Says, that he favour too much of your youth,
And bids you be advis'd. There though in France,
That can be with a nimble Galliard wonne:
You cannot returne into Dukedomes there.
He therefore sends you meeter for your spirit
This Ten of Treasure; and in lieue of his,
Desires you let the dukedomes that you claim
Have no more of you. This the Dolphin speakes.

King. What Treasure Voule?

Exe. Tennis balles, my Liege.

King. We are glad the Dolphin is so pleasant with vs,
His present, and your pains we thank you for:
When we have matche our Baskets to these Ballles,
We will in France (by Gods grace) play a set.
Shall strike his fathers Crownes into the hazard,
Tell him, he hath made a match with such a Wrangler,

That all the Courts of France will be disturb'd
With Chapeles. And we understand him well,
How he comes o t vs with our wilder days,
Not meaning what we made of them.
We never yield'd this poor estate of England,
And therefore daring, did give our selfe
To Barbarous licencse: As 'tis ever common,
That men are content, when they are from home.
But tell the Dolphin, I will keepe in my Statne,
Like a King, and weare my state of Greateresse,
When I do rowne me in my Throne of France.
For that I hate layd by my Maiestie,
And prattled like a man for working days:
But I will ride there with so full a glory,
That I will close all the eyes of Prince;
Yea strike the Dolphin blind to looke on us,
And tell the pleasant Prince, this Mockle of his
Hath turnd his balles to Gum-Bones, and his soule
Shall stand fore charg'd, for the wastfull vengence
That shall bee with them: for many a thousand widows
Shall this the Amours, and make out of their deer husbands,
Mocke mothers from this forre, mock Calliess down;
And some are yet vngetten and vinhorne,
That shal cause to cause the Dolphin scorne.

But this lyes all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeale, and in whose name
Tell you the Dolphin, I am comming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightfull hand in a vel-hallowd cause.
So get you hence in peace: And tell the Dolphin,
His Ieff will favour but of shallow wit,
When he shall have more then he shall laugh at it.
Convey them with safe conduct. Fare you well.

Exe. This was a merry Meelasse,

King. We hope to make the Sender blush at it:
Therefore, my Lords, omet no happy house,
That may give such glace to our Expedition:
For we have now no thought in vs but France,
Sawe choose to God, that comes before our business.
Therefore let our proportions for these Wars
Be foure collected, and all things thought upon,
That may with reasonable twisynesse add
More Feathers to our Wings: for God before,
We'll chide this Dolphin at his fathers doore.
Therefore let every man now raise his thought,
That this faire Action may on foot be brought.

Flourish. Enter Chorus.

Now all the Youth of England are on fire,
And shien Dalliance in the Wadrobe iers:
Now shall the Austere, and harkneth thought
Reignes solely in the breast of every man.
They fell the Pasture now, to buy the Herse;
Following the Mirror of all Christian Kings,
With winged hares, as English Mercies.
For now the Expedition in the Ayre,
And hides the Sword, from Hills into the Point,
With Crownes Imperial, Crownes and Coronets,
Promis'd to Harry, and his followers.

The French advis'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadfull preparation,
Shake in their face, and with pale Pollicy
Seek to distress the English purpose.
O England: Model to cry inward Greateresse,
Like little Body with a mightie Heart.
The Life of Henry the Fift.

Puff. Pufffor thee, Island dogge thou prickeed out of Island.

Hoist. Good Corporall Nyms I shew thy valor, and put vp thy word.

Nym. Will you nogge off? I would have you solue.

Puff. Solus, egregius dog, O Viper vile, The tomes in thy most mercurial face, the solus in thy teeth, and in thy toscare, and in thy hatefull Lungs, ye in thy Maw perdy; and which is worse, within thy nathale mouth. I do recorde the solus in thy bowels, for I can take, and Puffe rocke is vp, and flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Taw pugge, you cannot conuire mee. I have an humor to knocke you indifferently well. If you growe to end me Puffell, I will stretch you with my Rapier, as I say, in faire reasones. If you would walk off, I would pricke your guts a little in good termes, as I may, and that is the humor of it.

Puff. I am a vagabond, and damned furious wight, The Graue ducta gape, and danger death is nere, Therefore exale.

Bar. Heare me, heare me what I say: Heere that strikes the first stroke, le he run him vp to the hils, as I am a follower.

Puff. An oath of nickle might, and fury shall abate. Give me thy hilt, by force force to me guile. Thy spirits are most call.

Nym. I will cut thy thoroate one time or other in faire termes, that is the humor of it.

Puffell. Compact a surge, that is the word. I defie thee againe. O hound of Crec, think'll thou my spoute to get? No, to the spoute goe, and from the Powdered tub in fancy, fetch forth the Lazzar Rike of Creffel kindes, Dell Tuns, fies, or by name, and her espouse. I have, and I will hold the Quadrant Quickly for the only flee and Pance, there's enough to go.

Enter the Bly.

Bar. Mine Hostess puffell, you must come to my Master, and your Hostess. He is very sick, & would to bed.

Good Bawdrie, put thy face betweene his sheets, and do the Office of a Warming-pan: Faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away you Rogues.

Hoist. By my troth he yield the Crow a pudding one of their pipe, the King has tall his heart. Good Bawd band come home perfitly.

Exeunt the Bards.

Bar. Come, shall I make you two friends. We are not to France together why the deuce should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Puff. Let floods entwye, and friends for food howle on.

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shilling I won of you at Beremng.

Puffell. Sake is the Slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will hauet that's the humor of it.

Puff. As manhood that compound peace home. Draw Bard. By this sword, bee that makes the first thrust, He kill him. By this sword, I will.

Puffell. Sword is an Oath, Oaths must have their countes.

Bar. Corporall Nym, thou wilt be enemies to friends, and thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me toprevent this purpse.

Puffell. A Noble sh BLE thou have, and pretence pay, and

Newe likewise well I glue to thee, and friendshipe shall combine, and brothehood. He live by Nymite, & Nymite shall live by me, is not this just? For I live suffer be unto the Campes, and profits will accrue, Give mee thy hand.
The Life of Henry the Fifth.

Nym. I shall have my Noble.

p.7. In 6th, most fully paid.

Nym. Well, then that the hume of.

Enter Hofts.

Hoft. As ever you come of women, come in quickly for John; a poor bee, he is to fetch of a burning quotient Tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The King, hath ran bad humors on the Knights, that it is the even of it.

p.7. Nym. thou half spoke the right, this bee is fa-

sted and corrodor.

Nym. The King is a good King, but it must bee as it may be paffes some humors, and cataractis.

p.7. Let us condole the King, for (Landekins) we will live.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, & Westminster.

Bod For God his Grace is bold to trull his trum tes trers.

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

Bod. How Smooth, even then they do bear it selfe.

Exe. As if the causes in their bodies face.

Bod. Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.

Bod. The King hath note of all that they intend,

By interception, which they they dreamt of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that he was before.

Bod. Whom he hath dued and evey with gracious honours.

Bod. That he thinkes for a foreigner price, to fell.

His Soueraigne life to death and treachery,

Sende Trumpelets.

Enter the King, Sarazin, Cambridge, & Gray.

King. Now fits the whole faire, and we will aboord.

My Lord of Cambridge, and my kind Lord of Malmes, and my gentle Knight, give me your thoughts.

Think you not that the powers we bear with vs.

Will cut their passage through the force of France?

Doing the execution, and the aide,

For which we hauie in head assembled them.

Sar. No, doubt my Liege, it each man do his best.

King. I doubt not that, since we are well practised.

We carry not a heart with vs from hence,

That grows not in a faire content with ours.

Nor leave not one behinde, that doth not with,

Succeede and Conquest to attend on vs.

Cam. Never was Monarch better than I, and our.

Then is your Maiestie, there's not I think a lieuht &

That fits in heart-greese and vacefile.

Vnder the sweet shade of our government.

Kai. Tru: those that were your Fathers enemies,

Hath spent thir galleries in hony, and do teaze you

With hearts great of my, and of a scale.

King. We therefor have great cause of thankfulness,

And shall forget the office of our land

Sooner then quittance of deffent and merit,

According to the weight and worth of the.

Sar. So ordre full, with speed, nowe is the tyme

And labour shall refresh, it fell with hope.

To do your Grace infinite service.

King. And Judge no leffe, Vkle of Exeet.

Inlarge the man committed yesterday,

That ray'd against our perfon: We consider

It was extreame of Woe, that fell him on,

And on his more advise, We pardon him.

Sar. That's mercy, but too much security.

Let him be punishd, Soueraigne, lest example

Breed (by his sufferance) more of such a kind.

King. O let vs yet be mercifull.

Cam. So may your Highness, and yet punish too,

Gray. Sir, you shew great mercy if you give him life.

After the tale of much correction.

King. Alas, your too much loute and care of me.

Are heavy Ortens' gainst this poor wretch,

If little faults proceeding on dilltemper,

Shall not be wondt at, how shall we stretch our eye

When capital crimes, chew'd, dunned, and digested,

Apparre before vs? We yet inlarge that man,

Though Cambridge, Sarazin, and Gray, in their desire care

And tender prefeutation of our perfon

Would have him punishd. And now to our French cades

Who are the late Consequence?

Sar. So did you me Liege.

Gray. And my Royall Soueraigne.

King. Then Richard Earl of Cambridge, there is yours.

There yours Lord Sarazin of Malnes, and Sir Knight:

Gray of Nortumberland, this fame is yours:

Read them, and know I know your Soueraigne,

My Lord of Westminster, and Vkle of Exeet.

We will aboord to night. Why how now Gentlemen

What see you in those papers, that you looke

So much complexion? Look ye how they change:

Their cheakes are paper, Why, what see you there,

Their face is contorted, and clard your blood

Out of apperance.

Cam. I come my Lord,

Your Highness bad me sake for it do day.

Gray. And my Royall Soueraigne.

King. Then Richard Earl of Cambridge, there is yours.

There yours Lord Sarazin of Malnes, and Sir Knight:

Gray of Nortumberland, this fame is yours:

Read them, and know I know your Soueraigne,

My Lord of Westminster, and Vkle of Exeet.

We will aboord to night. Why how now Gentlemen

What see you in those papers, that you looke

So much complexion? Look ye how they change:

Their cheakes are paper, Why, what see you there,

Their face is contorted, and clard your blood

Out of apperance.

Cam. I come my Lord,

And do submit me to your Highness mercy,

Gray. Sar. To which we all appente.

Cam. The mercy that was quicken in vs last but,

By your owne counsell is supprest and kill'd.

You must not dare (for shame) to take of mercy,

For your owne reason turnes into your boforem,

As dogs upon their mastsers, worrayment you:

See you my Princes, and my Noble Peer.

These English monsieurs: My Lord of Cambridge heere,

You know how apt our loyce was, to accord.

To succede with all apperiments

Belonging to his Honour; and this man,

Hath for a few light Crownes, lightly coniprd

And swoone into the pruffis of France.

To kill vs in Hapton. To the which

This is the lusse for bacyon bound to vs.

Then Cambridge is, hath Likewise swoone. Bar O,

What shall I say to thoe Lord Sarazin, thou cruel,

Ingratefull, faue, and inhuman creature?

That thou didst bore the key of all my counsell.

Flew then it the buttome of my foute:

That (cruel) might have doyn me into Gods.

Would it then have prach'd on me, for thy vie?

May it be possible, that forraingge lieer.

Could out of thee extrete one spark of fire

That did annoy my finger? Thi so strange.

That though the truth of a flames off as grofe,

As balle and white, my eye can ranily see it.

Treaded, and murder, ever keepes together.

As two yeooke diceus, towre to another purpose,

Working so groffily in a natural cause.

That admiration did not hope at them.

But thou (gainst all proportion) didst bring in

Wonder to waite on treason, and on murder.

And whatsoever coming bend it was.

That wrongd they thee so profefully,

Hath got the voyce in hell for excellence.
And other diets that suggest by tresses,  
Do bough and bungle vp unman,  
With patches, colours, and with forms being feste 
From glit'ring emblacements of piecer 
But he that temper'd thee, bad thee hand vp,  
Gave thee no influence why thou shouldst do treason,  
Valeffe to duke thee with the name of Traitor. 
I hope it is said, that hath guld'd thee thus, 
Should with his Lynx, goe walk the whole world, 
He might return to shine Tatar-batte, 
And tell the Legistans, I can never win 
A should to excite thee Englishman. 
Oh, how haft thou with such misrule 
The sweate of a sullen Sower man dutiful, 
Why so didst thou shame and glory? 
Why so didst thou shame and glory? 
Come they of Noble Family? 
How didst thou shame the Elect? 
Why didst thou shame the Elect? 
Fare they spare in diet? 
Fire from grovel passion, or of stinks, restless: 
Confant in spirit, not sweating with the blood, 
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement. 
Not working with the eye, without the ear, 
But in purged judgement truffing neither, 
Such and so finely bouleld didst thou shame: 
And thus they fall forth left a kine of blin. 
To make thee full fraught man, and bell indited 
With some fulmination, I will weep for thee: 
For this relent of shaine, I thinkes it is like 
Another fall of Man. Their faults are open, 
Arest them to the answer of the Law, 
And God acquitte them of their prouision: 
Exe. I rest thee of High Treason, by the name of 
Richard Earl of Cambridge. 
I rest thee of High Treason, by the name of 
Thomas Lord Serje of Marjum. 
I rest thee of High Treason, by the name of 
Gray, Knight of Northumberland. 
Ver. Our purpose, God infinitely hath disannulled, 
And I repent my fault more then my death, 
Which I brech'd your Highness to forgoit, 
Although my body pay the price of it. 
Cam. For me, the God of France did not seduce, 
Although I did admit it as a motion, 
The footmen effect what I intended: 
But God be thanked for prevention, 
Which in forswearing heartily will relieoe, 
Beseeching God, and you, to pardon me. 
Gray. Neuer didst thou shewe more relionate 
At the discurrion of most dangerous Treason, 
Then do I at this time joy out my selfes, 
Preserued from a damned enterprize: 
My fault, but not my body, pardon Somersilvne, 
King. God quit thee in thy mercy: Hear thy sentence. 
You have confin'd against Our Royal person, 
Loy'd with an enemy proclom'd, and from his Coffins, 
Receive'd the Golden Earne of Our death, 
Wherein you would have holdd Our King to slaughter, 
His Princes, and his Peere's to sorditude, 
His Subject's to oppression, and contempt, 
And his whole Kingdom into desolation: 
Touching our passion, fecke we no revenge, 
But we our Kingdomes fathers with glorie, 
Whose name you taught, that other Lawes 
We do deliver you. Get you therefor hence, 
(Privy miserable wretche) to your death: 
The name whereof, of God's mercy given 
You patience to indure, and true Repentance 
Of all your base offencence. Bearer them hence. 
Exit. 
Now Lords for France, the enterprise whereof 
Shall be to you as, ylke glorious. 
We doubt not of a faire and lucky warre, 
Since God do graciously hath brought to light 
This dangerous Treason, lurking in our way, 
To hinder our beginings. We doubt not now, 
But every Robbe is smothered on our way, 
Then forth, dear Coun treymen, let vs deliver 
Our Passion into the hand of God, 
Putting it straight in expidition. 
Gently to see, the figures of Warre advance, 
No King of England, if not King of France, 
Flourish. 
Enter False, Num, Barclays, Boy, and Halfe. 
Halfe. Preythee loyall sweet Husband, let me bring thee to Staines, 
False. No: for my manly heart doth enue. Bardolph, 
be bythie: Num, rothe the vacant Venies: Boy, biste 
thy Courage vp: for Halfe he is dead, and wee must enue therefor. 
Bard. Would I were with him, wherefor hee is, 
yethere in Heaven, or in Hell. 
Halfe. Nay bare, he's not in Hell: he's in Arthur 
Booned, if ever man went to Arthur Booned: a mad & fren, 
and wee haue beene any Charisme Child: a parted ets still between Tuche and One, 
so at the turninge of Tyderes: for after I saw him tumble with the Sheets, 
and play with Flowers, and smile upon his fingers, 
and I knew there was but one way: for his Nose was 
as sharp as a Pen, and a Table of greenie fields. How now 
Sir John (quoth he) what men be a good cave: so 
cryed out, God, God: God three or foure times: now I, 
to comfort him, but him she should not thinke of God; 
I hope there was no need to trouble himselfe with any 
Such thoughts yet: so a badmen haue more Clothes on his 
face: I put my hand into the Bed, and felt them, and they 
were as cold as any floue: then I felt to his knees, and fo 
uppe'd hand and wynd, and all was as cold as any floue, 
Num. They saie he cryed out of Sack: 
Halfe. I, that is a did. 
Bard. And of Women. 
Halfe. Nay, that is a did not. 
Boy. Ye that a did, and saie they were Deules incarnate. 
Women. A could never abide Carnation, twas a Co. 
Loure he never like'd. 
Boy. A saide once, the Deule would have him about Women. 
Halfe. A did in some sort (indeed) handle Women: 
but then hee was numanique, and talk'd of the Whore of Babylon. 
Boy. Doe you not remember, saie a Fawne slocke upon 
Baradolph Noze, and a said it was a blacke Soule burning in Hell. 
Band. Well, the floue is gone that maintain'd that fire: 
that's all the Riches I got in his service. 
Num. Shall wee floue the King will be gone from Southampton. 
Pyl. Come, let's away, My Lord, give me thy Lippes: 
Look to my Chartels, and my Mournables: Let Sences rule: The world is, Pitchi and pay, craft none: for Oaches are Strangers, mere Faithes are Wife-Cakes, and bold-thaff 
is the onely Dogge: My Ducke, therefore Come be thy Counsilor. Gee, cleare thy Chryftall: Yoke fellowes in Armes, let vs to France, like Horfe-leches
The Life of Henry the Fifth.

leeches my Boyes, to sucke, to sucke, the very blood to sucke,

But And that's but unwholesome food, they say.

Puff, Touch her left mouth, and March.

Eared, Farewell Hewett.

Now, I cannot ride, that is the humor of it: but

adieu.


Hewet, Farewell: adieu.

Enter the French King, the Duke, the Duke of Berry and Brittany.

King. Thus comes the English with full power upon vs,
And more then carefully it vs concernes,
To understand Royally in our defence.
Therefore the Dukes of Berry and of Brittany,
Of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make forth,
And you Prince Dolphin, with all swift dispatch
To Lyon and new repaire our Townes of Wayre.
With men of courage, and with means deficient:
For England his approaches makes us fierce,
As Waters to the sticking of a Guile.
It brings them to be as provident,
As aye may teach vs, out of late examples
Left by the fayl and neglected English,
Upon our fields.

Dolphin, My most revered Father,
It is most meet we arm vs against the Poore,
For Peace is itself should not to call a Kingdom,
(Though War nor no卤ome Quarrel were in question.)
But that Defences, Musters, Preparations,
Should be maintain'd and collected,
As were a Warre in expectation.
Therefore I say, lets meet we all goe forth,
To view the sick and fabled parts of France:
And lets vs doe it with no show of feare.
Now, with more no, then if we heard that England
Were Bafeed with a Whifon Morris dance
For, my good Liege, face is so dily King d,
Her Scepter so princely borne,
By a vaie guidie hollow humourous Youth,
That fayre attains her not.

Cort. O peace, Prince Dolphin.
You are too much mistaken in this King:
Qwillion your Grace the late Embassadors
With what great State he heard their Embassie,
How well employ'd of his Prophets,
How modell in exception: and withall,
How terrible in constant resolution:
And you shall find, his Vanties fore afraid,
Were but the out-side of the Roman Brutus,
Covering Discretion with a Case of Folly:
As Gardeners doe with Ouidue hide that's Roots.
That shall felt faying, and be most delicate.

Dolphin. Well, 'tis not so, my Lord High Constable.
But though we think it so, it is no matter:
In cases of defense, his bell to weigh
The Enemy more mightie then he seenes,
So the proportions of defense are full'd.
Which of a weake and negligibly proportioned,
Both like a Miller spoyle his Coat, with scanting
A little Cloth.

King. Thake we the King Harry strong:
And Princes looke you strongly arm to meet him.
The Hundred of him hath betwixt his feathers upon vs:

And he is bred out of that bloodie fraine,
That haunted vs in our familiar Pathes:
Writhe vs too much memorable shame,
When Creffy Barret late was sucke,
And all our Princes captived by the hand.

Of that blacke Name, Edward, black Prince of Wales:
Whiles that his Mountain Sire, on Mountain standing
Vp in the Ayre, crown'd with the Golden Sunne,
Saw his Herocall Seed, and mill'd to see him
Mangle the Worke of Nature, and deface
The Pattern, that by God and by French Faders
Had twentie yeares beene made. This is a Stem
Of that Victorious Stock; and let vs fere
The Nature mightnieuss, and fate of him,

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Embassadors from Harry King of England,
Doe crave admittance to your Majestie:
That vs may show them present audience,
God, and bring them.
You see this Chaife is holyly followed friends.
Dolphin. Turne head, and stop pursuitt for coward Dogs.
Most spend their mouths, whoe they seem to threaten
Runns fare before them. Good my Sovereigne
Take vp the English there, and let them know
Of what a Monarchie you are the Head.
Selfe-lowe, my Liege, it is not to take a name,
As selfe-uncouraging.

Enter Exeter.

Exe. From our Brother of England,
Exe. From him, and thus he giues you your Majestie:
He wills you in the Name of God Almighty,
That you deuell your selfe, and lay apart
The borrowed Glories, that by gift of Emperors,
By Law of Nature, and of Nations, longs
To him and to his Heires, namely, the Crowne,
And all wide-spreaden Honors, that pertaine
By Cultume, and the Ordinances of Tuners,
Into the Crowne of France: that you may know
'Tis no finall; not so well-wish'd Claymey,
Pickt from the wert-eares holes of long-vanish'd days,
Nor from the dust of old Oblition rakt.
He sends you this most memorable Lyre,
And in every French truly demonstration.
Willing you over-looke this Pedigree
And when you find him equally deriv'd
From his most fam'd, of famous Ancestors,
Edward the third; he bids you then renigne
Yor Noble Company, in directely held
From him, the Nature and true Challenge.

King. Of selfe, what follows?

Exe. Bloody contraints: for if you hide the Crowne
Upon your heare, there will be raze for it.
Therefore in fierce I empel me, he continuing,
In Thunder and in Earth-quake, like a lion;
That if my course faile, he will compell
And bids you, in the Bowell of the Lord,
Deliver to the Crowne, and to take mercie
On the poor Souls, for whom this hang'y Warr
Opens his vaffie Lawes; and on your head
Turning the Widows Teares, the Orphans Cryes,
The dead-mens Blood, the priuy Maidens Groans,
For Husband, Fathers, and betrothed Lovers,
That shall be swallowed in this Contraerue.
This is his Claymey, his Threatning; and my Message:
Vitelle the Dolphin be in presence here;
To whom expressely I bring greeting to,

King. For
The Life of Henry the Fift.

King. For vs, we will consider of this further:
To morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our Brother of England.
Dolph. For the Dolphin.

I stand here for him to know him from England?
Dolph. Say if my Father sends fair return,
It is against my will for I desire
Nothing but Oudes with England.

Exeunt. Heere he maketh your Paris Loner flake for it,
Waste it the Mist recluse of mighty Europe.
And be afraid, you'll find a difference,
As we his Sabre by the Year to be heard on.
Between the promise of his greater days,
And the he matters now, no he weighs time
Even to the vomit Grenier that you shall read
In your own Lofes, if he stay in France.

King. To morrow shall you know our mind at full.

Enter the King, Essexer, Bedford, and Gloucester.

Horsem. Sealing Ladders at Harleswet.

King. Once more into the Breach,
Dear Friends, once more;
Or close the Wall up with our English dead;
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man.

Dolph. Since the King doth offer him
Eather his Daughter, and with her to Dowrie,
Some petty and unprofitable Dutches.
The offer is not:

With Lynebeck now the duellish Cannon touches,


And downe goes all before them. Still be kind,
And each out our performance with your mind.

Exit.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Charles.

This with imag'ning our twelfe Scene eyes,
In motion of no leffe cerebration that of Thought.
Suppose, that you have seen
The well-appointed King a Dauer Peer,
Embrace his Royalty; and his brave Fleet,
With filken Streamers, the young Phoebe faying:
Play with your Fancies; and in them behold,
Upon the Hempen Tackle, Ship-boys climbing;
Hear the shrill Whistle, which doth order guide;
To sounds contend a behold the threating Sayles,
Borne with that enuff and creeping Wind,
Draw the huge Boteams through the inowled Sea,
Breeding the lefle Surge. O, doe but thinke
You stand upon the Ritage, and behold
A City on th'inconphant Billowes dancing.
For so appeares this Fleet Magnifically,
Holding the course to Harleswet. Follow, follow:
Grapule your minds to fanmase of this Naue;
And let you England as dead Mid-night, fill,
Guarded with Grandiries, Babylies, and old Women,
Beyther path, nor arm't to pyth and pauffase.
For who is he, whose Chin is best enrich.
The Life of Henry the Fift.

Fift. And if wishes would preevail with me, my purpose should not be done with me; but shiller would I have.

Wyt. As duly, but not as truly, as Bird doth sing on bough.

Enter Blasius.

Fin. Up to the breach, you Dogges; aunst you Cullions.

P. If Mercifull great Duke to men of Mould: abate thy rage, abate thy madly rage; abate thy rage, great Duke. Good Baycock have thy rage, we leniate sweet Chuck.

Num. These be good humors; your Honor wins bad humors.

Exit.

Boy. As young as I am, I have obes'd thir three Swaffters: I am boy to them all three, but all they three, though they would flire me, could not be Man to me; for indeed thir three fuch Antiques do not amount to a man: for Bardolph, he is white-livered, and red-faced; by the means whereof, he is not free, but free not: for Puffin, he hath a killing Tongue; and he swears as a fool. By the means whereof, he breaks Words, and keeps whole Weapons: for Num, he hath his beard, that men of few Words are the best men, and therefore he cannot to say his prayers, lest he should be thought a Coward: but his few bad Words are match'd with as few good Deeds; for a scorcher broke any man's hand, but his own, and that was against a Poit, when he was drunk. They will be like any thing, and call it purchased. Bardolph is a Lute-player, and now is twelve leagues, and sold it for three halfpence.

Num and Bardolph are two Cowes Brothers in fetching: and in Callicke they stole a fire-boat. I know by this piece of Service, the men would carry Coales. They would have me as familiar with men Pocketers, as their Gieves or their Hand-knives; which makes much against my Manhood, if I should take from another Pocket, to put into mine; for it is plain, pocketing up of Wongs, I must leave them, and seek some better Service: their Villains goes against my weakest bowstrings, and therefore I must call it up.

Exit. 

Enter Gower.

Gower. Captain Fineker, you shall come presently to the Mynes; the Duke of Gloucester would speak with you.

Fin. To the Mynes? Tell you the Duke, it is not so good to come to the Mynes; for looke you, the Mynes is not according to the disciplines of the Warre; the conquistaries is not sufficient: for looke you, that the conqueror, you may diffuse into the Duke, looke you, it diggeth himselfe four yeare under the Countermine: by Clarke, I think I will please you, if there is not better directions.

Gower. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the Order of the Siege is given, is altogether directed by 1 Irish man, a very valiant Gentleman yestlid.

Welsh. It is Captain Mackermye, is it not?

Gower. I think it be.

Welsh. By Clarke he is an Aile, as in the World, I will avow him as much as in his Beard; he is no more directions in the true disciplines of the Warres, looke you, of the Roman disciplines, then is a puppy dog.

Enter Mackermye, and Captain James.

Gower. Here a comes, and the Scots Captain Captain James, with him.

Welsh. Captain James is a marvellous valourous Gentleman, that is certain, and of great expedition and know.
The Life of Henry the Fift.

Therefore to our bell mercy give your salutes,
Or like to men proud of destruction,
Detest to our worst: for as I am a Souldier,
A Name that in my thoughts becomes the bell,
If I bide the bat'ry once again,
I will not cease the halfe-arched Harflew,
Till in her after the yce burneth.
The Gates of Mercy shall be all that vp,
And the field'sd Souldier, rough and hard of heart,
In libertie of Bloody head, shall rage
With Conscience wife as Hell, shining like Grasse
Your fields faire Virgin, and your flowing infants,
What is it then to meet if impious Warrs,
Arrayed in flames like to the Prince of Friends,
Doe with his firey shot composit all fell fleas,
Exceeding want and dissimilitu.
What's it to me, when your flacks are cane,
If your pure Mayd cyan fall into the band
Of hot and forcing Violation?
What Reynne can hold licentious Wickeheffe,
When downe the Hill he holds his fierce Carriere?
We may as bootlefe spend our brave Command
Upon th'arranged Souldiers in their spoyle,
As and Precepts to the Laymen, to come allure.
The reason, you men of Harflew,
Take pity of your Towne and of your People,
Whiles yet my Souldiers are in my Command,
Whiles yet the coole and temperate Wind of Grace
Oe-Shows the flitty and compendious Clouds
Of headly Murther, Spoyle, and Vandalies.
If not: why in a moment looke to see
The blind and bloody Souldier, with feule hand
Defire the Locks of your thrills-thinking Daughters:
Your Fathers taken by the fister Beards,
And their most reverend Heads daft to the Walls:
Your asked Infants spited upon Pykes,
While the mad Mothers, with their howling confound'd,
Doe breake the Cloudies: they did the Whores of Sowry,
At He thus bloody-hunting flagolesmen.
What say you? Will you yield, and this auxoyd?
Or grudge in defence, be thus destroyd.

Enter Sound carre.

God's. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dolphin, whom of Success we entreated,
Removes vs, that his Powers are yet not ready,
To rystle to great a Siege: Therefore great King,
We yield our Towne and Lanes to day left Mercy:
Enter our Gaters, dispose of vs and ours,
For we no longer are defendible.

King. Open our Gaters: Come Winkle Exeter,
Goe you and enter Harflew: there remaine,
And fortifie it strongly: gainst the French.
Vicemercy to them all for. doe Winkle.
The Winter comming on, and Sickness growing
Upon our Souldiers, we will resyre to Calis.
To night in Harflew well we be your Guilti,
To morrow for the March are we added,
Flowerd, and enter the Towne.

Enter Katherine and an old Gentlemen.

Kather. Alice, en a oy ou Angletuer, & en bon parler
le Language:

Alice. En peu Madame.

Kather. Lete prins me eniggeis, il faut que je apprend a par-
ler: Comment appelle vous le main en Anglies?

Alice. Lantuniel & appells de Hand.

Kath. De Hand.

Alice. E le days.

Kather. Le day, ma fuy le obis, eoy days, moy de une feameur, ou
de la jours se prase quil est en apelle de foyers, ou de foyers.

Alice. Le main de Hand, je loy le fuyers se prase que je
loy le bon effilier.

Kath. Tz pas deuex mois d' Anglies, vistement, comment
appelle vous le Anglies?

Alice. Le Anglies, les appellez de Noyel.

Kath. De Noyel sefont: ilz est peu de lone:

d' Anglies, de Noyel.

Alice. C'est bien doit Madame, il foy est bon Anglie.

Kath. Diret moy l'Anglie pour la brat.

Alice. De Ame, Madame.

Kath. E, econdet.

Alice. D' Elbou.

Kath. D' Elbou: le moy le repeter de tous les mots
que vous mases, apprenez de prante.

Alice. Il & pour difficile Madame, comme le prante.

Kath. Exnufi moy Alice sefont, d' Anglie, de Noyel, de
Noyel, d' Arme de Bihou.

Alice. D' Elbou, Madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, je n'y satis d' Elbou; voumens ap-
preler vous.

Alice. De Nick, Madame.

Kath. De Nick, est le monant.

Alice. De Chrin.

Kath. De Sin: le cade de Nick, le monant de Sin.

Alice. Oui, sans y'me hannah en servie; voumens prante
luz mons de doux, que le Naist & Anglietere.

Kath. Tome doute pour le apprenier par de gracie de Dieu,
& en peur de temps.

Alice. N'ayn vos de la subies ce que vous a confessi.

Kather. Nome se recratera vous promptement, d' Anglie,
de Noyel.

Alice. De Noyel, Madame.

Kath. De Noyel, de Ame, d' Elbou.

Alice. Sans y'me hannah d' Elbou.

Kather. Assez de d' Elbou de Nick, & de Sin; voumens ap-
preler vous les pieds & de rohas.

Alice. Le Font Madame, & le Comte.

Kath. Le Font, & le Comte: O Seigneur Dieu, il faut le
moit de vos maraude currange grisse & impude, & vous
pour la Damere de Henprez & oser: le moy voumens prante
ce mots devant le Seigneur de France, pour toute le mondes, fi le
Font & le Comte want mory, leur recratera un autrejour une loxen
farme, d' Anglie, de Noyel, de Ame, d' Elbou, d

Nick, de Sin, de Font, le Comte.

Alice. Excellent, Madame.

Kath. C'est a faire pour une foys, allons nous a donner.

Exit.

Enter the King of France, the Dolphin, the
Confable of France, and others.

King. Ti certaine he hath pat the River Rome,
Conf. And if he be nor fought withall, my Lord,
Let vs not lie in France: let vs quit all,
And give our Vineyards to a barbarous People.

Dolph. O'Dies vintag: Shall a few Sprays of vs,
The emptying of our Fathers Latiries,
Our Synopsin in wyle and figsage Stock,
Spire vs to suddeley into the Clouds,
And dierlook to their Graftiss.

Brut. Normans, but ballot Normans, Norman batten,
Mort du maoire, if they mirch along,
Vought withall, but I will fell my Dukedome,
The Life of Henry the Fifth.

To buy a Bobby and a durtie Farnse
In the neckes from the He of Albion.
Conf. Dian de Batuetes, where shou they this mettell?
Is not their Clymature fogges, and dull?
On whom, as in delight, the Sunne doth lookes pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns. Can sodden Waters,
A Drench for sun-cryed Iades, their Early broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heart?
And shall our quick blood, painted with Wine,
Scene frosties? Of, for honour of our Land,
Let vs not hang like roping Tylkes.
Upon our Houses Thatch, whiles a more frosttice People
Sweat drops of gallant Youth in our rich fields:
Poore we call them, in their Nation Lords.

Dolphins. By Faith and Honor.
Our Madamess smoke at vs, and plainly lay,
Our Mettells is bred out, and they will urine
Their bodies to the Luft of English Youth,
To new-shore France with Baffard Warriors.

Brer. They bid us to the English Dancing-Schoolers,
And reach Lambeth’s high, and twelf Garrisons,
Saying, our Grace is only in our Heels,
And that we are most lovely Run-awayes.

King. Where is Mowten the Heraldspied him hence,
Let him greet England with our blithe defiance.

Vp Prisoner, and with spirts of Honor edged,
Make a supper then your Subjects raigne to the field?

Charles Baldred, High Constable of France,
You Dukes of Orleans, Berke, and of Beery,
Manion, Barthas, Bar, and Burghioure,
Lodge Chalvillon, Rambur, Vindemom, etc.

Brer. Grand Prez, Rauq, and Fenrumbridge,
Les, Lejute, Bremoag, and Chales, etc.

High Duke, great Princes, Barons, Lords, and Kings;
For your great Seats, now quit you of your Shames:
Barre Harry England, that sweEtes through our Land.
With Perons painted in the blood of Halfeon:
Run on his Hoofs, and doth the matted Snow
Upon the Valleys, whose low Villas Seat,
The Alps doth spitt, and void his threwee vp.
Goe downe vp upon you, you have Power enough,
And in a Captive Chariot, into Roan.
Bring him our Prisoner.

Conf. This becomes the Great.

King. Therefore let him be set on Monstor,
And let him by to England, that we fend,
To know what willing Ranfome he will giue.

Conf. Dukey, you shall stay with vs in Roan.

Duke. Not so, I doe belewe your Maietie,
King. Be patient, you shall remaine with vs,
Now forth Lord Constable, and Princes all,
And quickly bring vs word of England’s fall.

Enter Captaines, English and Welsh. Gower and Flottem.

Gower. How now Captaine Flottem, come you from the Bridge?

Flot. I assure you there is very excellent Services comminced at the Bridge.

Gower. Is the Duke of Exeter fitt?

Flot. The Duke of Exeter is so magnanimeous as the
The Life of Henry the Fift.

with new-tuned Clothes: and what a Beat of the General Cut, and a horrible Suite of the Camp; well doing another. His New-ma发掘 Bottles, and Ale-waft Wash, is wonder-fully to be thought on: but you must learn to know such Handker of the age, or else you may be most suitfully mi-

fools.

I tell you what, Captaine Gower: I doe perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make new to the World hee is: if I had a hole in his Coat, I will tell him my minde: thank ye the King is coming, and I must speake with him from the Prige.

\textit{Draw and Colour: Enter the King and his friends.}

\textbf{Flr.} God plesse your Maiestie.

\textbf{King.} How now, Finlenn, cast thou from the Prige?

\textbf{Flr.} I, to plesse your Maiestie: The Duke of Exeter’s very gallantly maintaine the Prige; the French is gone off, looke you, and there is gallant and most praise-

\begin{itemize}
  \item \textit{passages:} marry, this shot, the Duke was have portion of the Prige, but he is enforced to recrue, and the Duke of Exeter is Master of the Prige: I can tell your Maiestie, the Duke is a praise man.
  \item \textit{King.} What men have you lost, Finlenn?
  \item \textit{Flr.} The perdition of th’athiens after hath beene very great, reasonable great: marry for my part, to think the Duke has lost few men, but one, that is like to be excepted for robbing a Church, one Barnard, if your Maiestie know the man: his name is Baldwin, he is old, and his lippes blowes at his nose, and it is like a coale of fire, sometimes pwe, and sometimes red, but his nose is executed, and his fire’s out.
  \item \textit{King.} Wee would have all such offenders so cut off: and we give ye plesse charge, that in our Marches through the Countrey, there be nothing compell’d from the Villages; nothing taken, but pays for: none of the French esperayed, or abused in dispayned Language: for when Lestric and Cruina play for a Kingdom, the gentler Gentleman is the soundest winner.
\end{itemize}

\textit{Tucket. Enter Constreet.}

\textbf{Constreet.} You know me by my habit.

\textbf{King.} Well then, I know thee: what shall I know of thee?

\textbf{Constreet.} My Masters mind.

\textbf{King.} Vouz del it.

\textbf{Constreet.} Thus layes my King: Say thout to Harry of England, though we seem’d dead, we did but sleepe: advantage is a better Sooldier then a villain: Tell him, wee would have rebuke him at Harlewe, but that wee thought not good to bruise an innorie, till it were full ripe: Now wee speak upon our O, and our voyse is imper-

\textit{iall:} England shall repent his folly, fee his weakness, and admire our furance. Bid him therefore con-

\begin{itemize}
  \item \textit{sider of his ransoune, which must proportion the losse we have borne, the standing in the house we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which in weight to re-instate, his part-

\it{missio would bow vnder.} For our losse, his Exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the Master of his kingdom too far; a number; and for our disgrace, his own person kneeling at earfeet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add if distance; and tell him for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose con-

\it{demnation is pronounced: So fare my King and Master, so much my Office.}
\end{itemize}

\textbf{King.} What is thy name? I know thy qualitie.

\textbf{Mount.} Master.

\textbf{King.} Thou didst thy Office skilfully. Turn thee back, and tell thy King, I do not seek thee now; but I could be willing to march out to Calais, without impeachment: for to say the fonde, thought’s no will to come to Calais, so much for myFrench: Who when they were in health, I tell thee Heralds, I thought, upon one pace of English Legges Did march threes Frenchmen. Yet forgive me God, That I deservieth thus: this thy ayre of France Hast blowen that wise in me. Thou remit: Gon therefore tell thy Master, here I am:

\begin{itemize}
  \item \textit{My Ransome, is this fralie and worthless Tranket; My Army, but a weak and sickly Guard: Yet God before, tell him we will come on, Though France be off, and in such another Neighbor: Stand in our way. There’s for thy labour Morning, Gon bid thy Master well advise himself: If we may passe, we will; if we be hindered, We shall try our evaine ground with your red blood Difcourage: and the Constreet, fare you well.
  \item \textit{The summe of all our Answer is but this:} We would not seek a Battle as we are, Nor as we are, so we say we will not thinke it: So tell your Master.
\end{itemize}

\textbf{Mount.} I shall deliver for: Thanks to your High-

\textbf{ness.}

\textbf{Guer.} I hope they will not come upon us now.

\textbf{King.} We send Gods hand, Brother, in their: March to the Prige, it now draweth toward night, Beyond the River wee’ll encampe our forces, And on to morrow bid them march away.

\textbf{Enter the Confiable of prince, the Lord Raundour, Orleans, Dolphins, with others.}

\textbf{Constreet.} Thus, I have the best Armour of the World: would it were day.

\textbf{Orleans.} You have an excellent Armour: but I say my Horse is his due.

\textbf{Constreet.} It is the best Horse of Europe.

\textbf{Orleans.} Will it not be before Morning?

\textbf{Dolph.} My Lord of Orleans, and my Lord High Con-

\textbf{Confiable, you take of Horse and Armour?}

\textbf{Orleans.} You are as well provided both, as any Prince in the World.

\textbf{Dolph.} What a long Night is this? I will not change my Horse: with any that treads but on foure perfecte:

\textit{civis:} he bounds from the Earth, as his courage were horse: \textit{le Cenat volant}, the Pegusus, \textit{cher les marins de feu.} When I strike thee, I know, I am a Huntsa: he trims the ayre: the Earth fings, when he touches: is the best born of his house, is more Mutat: then the Duke of Horens.

\textbf{Orleans.} He’s of the colour of the Umbra.

\textbf{Dolph.} And of the heat of the Ginger. It is a Beall for Perso: he is pure Ayre and Fire, and the dull Elements of Earth and Water never appear in him, but only in patient patience while his Rider mountes him: he is under a Horse, and all other Isles you may call Bealls.

\textbf{Constreet.} In...
The Life of Henry the Fifth.

Conf. Indeed my Lord, it is a most absolute and excellent Horie.

Daph. It is the Prince of Palmyras, his Neigh is like the bidding of a Monthy, and his counterance enforces Homage.

Orlando. No more Confidens.

Daph. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot from the riding of the Lark to the lodging of the Camel, vare deferred prayle on my Palmyra; it is a Thame as fluent as the Sea. Turne the Sands into eloquent tongue, and my Horie is argument for them all: "tis a subed for a Sovereign to reason on, and for a Sovereigns Sovereigns to ride on: And for the World, familiar to vs, and vknounw, to lay apart their particular Functions, and wonder at him. I once write a Sonnet in his prayle, and began thus, Wonder of Nature.

Orlando. I have heard a Sonnet begin so to ones Milytress.

Daph. Then did they imitate that which I compos'd to my Couylier, for my Horie is my Milytress.

Orlando. Your Milytress bears well.

Daph. Me well, which is the preceptry prayle and perfection of a good and particular Milytress.

Conf. Nay, for we thought yesterday your Milytress freely shew'd your back.

Daph. So perhaps did yours.

Conf. Mine was not bridled.

Daph. O then belike she was old and gentle, and you rode like a Reme of Ireland, your French Horse off, and in your fair Stroffera.

Conf. You have good judgment in Horsemanship.

Daph. Be war'd by me then: they that ride so, and not warrily, fall into foule Boggs; I had rather have my Horie to my Milytress.

Conf. I had as true a Horie as that, if I had a Sow to my Milytress.

Daph. Le chien est retourne a son propre renonnement off le layn ean harhorshon man'ma vie of any thing.

Conf. Yet doe I not see my Horie for my Milytress, or any such Proverb, so little kin to the purpose.

Ranck. My Lord Conflation, the Armour that I saw in your Tent to night, are those Starres or Sunnes upon it.

Conf. Starres you Lord.

Daph. Some of them will fall to morrow, I hope.

Conf. And yet my Soby, I thinke not.

Daph. That may be, for you beares a many superfluously, and were some more honor some were away.

Conf. But as your Horie beares your prayles, who would not as well, were some of your braggis dismounted.

Daph. Would I were able to loose him with his deere. Will it never be day? I will trée to morrow a mile, and my way shall be paied with English Faces.

Conf. I will not say so, for fear I should be fact out of my way: but I would it were morning, for I would fear be about the ears of the English.

Ranck. Who will goe to hazard with me for twentie Prisoners?

Conf. You must first goe your selfe to hazard, do you have them.

Daph. Tis Midnigleth, He goe sorne my sorne. Exit.

Orlando. The Dolphin longs for moring.
The Life of Henry the Fifth.

A Mans Tertius.

Now entertain a continuance of a time
When creeping Murmures and the zinging Duke
Falls the wide Vestal of the Vineetf,
From Camp to Camp, through the foule Womb of Night
The Hume of ev'ry Army fully sounds;
That the 7th Centurie's silent receive
The Red Whispers of each others Watch;
And first answr Fire, and through their stony Hames
Each Battalion sees the others vanes face.

Seed threaten'd, Steed, in high and boldfull Neighbours
Piercing the Nightes dull Barel; and from the Tents,
The Armesmen accomphaining the Knights;
With little Hammers cloathing Blouses.
Give ear to ear note of preparation.

The Country Cocks doe howl, the Cocks doe howl;
And the third houre of drowne Morning man'd,
Proud of their Numbers, and fierce in Soul:
The confident and over-lustie French;
Due the low-sed English play at Dice;
And chide the sceptic-lusty-gated Knight,
Who like a soul full and onely Witch doth limpe
So redouily away. The poore condemned English,
Like Sacrifices, by their watchfull Fires
Sit crying, and fully vnmanne.

The Mornings danger: and their fragile ful
Insuffing tallow-clap Checkes, and Warse-worne Coats,
Presented them into the gazeing Moon.
So many horride Ghoulfs. O now, who will behold
The Royall Captaine of this stund Band
Walking from Watch to Watch, from Tent to Tent;
Let him cry, Prayes and Glory on his head;
For forth he goes, and visits all his Hoast,
Bids them good morrow with a moste Smyle,
And calls them Brothers, Freinds, and Countreymen.
Upon his Royall Face there is no note,
How dread an Army hath environed him.
Nor death he dedicate one jot of Colour
Vsto the warese and all-watchd Night;
But frendly lookes, and ounce-besies Attaint,
With cheerful Fullness, and sweet Misdie:
That every Wretch, pining and pale before.
Beliong to him, pricks comorons from his Lookes;
A Languid Winterfull, like the Sunne,
His liberal Eye doth give to every one,
Thaving cold fiery, that mens and gentle all
Behold, is may vs worthers doff define,
A little touch of Harry in the Night.
And to our Scene must to the Batallie eye
Where O for pity, we shall not disgrace
With fowle of fowle mede and ragged toyses,
(Right ill disposed, in bravely ridiculous.)

The Name of Agincourt: Yet far and free,
Minding true things, by what their Mock lies bee.

Enter the King, Bedford, and Gloucester.

King. Gloster, tis true that we are in great danger,
The greater therefore should our Courage be.
Good morrow Brother Bedford: God Almighty,
There is none fault of good-humour in things suift,
Would then observingly diuuld it our.
For our bad Neighbour makes vs early ritters,
Which is both healthfull, and good husbandry.
Besides, they are our outward Conferences,
And Preachers to us all; admonishing,
That we should dische vs fairly for our end,
Thus may we gather Honey from the Weed,
And make a Morall of the Dustel himself.

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow old Sir Thomas Erpingham:
A good lest: Pillow for that good white Head,
Worke better then a cholest taste of France.
Ervingham. Not to my Liage, this Lodging likes me better,
Since I may say, now I live, I like a King.

King. The good men for ment to loue their present playes,
Upon example, so the Spirit is esed:
And wher the Mind is quickned, out of doubt
Cheering, though dejected and dead before,
Breeke up ther drose side Graze and newly made
With called thought, and fowl legiste.
Send me thy Cloude Sir Thomas: Brothers both,
Command me to the Princes in our Campe;
Doe my good morrow to them, and anon
Define them all to my Paulian:
Gloster. We shall, my Liage.

Ervingham. Shall I attend your Grace?

King. No, my good Knight:
Goe with my Brothers to my Lords of England;
And my Bosome must debate a while,
And then I would no other company.

Erpingham. The Lord in Heauen blesse thee, Noble

Harry. 

King. God a mercy old Heart, thou speakest cheerfully.

Enter Piffell.

Piff. Che was it a?

King. A friend.

Piff. Dicuss thee, me, art thou Officer, or art thou
buy, common, and popular?

King. I am a Gentleman of a Company,
Piff. Stay! it thou the puliant Pyke?

King. Even for what see you?
Piff. As good a Gentleman as the Emperor.

King. Then you are a better then the King.
Piff. The King's a Basecock, and a Heart of Gold,

Lad of Life, an Impe of Fane, of Parents good, of Fift
most valiant: I knife his durst leaf, and from heart.
Fondly I love the lovely Bully: What is thy Name?

King. Harry, I say.
Piff. La Rey's Cornish Name; art thou of Cornells Crew?

King. No, I am a Welchman.
Piff. Know'lt thou Baboon?

King. Yes.
Piff. Tell him he knockes his Leek about his Face, upon
St. Dunstan's day.

King. Do no you wear thy Daggere in your Cappe
that day, lest he knock that about yours.
Enter Captaine and Govern.

Govern. So, in the Name of God, Captaine, I charge you that you doe not speak more than necessary, for this is a Publick Place.

Captaine. But I charge you to doe me the same favor, I am commanded to speak.

Govern. You shall doe as I direct you.

Captaine. I doe dire my duty, and I cannot observe your order.

Govern. You shall doe as I direct you, or you shall be punished.

Captaine. I shall do my duty, and I cannot observe your order.

Govern. You shall doe as I direct you, or you shall be punished.

Captaine. I shall do my duty, and I cannot observe your order.

Govern. You shall doe as I direct you, or you shall be punished.

Captaine. I shall do my duty, and I cannot observe your order.

Govern. You shall doe as I direct you, or you shall be punished.

Captaine. I shall do my duty, and I cannot observe your order.

Govern. You shall doe as I direct you, or you shall be punished.

Captaine. I shall do my duty, and I cannot observe your order.

Govern. You shall doe as I direct you, or you shall be punished.

Captaine. I shall do my duty, and I cannot observe your order.

Govern. You shall doe as I direct you, or you shall be punished.

Captaine. I shall do my duty, and I cannot observe your order.

Govern. You shall doe as I direct you, or you shall be punished.

Captaine. I shall do my duty, and I cannot observe your order.

Govern. You shall doe as I direct you, or you shall be punished.

Captaine. I shall do my duty, and I cannot observe your order.

Govern. You shall doe as I direct you, or you shall be punished.

Captaine. I shall do my duty, and I cannot observe your order.

Govern. You shall doe as I direct you, or you shall be punished.

Captaine. I shall do my duty, and I cannot observe your order.

Govern. You shall doe as I direct you, or you shall be punished.

Captaine. I shall do my duty, and I cannot observe your order.

Govern. You shall doe as I direct you, or you shall be punished.

Captaine. I shall do my duty, and I cannot observe your order.

Govern. You shall doe as I direct you, or you shall be punished.

Captaine. I shall do my duty, and I cannot observe your order.

Govern. You shall doe as I direct you, or you shall be punished.

Captaine. I shall do my duty, and I cannot observe your order.

Govern. You shall doe as I direct you, or you shall be punished.

Captaine. I shall do my duty, and I cannot observe your order.

Govern. You shall doe as I direct you, or you shall be punished.

Captaine. I shall do my duty, and I cannot observe your order.

Govern. You shall doe as I direct you, or you shall be punished.

Captaine. I shall do my duty, and I cannot observe your order.

Govern. You shall doe as I direct you, or you shall be punished.

Captaine. I shall do my duty, and I cannot observe your order.

Govern. You shall doe as I direct you, or you shall be punished.

Captaine. I shall do my duty, and I cannot observe your order.

Govern. You shall doe as I direct you, or you shall be punished.

Captaine. I shall do my duty, and I cannot observe your order.

Govern. You shall doe as I direct you, or you shall be punished.

Captaine. I shall do my duty, and I cannot observe your order.

Govern. You shall doe as I direct you, or you shall be punished.

Captaine. I shall do my duty, and I cannot observe your order.

Govern. You shall doe as I direct you, or you shall be punished.

Captaine. I shall do my duty, and I cannot observe your order.

Govern. You shall doe as I direct you, or you shall be punished.

Captaine. I shall do my duty, and I cannot observe your order.

Govern. You shall doe as I direct you, or you shall be punished.

Captaine. I shall do my duty, and I cannot observe your order.

Govern. You shall doe as I direct you, or you shall be punished.

Captaine. I shall do my duty, and I cannot observe your order.

Govern. You shall doe as I direct you, or you shall be punished.

Captaine. I shall do my duty, and I cannot observe your order.

Govern. You shall doe as I direct you, or you shall be punished.

Captaine. I shall do my duty, and I cannot observe your order.

Govern. You shall doe as I direct you, or you shall be punished.

Captaine. I shall do my duty, and I cannot observe your order.

Govern. You shall doe as I direct you, or you shall be punished.

Captaine. I shall do my duty, and I cannot observe your order.

Govern. You shall doe as I direct you, or you shall be punished.

Captaine. I shall do my duty, and I cannot observe your order.

Govern. You shall doe as I direct you, or you shall be punished.

Captaine. I shall do my duty, and I cannot observe your order.

Govern. You shall doe as I direct you, or you shall be punished.

Captaine. I shall do my duty, and I cannot observe your order.

Govern. You shall doe as I direct you, or you shall be punished.

Captaine. I shall do my duty, and I cannot observe your order.

Govern. You shall doe as I direct you, or you shall be punished.

Captaine. I shall do my duty, and I cannot observe your order.

Govern. You shall doe as I direct you, or you shall be punished.

Captaine. I shall do my duty, and I cannot observe your order.

Govern. You shall doe as I direct you, or you shall be punished.

Captaine. I shall do my duty, and I cannot observe your order.

Govern. You shall doe as I direct you, or you shall be punished.

Captaine. I shall do my duty, and I cannot observe your order.

Govern. You shall doe as I direct you, or you shall be punished.

Captaine. I shall do my duty, and I cannot observe your order.

Govern. You shall doe as I direct you, or you shall be punished.

Captaine. I shall do my duty, and I cannot observe your order.

Govern. You shall doe as I direct you, or you shall be punished.

Captaine. I shall do my duty, and I cannot observe your order.

Govern. You shall doe as I direct you, or you shall be punished.

Captaine. I shall do my duty, and I cannot observe your order.

Govern. You shall doe as I direct you, or you shall be punished.

Captaine. I shall do my duty, and I cannot observe your order.

Govern. You shall doe as I direct you, or you shall be punished.

Captaine. I shall do my duty, and I cannot observe your order.

Govern. You shall doe as I direct you, or you shall be punished.

Captaine. I shall do my duty, and I cannot observe your order.

Govern. You shall doe as I direct you, or you shall be punished.

Captaine. I shall do my duty, and I cannot observe your order.
The Life of Henry the First.

Will. Tis certaine, every man that dyeth ill, the ill upon his owne head, the King is not to answer for it.

Traitor. I do not desire he shou’d answer for me, and yet I determine to fight faithfully for him.

King. My wise, the King say he would not be rancom’d.

Will. I, by faith, do make vs fight cheerfully, but when our threats are cut, he may be rancom’d, and wee are the wiser.

King. If I late to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then: that’s a pertinents proof that a poore and a private displeasure can doe against a Monarch: you may as well hope about some the Sonne reayse, with jamming in his face with a Peacock’s feather: You ne’er trust his word after; come, it’s a foolish saying.

King. Your reprooch is something too round, I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it bee a Quarrell between vs, if you like.

King. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know your sake againe?

King. Give me my Gage of thine, and I will wrote in my bannet: Then if ever thou dar’st acknowledge it, I will make it my Quarrell.

Will. Here’s my Glose: Give mee another of thine.

King. There.

This will I also write in my Cap: if ever thou comest to me, and lay, after to morrow, This is my Glose, by this Hand I will take thee: a box on the ear.

Will. If ever I lay to see it, I will challenge it.

King. Thou dar’st as well be hang’d.

Will. O Lord, I will do thee, though I take thee in the King’s company.

Will. Keep thy word: face thee well.

Traitor. Be friends you English foolers, be friends, we have French Quarrellers now, if you could but know to reason.

Exit Quarreller.

King. Indeed the French may lay twentie French Crownes to one, they will beat vs, for they bear them on their shoulders: but it is no English Trench to cut French Crownes, and to Morrow the King himselfe will be a Clipper.

Upon the King, in vs our Lanes, our Souls, our Deeds, our careful Vises, our Children, and our Souls, lay on the King: We must bear all.

O hard Condition, Twin-born with Greatness, Subject to the breach of every fool, whose fence No more can feel, but his owne winging.

What infinite hearts, so much Kings neglect,

That private men enjoy.

And what base Kings, that Princes have not too,

Save Ceremonie, save general Ceremonie?

And what are those, thou Iold Ceremonie?

What kind of God art thou, that suffer so much

Of marial griefs, to day thy worthippers,

What are thy Rents, what are thy Comminges in?

O Ceremonie, show me but thy worth.

What is thy Soule of Oration?

Art thou worth eile but Place, Degree, and Fortune,

Crying awe and fear in other men?

Whercoast are little happy, being trust’d,

Then they in fearing:

What think’t thou o’er, in dead of Homage sweet,

But poyson’d Haterie? O be not, great Greatness,

And bid thy Ceremonie shew thee care,

Thinks thou the fierce Fire will goe out

With Titles blowne from Adultery?

Will it shew quiet to fixt and low bending?

Canst thou, when thou commandst he beggers knee,

Command the health of it? No, thou proud Drest,

That play’s so flibbily with a King’s Repose.

I am a King that find thee: and I know,

Tis not the Baine, the Sequyer, and the Ball,

The Spear, the Stant, the Crowne Imperiall,

The ever-niffles Robe of Gold and Pearl,

The faried Title running for the King.

The Throne he sits on, nor the Tyde of Pomp,

That beares upon the high shore of this World;

No, not all these, three-corse Ceremonie;

But all these, say’d in Bed Misteliscaily.

Can thee be found, in the redt Stole,

Who with a body full, and a vacant mind,

Goes him to reit, and d’w’d with distrestfull bread,

Neuer sees horrid Night, the Child of Hell:

But lyes in Larquey, from the Rite to Ser,

Sweetes in the eye of Phebus, and all Night

Sleepes in Eternity, next day after dawn;

Doth rise and hejpe Eternity to his Heart;

And followes to the ever-running yere.

With profitable Labour to his Grace:

And but for Ceremonie, such a Wretch,

Wandering vp Days with toyle, and Night with sleepe,

Hath the face-hand and vantage of a King.

The Slave, a Member of the Countrie: peace,

Enjoys it, but in groffr brine little woes;

What watch the King keepes, to maintaine the peace;

Whose houres, the Patient best advantages.

Enter Quareller.

Ere! My Lord, your Nobles laments of your absence,

Seeke through your Campe to find you.

King. Good old Knight, collect them all together

As my Titus: He be before thee.

Ere! I shall not, my Lord.

King. O God of Battles, finde my Soldiers hearts,

Pofficier them not with fears: take them from now

The frence of reckoning of oppossed numbers:

Black their hearts from them. Not to day, O Lord,

O not to day, thinkes not upon the fight

My Father made, in compassting the Crowne,

I Richards body have interred now,

And on it have bellowed more conrinate tears,

Then from it he shedd forced drops of blood.

Five hundred poore I haste in vesterly pay

Who twice a day their white hands hold vp

Toward Heaven, to pardon blood:

And I have built into Chaumetries,

Where the sad, and yeton Perils sing full

For Richard’s Soule. More will I doe.

Though all that I can doe, is nothing worth:

Since that my Penitence comes after all,

Imploring pardon.

Glove. My Liege.

King. My Brother Glove, I pray you, I

I know thy errand, I will goe with thee:

The day, my friend, and all things stay for me,

Exit. 

Enter.
The Life of Henry the Fift.

Enter the Dolphin, Orleans, Raunber, and Tentament.

Orleans. The Sunne doth gild our Armour vp, my Lords.
Dolph. Monte Choral: My Horso, Verlor Lucray:
Ha.
Orleans. Obbraue Spire, Dolph. Viets les ouets de terre.
Orleans. Puis pas a air & fin.
Dolph. Cm, Cousin Orleans.
Now my Lord Constable.
Conf. Hatchie how our Steedes, for present Service
Dolph. Mount them, and make in citie in their Hides,
That their hot blood may spie en English eyes,
And doubt them with superfluous courage: ha,
Rem. What will you have them weep our Horso blood?
How shall we then behold their natural tears?
Conf. dissolve.
Mesch. The English are embattall'd, you French
Peeres.
Conf. To Horso you gallant Princes, straight to Horso.
Doe but behold yeout power and trust in hand,
And your faire flame shall lack away their Souls,
Leaving them but the ashes and huskes of men.
There is not worce enough for all our hands,
Scarce blood enough in all their fieldie Veines,
To give each naked Curtiske a thyme,
That our French Gallants shall at day draw out,
And stand for lack of sport. Let vs but blow on them,
The vapour of our Valour will acomme them.
Tis politue against all excption, Lords,
That our superfluous Lacyes, and our Pefants,
Who in unnecessary action arm're.
About our Squares of Battle, were enow
To purge this field of such a hindering foe;
Though we upon this Mountains Battle by,
Tooke brant for idle speculation:
But that our Honour must not, What's to say?
A very little let vs doe,
And all is done: then let the Trumpet sound
The Tucket summonce, and the Note to mount:
For our approach shal so much dare the field,
That England shall bow downe in feare, and yeld.

Enter Astrayres.

Astrayres. Why do you stay so long, my Lords of France?
Your Lord Carriions, delipec of their bones,
Ill-faunted become the Morning field;
Their ragged Curtains poorely are let loose,
And our Ayres flashes them passing scornfully.
Bigge Mars tenses banque rout in their beggar'd Heat,
And faintly through a ruffe Beuer peepes,
The Horsemen sit like fixed Candlesticks,
With Torch-fires in their hand and their poor fades
Let downe their heads, dropping the hides and hips:
The gummy downe roping from their pale-dead eyes,
And in their pale dull mouthes the tymold Bit
Lyes fowle with claw'd-gaffe, Bill and mortionfles,
And their excoctors, the knavish Crowes,
Flye of them all impatient for their hourse.
Description cannot serve it selfe in words,
To demonstrate the Life of such a Battle,
In life so lustfully, as in fire we vs it selfe.
Conf. They have said their prayers,
And they say for death.
Dolph. Shall we goe send them Dinners, and fresh Sutes
And givete their falling Horso Pretender,
And after fight with them?
Conf. They but for my Guard: on
To the field, I will the Banner from a Trumpet take,
And vs it for my halfe. Come, come away,
The Sunne is high, and we out-wear the day.

Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Speringham
with all his Heft: Salisbury, and
Wiltshire.

Glouce. Where is the King?
Bedf. The King himselfe is rode to view their Battle.
Exer. Of fighting men they have full three thousand.
Salis. There's fine to one, besides they all are freshe.
God buy you Princes all; Ito my Charge,
If we no more meet, till we meet in Heaven;
Then joyfully, my Noble Lord of Bedford,
My desire Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,
And my kind Kinsman, Wariters all, adieu.
Bedf. Farwell good Salisburi, & good luck go with thee.
And yet I doe think wrong, to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firme truth of valour,
Exer. Farwell kind Lord; fight vallantly to day,
Bedf. He is full of Valour as of Kindoffe,
Princely in each.

Enter the King.
Welf. O that we now had here
But one thousand of those men in England,
That doe no worke to day.
King. What's he that wishes so?
My Cousin Wiltshire. No, my my Cousin:
If we are in to dye, we are now
To doe our Country losse: and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
Gods will, I pray thee will not one man more.
By tome, I am not couteous for Gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my catt.
It yeates me not, if men my Garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires.
But if it be a fine to councer Honor,
I am the most offending Solemnu.
No faire, my Cousen, with nor man from England:
Gods peace, I would not losse to great an Honor,
As one man more me thinkes would share from me,
For the best I hope I have. O, doe not with one more:
Rather proclaime is (wiltshire) through my Halff,
That he which hath no fromack to this fight,
Let him depart, his Pauport shall be made,
And Crownes for Connoy put into his Parise;
We would not dye in that frame company,
That sares his fellowship, to dye with vs.
This day is calld the Feath of Cripshun;
That he that out-lives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rowes him at the Name of Cripshun.
He shall fall for this day, and live old age,
Will yeerely on the Vigil feast his neighbours,
And say, to morrow is Saint Cripshun.
Then will be fripp his famine, and fiew his starres
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot;
But hee'se remember, with advantages.
What feats he did that day, Then shall our Names
Familiar in his mouth as household words.
The Life of Henry the Fift.

Harry the King, Sweden and Ester,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing Cups freely remembered.
This story shall the good man teach his son:
And Crispin Crispian shall he re-echo by,
From this day to the ending of the World,
But we in is it shall be remembered.

And the good man teach his child,?
Nay, we, happy few, we band of brothers:
For he to do this deed, his blood with me,
Shall be my brother, be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentile his condition,
And Gentlemen in England, now a bed,
Shall think th' effects that were not here;
And hold their Manhoods cheap, whiles any speake,
That fought with vs on Saint Crispian's day.

Sal. My Sovereign Lord, bow to your feet with speed.
The French are bruitly in their batailles set,
And will with all experience charge on us.

King. All things are ready, our minds be so.

Wotst. Perish the man, whose mind is backward now.

King. Thou dost not with more help from England,

Courte? Wotst. God wills, my Liege, you will and I alone,
Without more help, could fight this Royal battle.

King. Why now thou hast vntilftt five thousand men:
Which likes me better, then to with vs one.
You know your places: God be with you all.

Twelv. Enter Detection.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee King Harry,
If for thy Ranfome thou wilt now compound,
Before thy mofl affur'd Overthrow;
For certes, thou art so near the Gallie,
Thou need'st must be engag'd. besides, in mercy
The Constable heare thee, thou wilt mind
Thy followers of Repentance; that their Souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields: where wretches, their poor bodies
Must lye and suffer.

King. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The Constable of France.

King. I pray thee beare me my former Answver back:
Bid them strike me, and then fell my bones,
Good God, why should they mock poor fellows thus?

The man that once did fell the Lyons skin
While the beast li'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
A many of our bodies shall no doubt
Find natural Graves; upon the which, I trust
Shall witness live in Brat's of this day's warke,
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though burden'd in your Dungeons,
They shall be fain to; for there the Sun shall see them,
And draw their honour's seeking up to Heaven.
Leaving their earthly parts to chose thy Gylme,
The field whereof shall breed a Plague in France.

Mark how abounding valour in our English:
That being dead, like to the bullets crahing,
Break out into a second course of mithclief,
Killing in reliefs of Mortality.
Let me speake proudlie: Tell the Constable,
We are but Warrors for the working day:
Our Gynestle and our Glit are all befmyght
With mynies Marching in the painfull field,
There's not a piece of feather in our Head:
Good argument (I hope) we will not lyse:

And time hath wound us into flouerie,
But by the Mufe, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poore Souldiers tell me, yet ere Night,
They'll be in their Rooms, or they will play.
The gay new Costes of the French Souldiers heads,
And turne them out of stables. If they doe this,
As God pleasse, they shall; my Ranfome then
Will foon be leyued.

Herald, face thou thy labour:
Come thou no more for Ranfome, gentle Herald,
They shall haue none, if were: but there my traytes;
Which if they have, as I will leaue vv them,
Shall yeeld them little, tell the Constable.

Mont. I shall, King Harry. And so face thee well:
Thou never shall hear Herald any more.

Exit.

King. I fear thou wilt once more come againe for a Ranfome.

Enter Turke.

Turke. My Lord, most humbly on my knee I begge
The leading of the Vaward.

King. Take it, bratke Turke.

Now Souldiers march away,
And how thou pleased God, dispose the day.

Exeunt.

Alarum. Escouons,

Enter Piffell, French Souldier, Boy.

Piff. Yeeld Courte.

French. Le pensez que vous estoie le Constable de bon quantite.


French. O Seigneur Dien.

Piff. O Signeur Dewe should be a Gentleman: perpend my words O Signeur Dewe, and make; O Signeur Dewe, thou dyest on point of Fox, except O Signeur thou dost give to me egregious Ranfome.

French. O prenons une madere ooo pie, de moy.

Piff. Moy shall not sée, I will haue fortie Moyes: for I will fetch thy rymme out at thy Throat, in droppes of Cinnamon blood.

French. Et il impossible d'echapper le force de ton bras,

Piff. Brashe, Currishou damned and luxurious Montanack, offer me Brashe?

French. O parolmon moy.

Piff. Say if thou me off? is that a Tomme of Moyes?

Come hither boy, ask me this flame in French what is his Name.

Boy. Esoynt comme effet vosse appelles?

French. Monseigneur le Fer.

Boy. He sayes his Name is M. Fer.

Piff. M. Fer? Ile fer him, and firkhe him, and secrete him; difcute the fame in French vnto him.

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and fere, and firk.

Piff. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

French. Quodis le Monseigneur?

Boy. Il me comanda a vouer der que vous fous vos pruss, car ce folide icy est difficieux de conter nostre serces.

Piff. Owye, cuppele gorge permafoy peante, rs leased thou give me Crownes, braue Crowncsior mangled shall thou be by this my Sword.

French. O terreurs appelle pour l'amour de Dieu; se parlar, il sui le Gentilhomme de bon maistre, garde ma caste, et je vous donneray grace en effet.

Piff. What are his words?

Boy. He
The Life of Henry the Fift.

He prays you to save his life, he is a Gentleman of a good house, and for his ransom will give you two hundred Crownes.

Pep. Tell him my lady shall abate, and I the Crownes will take.

Fra. Petre, Monsieur que dites? si?

Boy. Encore gastez, courez foin, courrez, je passerai, et je cueillere les esprits que vous avez promis, si vous me donnez la liberté de prendre une liberté.

Pre. Sur mes genoux, je vous donne ma très humble servitude.

Boy. Je vous en prie, monseigneur, vous me donnez plus de liberté que vous avez promise.

Pep. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you upon his knees a thousand thanks, and he promises himself happy, that he hath found in the hands of one (as he thinkes) the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy figure of England.

Pep. As I love blood, I will some mercy shew. Follow mee.

Boy. Sire, en qui vous point la grand Captaine?

I did never know to fulfill a most valiant issue from so emپric a heart; but the saying is true: The empty vessel maketh the greatest sound. Stiffness and Narrow had ten times more value, then the empty vessel hath a voice; that eny one may judge his states with a wooden dagger, and they are both bang'd, and so would he, if he durst, scathe anything adversely. I must play with the French in the language of our camp, the French might have a good play of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it but boys.

Enter Cornet, Pheasant, and Rambler.

Con. O Diabe.

Orl. O figure si carcinet perisse, tanta et perdere.

Del. Mal Diament accres, all is confound, all reproach, and netting it shame with mocking in our flumes. A short Alarm.

O monnae Fortune, do not runne away.

Con. Why all our ranks are broke?

Del. O perduable shame, let's flath our foules: Be the wretches that we plaid at dice for?

Orl. Is this the King we see too, for his ransom?

Fun. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame.

Let us dye once in more back againe, and he that will not follow Borough now, let him go hence, and with his cap in hand. Like a black Pander he is at the Chaunceller, Whilfe a black slave, no gender then my dogges.

His fairest daughter is contamnated.

Con. Deliver that such gayly'd vs, friend vs now, let vs on horses go offer vp our lines.

Orl. We are now yet journeying in the Field, to somther vp the English in our way, if any order might be thought upon.

Fun. The small take Order now, lie to the strong; Let life be short, life then will be too long.

Alarm. Enter the King and his troops, with Prisoners.

King. Well have we done thirse, valiant Courtrimen, but all not done, yet keepeth the French the field.

Exe. The D. of York commendeth him to your Maiestie.
The Life of Henry the Fifth.

91. I tell thee truly, Herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no,
For yet a many of your boursemen are.
And gallop on the field.

Hen. The day is yours.

Egm. Pray God, and not our strength for it.
What is this Castle call’d that stands hard by,
I hear, they call it Aigecourt.

King. Then call we this the field of Aigecourt,
Fought on the day of Griffin Griffans.

Flu. Your Grandfather of famous memory (can not please your Majesty), and your great uncle Edward the Black Prince of Wales, as I have read in the Chronicles, fought a most praiseworthy battle here in France.

Egm. They did Fleece.

Flu. Your Majesty lays very true. If your Majesty is remembered of, the Welshmen did good service in a Garden where Looke, did grow, wearing Lecches in their Mumsmouth caps, which your Majesty knowes this house is an honorable badge of the service: And I do believe your Majesty takes no shame to wear the Lecche upon St. Thomas’s day.

King. I wear it for a memorable honor.

For I am Welsh you know good Countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye, cannot waft thy Majesty’s plowed out of thy body. I can tell you that God pleases it, and prefers it, as long as it pleases his Grace, and his Majesty too.

Egm. Thanks good my Countrymen.

Flu. By these means your Majesty’s Countrymen, I care not who know of it. I will confess it to all the world, I need not be ashamed of your Majesty, praised be God, so long as your Majesty is so honest man.

King. Good keep me so.

Enter Williams.

Our Heralds go with him,
Bring me just notice of the number of men
On both these parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

Esc. Souldier, you must come to the King.

King. Souldier, why waste thou that Glove in thy Cap? Wilt. And t’please your Majesty, tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

King. An Englishman?

Wilt. And t’please your Majesty, a Rascal that forsooke me with me last night; I saw him, and ever since to challenge this Glove. I have sworn to take him a bone of his neck; or if I can see my Glove in his cappe, which he swore as he was a Souldier he would wear: (if alive) I will strike it out soundly.

King. What think you Captain Flueller, is it this souldier keeps his oath.

Flu. He is a Souldier and a Villaine else, and t’please your Majesty in my confience.

King. It may bee, his enemy is a Gentleman of great fortitude, quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a Gentleman as the dust, as Lucifer and Belzebub himselfe, it is necessary, (lookke your Grace) that he keeps his vow and oaths. If he bee perill’d (for you now) his reputation is as amare a Villaine and a Lacke fawce, as euer his blacke shoe trod apon Gods ground, and his earth, in my confience law.

King. Then keepe thy vow firrall, when thou meet’st the fellow.

Wilt. So, I will my Liege, as I live.

King. Who sent thee under?
The Life of Henry the Fifth.

Vader Captaine Gower, my Liege.

Fla. Gower is a good Captaine, and is good Knowledge and literature in the Warres.

King. Call him hither to me, Souldiers.

Exit. I will my Liege.

King. Here Fluellen, were thou this favour for me, and fesse it in thy Cappe: when Alanfor and my selfe were downe to gether, I plucke this Grouse from his Cappe: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alanfor, and a enemy to us, for if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, and thou shalt me love.

Fla. Your Grace does me as great pleasures as can be defil'd in the hearts of his Subjects: I would faine see the man, that he's but two legges, that shall find him selfe agree with this Grouse: this shall it: but I would faine see it once; and praise God of his grace that I have se.

King. Know it thou Gower?

Fla. He is my deare friend, and please you.

King. Pray thee goe seeke him, and bring him to my Tent.

Fla. I will fetch him. 

King. My Lord of Warwick, and my Brother Glover, follow Fluellen closely at the heels.

The Grouse which I have given him for a favour, may haply purchase him a box at his ears.

It is the Souldiers: I by bargaine founde it.

Wearst it as I like, follow good Captain Warwick.

If that the Souldier be too tame for a condde, by his blanke bearing, he will keep his word.

Some sodaine michief may strife of it:

For I do know Fluellen valiant, and touchet with Choler, but as Gunpowder, and quickly returneth a token.

Follow, and see there be no harme between them.

Goe you with me, Vackles of Exeter.

Exeunt. Gower and Williams.

Vill. I warrant this to Knights, you, Captaine.

Fla. God's will, and his pleasure, Captaine, I defeate you nowe, come space to the King: there is more good toward your peradventure, then is in your knowledge to dreame of.

Vill. Sir, know you this Grouse?

Fla. Know the Grouse, I know the Grouse is a Grouse.

Vill. I know this, but I challenge it.

Strikes him.

Fla. 'S'hind, an arrant Treason as saine in the Wiltshire, or in France, or in England.


Vill. Do you think he be forsworne?

Fla. Stand away Captaine Gower, I will give Treason his payment into ploycz, I warrant you.

Vill. I am no Treason.


Enter Warwick and Gloucester.

War. How now, how now, what's the matter?

Fla. My Lord of Warwick, here is, prayed be God for it, a most contemptuous Treason come to light, looke you, as you shall define in a Summers day, heere is his Majesty.

King. How now, what's the matter?

Fla. My Liege, here is a Villaine, and a Treason, that looks your Grace, yet's avoeke the Grouse which your Majesty is take out of the Helme of a French man.

Vill. My Liege, this was my Grouse, here is the fellow of it: I pray, be God, I saw it in change, promis'd to wase it in his Cappe: I promis'd to slicke him, if he did; I met this man with my Grouse in his Cappe, and I have been as good as my word.

Fla. Your Majesty here now, fasting your Majesty Manhood, what an arrant rascally, beggarly, lowly, Knave is it? I hope your Majesty is peace me testimonie and winesses, and will answere that, this is the Grouse of Alanfor, that your Majesty is give me, in your Confidence now.

King. Give me by Grouse Souldier.

Vill. Here is the fellow of it.

Twas I indeed promis'd it to Arie,
And thouhath given me most bitter terms.

Fla. And plesse your Majesty, let his neck answer it, if there is any Marshall Law in the World.

King. How can I make me satisfaction?

All offences, my Lord, come from the heart. never came any from mine, that might offend your Majesty.

King. It was our fellow thou diest abuse.

Vill. Your Majesty came not like your selfe; you appeal'd to me, but as a common man: witness the Night, your Garments, your Lowdnesses; and what your Highness suffered under that shape, I believe you take it for your owne fault, and not minute for had you beene as I took you for, I made no offence: therefore I believe your Highness pardon me.

King. Here Vackly Exeter, fill this Grouse with Crowers, and give it to this fellow. Keep it fellow, and wear it for an Honor in thy Cappe, till I doe challenge it. Give him the Crowers.

And Captaine, you must needs be friends with him.

Fla. By this Day and this Light, the fellow's head, tell enough in his belly. Hold, there is evill peace for you, and I pray you to issue God, and keep you out of pawsles and prablles, and quierles and diffentions, and I warrant you it is the better for you.

Vill. I will none of your Money.

Fla. It is with good will: I can tell you it will serve you to send your flowers; and the more therfore if you be so pitable, your flores is noble good: it is a good filling I warrant you, or I will change it.

Exeunt. Perriand.

King. Now Herald are the dead number'd.

Herald. Here is the number of the slayted French.

King. What Prisoners of good sort are taken.

Vackly.

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleance, nephew to the King.


Of other Lords and Barons, Knights, and Squares, Full fifteene hundred besides common men.

King. This Note doth me well of the thousand Frenchmen, that in the field Ie saide: of Princes in this number, And Nobles bearing Banners, there Ie say dead One hundred and twenty six: added to thee,

Of Knights, Equesters, and gallant Gentleman, Eight thousand and foure hundred, of which, Four hundred were by yesterday stubb'd Knights.

So that in these thousand they issue loss, There are but fifteene hundred Mercenaries: The rest are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, Squires, And,
The Life of Henry the First.

And Gentlemen of blood and qualitie.
The Names of those their Nobles that lye dead:
Charles Deleton, High Constable of France,
Jephyr de Scatillon, Admiral of France,
The Master of the Croc-hoves, Lord Ramboulet,
Great Master of France, the brasse Sir Guichard Dolphyn,
John Duke of Alainfon, Anthony Duke of York,
The Brother to the Duke of Burgundie,
And Edward Duke of Barre : of litle Earles,
Grandees and Royles, Francenachers and Erzys,
Beaming and Marie Vendome and Caeris.
Here was a Royall fellowship of death.
Where is the number of our English dead?
Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolke,
Sir Richard Ketly, Dasy gear Elizabe ;
None else of name ; and of all other men,
But five and twentie.
O God, thy Arme was heare : 
And not to vs, but to thy Arme alone,
Afford we all : when, without strategem,
But in plainst shock, and euer play of Battall,
Was there knowne to great and little lorde?
On one part and on the other, take it God,
For it is none but thine.
Exit. "Tis wonderfull.
King. Come, goe meane in progression to the Village : 
And be it death proclaymed through out our Holde,
To bestow of this, or take that praisie from God,
Which is his only.
Flu. Is it not lawfull and plese your Malefice, to tell
how many is killd ?

King. Yes Captaine but with this acknowledgmen,
The God fought for vs.

Flu. Yet, my confidence, he did vs great good.

King. Doe we all holy Rights.
Let there be fagg, Nou nobil, and Te Deum,
The dead with charitable enconcl in Clay : 
And then to Callice, and to England then,
Where none from France erred more happy men,

Enter. Flu. quintus.

Vouchsafe to choose that have not read the Story,
That I may prompt them : and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit it execute
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their hauent and proper life,
Be here presented. Now we beare the King
Toward Callice : Grant him there ; there hee,
Hauing him away upon your winged thoughts,
Abreast the Sea : Behold the English beach
Pales in the flood ; with Men, Wives, and Boyes,
Which thauers, & clap out-vorce the deep-mouthd Sea,
Which like a nightlie Whistle to the King.
Seemes to prepare his waye : So let him land,
And solemnly see him set on to London.
So twa a pace hath Thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon Black-Heale : 
Where, that his Lords deuide him, to have borne
His brasse Helmet, and his bonede Sword,
Before him, through the Cate : he forbids it,

Being free from rais-neffe, and folio-glorious pride ;
Givng full Troipe, Signall, and Offent,
Quite from humblie, to God. But now behold,
In the quickt Purge and working, huns of Thought,
How London doth powre out her Citizens,
The Mayor and all his Brethren in best fort,
Like to the Senators of th'antique Rome,
With the Plebeians swarming at their heels.
Goe forth and fetch their Composing Capes in :
As by a lower, but by his going likeliedd,
Were now the Generall of our gracious Empeire,
As in good time he may, from Ireland comming,
Bringing Rebellion broached on his Sword ;
How many would the peacefull Cuss quit,
To welcome him ? much more, and much more safe,
Did they this Flurly ? Now in London place him,
As yet the lamentation of the French,
Invites the King of Englands stait at home : 
The Emperors comming in behalf of France,
To order peace be twixt them ; and omit
All the occurrences, what ever chance,
Till Harrys backe returne againe to France:
There shall we bring him ; and my selfe have playd
The interium, by remembering your tis past.
Then brooke abidgement, and your eyes advance,
After your thoughts, straight backe againe to France.

Enter. Flu. quintus and Gower.

Gower. Nay, that's right ; but why wear ye your
Leke to day ? S. Dauis day is past.

Flu. There is occasion and causes why and wherefore
in all things : I will tell you off my friend, Captaine
Gower ; the ralilly, faould, beggarly, lowly, praging
Knave, how, which you and your selves, and all the World,
know to be no poster then a fellow, looke you now, of no
merits : he is come to me, and prings me pread and
Sulky yesterday, looke you, and bid me eat my Leke :
it was in a place where I could notbreed no contention
with him ; but I will be so bold as to weare it in my Cap
still I see him once againe, and then I will tell him a little
piece of my defires.

Enter. Piffell.

Gower. Why here hee comes, stolling like a Turky-
cock.

Flu. Tis no matter for his dwellings, not his Turky-
cocks. God pleesse you amichent. Piffell you durndee low-
lee Knave, God pleesse you.

Piff. Ha, arc thou bedlam ? dost thou shiff, bace
Troian, to houe me fold vp Pasca outlawd ? Hence;
I am quallish at the smell of Leke.

Flu. I perche you heartily, cunning lowlee Knave, at
my defires, and my requirings, and my petitions, to esate,
looke you, this Leke ; because, looke you, you do not
love it, nor your affections, and your appetites and your
defisyon doth not agree in it, I would defire you
to caste it.

Piff. Not for Godmorder, and all his Godes.

Flu. There is one God for you.

Strayke him.

Will you be so good, faould Knave, as caste it?

Piff. Bace Troian, thou baske dyc.

Flu. You lay very true, faould Knave, when Gods
will is : I will defire you to passe in the meantime, and
caste your Vithwals : come, there is water for it. You
called me yesterday Mountaine-Squier, but I will make
The Life of Henry the Fift.

you to day a fquire of low degree. I pray you fall too, if you can mooke a Lecke, you can eate a Lecke.

"Sir, Enough Captaine, you have 2osto the him."

"Thess I say, I will make him eate some part of my lecke, or I will peate his hate houre dayes: I pray you, it is good for your greene wound, and your ploeic Conscoume."

Mellif. Well lirate.

Fla. Yes certainly, and out of doubt and out of question too, and ambiguities.

Per. By this Lecke, I will most horribly revenge I eate and eate I eave.

Fla. Eate I pray you, will you have some more sauce to your Lecke? there is not enough I eake to sweate by.

Per. Quiet thy Cudgel, thou dost fee I eate.

Fla. Much good do you feald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you throw none away, the shine is good for your broken Conscoume; when you take occasions to fee Leckes bearetre, I pray you mooke at oon, that is all.

Mellif. Good.

Fla. I, Leckes is good; hold you, there is a graet to heal your pate.

Mellif. Mea Graet?

Fla. Yes verily, and in truth you shall take it, or I have another Lecke in my pocket, which you shall eate.

Mellif. I take thy graet in earnest of revenge.

Fla. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in Cudgels, you shall be a Woodmenger, and by nothing of me but cudgels: God only you, and keep you, to heal your pate.

Mellif. All hell shall fire for this.

Gow. Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly knave, will you mooke at an ancient tradition begun yp on an honourable respect, and wore as a memerous Trophee of predeceated valor, and dare not assuch in your deeds any of your words, I have seen you glicking & galing at this Gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speake English in the outing gate, he could not therefore handle an English Cudgel; you flinde it othervise, and henceforth let a Welsh corrction teach you a good English condition, fare ye well.

Mellif. Does hearing play the base with me now? Never haue I seen but my Dill is dead th'Spittle of a malady of France, and there my contentes is quite cut off: Old I do weare, and from my weasey limbs honour is Cudgeld. Well, Band he turne, and something leane to Cut-parts of quicken hand: To England will I halee, and there lie heal: And parches will I get into these cudgeled scarres, And I were got them in the Gallia warres.

Exit.

Eater at our doors, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwick, and other Lords. As another, Queene Isabel, the King, the Duke of Burgogge, and other French.

Kings. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met;

Yeare to our brother France, and to our Sister Health and faire time of day: Joy and good wishes To our most hars and Princesly Catharine : And as a branch and member of this Royalty, By whom this great assembly is constant, We do salute you Duke of Burgogge, And Princes French and Peoples health to you all.

Fla. Right joyous are we to behold your face, Most worthy brother England, lately met, So are you Princes (English) ever ours.

Quot. So happy be the fine brother Ireland Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting, As we are now glad to behold your eyes, Your eyes which hideth to have borne In them against the French that meet them in their bent, The fatal balls of mortenting Basillykes: The venom of such Lookes we fearesly hope Have left their qualitues, and that this day Shall change all grieues and quarrels into love.

Eng. To cry Amen to that, thus we appeare.

Gow. You England Princes, all I doe salute you.

Burg. My duty to you both, an equal loose.

Great Kings of France and England that I haste to bond With all my wis, my paites, and strong endeavours, To bring your most Imperialie Maiesties Into this Barre, and Royalie interview;

Your Mightyne on both parts beall can witnesse, Since then my Office hath to fare premptly, That Peace to Peace, and Royalie Eyes to Eye,

You haue congreget: let it not disgrace me, If I demand before this Royalie view,

What Rub', or what Impediment ther is,

Why that the naked, poorbe, and mangled Peace,

Dears Nobles of Arts, Frenyes, and Royalie births,

Should not in this bess Garden of the World,

Our sattile France, put vp her lonely Village?

Alas, thee bath from France too long been chazzed,

And all thy Husbandry doth lye on heapes,

Corrupting in it swone fertillity.

Her Vine, the merry cheefer of the heart,

Vpurned, dyes: her Hedges even pleuch'd,

Like Prophanes wildly over-growne with hayre,

Put forth disorder'd Twigs: her fellow Leas,

The Daneland, Hemlock, and rake Fowterry,

Doth root vp: while that the Cutier ruffts,

That should desicrate such Shaggreys:

The enim Medal, that eell brought soevertly forth

Thereckled Cowship, Burnet, and greenie Clover,

Wanting the Syre, withall uncorrected rankes,

Concurrences by silencieth, and nothing tennes,

But Ione Docks, rough Thistles, Krickytes, Burnes,

Looking hauish beastes and willie now;

And all on Vineyards, Fallows, Meades, and Hedges,

Dementing in their natures, grow to wildnesse.

Eates to our Housies, and our Chiles, and Chilber,

Haue lost, or doe not learme, for want of time,

The Sciences that should become our Country:

But greef like Savages, as Souldiers will,

That nothing doe, but meditate on Blood,

To Sweating, and steme Lookes, defaced Astyre,

And every thing that seemes vanitall,

Which to reduce into our former fuitour,

You are assembly'd, and by speech entertain,

That I may know the Let, why gentle Peace

Should not expell these inconveniences,

And blesse you with her former qualities.

Eng. If Duke of Burgogge, you would the Peace,

Whole want gues growth to imperfections

Which you haue cite; you must buy that Peace

With full accord to all our just demands,

Whole Tenures and particular effects

You haue enchedd'd briefly in your hands.

Burg. The King hath heard them to the which, as yet

There is no Answere made.

Eng. Well then the Peace which you before fo v'g'd, I

Lyes in his Answere.
The Life of Henry the Fifth.

France. I hate but with a curiatelie eye.
O'ye, gian't the Articles: Please thy Grace.
To appoint some of your Counsellor plentifully.
To fit with vs once more, with better heed.
To re-survey them; we will suddenly.
Pause our audience and permanemy Answer.

England. Brother we will.
Goe Vackle Exeter,
And other Clereancie, and you Brother Gloucester,
Warwick, and Huntingdon, goe with the King,
And take with you free power, to ratifie,
Augment, or alter, as your Wildomes best.
Shall fea 4d admirable for our Dignitie,
Any thing in or out of our Demands,
And we will conforme thereto. Will you faire Sitter,
Goe with the Princes or stay here with vs?

Que. Our pious Brother, I will goe with them:
Happily a Woman Voyce may doe some good,
When Articles too nicely are d'be flood on.

England. Ye see our Counsin Katherine here with vs,
She is in our capital Demand, accompt'd
Within the fore-runke of our Articles.

Que. She hath good leave. 
Excuse examining.

Monet King and Katherine.

King. Fare Katherine, and moss faire,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a Souldier reams,
Sach as will enter at a Ladies esse,
And please his. Love-first to her gentle heart.

Kath. Your Majestie shall mock at me, I cannot speake your English.

King. O faire Katherine, if you will come fondly with your French heart, I will be glad to heare you confesse it brokenly with your English Tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Kath. Pardonne moy, I cannot tell what is like me.

King. An Angell is like you Kate, and you are like an Angel.

Kath. Que dirai que je suis semblable a les Anges?
Lady. Oui. monsieur (chantre de grace) admet du.

King. I taid so; despair Katherine, and I must not blushe to affraine it.

Kath. O bon Dieu, les langages des hommes sont pleins de treslumieres.

King. What sayes thou, faire oneet that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Lady. Oui, dat de tongues de demons is ba full of deceits: das is de Princehee.

King. The Princeche is the beter English-woman:
yfaith, Kate, my tasting is for thy understanding: I am glad thou cant speake no better English, for if thou couldst, thou wouldst finde me such a plaine King, that thou wouldst thinke, I had fold my Farme to buy my Crowne. I know no wayes to monce it in love, but directly to say, I love you; then if you ver it farther, then to say, Do you in faith? I were out my booke. Give me your answer, faith do, and so step hands, and a bargaine: how say you, Lady?

Kath. Save soigne honoret, me vnderstand well.

King. Marry, if you would put me to Verity, or to Dancing for your sake, Kate, why you vnderti, for the one I have neither words nor the other, I have no strength in me, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could winne a Lady at Lepe, frogge, or by vawing into my Saddle, with my Arme, or my back, under the correcation of bragging, be it spoken, I should quickly leappe into a Wife: Or if I would buffet for my Loue, or bond my Horse for her favours, I could lay on like a Butcher, and fit like a Jack an Apron, neat of. But before God Kate, I cannot looke greenely, nor gape out my eloquence, nor have no cunning in profession; only downe-right Oathes, which I never use til I vrg'd, nor never breake for vrging. If thou cant lose a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth Sunne-burning; that never looks in his Glass, for love of any thing he sees there; let this Eye be thy Cooke. I speake to thee plaine Souldier: If thou cant lose me for this, take me: if not to say to thee, I shall dye, its true, but for thy love, by the L. No: yet I lose thee too.

And while thou livest, dear Kate, she a fellow of plaine and unconfident Souldiers, dotted do thee right, because he hath not the gift to wrope in other places; for these fellows of infinit tongue, that can sympathize themselves into Ladyes favours, they doe alwayes read them selues out againe. What a speaker is but a matter. A Ryme is but a Ballad; a good Lawe will fall, a hatr Backe will floope, a blacke Beard will come white, a beadl Pate will grow bald, a faire Face will wither, a full Eyel will wax hollow: a good Heart, Kate, is the Sunne and the Moone, or rather the Sunne, and not the Moone; for it shines bright, and neuer changes, but keeps his conscie truly. If thou wouldest have such a one, take me: and take me: Kate is a Souldiers Lady, Kate is a Souldiers Kate. And what sayth thou then to my Loue? speake my faire, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible that I should lose de enemie of France?

King. No, it is not possible thou shouldst lose the Enemy of France, Kate; but in loving me, thou shouldst lose the Friend of France: for I lose 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.

Kath. I cannot tell what 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 Husbands Necke, hardly to be unwone off: le grand par le petit, le petit par le grand, en sorte que vous serez le bien vivant de moi. Let me see, what then? Saint Domas bee my (petee). Donc voivre off France, & votre effet mine, it is a care for me, Kate, to conquer the Kingdome, as to speake so much more French, I shall never more trie in France, you must be to laugh at me.

Kath. Save soigne honoret, le François que vous parliez, il est merveille que l'Anglois est pas il parle.

King. No faith it is not, Kate: but thy speaking of my Tongue, and I thinke, most truly sailely, must needs be granted to be much atone. But Kate, doest thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

King. Can one of your Neighbours tell, Kate? He ask them. Come, I know thou buchte me at night, when you come into your Clothe, you're quostion this Gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her disparat those parts in me that you love with your heart: but good Kate, medike me mercifullly, the rather gentle Princehee because I lose thee cruelly. If euer thou best mine, Kate, as I have a lasting Faith within me tells me thou that, I get thee with skambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good Souldier-bred: Shill not thou and I, between Saint Denys and Saint George, compund a Boy, halfe French halfe English, & that
that shall go to Constantinople, and take the Tuche by the beard. Shall we not? what sayst thou, my faire Flower-de-luce?

Kate. I do not know dat.

King. Not as 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 moitie, take the Word of a King, and a Batcheler. How answer you. La plus belle Racher ne du monde mon seyltre & demain demence.

Kate. Your Maiesty see mine Frenche enough to declare de maist lage Damasielet die is en France.

King. Now eye upon my falle Frenchy by mine honor in true English, I lose thee Kate; by which honor, I dare not see thee thou bewil me, yet my blood begins to flatter me, that thou dost not, nor withstand the pone or vanquishing effect of my Visage. Now hathrew my Fathers Ambition, her was thinking of Cruel Wares whom she got me, therefore was I creasted with a shruborne out-side, with an aspec of Iron, that when I come to wooe Ladies, I fright them: but in faith Kate, the elder I was, the better I shall appear. My comfort is, that Old Age, that ill layer up of Beautie, can doe no more spoyle upon my face. Thou shalt me, if thou shalt me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better: and therefore tell me, most fair En
eron, will you come me? Put out your Maiden Blushes, aught the Thoughts of your Heart with the Looke of an Empresse, take me by the Hand, and say, Harry of England, I am thine: which Word thou shalt no sooner blesse mine Ear withall, but I will tell thee asold, 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 belt King, then shall finde the best King of Good-fellows. Come your An
twer in broken Muffick; for thy Voiye is Muffick, and thy English broken: Therefore Queene of all Katherine, break thy minde to me in broken English; wilt thou brave?

Kate. Dat is as I shall please de Roy mon pere.

King. Nay, it will please him well, Kate, it shall please him, Kate.

Kate. Den it fall also content me.

King. Vpon that I kisse your Hand, and I call you my Queene.

Kate. Laisse mon Seigneur, laisse, laisse, may saye: Le se vouz point que vous dehissez votre grandeur, en basant le mains d'une Seigneur iniquite fier ceznez exaivez. Le est vosse mon tres-pauvre Seigneur.

King. Then I will kisse your Lippes, Kate.

Kate. Lais Dames & Demoiselles, prce avec laissez demanf leurs deisent il ne pas est qu'elle de France.

King. Madame, my Interpreter, what sayes thee?

Lady. Dat it is not de fashon pour les Ladies of France; I cannot tell withis buisine in Anglishe.

King. To kisse.

Kate. Your Maiestie entendez better que moy.

King. It is so a fashion for the Maides in France to kisse before they are married; would have say?

Lady. Onyeayement.

King. O Kate, nice Customes curte to great Kings. Denye Kate, you and I cannot bee could in within the weeke Lyfe of a Counrages fashion: wee are the makers of Manners, Kate: and the asbrickit that follows our Places, stops the mouth of all finde-faults, as I will doe yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your Country, in denying me a Kisse: therefore patiently, and yelding. You have Witch-craft in your Lippe. Kate: there is more eloquence in a Sugar touch of them, then in the Tongues of the French Council: and they should sooner perfit to Harry of England, then a generall Petition of Monarchs. Here cometh your Father.

Enter the French Power, and the English Lords.

Burg. God face your Maiestie, my Royall Cousin, teach you our Princelie English?

King. I would have her leame, my faire Cousin, how perfectly I love her, and that is good English.

Burg. Is this not so?

King. Our Tongue is rough, Coze, and my Condition is too smooth: so that having neyther the Voiyce nor the Heart of Princesse about me, I cannot so comure vp the Spirit of Loue in her, that she will appear in his true likenesse.

Burg. Pardon the frankneffe of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would comure in her, you must make a Circle: if comure vp Loue in her in his true likenesse, she must appeare naked, and blinde. Can you blame her then, being a Maid, yet roed ouer with the Virgin Cyminon of Maidette, if she deny the apperance of a naked blinde Boy in her naked feeling felle. It were (my Lord) a hard Condition for a Maid to content to.

King. Yet doe they white and yelding, as Loue is blind and enforceres.

Burg. They are then extus'd, my Lord, when they see not what they doe.

King. Then good my Lord, teach your Cousin to content winking.

Burg. I will wink on her to content, my Lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for Maides well Summer'd, and warme kept, are like Flies at Bartholomew-cycle, blinde, though they have their eyes, and then they will endure banishing, which before would not abide looking on.

King. This Morall try me one to Time, and a hot Summer; and so I shall chace the Flie, your Cousin, in the better end, and fine must be blindde to.

Burg. It is so: and you may, some of you, shooke Loue for my blindnesse, who cannot see many a faire French Cite for one faire French Maid that fisnds in my way.

French King. Yet my Lord, you see them perfectly: the Cities turnd into a Maid; for they are all gyrdled with Maidien Walls, that Warre hath entred.

England. Shall Kate be my Wife?

France. So plesse you.

England. I am content, so the Maidien Cities you talk of, may walke on her; so the Maid that falle in the way for my Wiffa, shall shew me the way to my Will.

France. Wee have conferred to all tommes of reason.

England. It is so, my Lords of England?

Wife. The King hath granted every Article:

His Daughter first; and in sequelle, all,

According to their firme propos'd natures.

Event. Onley
The Life of Henry the Fift.

Enter. Only he hath not yet subscribed this:
Where your Majestie demands, That the King of France
having any occasion to write for master of Granthall
name your Highness in this forme, and with this additi
on, in French: *Notre tres chere file, Henry Roi d'Angleterre*
*Heretres de France*: and thus in Latin: *Proclamamus
Eius in Christo et Anglia & Freres Franciae.*

France. Nor this I have not Brother to deny'd,
But your request shall maketh me let it passe,
England. I pray you then, in love and dearing allegiance,
Let that one Article rank with the rest,
And shew upon you me your Daughter.
France. Take her faire Sonne, and from her blood rayle up
this to me, that the contending Kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very lineages looke pale,
With envy of each others happiness,
May cease their hatred; and this dready Conunion
Plant Neighbourhood and Christian like accord
In their sweet Bologna: that newer Warre advance
His bleeding Sword twice England and faire France.

Lords. Amen.

King. Now welcome Kate: and beare me wittisse all,
That here I kinde her ass my Souvereign Queene.

Enter. 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 bone,
So be there two, your Kingdoms such a Spoonfill,
That never may ill Office, or fell Treasoures.

Which troubles off the Bed of blessed Marriage,
Thrust in betweene the Patent of these Kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate League:
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other. God spake this Amen.

Amen.

King. Prepare we for our Marriage: on which day,
My Lord of Burgundy we'll take your Oath
And all the Peers, for suretie of our Leagues.
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me,
And may our Oathes well keep and prosper be.

Enter Nobles.

Enter Clerk.

Thus fare with rough, and all-way able Pen,
Our bending Author hath purif'd the Story,
In little roome confining mightie men.
Mangling by flate the full course of their glory.
Small time: but in that small, most greatly listed
This State of England, Fortune made his Swords
By which, the Worlds best Garden he achiev'd:
And of it left his Sonne Imperial Lord.

*Henry the Sixth, in Infant Hands crown'd King*
*Of France and England, did this King succeed:
Whole State so many had the managing,
That they left France, and made his England bleed:
Which off our Stage hath throned; and for their sake,
In your faire minds let this acceptance take,

FINIS.
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Aetvs 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 Grafton, Prince of the Duke of Exeter, Warwick, the Bishop of Winchester, and the Duke of Somerset.

Bedford.

Behold the heinous white black, yield day to night; join in importing of men and sex, Scandify your city in the field, And with them seize the bad resolving Stars; That have confirmed you to Heaven's death.

King Henry, the Fifth, too famous to be long, England now lost a King of so much worth.

Gloft. England now he rod a King till his time: Verue he had, declining to command;
His brandish'd sword did blinde men with his beames,
His Armes spred wider than Dragons Wings;
His sparkling eye, acomplish with wrathful fire,
More dazled and shone back his Enemy,
Then midstesse Samme, fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say of his Deeds exceed all speech?
He ne'er lift up his hand, but conquered.
Exc. We mourn in black, why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and never shall reume.
Upon a Wooden Coffin we attend;
And Death is honournable Victorie,
We with our freelye prentice glorie,
Like Captives bound to Triumphant Carre,
What ill we curse the Plaist of Misrule,
That ploted thus out Glories overthrow?
Or ill we think the subtle-witted French,
Conerours and Succeeders, that afraid of him,
By Magick Verfes have contriv'd his end.

Wcin. He was a King, chief of the King of Kings.

V furo the French, th' ensasful Judgment-Day
So dreadful will not be, as was his fight.
The Battails of the Lord of Holte he fought:
The Churchers Prayers made him to prosper.
Gloft. The Church? where is it?
Had not Churchmen pray'd,
His third of Life had not so soon decay'd,
None doe you like, but an effeminiate Prince,
Who like a School-boy you may overawe.

Wcin. Gloft, what ere we like, thou art Protector,
And look to command the Prince and Realm.

This Wife is proud, the holdest thee to seve,
More than God or Religious Church-men may.

Gloft. How not Religion, for thou lost'the Flesh,
And ne'te throughout the yeare to Church though'g,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. If so, cease thee fard, & rest thy minds in peace.

Let's to the Altar, Healt's way's on vs:
In head of Gold, we'll offer vp our Armes,
Since Armes maye not now that Henry's dead,
Perhpete aye for wretched yeare.
When at their Mothers moulded eyes, Babes shall fall suck,
Our lie be made a Nourish of salt Teares.
And none but Women left to weyde the dead.

Henry the Fifth, thy Ghost I intimate,
Proper this Realmse, keepe it from Civill Brailles,
Combat with aduerse Planeties in the Heavens;
A faire more glorious Starre thy Soule will make,
Then Julius Caesar or bright-

Enter a Messenger.

Meas. My honorable Lords, health to you all:
Said tidings bring to you out of France,
Of loffe, of slaughter, and discomfiture:
Guyen, Champagne, Rheines, Orleans,
Paris, Conques, Poitou, are all quite loffe.

Bed. What day shall they may, before the death of Henry's Courte?

Speak we, the loffe of those great Townes,
Will make him burst his Lead and rife from death.

Gloft. Is Paris loffe? is Roan yeald ed vp?

If Henry were recalled to life again,
These news would cause him once more yeald the Ghost.

Exc. How were they loffe? what treachery was vs'd?

Meas. No treachery, but want of Men and Money.

Amongst the Souliers this is muttered,
That here you maintaine several Padouches,
And whil'st a Field shold be disput and fought,
You are disputing of your Generals,
One would have longing Warres, with little cost;
Another would yeve him, but wanteth Wings.
A third thinkes, without somee expense at all,
By guilefull faire words, Peace maye be obtayned.

Awake, awake, English Nobilitie,
Let not sloth dimme your Honors, new begun;
Grope are the flower-Luces in your Armes,
Of England's Coat, one halfe is cut away.

Exc. Were our Teares wanting to this Funeral?

These Tidings would call forth her flowing Tides.

Bed. Me they concerne, Regent I am of France:
Giv the my fee'd Cost, let fight for France.
Away with these disgraceful unwilling Robes;
Wounds will I lend the French, in head of Eyes,
To weep their interminable Milities.
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Enter to them another Mesanger.

Mef. Lord, view these Letters, full of sad mishance. France is troubled from the English rage.

except some petty towns of no import.
The Dolphin Charles is crowned King in Rhines.
The Battall of Orleans with him is joyed.


doth take his part.
The Duke of Alenon flieth to his side.

Exe. The Dolphin crownd King? all fire so shone?
Or whether shall we flye from this approach?

Ghis. We will not flye, but to our enemies throst.

Before, if thou be flaque, he flieth it out. Bed. Ghist, why dost thou shut of my forward nesse?

An Army was I trusted in my thoughts, Where with already France is over-run.

Enter another Mesanger.

Mef. My gracious Lords, to add to your lament, Wherewith you now behold King Henry beare; I must informe you of a distast full greatness. Bewray the foule Lord Talbot's face. Wm. What wherein Talbot overcame, is it so?

3. Mef. O not wherein Lord Talbot so of cryed:
The circumstance tell you more of change.
The tenth of August last, in that dreadfull Lord, Returning from the Siege of Orleans, Raging full fierce in that thousand in his troope, By three and twenty thousand of the French Was round encompass'd, and set upon:

No strait had he to encrake his men. He wanted Fikes to set before his Archers:

is head whereof, sharme Stakes pluckt out of Hedges. They pitch'd in the ground contoudy:

To keep the Horsmen off, from breaking in. More then three houres the fight continued:

Where valiant Talbot, above humane thought, Enacted wonders with his Sword and Lance. Hundreds he sent to Hell, and none durst stand him: Here was and every where enrag'd he flew. The French esclayn'd, the Donsill was in Amor, All the whole Army fast agaze'd on him. His Soildiers lipping his vauousant Spirir, A Talbot, a Talbot, very out amazing.

And rusht into the Bowels of the Battale. Here had the Conquest fully beene feald vp.

If Sir John Talbot had not playd the Coward. He being in the Vastard, place behind, With purpose to relieve and follow them, Cowardly fled, not haring fronce one frende. Hence grew the generall wack and mischance: Enclosed were they with their Enemies.

A base Wallon, to win the Dohnsins grace, Thrust Talbot with a Sperre into the Back. Whom all France, with their chiefes attempted strength, Durst not presume to looke once in the face. Byed. Is Talbot flaine there? I will flye my selfe, For lining idly here, in pompse and cafe, Whilst such a worthy Leader, wanting ayd, Voue his staffard five men is betrayd.

3. Mef. Ono, he hures, but is tooke Prisoner. And Lord Holles with him, and Lord Hungerford. Most of the rest, slayd, or tooke Prisoner.

Byed. His Ransome there is none, but I shal pay. He slaye the Dohnsins headlong from his Throne; His Crowne shall be the Ransome of my friend: For of their Lords Ie change for one of ours.

Parwell, my Masters, to my Taskewill I, Bonfire in France forthwith I shall make, To keep our great Lord George Fleet withall. Ten thousand Soldiers with me I will take, Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

3. Mef. So you had need, for Orleans is besieged. The English Army is growne weake and faint: The Earl of Salisbury cremat happily, And hardly keeps his men from insinate, Since they too few, watch fitches a multitude.

Exe. Remember Lords your Fathers to Henry Evorne: Eyther to quell the Dohnsins utterly, Or bring him in obedience to your yorke.

Byed. I do remember it, and here take my leave, To goe about my preparation. East Endford.

Ghis. He to the Tower with all the hall I can, To view th' Artillery and Munition, And then I will proclaime young Henry King.

Exit Ghis.

Exe. To Elgeam will I, where the young King is, Being order'd by his special Governor, And for his safete there Ie batte deale.

Wyn. Woe, each hath his place and function to attend: I am left out: for me nothing remains: But long I will not be Jack out of Office.

The King from Elgeam I intend to send, And sit at cheeff Brene of publique Weale.

Exit.

Sound a Flaynse.

Enter Charles, Alanfso, and Reigers, marching with Drum and Souldiers.

Charles, Mark his true motion, even as in the Heavens, So in the Earth, to this day is not knowne, Late did he shine upon the English side:

Now we are Victors, upon vs be smiles. What Townes of any moment, but we have it. As pleasure here we eye, nere Orleans:

Outherwise the famous English, like pale Ghosts, Painfully begefe vs one hour in a month. Alan. They want then their Porrorder, & their fat Bal Beates:

Eyther they must be dyed like Mules, And have their Prisonders dyd to their mouths, Or piteous they will look, like drooned Mice.

Reigers. Let vs rayle the Siege: why live we idly here?

Talbot is taken, whom we want to take:

Remayneth none but mad-brayd'd Salty day:

And he may well in fretting flieth his gall, Nor men nor Money hath he to make Ware.

Charles. Sound, sound Alarum, we will ruff on them, Now for the honour of the forlome French: Him I forgive my death, that killleth me,

When he sees me goe back one foot, or flye. Exeunt. Here Alarum, they are beaten back by the English, with great lisse.

Enter Charles, Alanfso, and Reigers.

Charles. Who sees now the like? who can have it? Doggie Cowards, Dators. I would he was flied, But that they left me to slay my Enemies.

Reigers. Salty day is a desperate Hontide, He fighteth as one weary of his life:

The other Lords, like Lyons wanting looke, Doe ruff upon vs as their hungry prey.

Alanfso. Frey.
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

Alastor, speed your, A Counterprovmen of ours, records,
England all Olivers and Owlands breed.
During the time Edward the third did raigne:
More truly now may this be verified:
For none but Sampson and Galahad
It tendeth forth to skirmish; one to tene?
Leave rawe-bord Ratcliff, who wouldnt suppose,
They had such courage and audacity.
Charles. Let leave this Towne,
For they are hayre-brunt'd Slaves,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their Teeth
The Walls they'll leave downe, then to fake the Siege.
Reynier. I think eke by some odd Commons or Deuce.
Their Arms are featlike Clocks, till they strike on;
Else we're could they hold out so as they doe:
By my consent, we're even let them alone.
Alastor. Be it so.

Enter the Daugher of Orleans.

Daugeth. Where's the Prince Dolphin? I have newes for him.
Dolph. Bastard of Orleans, thou art welcome to vs,
Belf. Me thinks your looks are fed, your cheere appeale.
Kath. The late event have wrought this content?
Be not diuised, for terror is at hand:
A holy Maid tis with me I bring,
Which by a Vision sent to her from Heaven,
Oursayd as to raigne this tedious Siege,
And shew the English for the bounds of France:
The spirit of deep Prophecy the harts,
Exceeding the nine Drydus of old Rome:
What's past, and what's to come, she can defray,
Speake, shall I call her in? by meaete my words,
For they are certain, and valuable.
Dolph. One call her in the floor, to try her skill.
Reyn. And thou as Dolphin in my place;
Question her provdyly, let thy Looks be serene,
By this means shall we found what skill the harts.

Enter some Panel.

Reyn. Fair Maid, is't thou will doe these wondrous feats?
Panel. Reynier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
What is the Dolphin? Come, come from behindie,
I know thee well, though never seene before.
Be not aston'd, there's nothing hid from me;
In private will I talk with thee spares;
Stand back you Lords, and give vs leave a while.
Reyn. She takes upon her braveness at first shach.
Panel. Dolphin, am I by birth a Shepheard's Daughter,
My witts are taken in any kind of Art:
Heaven and our Lady gracious hast is pleas'd
To shew me on my conceptions etale.
Lor, whilst I waited on my tender Lambes,
And to Sunees parching heat display'd my cheeks,
Gods Mother designed to appeare to me,
And in a Vision full of Mirthie,
Wilt thou to me show my future Vocation,
And free my Country from Calamities:
Her sayle the promis'd, and affer'd醚e.
In compleat Glory shee reveal'd her selfe.
And whereas I was black and swart before,
With chiefe clear Rayes, which thee inflam'd on me,
That beauty am I blest with, which thou mayst see.

Ask me what question thou canst impossible,
And I will answer suprermated;
My Courage trie by Combat, if thou darst,
And thou shalt finde that I exceed my Sex.
Refuse on this, thou shalt be forspurg'd,
If thou receive me for thy Walthale Mark.
Dolph. Thou hast assur'd me with thy high terms;
Ovly this proofe is of thy Valour make,
In single Combat thou shalt buckStat me with,
And if thou vannish'the thy words are true.
Othervise I renounce all confidence.
Panel. I am prepare, here is my keen-edg'd Sword,
Decks with fine Flowers-Lutes on each side,
The which at Tournay, in S.Katherine's Churchyard,
Out of a great deal of old Iron, I chose forth.
Dolph. Then come a Gods name, I fear no woman.
Panel. And while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.
Fiercely fight and learn'st the Peacall outcome.
Dolph. Stay, stay thy hands, they are an Amazon,
And fightst with the Sword of Deboara.
Panel. Christs Mother helps me, else I were too weake.
Dolph. Who e'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me;
Impetumstly I burne with thy dire.
My hearst and hands thou shalt at once subdue:
Excellent Panel, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant, and not Sotterne gue be,
Tis the French Dolphin fusth to thee thus.
Panel. I must not yield to any rights of Love.
For my Profession's sacred from above,
What I have owed all thy Fores from hence,
Then will I think of a recumence.
Dolph. Meane time look graciously on thy profirate
Thrall.
Reynier. My Lord me thinkes is very long in talke.
Alas! Doubtless he stayes this woman to her smock,
Elswhere we could be long round his speach.
Reyn. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no meane?
Alas. He may mean more then we poor men do know,
These women are fierce tempers with their tongues.
Reynier. My Lord, where are you? what do you if we will.
Shall we give e're Orleans, or no?
Panel. Why no, I say, diftrustfull Recceantes,
Fight till the last grape: I be your guard.
Dolph. What thee sayes, I'll confirme we'll fight it out.
Panel. Alas! Alas! Panel to be the English Scourge.
This night the Siege affuriedly he raydeth.
Expect Saint Martin Summer, Holydays days,
Since I have enterd into their Warrs.
Glory is like a Circle in the Water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge it selfe.
Till by broad spreading, it diuerti se to might.
With Henrys death, the English Circle ends,
Disperid are the glories it included:
Now am I like that proud insulting Ship,
Which Caesar and his fortune bare at once.
Dolph. Was Makemess inspired with a Dove?
Kath. He was with Eagle, that is inspired then.
Erin, the Mother of Great Conquering,
Yet not S. Philip's daughters were like them.
Bright Starre of Venus, false downe on the Earth,
How may I recently worship thee enough?
Alastor. Leave off delays, and let vs rayl the Siege.
Reynier. Wou.
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

In sight of Pope, or dignities of Church,
Here by the Cheethes Ille drag thee vp and downe.
Witch. Gloff, thou wilt anwer thee this before the Pope.

Gloff. Winchester Goyle, Jery, a Rope, a Rope.
Now beat them hence, why do you let them stay?
Thou Ille chase hence, thou Wolfe in Sheeppo array,
Our Tawny Coates, out Scarlet Hyppocrite.

Here Gloffs men beat out the Cardinal men,
and cause to the hourly hurly the Master
of London, and his Officers.

Minor, Fye Lords, that you being supreme Magistrates,
Thus contumeliously should break the Peace.
Gloff. Peace Maior, thou knowst little of my wrongs.
Here's Bevemond, that regards nor God nor King,
Bath here disdain'd the Tower to his use.
Witch. Here's Gloffs, a Poe to Citizens,
One that billions Warre, and neen Peace,
Of recharging your free Princes with large Fines;
That seeks to overthrow Religion,
Because he is Protector of the Reame;
And would have Armours here out of the Tower,
To Crowne himselfe King, and supprese the Prince.
Gloff. I will not anwer thee with words, but blows,
Here they smiteth againe.

Minor. Naught reftis for me, in this tumultuous strife,
But to make open Penetration,
Come Officer, as low as e're thou canst cry.
All manner of men, assembled here in Arms this day,
Against God, Peace, and the Kings, we charge and command you,
In his Highnesse Name, to repair to your several dwelling places,
And to be armed, ha ndle, or wey any Sword, Weapon or Dagger hence-forward upon paine of death.
Gloff. Cardinal, I be no breaker of the Law:
But we shall hear, and break our minds at large.
Witch. Gloff, where's meet to thy selfe a beare:
Thy heart-blood I will huse for this dayes worfe.
Minor. Ille call for Gloff, if you will no stay,
This Cardinal's more haughty then the Deuill.
Gloff. Maior farewell: thou dost not but what thou mayst.
Witch. Abominable Gloff, gude thry Head,
For I intend to have it ere long.

Enter the Master Gunner of Orleancs, and
his Boy.

M. Gunner. Siestea, thou knowst how Orleancs being'd,
And how the English have the Suburbs woman.
Boy. Father I know, and oft have thee at them,
How e're unfortunate, I will'd my syne.
M. Gunner. But now thou shalt not be thou still'd by me.
Chietie Master Gunner am I of this Towne,
Something I must doe to procure me grace:
The Princes espials have inform'd me,
How the English, in the Suburbs close entrench,
Went through a secret Grace of Iron Barre,
In yonder Tower, to ouer-pee the Citty,
And thence discover, how with most advantage.
They may vse vs with Shot or with Artillie,
To intercept this inconvenience,
A Peace of Ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd,
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

And then these three days have I watch'd,
If I could see them. Now do thou see watch,
For I can stay no longer.
And thou shalt finde me at the Gouernors.
Exit.

Roy. Fathers, I warrant you, I have no more,
I neytr trouble you, if thou s'peeke them.
Exit.

Enter Salisbury and Talbot on the Turrets,
with others.

Salib. Talbot, my life, my joy, again, again return'd?
How were thou handled, bring Prisoner?
Or by what means goest thou to be releas'd?
Difcreetly I prisse on this Turrets sop.
Talbot. The Earl of Bedford had a Prisoner,
Call'd the brave Lord Portan de Soueray,
For him was I exchang'd, and randleon,
But with a better man of Armes by forse,
Once in contempt they would have bar'd me:
Which I disdain'd, found, and grisaed death,
Rather then I would be so put to eftem:
In fine, redeem'd I was as I deign'd.
But O, the treacherous Falstaff wounds my heart,
Whom with my bare fist I would execute,
If I now had him drawn by my power.

Salib. Yeu tell it not, how thou wast entertain'd.
Talib. With scoffes and scorne, and contumelious contempts,
In open Market-place produe the money,
To be a publique spectacle to all:
Here, sayd they, is the Terror of the French,
The Scare-Crow that affrights our Children to,
Then broke from the Officer that led me,
And with my stayles digg'd stones out of the ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my shame,
My grisy countenance made others fie,
None out came near, for fear of fadaine death.
In Iron Walls they demist me not secure:
So great fear of my Name 'mongst them were spread,
That they suppos'd I could rend Barres of Steele,
And spurne in peacee Polls of Adament,
Because a guard of choise Shot I had,
That walkt about me euyry Minute while:
And if it did but drive out of my Bed,
Ready they were to shoo me to the heart.

Enter the Boy with a Linnebag.

Salib. I grieve to hear what tormentes you endur'd,
But we will be resou'd sufficiently.
Now it is Supper time in Orleans:
Here, through this Gate, I count each one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortifie:
Let vs look in, the sight will much delight thee:
Sir Thomas Gargrane, and Sir William Glandfaile,
Let me have your expenses opinions,
Where is best place to make our Bat'ry next?

Glandfaile. I think at the North Gate, for there stands Lord,

Garr. And I heare, at the Balw straight of the Bridge,

Talib. Forcought I see this Citie must be shak'n,
Or with light Ships not enter'd. Here they flint, and

Salib. O Lord, have mercy on vs, wretched sinners.
Garr. O Lord, have mercy on me, wofull man.
Talib. What chance is this? that suddenly hath corru'd vs?
Speake Salisbury, at least, if thou canst, speake.
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

O'er take me if thou canst, I come thy strength,
Goe, goe, chase vp thy hungry-thirsting men,
Helpes Salisbury to make his Testament.
This Day is ours, as many more shall be.

Enter Tab. My thoughts are whirl'd like a Potter's Wheel.
I know not where I am, nor what I doe.
A Witch by force, not force, like Hamlet,
Drives back our troupes, and conquers on the lift.
So Beeves with smocks, and Dovers with nooyse French.
Are from their Hous, and Hourt driven away.
They call'd vs, for our Recencet, English Dogges.
Now like to Whelps, we cryng runne away.

A short Alarum.

Hearke Courtriers, ye other the fight.
Or the Lyons out of England's Coast.
Renounce your Soyle, give Sheepe in Lyons stead.
Sheepe run not halfe so noxious from the Wolfe.
Or Horse or Oxen from the Leopard.
As you flye from your oath-bounded guests.

Alarum. Here another Skynge.
It will not be, restye into your Frenches.
You all content to Salisbury's death,
For none would strike a Stroke in his streets.
This is enter'd into Orleans,
In flingers of vs, or ought that we could doe.
O would I were to die with Salisbury,
The shame hereof will make me hide my head.

Exit Tab'.

Alarum, Retreat, Flourish.

Enter on the Wall: Paschal, Dolphin, Reigneur,

Alarum, and Sentinels.

Pascal. Advance our wearing Colours on the Wall,
Reheard is Orleans from the English.
Thus Paschal hath perform'd her word.
Dolph. Drummet Creature, Alfred's Daughter.
How shall I honour thee for this success?-
Thy promisse are like Autuns Garden,
That one day blome'd, and fruitfull were the next.
France, triumph in thy glorious Propheteesse.
Recon'd is the Towne of Orleans,
More bless'd hap did ne're befall our State.
Reigneur. Why ring not out the Bells aloud,
Throughout the Towne? 
Dolphin command the Citizens make Bonfires.
And feast and banquet in the open streets.
To celebrate the joye that God hath given vs.

Alarum. All France shall be replaçd with smith and toy.
When they shall hear how we have play'd the turn.

Dolph. This day, no we by whom the day is wonne:
For which, I will devote my Crowne with her,
And all the Priests and Preyers in my Realme,
Shall in procession sing her endless praise.
A flattery Pyramis to lux Ile rear.
Then Rhondope's or Memphite eier was.
In memory of her, when fire is dead,
Her Ashes in a Vine more precious.
Then the rich-levell'd Coffere of Darus;
Transported, shall be at high Festivals.
Before the Kings and Queens of France.
No longer on Saint Dams: will we cry,
But Paschal shall be France's Saint.
Come in, and let vs Banquet Royally.
After this Golden Day of Victorie.

Flourish. Exeunt.
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

More treacherous, or desperate than this.

**Bret.** I think this Tudor be a Friend of Hell.

**Ray.** If so 'twere, the Heavens sue favour him.

**Alms.** Here commeth Charles, I marvel how he spake?

*Enter Charles and Isabeau.*

**Bret.** Tut, holy Isabeau was his defence Guard;
Curst, Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful Dame?
Dost thou at still to flatter vs withall,
Make vs partakers of a little gaines,
That now our selfs might be ten times so much?

**Isabeau.** Wherefore is Charles so patient with his friends?
At all times will you have my Power alike?
Sleeping or waking, must I still premisse,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?

**Improprious.** Sudden, loud
Your Watch been good,
This sudden Minstrel never could have done.

**Charl.** Duke of Albion, this was your default,
That being Captain of the Watch to Night,
Did no more to take so much weight in Charge.

**Alms.** Had all your Quarters been as falsely kept,
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully imprisioned.

**Bret.** Mine was secure.

**Eng.** And so was mine, my Lord.

**Churls.** And for my self, most part of all this Night
Within her Quarters and mine own, Preciously.

I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
About reheing of the Continent.
Then how, or which way, should they first break in?

**Isabeau.** Question my Lords, no fodder of the cane,
How or which way, 'tis fur they found some place,
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.
And now there rests no other shift but this,
To gather our Souldiers, faster'd and disposed,
And lay new Plastra to endanger the same.

*Exit.*

**Alms.** Enter a soldier saying, a Teller, a Teller: they are conscripting their Clothes behind.

**Sold.** He be so bold to take what they have left:
The Cry of Teller fetches me for a Sword.
For I have joyned me with many Spies,
Ving no other Weapon but his Name.

*Exit.*

**Bret.** The Day begins to break, and Night is fled,
Whole patchy Mists overspread the Earth.
Here sound Retreat, and cease her parting.

**Teller.** Bring forth the Body of old Salisbury.
And here advance it in the Market Place,
The middle Centurie of this cutted Towne.
Now haste and take my Word into her Sole:
For every drop of blood was drawn from him,
There hath at last five Frenchmen dyed to night,
And that hereafter Ages may behold.

**Wagner.** What mine happened in retenghe of him,
Within their chiefs Temple lie erect.
A Tomb, wherein his Corpse shall swell.
Upon which the Nation may see,
Shall be engag'd the flesch of Olensence.
The treacherous manner of his momentfull death,
And what a terror he had bred to France.
But Lords, in all our bloody Misfortunes,
I made we met not with the Dolphins Grace,
His new-comen Champion, victorious issue of Acte,
Nor any of his faith Conquerors.

**Bret.** This thought Lord Talbot, when the night began,
Round'd on the studden from their drearie Beds,
They did amongst the trumpets of armed men,
Leape of the Walls for refuge in the field.

**Bret.** My self most bare as I could well imbarke,
To small and little vapours of the night.
Am but I fear'd the Dolphin and his Trull,
When Arme in Arme they both came swiftly running.
I could not live another day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We'll follow them with all the power we have.

*Enter a Messenger.*

**Mess.** All hap'y, my Lords: this of which this Prince is blame,
Call ye the Warlike Talbot, for his Acts.
So much applauded through the Realm of France?

**Teller.** Here is the Teller, who shall speak with him.

**Mess.** The vertuous Lady, Countesse of Ouerone,
With modestly admiring thy Retrospect,
By me entreat (great Lord), thou wouldst be vouchsafe
To visit her posse Castle where the ly's,
That she may brede the hath behold the man.
Whole glory fills the World with loud report.

**Bret.** Is it even so? Nay, then I see our Wares
Will turne into a peacefull, and Comick sport,
When Ladies eare to be encounter'd with.
You may not your (my Lord) despite her gentle fitt.

**Teller.** We're trust me then; for when a World of men
Could not presse with all their Oratoric,
Yet hath a Women kindless outroubid:
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks,
And in submission will attend on her.

**Mess.** Will you not Honours beare me company?

**Bret.** No, not; in more than manner will:
And I have heard it sayd, Vindicated Saints
Are often welcome when they are gone.

**Teller.** Well then, alone (since there's no remedie)
I mean to praise this Ladies courtesie.

*Come hither Captain, you perceive my minds.*

**Wagner.**

**Capt.** I do my Lord, and mean to accordingly.

*Exit.*

**Enter Countesse.*

**Countesse.** Porter, remember what I gave in charge,
And when you have done so, bring the Keys to me.

**Porter.** Madame, I will.

*Exit.*

**Countess.** The Plot is laid, if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit,
As Sayon Tousi on by Cyrus death.
Great is the renowne of this dreadful Knight,
And his achievement of no leafe account.
Faire would mine eyes be wittigge with mine ears,
To give his sentent of this rare reports.

*Enter Messinger and Talbot.*

**Mess.** Madame, according as your Ladyship deferr'd,
By Messinger's charge, so is Lord Talbot come.

**Countess.** And he is welcome: what is this the man?

**Mess.** Madame, it is.

*Countess.** Is this the Scourge of France?

**Teller.** Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad?
That with his Name the Mothes stilll their Babes?
I hear Report is fabulous and false.
But only with your patience, that we may
Take of your Wine, and see what Cates you have,
For Souldiers stomachs always endure them well.

Comes. With all my heart, and think me honored,
To feall to great a Warrior in my House. Exeunt.

Enter Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, Somerset, Poole, and others.

York. Great Lords and Gentlemen,
What means this silence?
Dare no man answer in a Case of Truth?
Suff. Within the Temple Hall we were too loud,
The Garden here is more convenient.
York. Then lay at once, if you maintain'd the Truth:
Or else was wrangling Somerseet in the riot?
Suff. Faith I have been a Sautant in the Law,
And never yet could frame my will to it,
And therefore frame the Law into my will.

Suff. Judge you, my Lord of Warwick, then between us.
War. Between two Hawks which flies the higher pitch,
Between two Dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two Blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two Horses, which doth bear him best,
Between two Cities, which hath the sterner eye,
I have perhaps some shallow speer of judgment:
But in the wise sharper Quellest of the Law,
Good Faith I am no wiser then a Daw.

York. Tut, tut, here is a manly forbearance;
The truth appears so naked on my side,
That my purblind eye may find it out.

Suff. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so thinning, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind-man's eye.

York. Since you are tongue-say'd, and so loth to speake,
In doome significans proclaim thy thoughts:
Let him that is a true-born Gentleman,
And stand upon the honor of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleased truth.
From off this Boyer pluck a white Rose with me.

Suff. Let him that is a Coward, nor no Flatterer,
But dare maintain the patic of the truth,
Pluck a red Rose from off this Thorne with me,
War. I none no Colours: and without all colour
Of base infalliminating flattery,
I pluck this white Rose with Plantagenet.

Suff. I pluck this red Rose, with young Somerset,
And say withall, I think he held the right.

Vern. Stays Lords and Gentlemen, and pluck no more
Till you conclude, that he be your whole side
The fewest Roses are crost from the Thre.
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Suff. Good Master Vern, it is well obliedged:
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.
York. And I.

Vern. Then for the truth, and plainnesse of the Case,
I pluck this pale and Maiden Blossome here,
Giving my Verdict on the white Rose side.

Suff. Prick not your finger, as you pluck it off,
Let it bleeding, you doe paint the white Rose red,
And fell on your side for against you will.

Vern. If my Lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be Surgeon to my hurt.
And keep me on the side where full I am.

Suff. Well, well, come on, who else?
The First Part of Henry the Sixth.

Lear. Vilefle my Stidie and my Backes be false, the
The argument: you shall be wrong in your
In sight whereof I'll slake a white Rose too:

Turke. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?

Sem. Here is my Scabard, meditating that
Shall aye your white Rose in a bloody red.

Turke. Meanenume your cheeks do counterfeit our Roses:
For pale they looke with fear, as straining
The truth on our side.

Sem. No Plantagenet.

Turke. This not for fear, but anger, that thy cheeks
Blush for pure blame, to counterfeit our Roses,
And yet thy tongue will not confesse thy error.

Turke. Halloa! Why, it is a Canberra, Somerset?

Sem. Bah, the thy Rothe, Thorne, Plantagenet?

Turke. 1 strike and piercing, to maintain his truth,
Whiles thy confounding Canberra eats his falsehood.

Sem. Well, I'll find friends to weare my bleeding Roses,
That shall maintaine what I have said is true.

Wherefaile Plantagenet dare not be seen.

Turke. Now by this Maiden Blossome in my hand,
I sorne thee, and thy fashon, peaches Bow.

Suff. Turne not thy fashon this way, Plantagenet.

Turke. Proud Poulis, I will, and sorne both him and thee.

Sem. Ilustrate my part thereof into thy throne,
Good William de la Pole,
We grace the Yeoman, by concurring with him,
Warm Now by Gods will thou wrong Him, Somerset:
His Grandfather was Louis Duke of Clarence,
Thirteenth son the the third Edward King of England:
Shewing Goddesse's Ysman from to sleepe a Rose?

Turke. He beares him on the place's Pauligude,
Or durst nor for his craven heart say thus,

Sem. By him that made me, I'll mainaine my words
On any Plot of Ground in Christianie.

Was not my Father Richard Earl of Cambridge,
For treason executed in our late Kings dayes?

And by his treason, and I not thou taunted,
Corrupted, and exempted from ancient Gentiey?

His Treap's yet lines guitle in thy blood,
And till then he be retall'd, thu art a Yeoman,

Turke. My Father was arached, now arranged,
Condemned deadly for treason, but no Traitor;
And that he proue on better men than Somerset,
Were growing time once ripened to my will.

For your partake Poulis, and you your selfe,
He note you in my booke of memory,
To scourge you for this apprehension:
Look to it well, and say you are weell warr'd.

Sem. Althoue thou shoulde finde vs ready for thee fell:
And know vs by these Colours for thy Poes,
For these, my friends in sight of thee shall weere.

Turke. And by my Soul, this pale and angry Rose,
As Conception of my blood-dinking hate,
Will I foreuer, and my Fashion weere.

Suff. Go forwars, and be chos'd with thine ambition:
And to farwel, until I meet thee next.

Sem. Farewell ambitious Richard.

Turke. How am I braut'd, and must perforce endure it?

Warne. This blow that they applaud against your Houlie,
Shall be whipt out in the next Parliament.

Call'd for the Trace of Winchester and Glenfield;
And if thou be not then created Turke,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.

Meane time, in faggall of my long to see,
Against proud Somerset, and William Poulis,
Will I upon that partie weare this Rose.

And here I prophesie this brawse to day,
Growne to this fashion in the Temple Garden,
Shall send between the Red Rose and the White,
A thousand Souls to Deth and deadly Night.

Turke. Good Master Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalfe would pluck a flower.

Suff. In your behalfe still will I weare the same.

Turke. The Kirk. Gentil.

Come, let us farse to Dinner: I dare say,
This Quarrell will drink Blood another day.

Enter Mortimer, brought in a Chair,
and Tatters.

Mort. Kind Keepers of my weake dressing Age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.
Even like a man new baled from the Wreck,
So fare my Limbs with long imprisonment:
And these gray Lockes, the Purchasants of death,
Nester-like aged, in an Age of Care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
Tiche Eyes, like Lamps, whose waighting Oyle is spent,
Were dumme, as drawing to their Evigent.
Weake Shoulders, ouer-borne with burdening Griefs,
And pyest-Fellers, like to a wither'd Vine,
That stumps his pyest-Fellers Branches to the ground.
Yet are these Feet, whose strength-fuld Fay is nummee,
(Visible to support this Lumps of Clay)
Selfe-tringed with defile to get a Grave,
As vising Is no other comfort have.

But telling, Keeper, will my Nephew come?

Keeper. Richard Plantagenet, my Lord, will come:
We feit into the Temple, into his Chamber,
And there was recuit'd, that he will come.

Mort. Enough: my 5oul shall then be satisfied.

Poore Gentlemen, is the wrong quall mine.
Since Henry Mommouth first began to reigne,
Before whole Glories I was great in Armes,
This toadsome repugnation have I found,
And even from then, has Richard beene in obscurte,
Depriue of Honor and Inheritance.

But now, the Arbitrator of Defaires,
Just Deam, kinate Vampe of men milifies,
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence:
I would his troubles likewise we be expiitd,
That to me might recover what was lost.

Enter Richard.

Keeper. My Lord, your louting Nephew now is come.

Mort. Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come?

Richard. Noble Wickle, this sightly yde,
Your Nephew, late defiled Richard stone.

Mort. Direc't my Armes, I may embrace his Neck,
And in his Bosome spande my latter gape.
Oh tell me of your Lippes did touch his Cheekes,
That I may kindly give one saluting Kiss.

And now declare sweet Sorrts from Turke great Stocke,
Why death thestity of late thouere were defiled?
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

Rack. First place think'st thou against mine Armes, And that I dare, He tell thee then no Decease. This day in argument upon a Cafe, Some words there grewa't twist Somerset and me; Among which teaching, he's d't his laithes tongue, And did veneth me with my Fath'rs death. Which oblige est their bastes before my tongue, Else with the like I had required him. Therefore good Vattle, your Fath'rs sake, In honor of a true Plantagernes, And for Alliance sake, declare the cause. My Fath', Earl of Cambridge, to his Head. 20. That cause (his nephew) that imprison'd me, And hath destoy'd me, all my flowering YOUTH, Within a most wretched Dungeon, there to pine, Was curst Instrument of his decease. 

Rack. Disconcer more at large what cause was, For I am ignorant, and cannot guess. 20. I will, if that my faling breach permit, And Death approach not, ere my Tale be done, Henry the Fourth, Grandfather to this King, Deputy'd his Nephew Richard, Edward's Sonne, The first begotten, and the lawful Heire Of Edward King, the Third of that Defect. During whose Reign, was the Peer of the North, Finding his Veneration most vniuit. Endo'd my aduan'tence, to the Titeone. The reason aught thief Warlike Lords to this, Was, for that (young Richard thus remou'd, Leaving no Heire begotten of his Body) I was the next by Birth, and Parentage. For by my Mother, I derived am From Lionel Duke of Clarence, thride Sonne To King Edward the Third; whereas she, From John of Gaunt doth bring his Pedigree, Being but fourth of that Horrible Lyce. But marks, as in this battaile great attempt, They laboured, so plently rightfull Hone, I lost my Libertie, and they their Lives, Long after this, when Henry the Fift. (Succeeding his Father Bayningbrooke) did reign; Thy Fath', Earl of Cambridge, then dier'd From famous Edmund Langley Duke of Yorke, Marrying my Sister, that thy Mother was; Againi, in pitie of my hard effe, Locket an Army, meaning to redeeme, And have instal'd mee in the Daule: But as the reft, to fell that Noble Earl, And was behed, thus the Mortimer, In whom the Fide restit, were suppress. 

Rack. Of which I will in this place relate the last. Mort. True, and thou feest, that I no Illus have, And that my faining words do warrant death. Thou art my Heire, the reft, I will thee gather; But yet be warie in thy houblous care. 

Rack. Thy grace admonishments preys me with me; But yet me thinkes, my Fath'rs execution Was nothing Jeffeth then bloody Tyranny. 

Mort. With silence, Nephew, the thou pollatish, Strong fixt in the House of Lancaster, And like a Mountaine, not to be removable. But now thy Vattle is removing henc, As Princes of their Country, when they are cloy'd With long continuance in a fetel place. 

Rack. O Vattle, would have me part of my young yeares Might but redeeme the passage of your Age.

Mort. Thou dost then wrong me, so y'laughter doth, Which gyneth many Wounds, when one will kill. Mourne not, except thou fow me for my good, Only glee order for my funereal. And let me see, and faie be all thy hopes, And prosperous be thy Life in Peace and Warre. 

Rack. And Peace, no Warre, besell thy parting Soule. In Prison hast thou spent a Pilgrimage, And like a Hermit over path thy dayes. Well, I will locke his Counsellor in my Breif. 

Mort. And what I dore imagine, let that reft. Keepers coney me hence, and flye flie. Will fee his Buryall better then his Life, Here dyeth the dastard Thomas of Mortimer, 

Rack. 

Chosset with Ambition of the meanest fort, And for the sound, these bitter Injuries, Which Somerset hath offer'd to my House, I doubt not, but with Honer to redresse. 

And therefore haffe I to the Parliament, Elyther to be redresse to my Blood, 

Rack. Or make my will the advantage of my good. 

Adus Terius. Scena Prima.

Enter King, Exeter, Gloucester, Winchester, Warwick, Somerset, Salisbury, Richard Plantagernes, Gloster offer's to pun up a Pillar, with which a sheriff, etc. 

Witch. Canst thou with deep premeditated Lines With written Pampkles, thunderously draw. Humfrey of Gloster, if thou canst accute, Or ought intent it to lay unto my charage, 

Rack. Doe it without immemorially, As I will sudden, and extremely speech, Purpose to anwer what thou canst object. 

Glo. Premptuosus Priest, this place commands my patience, Or thou shoulde do finde thou hast dishonored me. 

Mort. True, and thou feest, I thou hast dishonored me, 

Rack. Thine not, although in writing I prefer'd 

The dames of thy vile outrageous Chymes, That therefore I have forg'd, I am not able 

Umbuita to rehearse the Methode of my Penne. 

Mort. Then shall this place do answer thy words, 

Rack. And for th' treachery, what's more manifest. 

In that thou layst't a Trap to take my Life, As well as London Bridge, as the Tower, 

Witch. If thou thinkes, if thine thoughts were sifting, 

The King, thy Sovereigne, is not quite exempt From envious malice of thy sweling heart. 

Witch. Gloster, I do deifie thee, Lords vouchsafe To give me hearing what I shall reply. 

If I were conscious, ambicious, or desperates, As he will have me, how am I to proceed? 

Or how happens it, I feele not to advance 

Or rayse my feeler but keep my wondred Calling; 

And for Difference, who prefereth Peace. 

Mort. Then I doe not expect I be proou'd. No more do I than that which is not so offendeth. 

Rack. It is not that, that hath incens'd the Duke: 

Mort. It is because I am no one should say but hee, No one, but thee, should be about the King; 

Mort. And that engenders Thunder in his brain,
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

And makes him tender these Accusatibns forth.
But he shall know I am as good.
Glafs. As good?
Thou Baffard of my Grandfather.
Wark. I, Lordly Sir, for what are you, I pray,
But one impious in another Throne?
Glafs. And isn't Protector, or are we Priece?
Wark. And am I not a Priece of the Church?
Glafs. Yet, as an Outlaw in a Castle keeper's
And with us, to patronage his Theif.
Wark. Vincereunt: Cloister.
Glafs. Thou art reverent,
Touching thy Spirituall Function, not thy Life.
Wark. Rome shall rench this,
Wark. Rome shalt ther then,
My Lord, it were your duty to forbear.
Sarm. I see the Bishop be not oner-borne:
Me thinks my Lord should be Religious,
And know the Office that belongs to such.
Wark. Me thinks his Lordship should be humbler,
If fresh not a Priece so to plead.
Sarm. Yes, when his holy State is toucht so near.
Wark. State holy, or unhallowed, what of that?
Is not his Grace Protecled to the King?
Rich. Plantagenet I see must hold his tongue,
Leat it be told, Speakst wth the King;
Mush your bold Verdict must talk with Lords?
Else would I have a dings at Winceffer.
King. Wackles of Gloster, and of Winceffer.
The special Warch-men of our English Weale,
I would preasure, if Prayeres might preasure,
To imperson your hearts in love and amite.
Oh, what a Scandal is it to our Crown,
That two such Noble Persones as ye should rare;
Believe me, Lords, my tender yeares can tell,
Cuius dominion is a vigorous Warne,
That graven the Bowels of the Commonwealth.
A woful theatre, Drama with the
Toglie-Chains.
King. What manner this is?
Wark. An Vaugh, I dare warrant,
Began through malice of the Bishops men.
A Vaugh against, Stones, Stones.
Enter a Major.
Major. Oh my good Lords, and vertuous Henry,
Pity the Citoes of London, pity us:
The Bishop, and the Duke of Glosters men,
Forbidden late to carry any Weapon,
Have fill'd their Pocketes full of peecible stones;
And bending themselves in contrary parts,
Doth peet to fall at one another's Patte,
That many have their giddy brains knockt out:
Our Windows are brake downe in every Street,
And we, for feare, compell'd to shut our Shops.

Enter in skirmish with bloody Patte.
King. We charge you, on allegiance to our selfe,
To hold your slaughtring hands, and keep the Peace:
Pray Vackle Gloster mitigate this strife.
1. Serue. Nay, if we be forbidden Stones, we'll fall
it with your Teeth.
2. Serue. Do what ye dare, we are at refolute.

Gloster. You of my household, leave this peeciful broyle,
And let this vaaciont dight aside.
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

King. And chief occasions, VNickie, were of force; Therefore my louing Lords, our pleasure is,
That Richard be renfœd to his Blood.

Wise. Let Richard be renfœd to his Blood,
So shall his Father wrongs be recompenct.

Knog. As will the reed, so willeth Winifredet.

King. If Richard shall be ture, not that all alone,
But all the whole inheritance I give,
That doth belong unto the House of York,
From whence you spring, by Lineall Defect.

Rich. Thy humble servant wants obedience,
And humble service, till the point of death.

Knog. Stoope them, and let your knee against my foot,
In regard of that due done,
I gytt thee with the valiant Sword of York:
Rise Richard, like a true Plantaginete,
And ride the Prince, Duke of York,
Rich. And to strive Richard, as the foes may fall,
And as my duete spring, so perish they,
That grudge one thought against your Majesty.

All. Welcome high Prince, the mighty Duke of York.

Glo. Now will it befit thee, with all thy might,
To ceste the Seas, and to be Crown'd in France.
The Presence of a King engenders love
Amongst his Subjects, and his loyal Friends,

As if dis-inamicte his Enemies.

King. When Gloster fayeth the word, King Henry goes,
For friendly counselle cuts off many foes.

Glo. Our Ships are already, in readiness,
Sons. flourish. Exeunt.

Music Exeunt.

Exeunt. I, we may march in England, or in France,
Next seeing what is likely to ensue.
This late confusion grown be the Peres,
Bermes under fainne of worth, of lord, of lucke,
And will at last break out into a flame.
As fued members rot, but by degree,
Till bones, and flesh, and sinewes fall away,
So will this base and emious discord breed.
And now I fear the fall of Prophecies,
Which in the time of Henry, mad's the Efs,
Was in the mouth of every suffering Babe,
This Henry borne at Monmouth should winne all,
And Henry borne at Windsor, looke all:
Which is to piename, that Exeter doth with.
His dayes may finall, ere that helpless time.

Exeunt.

Scena Seconda.

Enter Pucell disguised, with some Soldiers with
Sacks upon their backs.

Pucell. These are the Cutie Gates, the Gates of Roan,
Through which our Policy must make a breach.
Take heed, be wary how you place your words,
Talk like the vulgar Fort of Market men,
That come to gather Money for their Corn.
If we have entrance, as I hope we shall,
And that we finde the flockfull Watch but weake,
He by a signe give notice to our friends,
That Charles the Dolphine may encounter them.

Sudden. Our Sacks shall be a meane to sack the City,
And we be Lords and Rulers over Roan,
Therefore we'll knock,

Knog. Watch. Che la.

Pucell. Perles temps la pourre gens de France,
Poor Market folkes that come to sell their Corne,
Watch. Enter, goe in the Market Bell is rung,

Pucell. New Roan, Ie wake thy Bulwarkes to the ground.

Exeunt. Enter Charles, Bayard, Altosan.

Charles. Saint Dumas bleffe this happy Strategeme,
And once againe wee le sleepe secure in Roan.

Bayard. Here enter Pucell, and his Pratians:
Now they are there, how will he the specific?

Here is the best and safest passage in.

Reif. By thriving one a Torch from yonder Tower,
Which once descendieth, sweares that her meaning is,
No way to that, or (for weakneffe) which the enraged,

Enter Pucell on the top, thriving on a Torch burning.

Pucell. Behold, this is the happy Wedding Torch,
That signifieth Roan into her Countreymen,
But burning fast to the Talbattines.

Bayard. See Noble Charles the Beacon of our friend,
The burning Torch in yonder Tartlet Hands,

Charles. Now think it is like a Commer of Reuenge,
A Prophet to the fall of all our Foes.

Reif. Deferre no time, delayes have dangerous ends,
Enter and cry, the Dalphine, presently,
And then doe execution on the Watch.

Alarum.

An Alarum. Talbatt in an Enclosure.

Talk, France, thou shalt rue this Treason with thy tears,
If Talbot but furthe his Treacherie.

Pucell that Witch, that damn'd Sorceresse,
Hath wrought that Helth, Mitchiue vnvonere,
That hardly we escape the Pride of France.


Enter Talbatt and Burgonge without: within, Pucell,

Charles, Bayard, and Seniour on the Walls.

Pucell. God morrow Gallants, what ye Corne for Bread?
I think the Duke of Burgondie will fall,
Before hee be once againe at such a rate.

I was full of Dammell: do you like the taste?

Burg. Scoote on vile Piend, and thanete Curizan,
I trule ere long to chose thee with thine owne,
And make thee ceste the Haruest of that Corne.

Charles. Your Grace may flatter (perhaps) before that time.

Bed. Oh let no words, but deeds, revenge this Treason.

Pucell. What will you doe, good gray-beard?
Break a Laurence, and runne e. Fite at Death,
Within a Chary.

Talk. Foulie Fiend of France, and Hag of all demight,
Incomps'd with thy lufffull Paramours,
Becomes it thee to tainge his valiant Age,
With cowardlie a man halfe dead?
Dammell, Ile haste a boore with you againe,
Or eie let Talbot periss with this Shame.

Pucell. Are ye so hot, Sir? yet Pucell hold thy peace.
If Talbot doe but Thunder, Raine will follow.

They whisht together in compos.

God speed the Parliament: who shall be the Speaker?

Talk. Dace
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

Talk. Dare ye come forth, and meet vs in the field? Pucell. Behike your Lordship takes vs then for fooles, To try if that our owne be ours, or no. Talk. I speake not to that saying Henrie, But unto mine Alamfore, and the rest. Will ye, like Soulidors, come and fight us out? Alamf. Seignior no. Talk. Seignior hangs base Mulaters of France, Like Phean foot-Joyces do they keepe the Walls, And dare not take yp Amnes, like Gentlemen. Pucell. Away Captain, our sers vs from the Walls, For Talbot meantes no goodffeile by his Lookes. God by my Lord, we came but to tell you That wee are here. Exit from the Walls. Talk. And there will we be concerte it be long, Or else rejoyce at Talbots greatest fame. Vom Burgisie, by honor of thy HOUSE, Prickt only by publike Wrotesfull'd in France, Either to get the Towne againe, or dye, And lassure as English Henry liues, And as his Father here was Conqueror. As soon as in this lute betrayed Towne, Come so to morrow. Exit. Fairies. So faire I trowes, to get the Towne or dye. Burg. My Oavez are equall partners with thy Vowes. Talk. But ere we goe, regard this dying Prince, The valiant Duke of Bedford! Come my Lord, We will bestow you in some better place, Fitter foe thine age, and for cragie age. Bedford. Lord Talbot, do not so disdaine me! Here will I sit, before the Walls of Roan, And will be parner of your woe or woe. Burg. Couragious Bedford, let vs now perseuade you, Bedford. No, rather to be gone from hence: for once I read, That floutt Pendragon, in his Litter sick, Came to the field, and vanquished his foes. Me thinkes I shold renounce the Gentleman, Because I ever found them as my selle. Talk. Vindicated spirit in a dying breast, Then be it so. Heauen keepes old Bedford safe, And now no more doe, bruite Burgisie, But gather we our Forces out of hand, And set upon our boasting Enemy. Exit.

An Alarms. Enter Sir John Fastolfe, and a Captain.

Capt. Whither away Sir John Fastolfe in such haste? Fastolfe. Whither away? to face my selfe by flight, We are like to havee the overthrow againe. Capt. What will you doe, and leave Lord Talbot? Fastolfe. I all the Talbots in the World, to face my life. Exit. Capt. Cowardly Knight, Ill fortune follow thee. Exit.


Bedford. Now quiet Soule, depart when Heauen pleasse, For I have seene our Enemies overthrow. What is the strength or strength of foolish man? They that of late were deasting with their fortunes, Are glad to face by flight to loose themselves. Bedford dyes, and is carried in by two in his Chaire.

An Alarms. Enter Talbot, Burgisie, and the rest.

Talk. Lost, and recovered in a day againe, This is a double Honor, Burgisie. Yet Heauen hasse glory for this Victorie. Burg. Warske and Martill Talbot, Burgisie Inflames thee in his heart, and thence erects Thy noble Deeds, as Valors Monuments. Talk. Thanks gentle Duke: but where is Pucell now? I think he is not so farre from thee. Now where's the Baffards braves, and Charles his glites? What all amost? Roan hangs her head for griefe, That such a valiant Company are fled, Now will we take some order in the Towne, Placing therein some agent Officers, And then depart to Paris to the King, For there young Henry with his Nobles lyee. Burg. What wills Lord Talbot? pleaseth Burgisie. Talk. But yet before we goe, lest's not forget The Noble Duke of Bedford, late deceas'd, But see his Exequies fullfild in Roan, A brother Soulard never coucht I suppose, A gentle Heart did never waye in Court, But Kings and mighty Potentates must die, For that's the end of humane miserie. Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Charles, Baffard, Alamfore, Pucell.

Pucell. Difmay not (Princes) at this accident, Nor grasse that Roan is so recoverd: Care is no cure, but rather corrosione, For thinges that are not to be remov'd. Let franktke Talbot triumph for a while, And like a Peacock spread along his tayle, Weeple all his Planes, and take away his Treaty, If Dolphin and the rest will be but roud. Charles. We have been guidid by thee Litherto, And of thy Cunning had no diffidence, One hidden Foyle shall never breed disturb, Baffard. Search our thy wit for secret policies, And we will make thes famous through the world, Alamfore. Weeple thy Statute in some holy place, And have thee renounced like a blessed Saint. Employ thee then, sweet Virgin, for our good. Pucell. Then thus it must be, this doth mean esteere: By faire periwous, mixt with sugard words, We will entice the Duke of Burgisie To leave the Talbots, and to follow vs. Charles. I marry Sweeting, if we could doe that, France were no place for Henrys Warriors, Nor should that Nation boast it to win vs, But be extirpated from our Provinces. Alamf. For ever should they be expuls'd from France, And not have Title of an Eralted home. Pucell. Your Honors shal perceiue how I will workes, To bring this matter to the wifth end. Drume be founde a faire off, Harkye, by the found of Drume you may perceiue Their Powers are marching into Paris ward. Here found an English March. There goes the Talbot, with his Colours spread, And all the Troupes of English after him. French.
The First Part of Henry the Sixth.

French March.

Now in the Berewold comes the Duke and his.

Foremost in favor comes he lagge behind.

Summon a Parley, we will talk with him.

Trumpets sound a Parley.

Charles. A Parley with the Duke of Burgundy?

Burg. Who grants a Parley with the Burgundian?

Parrel. The Princely Charles of France, thy Countryman.


Charles. Spakest thou, and entreated him with thy word.

Parrel. Brave Burgundian, undoubted hope of France,

Stay, lest thy humble hand may speak to thee.

Burg. Spakest thou, but be not over-solicious.

Parrel. Looks on thy Country, looks on fertile France,

And see the Cities and the Towns his desolate,

By wailing Ruin of the cruel foe.

As looks the Mother on her Lovely Babe,

When Death doth close his tender-dying Eyes.

See, see the pining Malady of France:

Behold the Wounds, the most unnatural Wounds,

With which thy felicitous queen woeful Briel.

Oh, turn the edged Sword another way,

Strike thou that hurt, and hurt not them that helped:

One drop of Blood drawn from thy Countries forsook,

Should grieve thee more then five thousand of thine.

Return the therefore with a flood of Tears,

And wash away thy Countries slain Spots.

Burg. Either the bath bewitch me with thy words,

Or Nature makes me suddenly relent.

Parrel. Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee,

Doubling thy birth and lawful progeny.

Who joy'st thou with, but with a Lordly Nation,

That will not trust thee, but for profit take?

When Talbot hast for footing once in France,

And fashion'd thee in that Inhumaniest, Ill,

Who, then, but English Henry will be Lord,

And thou be thruss out, like a Fugitive?

Call we to mind, and make but this for proofe:

Was not the Duke of Orlance thy foe?

And was he not in England Prisoner?

But when they heard he was thine Enemy,

They set him free, without his Ransome paid,

In sight of Burgundy and all his friends.

See then, thou fight it against thy Countrymen,

And layn't with them will be thy slayters-men.

Come, come, returne; returne to thy wandering Lord,

Charles, and the rest will take thee in their arms.

Burg. I am vanquished:

Thrice hundred Parler, Ic no longer trust thee.

Parrel. Done like a Frenchman: turne and turne againe.

Charles. Welcome brave Duke, thy friendship makes vs freth.

Talbot. And doth beget new Courage in our Breasts.

Alas! Parrel hath bravely playd her part in this,

And doth defende a Coronet of Gold.
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter King, Glanfrer, Wachester, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Warwick, Talbot, and Governor Essex.

Glo. Lord Bishop let the Crown upon his head.

Wes. God save King Henry of that name the first.

Glo. Now Governor of Paris, take your oath,
That you elect no other King but him;
Esteem 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.

Fin. My gracious Sovereign, as I rode from Calais,
To haste into your Coronation:
A Letter was delivered to my hands,
To write to your Grace, from the Duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy, and thee:
I vow'd (base knight) when I did meet the next,
To tear the Garter from thy Graces legge,
Which I have done, because (unworthly)
Thou was'st installed in that high degree,
Pardon me Prince Henry, and the rest:
This Dafford, at the battle of Poitiers,
When (but in all) I was rare thousand strong,
And that the French were almost ten to one,
Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty Squire, did run away,
In which assault, we lost twelve hundred men.

My selfe, and divers Gentlemen beside,
Were there surpris'd, and taken prisoners.

Then judge (great Lords) if I have done amisse:
Or whether that such Cowards ought to wear
This ornament of Knighthood, yes or no?

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill becoming any common man:
Much more a Knight, a Captaine, and a Leader.

Tal. When first this Order was ordained my Lords,
Knights of the Garter were of Noble birth;
Valiant, and Vertuous, full of haughty Courage,
Such as were growne to credit by the warres:
Not fearing Death, nor thinking for Diffire.
But always resolute, in most extremes,
He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,
Dish not the Sacred name of Knight,
Proclaiming most Honorable Order,
And should (if we were worthy to be judge)
Be quite degraded, like a Fledge borne Swaine,
That doth presume to boast of Gentle blood.

K. Staine to thy Countrymen, thou hearest thy doom:
Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight:
Henceforth we banish thee on paine of death.
And now Lord Protector, view the Letter
Sent from our dear Duke of Burgundy.
Glo. What means his Grace, that he hath charg'd
his Style?
No more but plain and bluntly? (To the King.)
Hath he forgot he is his Sovereign?
Or doth this curtulish Superposition
Pretend some alteration in good will?
What's here? I have upon effectual cause,

Fin. An d write composition of my Country's wrinckes,
Together with the pensilfull complaints:

Glo. An such as your oppression forces up?

For taken your pernicious factions,
And went with Charles, the rightfull king of France.

O monstrous Treachery! Can this be so?
That in alliance, unity, and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling guilt?

K. What doth my Vnkle Burgundy require?

Glo. He doth my Lord, and is becoming your foe.

K. Is that the word this Letter doth containe?

Glo. 'Tis the word, and all my Lord he writeth,

K. Why then Lord Talbot there stand and talk with him,
And give him chaffing for this abuse.

How say you (my Lords) are you not content?

Tal. Content, my Liege? Yes! But I am persecuted,
I should have begg'd I might have bene employd.

K. Then gather strength, and match into him.

Let him perceive how ill we break his Tresurie,
And what offence it is to flout his Friends.

Tal. I go my Lord, in heart desiring full

You may behold consolation of your fees.

Glo. Grant me the Comitate, gracious Sovereign.

Tal. If me (my Lord) grant me the Comitate too.

Fin. This is my Servant, hear me Noble Prince.

K. Be patient Lords, and give them leave to speak.

Say Gentlemen, what makes you thus exchange
And wherewith can you Comitate? Or with whom?

Tal. With him (my Lord) for he hath done me wrong.

K. And I with him, for he hath done me wrong.

K. What is that wrong, whereof you both complain
First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

Tal. Crossing the Sea, from England into France,

This Fellow here was enamious carping tongue,
Vexed me about the Rule I were,

Tal. Saying, the fumeger colour of the Lescies
Did represent my Masters blustering cheeks:
When stubbornly he did repugne the truth,

Tal. About a certaine question in the Law,

Argued between the Duke of York, and him:

Tal. With other riles and ignominious reasons.

Tal. In confusion of which rude reprots,

Tal. And in defence of my Lords worthi nesse,

Tal. I crave the benefit of Law of Arms.

Tal. And that is my petition (Noble Lords)

Tal. For though he feeme with forged quent in concete

Tal. To seate upon his hold thron:

Tal. Yet know (my Lord) I was pronou'd by him,

Tal. And he first took exceptions at this badge,

Tal. Pronouncing that the patenete of this Flower,

Tal. Bewray'd the faintness of my Masters heart.

Tal. Will not this malice Someret be left?

Tal. Your private grudge my Lord of York, will out,

Tal. Though we've so cunningly you smother it.

K. Good Lord, what maddest stiles in braine-

Tal. When for so flighe and frivelous a cause,

Tal. Such factional combinations shall arise?

Tal. Good Cousins both of Yorke and Someret,

Tal. Quiets your feloves (I pray) and be at peace.

Tal. Let this differection first be tried by fight,

Tal. And then your Highness shall command a Peace.

Tal. The quarrell toucheth none but vs alone.

Tal. Bewraye our feloves let vs decide it then.

Tal. There is my pledge, accept it Somerset.

Tal. Now let it self where it began at first.
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

The song of the Dauphin:

More rancorous sighs, more furious raging broyles,
Then yet can be imagin'd or support'd.
But how soever, no simple man that sees
This irring discord of Nobilitie,
This shoulderning of each other in the Court,
This facultious broidering of their Favourites,
But that it doth prefigur some ill events,
'Tis much, when Speakers are in Children's hands:
But more, when rusty brands enkindle detestation,
There cometh the ruine, there begins confusion.

Enter Talbot with Trumpete and Drumme,
before Baudouin.

Talbot. Go to the Gates of Burdeaus. Trumpeter, Summon their Generall unto the Wall.

Enter Generall Valois.

English. John Talbot (Captain) calleth forth, Servant in Armes to Henry King of England,
And this he would. Open yor Gite Gates, Be humble to vs, call my Staraigne yores,
And do him honoure as obedient Subiects,
And Ie withdraw me, and my bloody power.
But if you frowne upon this proffer'd Peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Leame Famine, quartering Scaife, and climbing Fyre,
Who in a moment, even with the earth,
Shall lay your stately, and ayre-braving Towers,
If you forfake the offer of their love.

Cap. Thou ominous and fearfull Owle of death,
One Nation's terror, and their bloody scourge,
The period of thy Tyranny approacheth,
On vs thou canst not enter but by death:
For I protest we are well fortified,
And strong enough to issue out and fight.
If thou retire, the Dolphin well appointed,
Stands with the Dauphin of Warre to rangle thee.
On either hand thee, there are squadrous pitchts,
To wall thee from the libertie of Rights:
And no way canst thou turne thee for redress,
But death shall front thee with apparent spoyle,
And pale destruction meet thee in the face:
Ten thousand French have taste the Sacrament,
To trye their dangerous Artillery
Upon no Christian soule but English Talbot:
Lest, there thou flandeit a breathing valiant man
Of an immovable unconstitut'd spirit:
This is the latest Glorie of thy proue,
That I thy enmy, howse thou withall:
For ere the Gladsie that now begins to stumble
Finishest the procresse of his handy hour,
Their eyes that see thee now well colourd,
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.

Drum a darte off.

Heales, heales, the Dolphins drunme, a warning bell,
Sings heavy Musick to thy timorous soule,
And mine hall ring thy clyde departure out.

Talbot. Heales not, I hate the enemy,
Our some light Horsemen, and peruse their Wings.
Of negligent and heedleffe Discipline,
How are we packed and bounded in a pole?
A little Heard of Englands timorous Dears,
Max'd with a yelping Kennell of French Curres.
If we be Englishe Dears, be them in blood,
Not Raffall-like to fall downe with a pinch,
But rather moodie mad: And desperate Stagges,
Enter the Messenger that brings Torbay. Enter Torbay with Trumpets, and many Soldiers.

Torbay. Are not the speedy scouts return'd againe,
That told of the mighty Army of the Dolphin?
Melf. They are return'd my Lord, and give it out,
That he is march'd to Burdeaux with his power.
To fight with Talbot as he march'd along.
By this dishevel'd, desperate, mad, mad adventure:
Torbay sets him on to fight, and dye in flame.
That Talbot dead, great Torbay might bear the name.
Caph. Here's Sir William Lucy, who with me
Seth from our one matchet force's forth for ayde.
Somm. How now Sir William, whether were you left?
Luc. Whether my Lord, from bought & sold I, Talbot,
Who rings a sword bold, arm'd with a sword climber,
Cries out for noble York & Somerset,
To beate aslying death from his weake Region,
And whilsts the noble Captain there
Drops bloody swet from his warme-wearied limbs,
And in advantage lynghing looks for revenge,
You his False hopes, the truth of England's hower,
Keeps off aloose with worsteless emulation.
Lest not your private discord keep away
The lewd & counter that should lend him ayde,
While he renowned Noble Gentleman
Yeald up his life unto a world of odders.
Orance the Bishop, Charles, Barweke,
Alunfax, Reynald, compare him about,
And Talbot persuadeth by your default.
Somm. Yorkie set him on, Yorkie shall have sent him ayde.
Luc. And Torbay is fast upon your Grace's exchequer,
Sweating that you with-hold his levy'd host,
Collected for this expedition.
Somm. Yorkie's men: He might have sent, & had the Horse:
I owe him little Dutye, and lefte Lode,
And take foule scope to swear on him by sconding.
Luc. The fraud of England: nor the force of France,
Hath not intraped the Noble-attended Talbot:
Neere to England shall he bear his life,
But dies bereft to fortune by your charge.
Somm. Come go, I will dispatch the Hospitmen frant:
Within five hourse, they shall be at his ayde.
Luc. Too late comes rescue, he is taile or blaine.
For sye he could not, if he would have stept,
And God would have Talbot sooner though he might.
Somm. The be dead, brunt Talbot then after.
Luc. His Name lies in the world, His Shame in you.
Exeunt.

Enter Talbot and his Sonne.

Tal. O young John Talbot, I did send for thee,
To tother thee in trappings of Warre.
That Talbot might be in thee reuin'd,
When splenfe Age, and weake implausable limbs
Should bring thy Father to his drooping Chaire.
But Osmangram and ill-bearing Stare
Now thou art come unto a fettle of death,
A terrible and vnaugur'd danger:
Therefore deere Boy, mount on my swiftest horse,
And He direct thee how thou shalt escape.
John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your Sonne?
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

And shall I flye? O, if you loue my Mother,
Dishonore not her Honorable Name,
To make a Baitard, and a Shame of me.
The World will say, he is not太子's blood,
That basely fled, when Noble太子's Blood.
Talk. Flye, to revenge my death, I bee laine.
John. He that flies 4, will not revenge againe.
Talk. If we both flye, we both are sure to dye.
John. Then let me say, and Father doe you flye.
Your loose is great, so your regard there should be;
My worth which knowned, so loose is knowne in me.
Upon my death, the French can little boast,
In yours they will, in all your heaps are left.
Flight coming fastes the Honor you have wonne,
But mine will be, that no Exploit have done.
You set for Vantage, every one will swearing;
But if I bow, they say it was for feare.
There none hope that ever 1 will flye.
In the firt brooke I Thunke I will run away:
Here on my knee I begge Mortalitie,
Rather then Life, prefourn'd with Infamie.
Talk. Shall all thy Mothers hope bye in one Tomb?
John. I rather then life shame my Mothers Wombes,
Talk. Upon my blesing I commend thee goe.
John. To fight I will, but not to flye the foe.
Talk. Part of thy Father may be said in thee.
John. No part of him, but will be shame in me.
Talk. Thou never hadst a Renowne, nor cant not lose it.
John. Yet your renowned Name shall flie abuse it?
Talk. Thy Fathers charge that cleare thee from y'haine.
John. Thou cannot Wannetle for me, bring flaine.
If Death be as apparte, then both flye.
Talk. And leste my followers here to fight and dye &
My Age was never tainede with such flame.
John. And shall my Youth be giuliate of such blame?
No more can I be forested from your side,
Then can you selle, your selle in twaine side.
Stay, goe, doe what you will, the like doe I;
For I will not, if my Father dye.
Talk. Then here I take my lease of thee, faire Sonne,
Borne to eclipse thy Life this afternoone:
Come, side by side, together live and dye,
And Soule with Soule from France to Heaven flye
Aanov. Excursus. Enter old太子's lad.

Talk. Where is my other Life? mine owne is gone.
O, where's young太子's where is valiant John?
Triumph Death, faired't with Captivity,
Young太子's Valour makes me smile at thee.
When he perceiued me shakke, and on my Knee,
His bloody Sword he brandish'd o'ers mee,
And like a hungry Lyon did commerce.
Rough deeds of Rage, and great Impatience:
But when my angry Guardant food along,
Tending my mine, and allay'd of none,
Dazzle'ed Furie, and great rage of Heart,
Suddenly made him from my side to flite,
Into the wheeting Battel of the French
And in that Sea of Blood, my Boy did drench
His owne mounting Spirites and there did he
My Icarn, my Blossome, in his pride.

Enter with John太子's horse.

Serv. O my deare Lord, loe where your Sonne is borne.
Talk. Thou antique Death, which laugh'st vs here to scorn,
Anon from thy insulting Tyrannic,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuall,
Two太子's winged through the thicke Skies,
In thy delightfull cage Mortalitie.
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

O thou whose wounds become hard favoured death,
Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath,
Brave death by speaking, whither he will or no:
Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe.
Poor boy, be smite, be stung, in thoughts, as he should say,
Had Death been French, then Death had dyed to day.
Come, come, and lay him in his Fathers arms,
My spirit can no longer bear thee hence.
Souldiers aliter I have what I would hate,
Now my old arms are young Talbot's grace.

Enter Charles, Atonis, Butのもc, Baxtord, and Pasca.

Char. Had York in Sommerset brought refuge in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.
Bef. How the young whelps of Talbot gaming wood,
Did bath his spine-sword in Frenchmen's blood.
Pac. Once I encountered him, and thus I said:
Thou Maden youth, be vanquish'd by a Maide.
But with a proud maleficial high frame
He answer'd thus: Ye young Talbot was not borne
To be the pillow of a Gigot Wrench;
Something in the bowels of the French,
He left proudly, as worthy fight.

Bur. Doubtless, he would have made a noble Knight:
See where he lay'st inhered in the arms
Of the most bloody Natter of his harmes.
Staf. How them to pieces, hack their bones off-sides;
Whole life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.
Char. Oh no forbear: For that which we have fled
During the life, let vs not wrong it dead.
Enter Lucie.

Luc. Hail, conduct me to the Dolphins Tents.
To know who hath obernand the glory of the day.
Char. On what subject this message arte thou sent?
Lucy. Submissin Dolphin, this is a mette French word:
We English Warriors were not what it meanes,
I come to know what Prisoners thou hast taken,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Bur. For prisoners art thou? Hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou thouk'rt?

Luc. But where's the great Aked of the field,
Valiant Lord Talbot Earl of Shrewsbury?
Created for his rare success in Armies,
Great Earl of Walsford, Waterford, and Valence,
Lord Talbot of Coningy and Foremarque,
Lord Strange of Breakfast, Lord Verdon of Atal,
Lord Cromwell of Kimesford, Lord Formeall of Shesfield,
The thirte victorous Lord of Falmongraves,
Knight of the Noble Order of St. George,
Worthy S. M. Anthony, and the Golden Fleece,
Great Marhals to Henry the last,
Of all his Warses within the Realm of France.

Pac. Here's a dully pretty filet indeed:
The Turke that two and sidie Kingdome hath,
Writs not so tedious a Stile as this:
Him that thou magnif'st with all these Titles,
Striking and fly, Iowne eyes here at our feaste.

Luc. Is Talbot's flame, the Frenchmen only Storge,
Your kingdomees terror, and blacke Nemesis?
Oh were mine eye-ballers into Bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might shoot them at your face.
Oh, that I could but call the dead to life.
It were enough to fright the Realm of France.
Were but his picture left amongst you here.

It would amaze the pow'rful of you all.
Give me their Body's, that I may bear them hence.
And glue themTurnall, as befit their worth.
Parl. I think this wp'last is old Talbot's Ghost.
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit,
For Gods sake let him have him, to keep them here.
They would but flunkle, and purifie the ayre.
Char. Go take their bodies hence.
Lucy. He beare them hence but from their shes that shall be read.

A Phoenix that shall make all France asser'd.
Char. So we be rid of them, do with him what so will.
And now to Paris in this conquering yaine,
All will be ours, now bloody Talbots flame.

Scena secunda.

SENNET.

Enter King, Gloucester, and Exe.

King. Have you perusal'd the Letters from the Pope,
The Emperor, and the Earl of Arundel?
Glo. I have, my Lord, and their intent is this,
They humbly die unto your Excellence,
To have a Godly peace concluded of,
Between the Realmes of England, and of France.
King. How doth your Grace affect their motion?
Glo. Well (my good Lord) and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And stabb'd, quelled, every side.
King. I many Withke, for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural.
That such immaturity and bloody strife
Should reign among Protectors of one Faith.
Glo. Be ridemy Lord, the sooner to effect,
And furor bind this knot of animos;
The Earl of Arundel承接 knec t to Charles,
A man of great Auctoritie in France,
Proffer his only daughter to your Grace,
In marriage, with a large and luminous Dowrie.
King. Marriage Withke! 'Alas my yeares are yeong;
And fitter is my studie, and my Books;
Than wanton dalliance with a Paramour.
Yet call th'Emassadors, and as you please,
So let them haste their answers ever one.
I shall be well content with my choise,
Tends to Gods glory, and my Countries weale.

Exe. What, is my Lord of Winchester install'd,
And call'd into a Cardinals degree?
Then I perceive, that will be verified.

Henry the Fift did sometime prophesie,
If once he come to be a Cardinal,
He'll make his cap coniunct with the Crowne.
King. My Lords Ambassadors, your feters all fitter
Hause bin consider'd and debated on.
Your purpose is both good and reasonable;
And therefore are we certainly rett'd,
To draw conditions of a friendly peace,

Which
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

Vnder the Lordly Monarch of the North,
Appeare, and syde me in this enterprise.

Enter Friends.

This speedy and quickke appearance, argues presence
Of your acceptation and diligence to me.
Now ye Familiar Spirits, that are call’d
Out of the powerful Regions under earth,
Help me this night, that France may get the field.

They make, and shouke not.

Oh hold me nor with silence over-long.
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
He lop a member off, and give it you,
In earnest of a further benefit.
So you do confide and help me now.

They hang their heads.

No hope to have redresse My body shall
Pay recompence, if you will grant my suite.

They shake their heads.

Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
Intreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my foule my body, loud, and all,
Before that England give the French the foremost

They depart.

See, they forfake me. Now the time is come,
That France must take her foyle planed Creft,
And let her head fall into Englands lappe.
My ancient hatentions are too weak:
And hell too strong for me to bucke with.

Now France, thy glory droopeth to the dust.

Enter Friends. Burgundia and Turke fight hand to hand, French flye.

Turke. Damned of France, I think you hate I saw,
Vnchaine your spirits now with spilling Charmes,
And try if they can gaine your libertie.
A goodly prize, for the duell grace,
See how the ugly Witch doth bend her brawes,
As it with Ouer, she would change my shape.

Turke. Chang’d to a worse shape thou canst not be.

Oh, charle the Dolphin is a proper man,
No shape but his can please thy dauntie

Puc. A plaguing mischeife light on Charle, and thee,
And may ye both be sodainly surpriz’d
By bloody hands, in sliping on your beds.

Turke. Foul banning Happe, Lushannescle hold thy tongue.

Turke. I prethee gue me licence to cutte a while.

Turke. Carle Miferant, when thou comist to the stake

Enter Acton. Enter Suffolk with Margaret in his hand.

Serf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.

Gages on her.

Oh Fairfet Beatie, do not feare, nor flye.
For I will touch thee but with reverence hands,
I kisse these fengers for crimnal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou, say that I may honor thee.

Char. Margaret by name, and daughter to a King,
The King of Naples, who of ore thou art.

Serf. An Eame I am, and Suffolke am I call’d.
Be not offended Nature is my miracle,
Thou art alwed to be tame by me:
So doth the Swan her downie Signets safe.

Oh flye:
The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

Keeping them prisoner underneath his wings:
Yet if this female wight once offend,
Get, and be free against us Suffolk's friend. She is gone.
Oh! say, I have no power to let my lust pass,
My hand would free her, but my heart fayes no.
As players the Sunne upon the glasse streams,
Twining another counterfeited beame,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine ears.
Praine would I view her; yet I dare not speake:
I call for Pen and Ink, and write my mindes:
Eye De la Peste, doubt not thy felles:
Hast not a Tongue? Is she not here?
Wilt thou be damm'd at a Women's fight?
1. Beauties Princesly Mischief is such,
Confounds this strange, and makes the fenses rough.
Mer. Say Earl of Suffolk, if thy name be fo,
What ransom must I pay before I pacit?
For I perceive I am thy prisoner.
Suf. How canst thou send the will deny thy suite,
Before thou make a call of her love?
M. Why speakes thou not? What ransom must I pay?
Suf. She's a Woman; therefore to be Woman.
Mer. Wilt thou accept of ransom, yes or no?
Suf. Fond man, remember thou hast a wife,
Then how can Margaret be thy Paramour?
Mer. I were hee to Jealous him, for he will not heare.
Suf. These all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.
Mer. He calls at random; sure the man is mad.
Suf. And yet a perfidius may bee had.
Mer. And yet I would that you would answer me:
Suf. Ile win this Lady Margaret. For whom?
Why for my King; I luff, that's a wooden thing.
Mer. He talks of wood; I see none Carpenter.
Suf. Yet is thy fancy may be satisfied,
And peace established betweene these Realmes.
But there remains a scruple in that too;
For thought her Father be the King of Naples,
Duke of Anjou, and Maine, yet is he poore,
And our Nobility will forsee the match.
Mer. Henry ye Captaine? Are you not at lawe?
Suf. It shall be so, did shee not come to match.
Henry is yeorthfull, and will quickly yeald.
M. And I have a secreat to release.
Mer. What thought I be intinded, he seems a knight.
And will not any way dishonour me.
Suf. Lady, you shall to listen what I say.
Mer. Perhaps I shall be refered by the French,
And then I need not cease his suit, my care.
Suf. Sweet Madam, give occasion in a cause.
Mer. Tuff, women have bene capitvate ere now.
Suf. Lady, wherefore take you so?
Mer. I cry you mercy, 'tis but Quod for Quo.
Suf. Say gentle Princesse, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a Queene?
Mer. To be a Queene in bondage, is more vile,
Than a slave, in base servitude:
For Princes should be free.
Suf. And if thou see,
Happie Englands Royal King be free.
Mer. Why what conception has his freedom voe me?
Suf. He underwrite to make thee Henrys Queene,
To put a Golden Scepter in thy hand,
And a precious Crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt conduct to be my———
Mer. What?
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

But Madame, I must trouble you again,
No losinge Token to his Majestie?

**Mist.** Yes, my good Lord, a pure unspoiled heart,
Neter yet taint with base, I send the King.

**Suf.** And this withall.

**Mist.** That for thy felse, I will not to presume,
To send such pencul'd tokens to a King.

**Suf.** Oh were the thing my myrtle: but softely say.
Thou mayst not wander in that Labyrinth,
There Minotours and gyp Treasons lurke,
Solicite Henry with her wondrouses praise.
Bethule thee on her Vertues that attend,
And natural Graces that exhaling with Art,
Repeate their semblance often on the Seas,
That when thou com'st to kneele at Henry's feete,
Thou mayst be cause of his wisd with wonder,

**Enter Turke, Warwick, Shepherd.**

**Turke.** By thee, my feele thereat condemn'd me to burne,

**Shepherd.** Ah Lawes, this knotty Fisher's heart at our rise,
How I sought every Country farre and nere,
And now it is my chance so finde thee out,
Muft I behold thy timeuell cruel death:

**Turke.** Ah Lawes, for evermore dyeth thee.

**Shepherd.** Descrep: Mift. Inlustrous Wretch,
I was defended of a great high birth,
Thou art no Father, nor no Friend of mine.

**Shepherd.** Oat, out: My Lords, and please you, tis not so
I did beget her, all the Parli knows:
Her Mother thinke yet, canst suffice.
She was the first fisne of my Brother Ship.

**Warke.** Graceless, wilt thou deny thy Paternage?

**Turke.** This argues what her kind of life hath beene,
Wicked and vile, and to her death concludes.

**Shepherd.** Eye Lawe, that thou wilt be obstacle:
God knows, thou art a colly of my flesh,
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:
Deny me not, I prythee, gentle Lawe,

**Purit.** Peasant want. You have suborn'd this man
Of purpose, to obstruct my Noble birth.

**Shepherd.** 'Tis true, I gave a Noble to the Prell,
The more that I was wedded to her mother;
Kiss'd divers and take my blushing, good my Gryse.
Wilt thou not floupe? Now curst be the time
Of thy naturall: I would be the Milke
Thy mother gave thee when thou stuck't her breast,
Had bin a little Rasse-bane for thy sake.
Or else, when thou didst keep my Lames s-field,
Wilt thou deny thy Father, cursed Deb?
O burne her, burne her, burning is too good,

**Turke.** Take her away, for the harm flud't too long,
To fill the world with victorious qualities.

**Parke.** First let me tell you whom you have condemnd's:
Not me, begotten of a Shepherds Swaine,
But illustred from the Progeny of Kings,
Vertuous and Holy, chosen from above,
By inspiration of Celestiall Grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked Spirits,
But you that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guilefull blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand Vices:
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it fraught with a thing impossible
To comparde Wonders, but by helpe of diuels.

No misconceyved, love of Are hath bene
A Virgin from her tender infancie,
Chaste, and immaculat in very thought,
Whole Maiden-blood thus rigorously efford'd,
Will cry for Vengeance, at the Gates of Heaven.

**Turke.** I go away with her to execution.

**Warke.** And here she is, because she's a Maid,
Spare for no Faggots, let there be snow;
Place barrels of pitch upon the farrell flame,
That to her torture may be flasterned,

**Purit.** Will nothing turne your vireolent thoughts
Then show disconet thine infirmity,
That warranteth by Law, to be thy priviledge.
I am with child ye bloody Homcid's,
Murder not this the Fruite within my Wombe,
Although ye hate me to a violent death.

**Turke.** Now heauen forfend, the holy Maid with child?

**Warke.** The greatest miracle that ever ye wroghte,
Is all thy friend preciouse come to this?

**Turke.** She and the Dolphin have bin talking,
I did imagine what would be her reigne.

**Warke.** Well go we, we'll have no Buffards lute,
Especially since Charles must Father it.

**Purit.** You are deceived, my child is none of his,
It was Allessio that maded my love

**Turke.** A letter to that notorious Machetelle?

**Purit.** Oye, I have had it, I have deluded you,
'Twas neyther Charles, nor yet the Duke I nam'd,
But Regnier King of Naples that presusy'd

**Warke.** A married man, that's most intolerable.

**Turke.** Why here's a Grisly? I think the knows not well
There were so many whom I may accuse.

**Warke.** It's sign'd the hand beene liberal and free.

**Turke.** And yet forsooth she is a Virgin pure,
Strumpet, thy words condemn my Brer, and thee,
Vie no interest, for it is in vase.

**Parke.** Then lead me hence with whom I leave my curse.

**Warke.** May never glorious Sunne reflect his beams
Upon the Country where you make abuses,
But dimmeles, and the gloomy shade of death
Immirteen you, till Milsecbe and Difpare,
Drive you to break your necks, or hang your Estates.

**Turke.** Break's thou in pieces, and confound to shivers,
Thou woulde accursed minister of Hell.

**Car.** Lord Regent, I do greeete your Excellence
With Letters of Commission from the King.

**Shepherd.** I know my Lords the States of Chislettone,
Moud with remedie of thee out-ragious broyles,
Have caustly implored a general peace,
Brerwixt our Nation, and the aying French;
And here at hand, the Dolphin and his Traine
Approacheth, to conferre about some matter,

**Turke.** Is it all our tranell turn'd to this effect?
After the slaughter of so many Peeces,
So many Captains, Gentlemen, and Soldiers,
That in this quarrell have beene oustrowne,
And fold their bodys for their Countries benefit,
Shall we still conclude effeminate peace?

**Shepherd.** We are not loof out portion of all the Townes,
By Treason, Falsehood, and by Treachery,
Our great Progenitors had conquered:
Oh Warwick, Warwick, I foresee with greefe
The vter losse of all the Realme of France.

**Warke.** Be patient York, if we conclude a Peace.
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Enter Charles, Alaisan, Bizard, Reigneuer.

Chor. Since Lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peacefull state shall be proclaimed in France,
We come to be informed by your fates,
What the conditions of that league must be.

Terke. Speke Winchester, for boylong choeler choakes
The hollow passage of my pardon'd soyle,
By sight of these our basefull enemies.

Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That in regard King Henry gives content,
Of meere composition, and of hentry.
To ease your Country of distressfull Warre,
And suffer you to breathe in quiet full peace,
You shall become true Lieutenent to his Crowne.
And Charles, upon condition thus will serve,
To pay him tribute, and submit thy felle.
That shalt be place at Viceroy under him,
And fully enjoy thy Regall dignity.

Alain. Must he be then as shadow of himselfe?
Adorn his Temples with a Coronet,
Yet in subdadd and authority,
Retaine but priviledge of a private man?
This proffer is abred, and reasonlesse.

Chor. This knowne already that I am perfecst
With more then half the Gallian Territories,
And therein rewarde for their lawfull King.
Shall I for luke of the reft un-vanquisht,
Destruct so much from that prerogative,
As to be called but Viceroy of the whole?
No Lord Ambassador, he rather keeps
That which I have, now counting for more
Be call from possibility of all.

Terke. Insulting Charles, hest thou by secret meanes
Ve'd intercession to obtaine a league,
And now the matter grooves to comprense,
Said it thou sloote upon Comparision.
But accept the Title thou wouldest,
Of benefite proceeding from our King,
And not of any challenge of Defet,
Or we will plague thee with incessent Warres.

Reig. My Lord, you do not well in obliginity,
To causall in the course of this Contract:
If once is bungled, ten to one
We shall not finde like opportunity.

Alain. To say the truth, it is your policy,
To sake your Subjectts from such mischief
And suffetfull slaughters as are daily scene
By our proceeding in Hollarly,
And therefore take this compait of a Truce,
Although you break it, when your plesaunce serveth.

War. How sayst thou to Charles?
Shall our Contract stand?

Chor. It shall:

Chor. The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Suffolk in conference with the King,
Gloucester, and Enter.

King. Your wondrous rare description (noble Earl)
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonisht mee:
Her vaine grace with external gifts,
Do breed inmes feded patitions in my heart,
And like as fignour of committous giftes
Prookes the mightiest Hulke against the side,
So am I driven by breath of her Renowne,
Either to suffer ships wracke, or arriue
Where I may have fruition of her Lone.

Suf. To my good Lord, this superfittual tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praife:
The cheefe perfection of that lovely Dame,
(Had I suffect suffiects to wittem)
Would make a volume of inciting lines,
Able to ranish any dull content.
And which more, she is not to Disire,
So full repeate with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowlineffe of minde.
She is content to be at your command:
Command I mean, of Verusno chaft intents,
To Loue, and Honor Henry as her Lord.

King. And other wise, will Henry se preffe:
Therefore my Lord Protector, give content,
That Margaret may be Englands Royall Queene.

Gl. So should I please content to flatter sine,
You know (my Lord,) your Highnesse is betrosth'd
To another lady of esteeme,
How shall we then dispence with that content,
And not declare your honor with reproach?

Suf. As doth a Ruler with unlawfull Oathes,
Owe one that is a Triumph, having you'd
To try his strength, forfaketh yet the Lites
By reason of his Adversaries oddes.
A poor Engels daugther is vaineall oddes,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Gloucester. Why what I pray is Margaret more then that?
Her Father is no better than an Entie,
Although his glorious Titles he excell.

Suf. Yes my Lord, her Father is a King,
The King of Naples, and Jerusalem,
And of such great Authoritie in France,
As his alliance will confirme our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in Alleggance.

Gl. And so the Earl of Armingste may doe,
Because he is near Kinman unto Charles.

Enter. Besides, his wealth doth warrant a liberal donor,
Where Reigned sooner will recuyse, than gue.

Suf. A Dowtswy Lord? Dicrance not to your King,
That he should be so ailed, base, and poorer,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect Loue.

Henry is able to catch his Queene,
And not to fecke a Queene to make him rich?
So worthless Pegants bargain for their Wits,
As Marke men for Oxen, Sheepes, or Horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Then to be dealt in by Attorney-Thrip:
Not whom we will, but whom his Grace afficts,
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Must be companion of his Nuptiall bed.
And therefore Lorde, kneel in ahead her most,
Most of all these reasons bindeth vs.
In our opinions she should be prefered.
For what is welllocke forced but a Hell,
An Age of discord and continuall strife,
Whereas the contrarie bringeth Mischief,
And in a pattern of Celestiall peace.
Whom should we match with Henry being a King,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a King;
Her peerlesse feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none, but for a King.
Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit,
(More then in women commonly is seen)
Will answer our hope in title of a King.
For Henry, sonne into a Conqueror,
Is likely to beger more Conquerors,
With a Lady of so high renowne.
(As is faire Margaret) he be link'd in love.
Then yeild my Lorde, and there conclude with mee,
That Margaret shall be Quenne, and none but then.
King. Whether it be through force of your report,
My Noble Lord of Suffolk: Or for that
My tender youth was neuer yet attained
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell: but this I am afford.
I feele such sharpe distillation in my breath,
Such fierce alarms both of Hope and Feare,
As I am fixt with working of my thoughts.
Take therefore shipping, poolte my Lord to France,
A greet to any countrey, and procure
That Lady Margaret doe wouchsafe to come
To croste the Seas to England, and be crown'd
King Henrys faithfull and anointed Quenne.
For your expenses and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth,
Be gone I say, for till you do returne,
I rest perplexed with a thousand Care.
And you (good Vackle) banish all offence
If you do enquire me, by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excite
This odious execution of my will.
And so conduct mee, wherefrom company,
I may resolve and runninate my greene,
Exit. Glo. I greene I feare me, both at first and last.
Exit Gloucester.

Soe, Thus Suffolk hath prevailed, and thus he goes
As did the youthfull Paris once to Greece,
With hope to finde the like event in love,
But prosper better than the Trojan did:
Margaret shall now be Quenne, and rule the King:
But I will rule both her, the King, and Realme.
Exit.
The second Part of Henry the Sixt,
with the death of the Good Duke
HUMFREY.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Flourish of Trumpets : Then Hobeyes.

Enter King, Duke Humphrey, Salisbury, Warwick, and Bembridge, on the one side.
The Queen, Suffolk, York, Somerset, and Buckingham, on the other.

Suffolk.

As by your high Imperial Majesty,
I stand in charge at my depart for France,
As Procurator to your Excellence,
To marry Princes Margaret for your Grace;
So in the Famous Ancient City,
In presence of the Kings of France, and Sicil,
The Dukes of Orleans, Calabre, Bresgo, and Alencon,
Seven Earles, twelve Barons, & twenty reverend Bisshops
I have perform'd my Visit, and was espoused,
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of England, and her Lordly Peers,
Deliver'd my Title in the Queen.

To your most gracious hands, that are the Substance
Of that great shadow I did represent;
The happiest Gift, that ever Marqueesse gave,
The Faithfull Queen, that ever King receiv'd.
King, Suffolk here. Welcome Queen Margaret,
I can express no kinder signe of Love
Then this kind kisse: O Lord, that tend'st me life,
Lend me a heart repeal'd with thankfulnesse:
For thou hast given me in this beauteous Face
A word of earthly blessings to my soul,
If Simplicity of Love wise our thoughts,
Queen. Great King of England, & my gracious Lord,
The mutual conference that my minde hath had,
By day, by night; waking, and in my dreams,
In Courtly company, or at my Beddes,
With you mine a Elder in my Sonereigne,
Makes me so sober to salute my King,
With tender terms, such as my wit afford's,
And my joy of heart both miner.

King. Her light did raish, but her grace in Speech,
Her words yeld'd, with wisedome Majesty,
Makes me from Wondering, fall to Weeping joys,
Such is the Fullness of my hearts content.
Lords, with one cheerful voice, Welcome my Queen.
All. Welcome, Long live Que, Margaret, England's happiness,
Queen. We thank you all.

Suf. My Lord Protector, to it please your Grace,
Here be the Articles of contracd peace,
Between our Soueraigne, and the French King Charles,
For eightene moneths conclu'd by consent.

Glo. Reads. Imprimis. It is agreed betwixt the French K. Charles, and William de la Pole, Marqueesse of Suffolk, Ambasador for Henry King of England,That the said Henry shall espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter unto Reuier King of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem, and Create her Queen of England, she the sixteenth of May next ensuing, Item. That the Dukeship of Anjou, and the County of Maine, shall be releas'd and delivered to the King his father.

King. Vielle, how now?
Glo. Pardon me gracious Lord,
Some lodaine qualme huffe stucke me at the heart,
And d'zn'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

King. Vielle of Winchester, I pray read on.
Glo. Item, It is further agreed between them, That the Duchies of Anjou and Maine, shall be releas'd and deliver'd over to the King his father, and five feet out of the King of England some proper Costr and Charges, without burning any Damage,

King. They please vs well. Lord Marques kneel down,
We here create thee the first Duke of Suffolke,
And gire thee with the Sword. Coln of York,
We here discharge your Grace from being Regent in parts of France, till the terme of eighteene Moneths,
Be fully expir'd. Thanke vielle Winchester,
Gloster, Yorke, Buckingham, Somerset,
Salsbury, and Warrwicke.
We thank you all for this great favoure done,
In entertainment to my Principly Queen.
Come, let us in, and with all speede provide
To see her Coronation be perform'd.

Exit King, Queen, and Suffolk.

Monent the rest.

Glo. Graue Peers of England, Pillars of the State,
To you Duke Humphrey must yealod his greefe:
Your greefe, the common greefe of all the Land,
What did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valours, coin, and people in the wars,
Did he so often lodge in open field?
In Winters cold, and Summers parching heats,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford soyle his wits,
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

To keepe by policy what Henrie got:
Hauce your felicities, Somerse, Buckingham,
Braue Tork, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
Receiue deepest honours in France and Normandy;
Or hath mine Vakke Transferred, and my fate,
With all the Learned Counsellors of the Realm,
Studied so long, fat in the Counsell house,
Early and late, debating soo and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe,
And that his Highness in his incantation,
Crowned in Paris in delight of arts,
And shall thee Labour, and the thee Honour dye?
Shall Henries Conquest, Bedfords vigilance,
Your Deeds of Warre, and all our Counsell dye?
Or Peace of England, that is this League,
Parr this Marche, cancelling your name,
Bless your names from Bookes of memory,
Rasing the Characters of your Renowne,
Delacing Monuments of Conquest of France,
Vandoing all as all had toke his bin.

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discours?
This preparation with such circumstance?
For France, its ours, and we will keepe it still,
Gib. I Vakke, we will keepe it, if we can:
But now it is impossible we should.
Suffolk, the new made Duke that rules the roe,
Hath guen the Dutchy of Anjou and Maine,
Vnto the poore King Regner, whose large style
Agrees not with the meanes of his puritie.
Sal. Now by the death of him that dyed for all,
These Countys were the Keys of Normandy:
But wherefore weeps Suffolke, my valiant sonne?
War. For griefe that they are past recompence.
For were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should dye in blood, mine eyes no teares.
Anjou and Maine? My selfe did win them both:
These Provinces, these Armes of mine did conquer,
And are the Cities that I lost with wounds,
Defier'd vp against with peaceful words?

Mort. Dido.

Terry. For Suffolkes Duke, may he be suffocate,
That dimed the Honor of this Warlike Isle;
France shoule have come and rent my very hart,
Before I would have yielded to this League.
I never read but Englands Kings have had
Large emines of Gold, and Dowries with their wares,
And our King Henrie grants away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages.

Hen. A proper leat, and never heard before,
That Suffolke should demand a whole Fiftteenth,
For Costs and Charges in transporting her:
She should have fluid in France, and dierd in France
Before.

Car. My Lord of Gloster, now ye grow too hot,
It was the pleasure of my Lord the King.

Hen. My Lord of Winchester I know your mind.

Tu. Not my speeches that ye do dislike:
But in my prefence that doth trouble ye,
Recount will our, proud Pratise, in thy face,
I see the farre: If I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient backetings:
Lordingg farewell, and say when I am gone,
I prophesied, France will be lost ere long. Exit Humfrey.

Car. So, that goes our Protector in a rage:
True known to you. He is mine enemy:
May more, an enemy into you all,
And no great friend, I feare me to the King;
Consider Lords, he is the next of blood.
And beyng apparrant to the English Crowne:
Hauce Henrie got an Empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the Welt,
There's reason he should be displeased at:
Look to the Lords, let not his smoothing words
Betwixt your hearts, be not censured wise.
What though the common people faction him,
Calling him, Humfrey the good Duke of Gloster,
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voyce,
It shall maintaine your Reiall Excellency,
With God preserue the good Duke Humfrey:
I feare me Lords, for all this flattering glosse,
He will be found a dangerous Protector.

Bett. Why should he then protect our Soueraigne?
He being of age to governe of himself.
Colin of Somerse, loyse you with me,
And stronger together with the Duke of Suffolke,
We'll quickly hoyse the Duke Humfrey from his seat.

Car. This weyghtly businesse will not brooke delay,
Ile to the Duke of Suffolke prently. Exit Cardinal.

Som. Coln. of Buckingham, though Humfrey's pride
And grueme of his place be great to vs,
Yet let vs watch the haughty Cardinal,
His insolence is more intolerable
Then all the Princes in the Land beside.
If Gloster be displaced, hee the Protector.

Bett. Or thou, or I Somerse will be Protector,
Deprive Duke Humfrey for the Cardinal.

Exit Buckingham, and Somerse.

Sal. Pride were before, Ambition follows him.
While thefe do labour for their owne pretender,
Behaves it vs to labor for the Reiall?
I never saw but Humfrey Duke of Glofter,
Did bear his like a Noble Gentleman,
Of haue I sene the haughty Cardinal,
More like a Souldier then a man of Churche,
As flout and proud as he were Lord of all,
Swears like a Reliugion, and demean himself.
Unlike the Ruler of a Commons-wealth,
Warricke my sonne, the comfort of my age,
Thy deeds, thy plaines, and thy house-keeping,
Hath won the greatest favour of the Commons,
Excepting none but good Duke Humfrey.
And Brother Yorke, thy Ador in Irelan,
In bringing them to civil Discipline:
Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
When thou wert Regner for our Soueraigne,
Have made thee fear'd and honord of the people,
Loyne was together for the publicke good,
In what we can, to breed and supprese
The pride of Suffolke, and the Cardinal,
With Somerse and Buckingham Ambitian,
And as we may, cherish Duke Humfrey deeds.
While they dost reserve the profit of the Land.
War. So God helpe Warricke, as he loves the Land,
And common profit of his Country.

Ter. And to lyes Yorke,
For he hath greatest saufe.

Salisbury. Then vs make hast away;
And look ake into the maine.

Warricke. Into the maine?

Oh Father, Maine is lost,
That Maine, which by maine force Warricke did winne,
And would have kept, so long as breath did last.

Main
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

Main chance father you mean, but I mean to mean,
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

York, Anon, and Maine are given to the French,
Paris is left, the state of Normandie.
Stands a tinkle point, now they are gone:
Suffolk concluded on the Articles,
The Peers agreed, and Henry was well pleased,
To change two Duke's for a Duke's fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all, what's to them?
Tis shine they give away, and not their own,
Pirates may make cheap penury worth of their pillage,
And purchase friends, and give to curtezants,
Still courting like Lords till all be gone,
While as the silly Owner of the goods
WEEPES out them, and wrings his hapless hands,
And flakes his head, and trembling faults alone,
While all is shad, and all is borne away,
Ready to be in, and dare not touch his bone,
So Yorkes must for, and fre, and bite his tongue,
While his own Lords are bargained for, and sold:
I think the Reales of Englang, France, & Ireland,
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
As did the last brand Anon a burn,
Veto the Princes heart of Scotland.
Amon and Maine both given unto the French.

Cold newses for me: for I had hope of France,
Even as I hate of fertile Englands sole.
A day will come, when Yorkes shall change his own,
And therefore I will take the Flemish parts,
And make a show of force to press Duke Hunfrey,
And when I spy advantage, claim the Crowne,
For that's the Golden mark I seek to his,
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurpe my right,
Nor hold the Seaper in his children's part.
Nor seare the Dukedom upon his head,
Whole Church-like houses first not for a Crowne,
Then Yorkes be in a white, till time do serue,
Watch thou, and make when others be asleep,
To prise into the secrets of the State,
Till Henry sacrificing in toyes of lone,
With his new Bride, & England doth bought Queen,
And Hunfrey with the Peers be false to trust,
Then will I raise aloft the Milke-white Rose,
With whose sweet smell the Ayre shall be perfumed,
And in my standard beare the Armes of York,
To grapple with the hauth of Lancaster,
And force perfirme He make him yeeld the Crowne,
Whose bookish Rule, hath pull'd faire England downe,
Exit York,

Enter Duke Hunfrey and his wife Elizabeth.

Elia, Why droopes my Lord like one aspen'd Corn,
Hanging the head at Cere plenteous load?
Why doth the Great Duke Hunfrey kneel his browes,
As crowning at the favour of the west?
Why are those eyes fixt to the fallen earth?
Gazing on that which fees to diminish the fight?
What left thou there? King Henry's Distant,
Include it with all the Heroes of the world?
In glory and renown on thy face,
Vainly thy head be circled with the same,
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious Gold.
What is't too short? He lengthen it with mine,
And having both together head'd it vp,
Weel both together lift our heads to better,
And never more shoole our fight to low,

As to yow shall one glance into the ground.

Him, O Nell, Nell, Nell, thou dost love thy Lord,
Banish the Count of ambitious thoughts.
And may that thought, when I imagine ill,
Against my King and Nephew, vertuous Henry,
Be my last breathing in this mortal world,
My troubles dreams this night, don't make me sad.
Elia, What dream? my Lord, tell me, and I'll require
With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream?

Him, Me thought this stuff mine Office-badge in Court
Was brokene twaine: by whom, I have for go,
But as I think, it was byth Cardinal,
And on the peeces of the broken Wand
Were plac'd the heads of Edmund Duke of Somerset,
And William de la Pole first Duke of Suffolk.
This was my dream: what it doth bode God knows.
Elia, Tur, this was nothing but an argument,
That what he breaks a Ycke of Goddes grace,
Shall broke his head for his presumption,
But lift to me my Hunfrey, my sweete Duke.

Me thought I sate in State of Maiesty,
In the Cathedra Church of Wellminster,
And in that Chair where Kings & Queens were crownd,
Where Hussey and Duke Hunfrey were crownd,
And on my head did lie the Diadem.

Him, Nay Elia, then most I chide and right:
Prefeminous Dame, ill-nature'd Elia,
Art thou not feild Woman in the Realme?
And the Protectors were belove of him?
Well then, will worlde forces of command,
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And will thou still be hammering Treadsmen,
To tumble downe thy husband, and thy self?
From top of Honor, to Diligence sette.
Away from me, and let me leave no more.
Elia, What, what, what Lady? Art thou so chollerike,
With Elia, for telling but her dreame?
Next time I keepe my dreamses unto my selfe,
And not be check'd,

Him, Nay he be not angry, I am pleas'd againe.

Exit Messengers.

Elia, My Lord Protector, 'Twis is his Highnes pleasure,
You do prepare to ride unto S. Alburn,
Where as the King and Queens be do to Hawke.
Elia, Yes my good Lord, He follow presently.
Follow I must, I cannot go before,
While Glitter betrays this beast and humber mankind,
Were a Man, a Duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling blocks,
And smooth my way upon their headless neckes,
And being a woman, I will not be flacke,
To play my part in Fortune Faggot,
Where are you there? Sir false, may be false or man,
We are alone, here's none but thee, & I.

Enter Hussey,

Hussey, Ifas preferre your Royall Matry.
Hussey, But by the grace of God, and Hussey desire,
Your Grace's Title shall be multiplied.
Elia, What saith thou more? Yet thou sayst confer?
With Margaret for the cunning Witch,
With Roger Boleyn for the Counsellor.
And will they venture to do me good?

Hussey, They this have promised to shew your Highnes,
A Spirit rais'd from depth of infernal ground,

That,
That shall make answer to such Questions, 
As by your Grace shall be propounded him, 
Elsinor. It is enough, I think upon the Questions: 
When from Saint Albans we doe make returne, 
We'll for these things effected to the fall. 
Herehome, take this reward, make marry main, 
With thy Confederates in this weightie cause. 
Exit Elsinor. 

Hume. Hume must make merry with the Dutchess Gold: 
Marry and shall: but bow now, Sir John Hume! 
Scale vp your Lipps, and argue no words but Man, 
The duttless asketh them etc. 
Dame Eliseue gues Gold, to bring the Witch: 
Gold cannot come amisse, were a Denill, 
Ychaste I Gold flies from another Cost. 
I dare not say, from the rich Cardinall, 
And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolk; 
Yet I doe finde it so as to be plain. 
They (knowing Dame Eliseus aspiring humor) 
Hate byed me to wounder-mine the Dutchess, 
And buzzhe the Commissions in her brayne. 
They say, A craine Knave doo's no need no Broke, 
Yet am I Suffolk and the Cardinalls Broke. 
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall see more 
To call them both a payre of craftie Knaves, 
Well, so it stands and thus I see at last, 
Hume Knave will be the Dutchess Wacke, 
And her Attainments, will be Humphreyes fall. 
Sort how it will, shall have Gold for all. 

Enter three or some Petitioners, the Armours. 

Mans being one. 

1. Pet. My Masters, let's stand close, my Lord Protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our Supplications in the Quill. 

2. Pet. Marry the Lord protect him, for he's a good man, God blest him. 

Exit Suffolk and Queen. 

Peter. Here comes me thinking, and the Queene with him: He be the first squire. 


Suff. How now fellow, what thing is this? 


Queen. To my Lord Protector? Are your Supplications to his Lordship? Let me see them: what is thine? 

5. Pet. Mine is, and it please your Grace, against John Goodman, my Lord Cardinals Man, for keeping my House, and Lands, and Wife and all from me. 

Suff. Thy Witc too? that's some Wrong indeed. What's yours? What's here? Against the Duke of Suffolk, for encloping the Commons of Melforde: How now, Sir Knave? 

6. Pet. Also Sir, I am but a poor Petitioner of our whole Townshipp. 

Peter. Against my Master Thomas Farrant, for saying, 

That the Duke of Yorkes was rightfull Heere to the Crown. 

Queen. What say you there? Did the Duke of Yorkes say, he was rightfull Heere to the Crown? 

Peter. That my Master said, That he was, and that the King was an Usurper.
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

As for the Duke of York, this late Complaint
Will make but little for his benefits;
So one by one we'll weep them all at last,
And you your felloe shall see the happy Helme. 

Enter a Somner.

 Enter the King, Duke Humphrey, Cardinal, Buckingham, York, Salisbury, Warwick, and the Disciples.

King. For my part, Noble Lords, I care not which,
Or Somerset, or York, all's one to me.
York. If York's house ill demeans himself in France,
Then let him be deny'd the Regent-ship.
Saw. If Somerset be unworthy of the Place,
Let York be Regent still he'll yield to him.
Warw. Whether your Grace be worthy, yes or no,
Dip not nor that, York, is the Worshyper.
Card. Ambitious Warwicke, let thy better speaks.
Warw. The Cardinal's not my better in the field.
Buck. All in this presence are thy better, Warwicke.
Warwicke may live to be the butt of all.
Saw. Peace, Somner, and these former reason Buckingham.
When Somerset should be prefer'd in this?
Qn. Because the King forsooth will hate him in.
Humph. Madame, the King is old enough himself
To give his Consent; there is no Woman matters.
Qn. If he be old enough, what needs your Grace
To be Protector of his Excellence?
Humph. Madame, I am Protector of the Realm,
And at his pleasure will resign my Place.
Saw. Resign it then, and leave thine influence.
Since thou went King's who is King, but that,
The Common-wealth hath daily run to wrack,
The Dolphin hath presuyd beyond the Seas,
And all the Princes and Nobles of the Realm
Have been at Breden to thy Sovereignty.
Card. The Commons hath so much, the Clergys Bags
Are lacke and leave with thine Exortions.
Saw. The famous Buildings, and the Wines Attire
Have cost the masts of publique Treasure.
Buck. Thy Cauldres are emptying.
Upon Offenders, hath exceeded Law,
And left thee to the mercy of the Law.
Saw. Thy Isle of Offices and Townses in France,
If they were knowne, as the subject is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy Head.

Enter Humphrey.

Humph. Give me my Pomme what, Mynion, can ye not?
She gives the Duke of a box on the ears.
I cry you mercy, Madame, was it you?
Duch. Was't 17 yeas, it was a proud French-woman:
Could she come near your Beuaty with my Naples,
I could fee my ten Commandements in your face.
King. Sweet Alice be quiet, was against her will.
Duch. Against her will, good King? look to't in time,
She shall hamper you, and send thee like a Baby.
Though in this place all matter were no Breaches,
She shall not strike Dame Eleanor unmerciful.

Buck. Lord Cardinal, I will follow Elsewer;
And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:
She's tickled now, her Fume needs no spires,
She's gallop larg enough to her definition.

Exit Buckingham.
Enter the Duke of York and the Duke of Buckingham with their Guard, and break in.

York. Lay hands upon these Traitors, and their traitors:
Bedsall. I think we watch you at any time.
What Madame, are you there? The King and Commons are
Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains.
My Lord Protector will I, doubt it not.
See you well gend'm for these good actions.
Eleanor. Not half so bad as thine, my Lord King.
Inquiries Duke that threat, where's no cause.
Back. True Madame, none at all. What call you this?
Away with them, let them be clasp up close.
And keep a watch: you Madame shall with us.
Stafford. Take you to thee.
We'll fix your Trinkets here all forth-comming.
All away.

Enter T. Lord Buckingham, me thinks you watchest well.
A pretty Plot, well chosen to build upon.
Now pr'ythee, Lord, let's see the Devil's west.
What haste we here?
Reads.
The Duke yet lives; that Henry shall depose;
But him out-live, and dye a violent death.
Why this is At, an Angelus Romanus vincipere posse.
Well, to the rest.
Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?
By Water shall he die, and take his end.
What shall become the Duke of Somerset?
Let him fluse Castles.
Safer shall be open the land Plaintes.
Then where Castles mounted stand.
Come, come, my Lord,
These Oracles are hardly attained.
And hardly understood.
The King is now in progress towards Saint Albans.
With him, the Husband of this lovely Lady,
Thither goes these News,
As fast as Horses can carry them.
A sorry Breakfast for my Lord Protector,
And, Your Grace shall give me leave, my Lord of York,
To be the Polite in hope of his reward.
York. At your pleasure, my good Lord,
Who's within there, here?

Enter a Servant man.

Unite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick.
To supp'd with me to Morrow Night. Away.

Enter the King, Queens, Protector, Cardinal, and Suffolk, with Faulconers halting.

Queens. Beleece me Lords, for flying at the Brooke,
I saw not better sport these seven yeares day.
Yet by your leisure, the Wind was very high.
And ten to one, old Jame had not gone out.
King. But what a pother, my Lord, your Faulcon made,
And what a pruch the flew aboue the rest.
To see how God in all his Creatures worken,
Yet Man and Birds are famene of climbing high.
Suff. No martial nor like your Matriffle,
My Lord Protector, Hawkes doe come to well,
They know their Muster lines to be aloft.
And heare his thoughts above his Faulcon's Pitch.
Gaff. My Lord, his but a baft ignoble minde,
That must to no higher than a Bird can rise.
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

Card. I thought as much, he would be aboue the Clouds.

Glof. My Lord Cardinal, how think you by that? Was it not good your Grace could lie by Heauen?

King. The Treasure of everlasting Joye.

Card. Take Heauen is on Earth, thine Eyes & Thoughts
Best on a Crowne, the Treasure of thy Heart,
Perilous Pastor, dangerous Prince,
That smooth it so with King and Commonwealth.

Glof. What, Cardinal?

Is your Priesthood grown so peremptorio?

Temdest animus Catholici transeas, Church-men so hot?

Good Vnkle; hide such mallice.

With such Holynesse can you doe it?

Suff. No mallice, Sir; no more then well becomes.

So good a Quartell, and so bad a Peace?

Glof. As who, my Lord?

Suff. Why, as you, my Lord.

An't like your Lordly Lords Proteccion.


Queen. And thy Ambition, Glof.

King. I prithee peace, good Queen,

And when not on these famous Princes,

For blessed are the Peace-makers on Earth.

Card. Let me be blessed for the Peace I make
Against this proud Pastor with my Sword.

Glof. Faith holy Vnkle, would not be come to that.

Card. Many, when thou dar'st.

Glof, Make vp no falses numbers for the matter,

In thine owne perfecion were they abus'd.

Card. I, where thou dar'st not peep:

And if thou dar'st, this Evening,

On the East side of the Grove.

King. How now, my Lords?

Card. Belay me, Comyn Glof.

Hast not thy man put vp the Fowle so suddenly,

We had had more sport,

Come with thy two-hand Sword.

Glof. True Vnkle, are ye advis'd?

The East side of the Grove:

Cardinal, I am with you.

King. Why how now, Vnkle Glof?

Glof. Talking of Hawking; nothing else, my Lord.

Now by God's Mother, Pritch, He dares thy Crowne for this,

Or all my Piece shall fail.

Card. Medis recusam, Proteas feci so's well, protect

your selfe.

King. The Wines grow high,

So doe thy Stomachs, Lords:

How irreforme is this Musick to my heart?

When such Strings arere, what hope of Harmony?

I pray my Lords let me compound this little.

Enter one crying a Miracle.

Glof. What means this noyse?

Fellow, what Miracle don't thou proclay me?

One. A Miracle, a Miracle.

Suff. Come to the King, and tell him what Miracle.

One. Forthwith, a blinde man at Saint Alban's Shrine,

Within this halfe hour hath receiv'd his sight,

A man that ne'er saw in his life before.

King. Now God be prays'd, that to beleeuing Soules

Gives Light in Darkness, Comfort in Despaire.

Enter the Master of Saint Alban's, and his Brother, bearing the men between two in a Cloake.

Card. Here comes the Towns-men, on Procussion,

To present your Highnesse with the man,

King. Great is his comfort in this Earthly Vale,

Although by his fight his fame be multiplied.

Glof. Stand by, my Maisters, bring him near the King.

His Highnesse pleasure is to talke with him.

King. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstances,

That we for thee may glorifie the Lord.

What, haue thou beene long blinde, and now recover'd?

Simp. Boneblind, and pleases your Grace.

Wife. I hiddeed was he.

Suff. What Woman is this?

Wife. His Wife, and so like your Worship.

Glof. Hadst thou been his Mother, thou could'st have better told.

King. Where were thou borne?

Simp. At Burbick in the North, and like your Grace.

King. Poor Soule,

Gods goodness hath beene great to thee;

Let never Day nor Night vnshalled pass,

But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Queen. Tell me, good fellow,

Canst thou here be Chantry, or of Deuration,

To this holy Shrine?

Simp. God knowes of pure Deuration,

Being cell'd a hundred times, and otherwise,

In my Demise, by good Saint Alban:

Who said, Simp., come; come offer at my Shrine,

And I will help thee.

Wife. Most true, forsooth;

And many time and oft my selfe have heard a Voyce,

To call him so.

Card. What, art thou lame?

Simp. All, God Almightye help me.

Wife. A Plume-tree, Mater.

Glof. How long hast thou beene blinde?

Simp. O boneblind, Mater.

Glof. What, and wouldst incline a Tree?

Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

Virtue, too true, and bought his climbing very deare.

Glof. Mistle, thou out of Plummes well, that wouldst

venture so.

Simp. Alias, good Mater, my God desired some

Damons, and made me climbe, with danger of my Life.

Glof. A fabrich Knave, but yet it shall not serve;

Let me fee thine Eyes; winck now, open them, In my opinion, yet thou feelest not well.

Simp. Yes Mater, clear is day, I thanke God and

Saint Albin.

Glof. Sayst thou me so: what Colour is this Cloake of?


Glof. Why that's well said: what Colour is my

Gowne of?

Simp. Black forsooth, Coal-black, as it is.

King. Why then, thou knowest what Colour Iet is of?

Suff. And yet I thinke, 'tis did he never fee.
The Second Part of Henry the Sixth.

Gl. But Cloakes and Gownes, before this day, a many.

Wife. Never before this day, in all his life.

Gl. Tell me Sirrah, what's my Name?

Sir. Alas Matter, I know not.

Gl. What's his Name?

Sir. I know not.

Gl. Nor his?

Sir. No indeede, Matter.

Gl. What's thine owne Name?

Sir. Sampson Sampson, and I sith please you, Matter.

Gl. Then Sampson, sit there,

The lying it Knaue in Chilterndome.

If thou hast beene borne blinde,

Thou mightt it as well have knowne all our Names,

As thus to name the feuerall Colours we doe wearre.

Sight may diftinguith of Colours:

But suddenly to nominate them all,

It is impossibill.

My Lords, Saint Albans here hath done a Miracle:

And would ye not thinke it, Cunning to be great,

That could revenge this Cripple to his Legges again.

Sir. O Matter, that you could?

Gl. My Matters of Saint Albans,

Hast thou not Bradles in thy Towne,

And Things call'd Whippes?

Matter. Yes, my Lord, if it please your Grace.

Gl. Then send for one prefently.

Matter. Sirrah goe fetch the Beadle hirher straight.

Exit.

Gl. Now fetch me a Stoole hiset by and by,

Now Sirrah, if you mean to take your fettle from Whipping,

Lase me ouer this Stoole, and runne away.

Sir. Alas Matter, I am not able to stand alone.

You goe about to torture me in vaine.

Enter a Beadle with Whippes.

Gl. Well Sir, we must have you take your Legges.

Sirs Beadle, whippe him till he leape ouer that same Stoole.

Beadle. I will, my Lord.

Come on Sirrah off with your Doublet, quickly.

Sir. Alas Matter, what shall I do? I am not able to stand,

After the Beadle hath his once he leape ouer the Stoole, and runnes away: and they follow, and cry, A Miracle.

King. O God, I feele how this, and beleef it so long?

Queen. It made me laugh to see the Vllaine runne.

Gl. Follow the Knaue, and take this Drab away.

Wife. Alas Sir, we did for pure need.

Gl. Let the be whippe through every Market Towne,

Till they come to Barwick, from whence they came.

Exit.

Card. Duke Humphrey's he's done a Miracle to day.

Suff. True: made the Lame to leape and fly away.

Gl. But you have done more Miracles then 1?

You made in a day, my Lord, whose Townes to flye.

Enter Buckingham.

King. What Tidings with our Cousin Buckingham?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold:

A fort of nauisht persons, lewdly beft,

Vnder the Countenance and Confederacie

Of Lady Elazzo, the Protecor's Wife,

The King, and Head of all this Round,

Hath prached diligently against your State,

Dealing with Witches and with Conturiers,

Whom we have apprehended in the Fact.

Raying up wicked Spirits from under ground,

Demanding of King Henry Life and Death,

And other of your Highness Privy Council,

As more at large your Grace shall understand.

Card. And so to my Lord Protector, by this means

Your Lady is forth coming, yet at London,

This News I thinke hath turn'd your Weapons edges.

This like my Lord, you will not keep your house.

Gl. Ambitious Church-man, teane to afflact my heart:

Sorrow and grieue have vanquish'd all my powers;

And vanquish'd as I am, yeeld to thee,

Or to the meanest Greene.

King. O God, what misthiefes work the wicked ones?

Hoping confusion on their owne heads thereby,

Queen. Glister, see here the Tainture of thy Neffe,

And lookke the fete be faultfull, thou went wilt.

Gl. Madame, for my sake to Heauen I doe appeale,

How I have lound my King, and Common-wealth.

And for my Wife, I know not how it stands.

Sorry I am to heare what I have heard.

Noble, fere is: but if thee han'te forget

Honor and Vertue, and conuerce it with fuch,

As like to Pyrchedaslie Nobelee;

I banish her my Bed, and Companie,

And give her as a Prey to Law and Shame,

That hath dis-honord Glister honest Name.

King. Well, for this Night we will repute vs here:

To morrow toward London, back again,

To lookke into this Business thorough.

And call those foute Offenders to their Answere;

And poyse the Case in Justice equall Scales,

Whole Deane fands sure, whole rightfull case preemiales.

Flourish. Exit.

Enter Turke, Salisbury, and Warwick.

Turke. Now my good Lords of Salisbury & Warwick,

Our Imple Sipre ended, give me leave,

In this Clote Walk, to satisfy my selfe,

In courting your opinion of my Title,

Which is infallible to Englands Crown.

Salve. My Lord, I long to heare it at full,

Wor. Sweete Turke begin: and if thy claime be good,

The Nemes are thy Subjects to command.

Turke. Then this:

Edward the third, my Lords, had seven Sons:

The first, Edward the Black Prince, Prince of Wales;

The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,

Lancast, Duke of Clarence; next to whom,

Was Iohn of Gant, the Duke of Lancaster;

The fift, was Edmond Lancaster, Duke of York;

The next, was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloster;

William of Windsoe was the foueth, and last.

Edward the Black Prince dyed before his Father,

And left behinde him Richard, his only Sonne.

Who after Edward the third's death, raign'd us King,

Till Henry Tudor, Duke of Lancaster,

The eldest Sonne and heire of Iohn of Gant,

Crown'd by the Name of Henry the fourth,

Seiz'd on the Realme, depos'd the rightfull King,

Sent his poor Queene to France, from whence she came.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sound Trumpets. Enter the King and State, with Guard, to shew the Dauchess.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>King.</strong> Stand forth, Dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloucester’s Wife:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In sight of God, and ye, your guilt is great,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Receive the Sentence of the Law for flame,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Such as by Gods Bookes are adiudic’d to death.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You fostre from hence to Prifon, back a gaine;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>From thence, unto the place of Execution:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Witch in Smithfield shall be burnt to ashes,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And you three shall be hangt on the Gallows.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You Madame, for you are more Nobly born,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Defyed of your Honor in your Life,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shall, after three days open Penance done,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lie in your Courtyard here, in Banishment,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>With Sir John Stains, in the Isle of Man.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Cobham.</strong> Welcome is Banishment, welcome were my Death.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Gloucester.</strong> Eleanor, the Law thou feareth hath judged thee,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I cannot suffice whom the Law condemneth.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mine eye see all of teares, my heart of griefs,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ah, Hamfrey, this dishonour in thine age,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I bequeath my Maitresse give me leave to goe;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sorrow would solace, and mine Age would ease.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>King.</strong> Stay Hamfrey, Duke of Gloucester,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ere thou goe, give vp thy Staffe,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Henry will to himselfe Preferer be,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And God shall be my hope, my stay, my guide,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And Ephraim to my foster;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And goe in peace, Hamfrey, no leafe behind,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Then when thou wast Preferer to thy King.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Queene.</strong> To see no reason, why a King of yeeres</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Should be to be protected like a Child,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God and King Henry governs Englands Realme;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Give vp thy Staffe, Sir, and the King his Realme.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Gloucester.</strong> My Staffe? Here, Noble Henry, is my Staffe:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>As willingly doe I the same refuse,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>As ere thy Father Henry made it mine;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And even as willingly at thy perse I trowe,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>As others would submissively receive it.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Farewell good King; when I am dead, and gone,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May honorable Peace attend thy Throne.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

| **Exit Gloucester.** |
| **Queene.** Why now is Henry King, and Margaret Queen, |
| And Hamfrey, Duke of Gloucester, Fearce himselfe, |
| That bearis to thread a mayne: two Pulls at once; |
| His Lady banish, and a Limbe lopt off. |
| This Staffe of Honor raught, there lett it stand, |
| Where it beft fits to be in Henry’s hand. |
| **Swift.** Thus droues this Joftie Pyne, & hangt his sprays, |
| Thus Eleanor Pride dies in her youngest day. |
| **King.** Lords, let him goe, Please it your Maitresse, |
| This is the day appointed for the Combat, |
| And ready are the Appellant and Defendant, |
| The Armorer and his Man, to enter the Lists, |
| So please your Highnesse to behold the fight, |
| **Queene.** I good my Lord: for purposely therefore |
| Let the Court, so this Quarell trye it. |

---

| **King.** A Godly Name (see the Lyth and all things fit, |
| Here let them end it, and God defend the right, |
| **York.** I never saw a fellow worke belted, |
| Or more afraid to fight, then is the Appellant, |
| The frentise of this Armourer, my Lords. |
The second Part of Henry the Sixth.

Enter at our Door, the Armourer, and his Neighbours, drinking to him so much, that he is drunk; and he enters with a Drumme before him, and his Staffe, with a Sandbagges fastened to it; and at the other Door his Man, with a Drumme and a Sandbagge, and Premises drinking to him.

1. Neighbours. Here Neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a Cup of Sack; and fear not Neighbour, you shall doe well enough.
2. Neighbours. And here Neighbour, here's a Cuppe of Charmice.
4. Armourer. Let it come yaffly, and I'll pledge you all, and a figge for Peter.
5. Frest. Here Peter, I drink to thee, and be not afraid.
6. Frest. Be merry Peter, and fear not thy Master, Frest for credit of the Princes.
7. Peter. I thank you all drinking, and pray for me; I pray you, for I think I have taken my last Draught in this World. Here Robin, and if I dye, I glue thee my Apothe; and Will, thou shalt have my Hammer; and here Tom, take all the Money that I have. O Lordoble me, I pray God, for I am never able to deal with my Master, let he hath learned so much force already.
8. Salute. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows, Sirs, what's thy Name?
11. Salute. Thump! Then see thou thump thy Master well.
12. Armourer. Masters, I am come hither as it were upon my Mans indigitation, to prove him a Knave, and my self a honest man: and touching the Duke of York, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the King, nor the Queen; and therefore Peter have at thee with a downe-right blow.
13. York. Dispatch; this Knave's tongue begins to double, Sound Trumpets, Alarm to the Combatants. They fight, and Peter frisks them downe.
15. York. Take away his Weapon; Fellow, thank God, and the good Wine in thy Masters way.
16. Peter. O God, have I overcome mine Enemies in this Prefence? O Peter, thou hast provest'd in eighth.
17. King. Give us that hence; they see from our sight,
For by his death we doe perceive his guilt,
And God in Justice hath recompas'd to vs
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he said thought to hate mother'd wrongfully,
Come fellow, follow us for thy Reward,
To York.
18. Enter Duke Humphrey and his Men in Mourning Clothess.

Gloft. Thus sometimes hath the brightest by a Cloud.
And after Summer, extremities succeed.
Barren Winter, with his wrathful nipping Cold;
So Carthes and Jews abound, as Seafsons fleet.
Sirs, what's a Clock?

Serm. Tanne, my Lord.

Gloft. Tanne is the hour that was appointed to,
To watch the coming of our pious Duke.
Vanesst thou mayst endure the Foulness Streets,
To tread them with her tender feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, shall thy Noble Mind be broke.
The abject People, gazin on thy face,
With envious Looke, laughing at thy shame,
That rest did follow thy proud Charis-Wheels.
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
But, so I think she comes, and he prepare
My tearay'd eyes, to see her Miteries.

Enter the Ducheffe in a white Sheen, and a Taper
burning in her hand, with the Sheriffs
and Officers.

Serm. So please your Grace, we're take her from the Sheriff.

Gloft. No, sit not for your lives, let her pass by.

Eliauer. Come you, my Lord, to see my open Flame?
Now thou dost not see too, how they do gaze,
See how the giddy multitude doe stand,
And nodde their heads, and throw their eyes on thee.
Ah Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks,
And in thy Cloths pent up, sue thy flame,
And banne thine Enemies, both mine and thine.

Gloft. Be patient, gentle Nell, forget this griefe.

Eliauer. Ah Gloster, teach me to forget my fells:
For whilest I think I am thy married Wife,
And thou a Prince, Defender of this Land;
I thinkes I should not that be led along,
May I in flame, with Papers on my back,
And folowe'd with a Rabble, that rejoysce
To see my tears, and hear my deepest groanes.
The ruthless Flam doth cut my tender feet,
And when I flurt, the envious people laugh,
And bid me be attainted how I creaste.
Ah Humphrey, can I bear this flamefull yoke?
Trow well thou, that ere I looke on the World,
or count them happy, that musey the Sunne?
Nor Daure shall be my Light, and Night my Day.
To chuse before my Pompe shall be my Hell.
Some one I say, I am the Duke Humphrey's Wife,
And be a Prince, and Ruler of the Land:
Yet for he rul'd, and such a Prince he was,
As he flood by, whilst his fortunate Duceffe's,
Was made a wonder, and a pithing flock
To every idle Rascal follower:
But be thou mild, and blithe not at my flame,
Nor flire at nothing, till the Axe of Death
Hang over thee, as sure it shortly will.
For Suffolk, he that can doe all in all
With her, her hatred thee and hates vs all,
And York, and impious Bosworth, that false Priest,
Have all by the cold Bullets to betray thy Wings,
And fly thou how thou canst, they will sall thee,
But fear not thou, until thy foot be fear'd,
Nor never feake pretention of thy foes.

Gloft. Ah Nell, forbear thou mayst all away.
I must offend, before I be assaunt:
And had I twentie times so many foes,
And each of them had twentie times their power,
All these could not procure me any feathe,
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless,
Would it have me refuse thee from this reproach?

Why
Why see my scandalll were not wipet away,
But I in danger for the brazet of Law,
Thy greatest helpe is quite, gentle Nell,
I pray thee fort thy heart to patience,
The fewe dyes wonder will be quickly wome.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your Grace to his Maiesties Parliament,
Holden at Bury, the first of this next Moneth.
Glyft. And my conteinent I can ask herein before?
This is closer dealing. Well, I will be there.
My Nell, I take my leave: and Master Sheriff,
Let not her Penance exceede the Kings Comission.
Sh. And to please your Grace, her Comission stays:
And Sir John Stanly is appointed now,
To take her with him to the Isle of Man.
Glyft. Must you, Sir John, protect my Lady here?
Stanly. So am I charg'd in charge, may I please your Grace.
Glyft. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
You wip her well: the World may laugh again,
And I may live to see you kindness, if you doe her.
And so Sir John farewell.

Eleanor. What, gone my Lord, and bid me not farewell?
Glyft. Writhe my tears, I cannot stay and speake.

Eleanor. Art thou gone to all comand to goe with other,
For none a side with me: my Joy is Death:
Death, at whose Name I oft have beene afraid,
Because I wish'd this Worlds eternite.
Stanley, I prethee goe, and take me hence,
I care not whither, for I begge no favor.
Only reme me where those are commanded.
Stanley. Why, Madame, that is to the Isle of Man,
There to be v'd according to your State.
Eleanor. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach'd:
And shall I then be v'd reproachfully?
Stanley. Like to a Duchess, and Duke Humphrey's Lady,
According to that State you shall be v'd.
Eleanor. Sheriff, farewell, and better then I fare,
Although thou hast beene Conduct of my thame.
Sheriff. It is my Office, and Madame pardon me.
Eleanor. I, I, farewell, they Office is dethrusted.

Come Stanley, shall we goe?
Stanley. Madame, you Presence done,
Throw off this Sheet,
And goe we to styrue you for our Journey.
Eleanor. My thame will not be still'd with my Sheet:
No, it will hang upon my shelf and Robes,
And thus sitte, at eare me how I can.
Goe, leade the way, I long to see my Prison.

Sound a Sairet, Enter King, Queen, Cardinal, Suffolk,
Turkis, Bucklifuel, Salisbury, and Warwick;
SIR REYNOLDS, and the Parliament.

King. I made my Lord of Gloster is not come:
'Tis not his wonte to be the hindmost man,
What e're occasion keepes him from vew.
Queen. Can you not see or will ye not observe
The strangeness of his altered Counenance?
With what a Maiestie he behoves himselfe,
How insolent of late he is become,
How proud, how contemptuous, and wilde himselfe.
We know the time since he was mild and childlike,
And if we did but glance a fare-off Looke,
Immediately he was upon his Knee.

That all the Court admitt'd him for submission,
Bent to his will, and be it in the Monke.
When every one will give the time of day.
He knes his Brow, and thieves an angry Eye,
And pallaeth by with might and swoord.
Disclaiming dutie that to vs belongs,
Small Curries are not regard'd when they gyntise,
But great men tremble when the Lyon roars,
And Humphrey is no little Man in England,
First note, that he is sene you in diftine,
And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me sene then, it is no Politick,
Respecting what a rancomous mine he bears,
And his advantage following your streete,
That he should come about your Royall Persoone,
Or be admitted to your Highnesse Council.
By battretie hath he wonne the Common meanes, and
And when he pleaste to make Commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.
Now'tis the Spring, and Wests are shallow-roced,
Suffer them now, and let's sever the Garden,
And choose the Herbes for want of Hadam dry.
The reuerent care I bare unto my Lord,
Made me collect these dangers in the Duke.
If it be fond, call it a Woman's fate,
Which fate, if better Reason can supplant,
I will suffrere, and say I wrong'd the Duke,
My Lord of Suffolk, Buckingham, and Verke,
Reproose my allegation, if you can,
Or else conlude my words effectually.

Saff. Well hath your Highnesse enet into this Duke:
And haile I first beene put to speake my mind.
I think I should have told your Grace the Tale.
The Duke, by his subordination,
Upon my Life began his diuellish practises,
Or if he were not prouide to those GRAcious.
Yet by reporting of his high diftine,
As near the King, he was incesseful Heire,
And such high vains of his Nobilitie.
Did inflame the Bedlam braine fickle Duke,
By wicked menses to frame our Sovereigns fall.
Smooth runs the Water, where the Brookes is deepes,
And in his simple shew he harbores Treason.
The Fox barkes not, when he steals the Lamb.
No, my my Sovereigne, Gloster is a man
Unomitted yet, and full of deepe deceit.
Card. Did he not, contrary to forme of Law,
Denie strange deaths, for small offences done?
Turk. And did he never, in his protection sleep,
Lend great stamnnes of Money through the Realme,
For Soilders pay in France; and never sate it:
By means whereof, the Townes at each day troubled.
Back, but there are perty faults to faults unknowne.
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke.

Duke. Did he not, imagine to forme of Law,
Denie strange deaths, for small offenders done?

Gloste. Did he not, in his protection sleep,
Lend great stamnnes of Money through the Realme,
For Soilders pay in France; and never sate it:
By means whereof, the Townes at each day troubled.

Back, but there are perty faults to faults unknowne.
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke.
The second Part of Henry the Sixth.

For here's encreed as it is the famous Wolsey.
Who cannot finde a shape, that may detest?
Take heed, my Lord, the welfare of vs all,
Hangs on the cutting stroke that traitourfull man.

Enter Somersett.

Somersett. All health into my gracious Somersettigne.

King. Welcome Lord Somersett: What News from France?

Somers. That all your Interest in those Territories,
Is utterly bereft you: all is lost.

King. Cold Never, Lord Somersett: but Gods will be done.

York. Cold Never for me: I had hope of France,
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
This are my Biosomics blast in the Bud,
And Catterpillers eat my Leaves away:
But I will remedy this greate ere long,
Oftell my Title to a glorious Graunt.

Enter Gloucester.

Gloucester. All happiness into my Lord the King:
Pardon, my life, what have I said so long.

Suff. Nay, Gloucester, know that thou art come too soon.
Violette thou wast more loyall then thou art.
I desire thee of High Treason here.

Gloucester. Well Suffrage, thou slat not in me bloud,
Nor change my Countenance for this Arrestit,
A Heart unspoited, is not easily damned.
The purest Spring is not so free from muddie,
As I am cleare from Treason to my Souveraigne.

Who can accuse me? wherein am I guiltie.

York. Tis thought, my Lord,
That you took Bribe of France,
And being Protector, did the Southernd pay,
By means whereof, this Highnesse hath lost France.

Gloucester. Is it but thought so?
What are they that think it?
I never robbed the Southernd of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny Bribe of France.
So helpe me God, as I have watch the Night,
I, Night by Night, in fighting good for England.
That Days that ere I wrestled from the King,
Or any Groot I bounded to my wife,
Be brought against me at my Tryall day.
No, no, a pound of mine own property,
Because I would not take the needle Commons,
Hawe I disputed to the Captains,
And never asked for restitution.

Card. It feares you well, my Lord, to say so much.

Gloucester. I say no more then truth, to helpe me God.

York. In your Protectorship, you did devise
Strange Tortures for Offenders, never heard of,
That England was defend'd by Tyrannie.

Gloucester. Why this is well known, that whereas I was Protector,
Pittie was all the fault that was in me:
For I should me, as an Offenders整治s,
And lowly words were Rustique for their fault:
Violette were a bloody Murderers,
Or foule felonious Thieves, that beed poor offenders,
I never gaue them condigne punishment.
Murder indeed, that bloody sinne, I must d's
Above the Felon, or what Trepas else,

Suff. My Lord, these faults are easie, quickly heard of:
But minor crimes are lay'd to your charge;
Whereof you cannot easily purge your selfe,

I doe arrest you in his Highnesse Name,
And here committ you to my Lord Cardinal,
To kepe, until your further time of Tryall.

King. My Lord of Gloster, tis my speciall hope,
That you will clear your selfe from all suspecline,
My Confidence tells me you are innocent.

Gloster. All graciong Lord, these dares are dangerous
Verte is choakt with foule ambition,
And Chastity coulde be guaranteed by Rancio hand;
Foule Subornation is predominatant,
And Equite as ill your Highnesse Land.
I know, their Complot is to lose my Life:
And if my death might make this land happy,
And proue the Period of their Tyrannie,
I would expend it with all willingnesse.
But mine is made the Prologue to their Play:
For thousand's more, that yet felicipp no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted Tragedie.

Brearsford. Red sparkling eyes blais his hearts mallice,
And Soveraigne drowsett his fourme hate.

Haquelel. back and forth with his tongue,
The curious Lead that eyes upon his heart.
And dogged York, that reaches at the Moone,
Whole over-seeing Arne I have plac'd back.
By safee accuse doule least at my Life,
And you, my Souveraigne Lady, with the rest,
Cagдельst in law'd disgrace on my head,
And with your best endeoure have fire'd up
My heart! Liege to be mine Enemy:
I, all of you have lay'd your heads together,
My safety is of your Countenancies,
And all to make away my guildefe Life.
I shall not want safee Witneffe, to condemn me,
Nor more of Treatises, to augment my guilt,
The ancient Promesse be will be well effect,
A Stiffe 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 facetious, Knife, and Traytorous Rage,
Be thus vpirayed, chid, and rasced at,
And the Offender granted scope of speech,
Twill make them coole in zacle with your Grace.
Suffrage be not two in Souveraigne Lady here
With ignominious words, though Clarkely coentes?
As if she had subordon some to swarre
Falle allegevations, to over throw his state.

Qua. But I can gue the loose issue to chide.

Gloster. Exe proclame them mean't: I lofe indeed,
Before the winnes, for they play'd me false,
And well such loavers may have issue to speake.

Brearsford. Heere at the fence, and hold vs here all day.

Lord Cardinal, he is your Prisoner.

Card. Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard him sure.

Gloster. Alas, this King Henry thev owne away his Cruuch,
Before his legs be turned to bear his Body.
Thus is the Shepheard beaten from thy side,
And Wolsey is a garling, who shall now thy's self.
As that my feet were falles, ah that it were,
For good King Henry, thy decay I feare.

Exit Gloster.

King. My Lords, what to your wilcombe assurance,
Doe, or yndeas, as if our falles were here.

Queen. What, will your Highnesses issue the Parliament?

King. I margaret, my heart is drown'd with grieue,
Whole flood begins to stroke within mine eyes;
My Body round enygts with smother: For
The Second Part of Henry the Sixth.

For what's more miserable than Discontent?
Ah, Vixten! Humphrey, in thy face I see
The Map of Honour, Truth, and Loyalty:
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come,
That ere I prou'd thee false, or fear'd thy Ethie.
What lowing Statue now causeth thy efface?
That false great Lords, and Margaret our Queene,
Doe feele the abhorrence of thy harneffe Life,
Thou never didst them wrong, nor man wrong:
And as the Butcher takes a way the Calfe,
And binds the Wretch, and beates it when it cries,
Bearing it to the bloody Slaughter-house;
Even so remorsefullly they borne him hence;
And as the Damme rumpes lowing vp and downe,
Looking the way her harneffe young one went,
And can doe naught but waille her Darlings offe;
Even so my selfe be waille good Gliseres eke;
With sad unheaped full tears, and with dim'd eyes;
Looke after him, and doe him good.

So mightie were his sworn Enemies,
His fortunes I will weep, and twick each groane,
Say, who's a Traayer? Gliseres he is none.

Queene, Free Lords:
Cold Snow melts with the Sunne hot Beames:
Henry, my Lord, is cold in great Affairs,
The full of foolish pleasaunt and Gliseres shew
Beguiles him, as the Mounteull Crocodile
With sorrow faire in all the passing age;
Or as the Snake roll'd in a flowing Bankes,
With thinning checker'd thorough highe Child,
That for the beautie thynks it excellent.
Believe me Lords, were none more wise then I,
And yet herein I judge mine owne Wit good;
This Gliseres should be quickly rid the World,
To rid vs from the fear we haue of him.

Card. That he should dye, is worthie policie,
But yet we want a colour for his death:
This meeeting be condens'd by course of Law.

Suff. But in my minde, that were no policie:
The King will labour to encrease his Life,
The Commons happily rule, so faue his Life;
And yet we haue but trivall argument,
More then myself, that enures him worthy death.

Turk. So that by this, you would not have him dye.
Suff. Ah Turk, no man alive, so faie as I.

Turk. 'Tis Turk that hath more reason for his death.
But my Lord Cardinall, and you my Lord of Suffolke,
Say as you thinke, and speake it from yourSoules:
We're not all one; an empeire Eagle were set,
To guard the Chicken from a hungry Kyre,
As place Duke Humphrey for the Kings Protection.

Queene. So the poore Chicken should be sure of death.

Suff. Madame is true: and we're not madde then,
To make the Fox suruere of the Fold?
Who being accou'd a soaie in Murdorere,
His guilt should be but idly poitted over,
Because his purpose is not executed.
Let him dye, in that he is a Fox,
By nature proud; an Enemy to the Flock,
Before his Cods; be flay'd with Crippen blood,
As Turkeys proud by Restorms in my Liege,
And doe not stand on Quillets how to flay him;
Be it by Gynner, by Snares, by Subtelte,
Sleeping or Waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit,
Which makes him flay'd, so that it intends deceit.

Queene. Thrice Noble Suffolke, 'tis resolutely spoke,
Suff. No colour, except to much were done;
For things are often spoke, and lended me meant,
But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preferre my Soueraigne from his Foe,
Say but the word, and I will be his Priest;
Card. But I would have him dead, any Lord of Suffolke,
Ere you can take due Orders for a Priest;
Say you confirm, and cenare well the deed,
And he prouide his Execution
I tender to the faetrie of my Liege.
Suff. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.
Card. And so say I.

Turk. And I; and now we three haue spoke it,
It skills not greatly who imagnes our doome.

Enter a Poyse.

Poyse. Great Lords, from Ireland am I come againe,
To signdrue, that Rebels there are yet,
And put the Englishmen vnto the Sword,
Send Succours (Lords) and stop the Rage betwene,
Before the Wound doe grow vncurable.
For being green, there is great hope of helpe.
Card. A Breach that caues a quick expidient stoppe.
What cannot you in this weigthele cause?
Turk. That Sermere be sent as Regent thither:
'Tis meet that lackie Ruler be employd,
Witnesse the fortune he hath had in France.
Sermere. If Turk, with all his farre-fet policie,
Had bene the Regent ther: in head of me,
Henry never would have stayd in France so long.
Turk. No, not to lose it all as thou hast done.
I rather would haue lost my Life betimes,
Then bring a but then of dis-honour home,
By staying there so long, still we were lost.
Show me one, that character d on thy Skinne,
Men are to prefer if so whole, the fealdome wone.

Qu. Nay then, this sparkel will prove a raging fire.
If Wind and Fuelle be brought, to feed it with:
No more, good Turk, for the Semere he will,
Thy fortune, Turk, hath thou done Regent thare,
Mighte happen haste prou'd farre worse rather then his.

Turk. What, wroth then naught? I say, then a flame take all.

Semere. And in the number, there, that wishest frame.
Card. My Lord of York, to what your fortune is:
The Vnhumbled Kernes of Ireland are in Armes,
And temper Clay with blood of Englishmen.
To Ireland will you lead a Band of men,
Collected choosely, from each Countie forme,
And trye your hap against the Irishmen.

Turk. Twill, my Lord, so pleased his Maiestie.

Suff. Why, our Authoritie is his content,
And what we doe establish, he confirmes:
Then, Noble Turk, take thou this Taskes in hand,

Turk. I am content: Provide me Souldiers, Lords,
Whiles I take order for mine owne affairs.

Suff. A charge, Lord Turk, that I will fee perform'd.
But now returne me to the late Duke Humphrey.

Card. No more of him: for I will desire with him,
That henceforth he shall trouble vs no more;
And so breake off, the day is almost spent.
Lord Suffolke, you and I must talle of that event.

Turk. My
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

York. My Lord of Suffolk, within foureteene dayes
As Briflow I espied my Souldiers,
For there He Chappeth them all, for Ireland,
Suff. He sees it truly done, my Lord of York, Excuse.

M. York.

York. New York, or never, eit he fearefull thoughts,
And change midtoubt to resolution,
Be that thou holp’st to be, or what thou art?
Refuge to death, it is not worth thine employ.
I am no more a man at arms then a beast,
And finde no harbors in a Royall heare.
Faster the Spung-time showes these sights on Sogn, or not a thought, but thinkes on Digitation.
My Vassall, more buffet then the tainting Spider,
Withes countre Snares to tramp my Enemies.
Well Nobles, well, as pohtically done,
To send me packing with an Host of Men:
I am but a man, but warme the tarried Snake,
Who chews in your heart, will bring your heart.
Thou art my Lord, and I will love thee: I
I take it Kindly, yet be weel afforded,
Your pouch Snares Weapons in a mad-mans hands;
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mightie Band,
I will thirep in England some black Storme,
Shall blowe the thousand Snares to Heaven, or Hell:
And this fell Tempest shall not cease to rage,
Vtil the Golden Cuirass on my Head,
Like to the glorious Sunnes transparencie Beneus,
Doe calme the furie of this mad-bred Flawe.
And for a minuter of my intent,
I have feders a headstrong Kentishman,
John Cade, an Afflicted,
To make Commotion, as well will he can,
Under the Tike of John Mortimer.

In Ireland haned Scene this ribbune Cade,
Oppose himselfe against a Troupe of Kernes,
And sought to long till his thighes with Darta
Were almost like a sparke-quillet porceinte:
And in the end being relaced, I have scene,
Him capre upright, like a wilde Morisco,
Shaking the bloody Darte, as he his Bells,
Full oft, like a flag-deadraft craftie Kerne,
Hath he contreffed with the Enemy,
And wold out come, come to me a gaine,
And giveth me notice of their Villainie,
This Deuil here shall be my substance;
For that John Mortimer, which now is deed,
In face, in gait, in speche he doth resemble,
By this, I shall perceive the Commons mindes,
How they affect the Houtis and Clayme of York.
Say he be taken, rack’t, and tortured;
I know not, paine they can inflict upon him,
Will make him cry, I would him to thosse Armes,
Say that he chaste, as his greats like he will,
Why then from Ireland come with my strength,
And respe the Harred which that Rallow bow’d.
For Henry, being dead he shall he,
And Henry put apace: the next for me.

Enter two or three running on the stage from the
Number of Duke Hunfrey.

1. Runne to my Lord of Suffolk,
We haue dispatched the Duke, as he commanded.
2. O, that it were do so, what have we done?
Diffirent heares a man so prententious.

Suff. Now Sirs, have you dispatch’d this thing?
1. They good Lord, he’s dead.
Suff. Why’s that well said? Goe, get you to my House,
I will reward you for this venrourous deed.
The King and all the Peers are here at hand,
Hast you laid the Bed? Is all things well,
According as I gave directions?
1. They good Lord

Suff. Away, be gone.

Sound Trumpets. Enter the King, the Queen,
Cardinals, Suffolk, Somerset, with Attendants.

King. Go call our Vackie to our presence straight:
Say, we intend in try his Grace to stay,
If be be quiet, as was publisht.
Suff. He call him presently, my Noble Lord.
King. Lordes take your places, and I pray you all
Proceed no farther against our Vackie Glisfer,
Then from true evidence of good etheme.
He be so proue us as proue culpable.
Queen. God forbid any Malice should proue, that
That faulce I may commend a Noble man.
Pray God he may acquit him of repitition.
King. I thank thee Ned, these words content me much.

Enter Suffolk.

How now? why lock he thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our Vackie? what’s the matter, Suffolk?
Suff. Dead in his Bed, my Lord; Glisfer is dead.
Queen. Marry God for end.
Card. Gods secret Judgment; I did dreame to Night,
The Duke was dyes, and could not speak a word.

King. How fares my Lord? Helpes Lords, the King is dead.

Sun. Rear vp his Body, wring him by the Noe.
Re. Reape vp the Duke, hee, helpes, hee.
Suff. O Henry ope thine eyes,
Suff. He doth require againe, Madame be patient.
King. O Heauenly God.
Re. How fares my gracious Lord?

King. What, dashe my Lord of Suffolke comfort me?
Came he right now to singing a Bantines Noise,
Whole dismall tone bereft my Vital power:
And thinkes he, that the chipping of a Wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breath,
Can chase away the five-certained sound?
Hide not thy payson with such laggard words,
Lay not thy hands on me: forbear he lay.
Their touch affright me as a Serpentes slings,
Thou balefull Messinger, out of my sight:
Vpon thy eye-bolls, murderous Tyrmie,
Sits in grum Maelite, to fright the World,
Looke not vp me, for thine eyes are woundous:
Yet doe not goe away, & come Blastlike,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy light.
For in the shade of death, I shall finde joy,
In life, but double death, now Glisfer’s dead.

Queen. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolk thus?
Although the Duke was enemy to him,
Yet he most Christian-like laments his death:
And for my self, Foe as he was to me,
Mighty liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
Or blood-contaminating sighes recall his Life.
By Suffolk, and the Cardinal of Winchester, means:
The Commons live like an angry Bee in a Box.
That was the cause of the Lord's fall.
And care not who they fling in his train.
My life have calmed their spleenful mutiny,
Vntil they hear the order of his death.

King. That's the dead good Warwick, 'tis too true.
Beshrew he dyed, God knows, not Henry.
Enter his Chamber, view his breakable Corpses,
And consider then upon his foulurn death.
War. That shall I do in Liege; stay Salaburie
With the rude multitude, till I return.

King. O thou that judgest all things, stay thy thoughts:
My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soule,
Some violent blades were laid on Wm. Walsingham's life:
If my subject be false, forgive me God,
For judgment only doth belong to thee:
Faint would I go to chase his pallid lips,
With twenty thousand officers, and to drain
Upon his face an Ocean of salt tears.
To tell my love unto his humble desolate trunkes,
And with my fingeries draw his features, and profealing
But all in vain are those means, 'makes Obiety,
Bed post forth.

And to surmise his dead and coky Image:
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

War. Come hither gracious Somerset, view this body.

King. That is he sees how deep my grace is made,
For with his foule flew all my worldly falce;
For fearing, I see my life in death.

War. As lately as my foule intends to live,
With that dread King that took our state upon him,
To free us from his Father wrathfull curse.
I do believe those violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-sainted Duke.

Suf. A dread full Oath, sworn with a solemn tongue:
What influence gues Lord Warwick for his vow?
War. See how the blood is feeld in his face.
Of hate I see a tempestuous look,
Of fiery semblance, rage, pall, and bloodfree.
Being all defended to the labouring heart,
Who in the Conflict that holds with death,
Attracts the fame for audace against the enemy,
Which with the heart there cooles, and he's returneth.
To blust and conquers the Checkes a gain.
But thy Lord is the bluest, and full of blood.
His eye's bulles further out, than when he lived,
Staring full gaily, like a strangled man:
His hayre spre'd, his nostrils stretch with strugling:
His hands abroad disposed, as one that grieves
And ng'd for Life, and was by strength subdu'd.
Lookes on the bright blue hairs (you see) is flicking.
His well proportion'd Bart, made ruffes and ragged.
Like to the Summers Come by Tempest lodged.
It cannot be but he was murdred here:
The least of all these figures were probable.

Suf. Why Warwick, who should do the Day death?
My life and Beauchamp had him in protection,
And we I hope fit, are no murderers.

War. But both of you were vowed D. Humphries foes,
And you (forsooth) had the good Otho in keeper.
Tis like you would not leat him like a friend,
And 'tis well done, he found an enemy.

Queen. Than worse like suits the nobleman,
As guilty of Duke Humphries endless death.
The second Part of Henry the Sixth.

Warr. Who finds the Heifer dead, and bleeding fresh, And fees fast-by, a Butcher with an Axe? But wi'll suppe, twas he that made the slaughter? Who finds the Patridge in the Puttocks Neft, But may imagine how the Bird was dead, Although the Kyte be with unblouded Beak? Even so bestopion is this Tragedy.

Que. Are you the Butcher, Suffoke? Where's your Knife? Is Bernard turn'd a Kyte whose are his Falcons? Suff. I weare no Knife, to laughe the sleeping men, But here's a very good Sword, with a long Blade, That shall be feared in his treacherous heart, That flingers me with Murder's Crimson Badge. Say, if thou dar'sh prove, Lord of Warwickshire, That I am faultlese in Duke Humphrey's death. Warr. What does not Warrick, if false Suffoke dare him?

Que. He dares not calme his contumelious Spirit, Nor ceate to be an arrogant Controller, Though Suffoke dare him twenty thousand times. Warr. Madame be fill'd, and with revenge may I say, For every word you speak in his behalf, Is flanders to your Royal Dignity. Suff. Blunt-voiced Lord, engage in demeanour, If ever Ladywrong'd her Lord so much, Thy Mother took her into her blanet of Bed, Some Sterne was vouchsafed Charles and Noble Stock Was graft with Crabbtree fliptte, whose Fruit thou art; And nesse of the Nobles Noble Race. Warr. But that the gullt of Murder bucklers thee, And shou'd the robes-man of his face, Quitting the thereby of ten thousand flames, And that my Southerne sease eacute the side me mild, I would, false mur'd Coward, on thy Knee, Make thee begge pardon for thy past'd speech, And say, it was thy Mother that meant it, That thou thyself wilt borne in thy Bardac, And after all this fearfull Homage done, Giethe thee thy lyre, and send thy Sonle to Hell, Pernicious blood-stuter of sleeping men. Suff. Thou shal' be waxing, while I shet thee blood, If from this presse thou dast goe with me. Warr. Away enow now, I will drag thee hence! Vunworthly thoust net, He cope with three, And doe some seruice to Duke Humphrey. Exeunt.

King. What stronger Breaff-plate then a heart unvariant? Thus is he arm'd, dath hath his Quarte left, And he but naked, though he lockp in Steele, Whole Confidence with Knighthood is corrupted, A miff within.

Queene. What noyle is this?

Enter Suffoke and Warwick, with their Weapons drawn.

King. Why now leave Lords? Your wrathfull Weapons drawne, Here in our presse? Dare ye be so bold? Why do you tumultuous clamor have we here? Suff. The says true Warwick, with the men of Qury, Set all upon me, mightie Southerne.

Enter Saliburne.

Salib. Stirs hand apart, the King shal know your minde.

Dread Lord, the Commons fend you words by me. Vunithus Lord Suffoke straighte be done to death, Or banished faire England's Territories, They will by violence tear him from your Pallace, And torture him with grievous lingering death. They say, by him the good Duke Humfrey dy'd; They say, in him they leave your Highnesse death. And more in Isabel of Loyalty, Free from a clapeborne opposite intent, As being thought to contrive your liking, Makes them this forward in his Banishment. They say, in care of your moff Royall Person, That if your Highnesse should intend to sleep, And charge, that no man should disturbe your left, In paine of your dislike, or paine of death; Yet norwithstanding such a flat Educt, Were there a Serpent, with forked Tongue, That flyly gedwards to wards your Maiestie, It were but necessarie you were waxe; Least being suffer'd in that harmfull fumer, The morrow Warrick might make the flamme earell, And therefore doe they cry, though you forbid, That they will guard you, where you will, or no, From such feluc Serpentes as false Suffoke is; With whose innominate and small Ring, Your loving Vixle, twenty times his worth, They say, is damnable bere of life.

Commons within. An answer from the King, my Lord of Salisbury.

Suff. Those like the Commons, rude unpollish'd Hands, Could send such Message to their Soueraine: But youngme Lord, were glad to be imploy'd, To shew how quit to an Orator you are. But all the Honors Salisbury hath wonne, Is, that he was the Lord Embassador, Sent from a forsook Tinkers to the King, within. An answer from the King, or we shall all break in.

King. Gone Salisbury, and tell them all from me, I thank thee for their tender loving care; And had not beene cited so by them, Yes did I purpose as they doe enreate. For sure, my thoughts doe hourly prophesy, Mischance into my State by Suffoke meant, And therefore by his Maiestie I forwarde. Whole forrever-worthe Deprytle I am, He shall not breathe infection in this ayre, But three dayes longer, on the paine of death.

Que. Oh Henry, let me please for gentle Suffoke. King. Vnygente Queene, to call him gentle Suffoke; No more I say; if thou de Plesde for him, Thou wis but side enreate with my Weath, Had I but sayd, I would have kept my Word; But when I sayd, it is irreconcileable. If after three dayes he see thou here bee't found, On any ground that I am Rufier of, The World full not be Ransome for thy Life, and so forth. Come Warwick, comte good Warwick, goe with mee; I have great matters to impart to thee. Exeunt.

Que. Mischance and Sorrow goe along with yee, Hearty Dreecome, and lowe Affilctions. Be play-fellowes to keepe you companie: There's two of you, the Deuell make a third, And three-fold Vengeance tend upon your feet.

I Suff. Cease, gentle Queene, these Expections, And let thy Suffoke take his heaste louse.
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

Queen. Oye Coward woman, and licentious wretch,
Half thou not spirit to curse thine enemy.
Shall I a plague upon them? wherefore should I curse them?

Would curse a kill, doth all the Mandrakes gone,
I would instance in bitter searching terms,
As earth, as earth, and horrible the hare,
Deliu'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many figues of deadly hate,
As lean-faced thy in her face thy came.
My tongue should stumble in mine earthen words,
Mine eye should sparkle like the brightest Flint,
Mine hair be flyed as wind, as one distracted.

I, every saint should desire to curse and ban,
And even now my burned I heart would break
Should I not curse them. Payson be their drinker.

Gill, wrappers Gill, the damsell that they wile;
Their sweet mouth, a grous of Cypriselle Trees;
Their chiefly Propheticus, and ring Balenes:
Their sylphous Touch, as swift as Lyres sorts strings:
Their Mischief, frightful as the Serpents little,
And bagging Serpent's Owles, make the Comfort fall.

All the sad seduced in their Iaced bellin:
Q. Enough sweet Suffolk, thou content'st thy self,
And Sis, the dread curfew like the Sun's painfull glade,
Or like an undercharged Gun, recoile,
And turns the force of them upon thy self.

Q. Returned me to thee ere, give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournful tex as:
Nor let the rate of heaven rest this place:
Ten wash away my woffull Monuments.
Oh, could this kisse be printed in thy hand,
That thou mightst thinke upon thee by the Scale,
Though than aousand lights are shed on thee.
So get thee gone, that I may know my griefs,
Tis but in her, whilst thou art standing by,
As one that drivers, thinking on a wanta;
I will repulse thee, or be well affer'd,
Adstruce to be banished my self.
And banished I am, if but for thee.
Oh, to see thee as some, then now be gone,
Oh get not yet. Even thus, two Friends condemn'd,
Embrace, and kiss, and take even thou and Iles.
Leather hundred times to parcher they sate:
Yet now farewell, and farewell Life with thee;

Q. Thus is poor Suffolk, ten times banished,
I, not the Land I care for, we're thou then,
A Wildermess is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heany company.
For where thin art, is the World in self.
With every dear pleasure to the World:
And where thou art not, Defloration.
I can no more; Kaught thou to thy thy life,
My self no joy in nought, but that thou liv,B

Enter Suffolk.

Queen. Whither goes Suffolk to self? What means I
prether?
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

Come down his haine; loose, loose, let it stande uprigh,
Like Lime-twiggs set to catch my winged soules.
Give me some drinke, and bid the Apostate
Bring the strong poysion that I bought of him.
King. Oh thou eternal mourer of the heant
Looke with a gentle eye upon this Wretch,
Oh heare away the busie medling Fiend,
That lays strong forge upon this wretched soule,
And from his bottom purge this blacke dispair.
War. See how the pangs of death do make him grin.
Sal. Disturb him not, let him passe peaceably.
King. Peace to his soule, if Gods good pleasure be.
Lord Cardinall, if thou think'lt on heavens bliss,
Hold vp thy hand, make signall of thy hope.
He dies and makes no signe: O God forgive him.
War. So bad a death, argues a monstrous life.
King. Forbear to jadge, for we are inners all.
Close vp his eyes, and drawe the Curtaine close,
And let vs all to Meditation.

Actum. Fight at sea. Ordinaries goes off.

Enter Lieutenant, Suffole, and others.

Lien. The gandy blabbling and remonstrail day
Is crept into the bottome of the Sea.
And now loud howling Woles strepke the fades
That dragge the Teggieke melancholy night.
Who with their drowzie, flow, and flagging wings
Clepe dead menes grace, and from their misty Iaces,
Death foule contagious darkneffe in the ayre.
Therefore bring forth the Soulls out of our prize.
For whilme our Prense Anchors in the Downes,
Here shall they make their randon on the land;
Or with their blood staine this discoloured shore.
Maiter, this Prisoner freely gine I thee.
And then that art my Mate, make boaste of this.
The other Waler at Busines.

1. Gent. What is my raine or Matter, I steme no more.

2. Gent. A thousand Crownes, or else laid your head.

Matt. And so much shall you give, or else gote pone.

Lien. What think you much to pay 2000 Crownes,
And beare the name and port of Gentleman?
Can both the Villaines throwes, for you shal.
The lies of thosse which we have lost in flight,
Be counter-poyd with such a prettie summe.

2. Gent. I gine it vp, and therefore spare my life.

2. Gent. And to will I, and write home for it strait.

Arm. I left mine eye in laying the prizer aboord,
And therefore to revenge it, jailt thou dye,
And so should thee, if I might have my will.

Lien. Be not so rash, take randome, let him live.

Suf. Looke on my George, I am a Gentleman so,
Rate me out what thou wishest, thou shalt be payed.

Whos. And so am I; my name is Walter Whichever.
How now why dieth this? What doth death apprize?
Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose found is death:
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And tolde me that by Water I shoulde dye.
Yet let this make thee be bloody-mased,
The name is Gladir, being in thy hands.
Whos. Gladir or Walter, which is it I care not,
Never yet did base dishonour blisse our name,
But with our sword we wip' d away the blit.
Therefore, when Merchant-like I fell revenge,
Booke in my hand, my Armes tobe and defected,
And I proclaime a Coward, through the world.
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

By such a lowly Vassall as thy selfe.
Thy words move Kyge, and no remorse in me:
I go of Melfage from the Queene to France:
I charge thee with me to save the Channell.

LAW. Wats: W. Come Sulfolke, I must waite thee
to thy death.

SUFF. This golden time occupa's crise, it is like I can scarce.
WAT. I know that shee have ceste to feare before I lay thee.
What, are ye destitute now? Now will ye stoope.

1. GENT. My gracious Lord interceas him, speak him fair.
Suff. Suffolkes Imperial tongue is fiente and rough:
V's to command, vantagage to please for faviour.
Fare be it, we should honor such as these.
With humble titles no; rather let my head
Stoope to the blocke, then shee /knees bow /to any,
Sant to the God of heaven, and to my King:
And some days upon a bloody pole,
Then stand uncourseth to the Vulgar Groome.
True Nobility, is exempt from fear:
More can I bese, then you date execute.

ЛИТ. Haile him away, and let him talke no more:
Come Souldiers, their with crowly doyle.

Der. That thus my death may never be forgot.
Great men oft dye by vile Beazonion.
A Romanse Sworder, and Bandetto flame
Murder'd fastes Tully. Burton Bafard hand
Stab'd Innsu Caus. Saugue Ilandes
Pompy the Great, and Suffolke dyes by Pyras.
Exit Waver with Suffolke.

Lit. And as for these whose ransome we have let,
It is our pleasure one of them depart:
Therefore come with ys, and let him go.

1. Gest. O barbarous and bloody spectacle:
His body shall all the world braise it. Exit Waler.

WAT. There let his head, and sueeful boodie yse,
Vntill the Queene his Miftris bury it. Exit Waler.

WAT. So he'd need, for it's thred-bare. Yet, I say,
it was never merrie world in England, since Gentlemen

BEN. O miserable Age: Venus is not regarded in
Handy-crafts men.

HOL. The Nobility thine comone to goe in Leather
Apron.

BEN. Nay more, the Kings Councell are no good
Workmen.

HOL. True ead yet is said, Labour in thy Vocation,
on which is no much to say, as the Magistrates be
labouring men, and therefore should we be Magistrates.

BEN. That half he is: for there is no better signe of a
brazen mind, then a hard hand.

HOL. I fee them, I fee them: There's Bees: Some, the
Tanner of Wingham.

BEN. Hee shall have the shyness of our enemies, to
make Dogges Leather of.

HOI. And Dice the Butcher.

BEN. Then is no fruice downe like an Oxe, and
infinitur, thre come out like a Calf.

HOL. And Smith the Weaver.

BEN. Argo, their thred of life is spun.

HOL. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Droma. Enter Cadz. Dice the Butcher, Smith the Weaver,
and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers.

CAD. Wee felo Cade, for ourselfs of our supposed Fa-
ther.

But. Or rather of healing a Cade of Herrings.

CAD. For our enemies shall flaire before vs, inspired
with the spirit of putting down Kings and Princes, Command
silence.

But. Silence.

CAD. My Father was a Mortimer.

But. He was an honest man, and a good Bricklayer.

CAD. My mother a Plantagenet.

But. I know her well, she was a Midwife.

CAD. My wife defacned of the Luttes.

But. She was indeed a Pedlers daughter, and sold many
Laces.

anner. But now of late, not able to trunnell with her
sun's Packe, the witches bakes here at home.

CAD. Therfore am I left an honorable house.

But. I by my faith, the field is honorable, and there
was he borne, under a henge: for his Father had never a
house but the Cage.

CAD. Valiant I am.

anner. A must needs, for being so valiant.

CAD. I am able to endure much.

But. No question of that: for I have seen him whipt
three Market days together.

CAD. I fear neither wound, nor fire.

But. He need not fear the swords, for his Coat is of
proofs.

But. But me thinks he should stand in fear of fire, be-
ing burnt it's hand for itsling of Sheepe.

CAD. Be brace then, for your Captain is Beare, and
Vowes Restoramon. There shall be in England, seven
halfe penny Louises fold for a peny: the three hooped pot,
shall have ten horns, and I will make it Pellore to drink
small Beere. All the Realme shall be Common, and in
Cheapside shall my Palfrey goe to graze: and when I am
King, as King I will be.

All. God save your Majestie.

CAD. I thank you good people. These shall bee no
money, all shall ease and drinke on my Score, and I will
apparel them all in one Livery, that they may agree like
Brothers, and worship me their Lord.

But. The first thing we do, let's kill all the Lawyers.

CAD. Nay, that I meant to do. Is not this a lamenta-
ble thing, that of the skin of an innocent Lambd should
be made: Parchment, that Parchment being spilled eare
should vide a man. Some say the Bee thing, but I say,
it's the Bees waxe for I did but fell once into a thing, and
I was never mine owne man since. How now! Who's there?

Enter a Charek.

Wenner. The Chuter of Charsam: hee can write and
read, and call announc.

CAD. O monstrous.

Wen. We took him setting of boys Copies.
The second Part of Henry the Sixth.

Cade. Here's a Villaine.
Wife. He's a Book in his pocket with red Letters in't.
Cade. Nay then he is a Conjuror.
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: Wolde I finde him guilty, he shall not die.
Come hither forth, I must examine thee: What is thy name?
Clearke. Emmanuel.
But. They vfe to write it on the top of Letters: Twill go hard with you.
Cade. Let me alone: Doft thou vfe to write thy name? Or hast thou a mark to thy felie, like a honest plain dealing man?
Clearke. Sir, thank God, I have bin so well brought vp, that I can write my name.
But. He hath confett; away with him: he's a Villaine and a Traitor.
Cade. Away with him I say: Hang him with his Pen and Inke-horne about his necke.
Exit with the Clerkie.

Enter Micheal.

Miche. Where's our General?
Cade. Here I am Downe a particular fellow.
Miche. Fly, fly, fly, Sir; summon Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the Kings Forces.
Cade. Stand villainous, hand, or I shall fell thee downe: the shall be encountered with as good as himselfe. He is but a Knight, is he?
But. No.
Cade. To equal him I will make my selie a knight presently; Ripe vp Sir John Oldmastere. Now have ac'him.

Enter Sir Humphrey Stafford, and his Brother, with Drums and Soldiers.

Staff. Rebelions Hinds, the fifth and fecond of Kent, Mark'd for the Gallows: Lay your Guns downe, Home to your Cottages; forsake this Groome, The King is mercifull, if you revolt. 
But. But, any, wrathfull, and inclin'd to blood, If you go forward: therefore yeeld, or dy.
Cade. As for these filleoned rancs I paffe not,
It is to you good people, that I speake,
Our whom (in time to come) I hope to rainge:
For I am right full heere unto the Crown.
Staff. Villains, thy Father was a Playster,
And thou thyselfe a Shearman, art thou not?
Cade. And Adlow was a Gardener.
But. And what of that?
Cade. Marry, this Edmund Marner ther of March,
merry the Duke of Clarence daughter, did he not it.
Staff. I thinke.
Cade. By her he had two man at one birth.
But. That's false.
Cade. There's the question: But I say, it is true:
The elder of them being put to death,
Was by a beggar-woman stolen away,
And ignorant of his birth and parentage.
Became a Bishope, when he came to age.
His nomine am I, deny it you can.
But. Nay, it's true, therefore he shall be King.
Staff. Sir, he made a Chimney in my Fathers house, & the brickes are aline at this day to suffice it: therefore deny it not.

Staff. And will you eredit this base Dunder Wurk,
that speakes he knowes not what.
AII. I marry we are therefore get ye gone.
Bro. Laying Cade, the D. of York hath taught you this.
Cade. He lies, for I invent it my selfe. Go too Sirrah, tell the King from me, that for his Fathers sake Henry the fiftt, (in whose time, you went to Spain, countess for French Crownes) I am content he shall reigne, but he be Protector over him.
Butcher. And furthermore, we'll have the Lord Sellen
hend, for selling the Duke of Alme.
Cade. And good reacon: for thereby is England main'd
And fate to go with a slake, but that my patience holds
It vp. Fellow-Kings, I tell you, that that Lord Sellen
Sedgley, the Common wealth, and made it an Emptied &
mores then that, he can speake French, and therefore he be
is a Traitor.
Staff. O grose and mibleable ignorance.
Cade. Nay answer if you can: The Frenchmen are our
enemies age no too then, I ask but this: Can he that speaks
with the tongue of an enemy, be a good Councillor, or
not?
AII. No, no, and therefore we'll have his head.
Bro. With being gentle words will not pratyly,
Affliate them with the Army of the King.
Cade. Hare away, and througout every Towne,
Proclaim them Traitors that are vp with Cade.
That those which flye before the barrell ends,
May eas in their Wines and Childrens figure,
Be hang'd vp for example at their doores:
And you that be the Kings Friends follow me.
Exit. 
Cade. And you that love the Commers, follow me.
Staff. They are all in order, and much to ward v.
Cade. But then are we in order, when we are most out
of order. Come, march forward.

Alarum: to the fight, wherein both the Staffords are slain.

Enter Cade and the rest.

Cade. Where's Dickes, the Butcher of Alsford?
But. Here he is.
Cade. They fell before then the Sheepe and Oxen, 
& thou behavest thy selfe, as if thou hadst borne in thine ownne slaughter house: Therefore thus will I award thee,
the Leet shall bee as long against as it is, & thou shall
have a License to kill for a hundred lacking one.
But. I defire no more.
Cade. And to speake truth, thou dost not live,
This Monument of the victory will beare, and the bodys
shall be dragg'd at my horse heele, till I do come to
London, where we will have the Masters word born before vs.
But. If we beate them and be done, give open the
Gates, and let out the Prisoners.
Cade. Fear not that I warrant thee, Come let's a match
towards London.

Enter the King with a Supplication, and the Queen with Staff
fellows head, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Sellen.

Oust. Off, off, I heard that prince offends the mind.
The second Part of Henry the Sixth.

And makes it fearfull and degenerate,

Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.

But who can cease to weep, and looke on this,

Heree may his head be on my throbbing breath:

But where's the body that I should embrace?

Doc. What answer makest thou to the Rebels

Supplication?

King. He sends some holy Bishop to interest:

For God forbid, to many simple souls

Should perish by the Sword. And I my self,

Rather then bloody Warre shall cut them short,

Will parley with Lacy Cade thereall.

But say, he receieth once again.

Qu. Ah barbaryse Villaines: Hath this lonely face,

Rall the people of a wandering Plenner once,

And could it not inform thee to retore,

That were unworthy to behold the same.

King. Lacy Cade hath sworn to have thine head.

Say, I, but I hope your Highness shall have his.

King. How now Madam?

Say, farewell and mourning for Suffolk's death?

I fear me (Loose) that I had beene dead,

Then would it not have morn'd so much for me.

Qu. No my Lord, I should not morn but dye for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

King. How now? What newes? Why com'st thou in such haste?

Mef. The Rebels are in Southwakke: Fly my Lord.

Lacy Cade proclaims himselfe Lord Mortimer,

Defended from the Duke of Cornwall's house,

And calls your Grace Vpurer, openly,

And vows to Crown him selfe in Westminster.

His Army is a ragged multitude

Of Hinderers and Perverts, rude and mercifull.

Sirs Hamfray Stafford and his Brothers death,

Hast given them heart and courage to proceed:

All Scholars, Lawyers, Gentlemen,

They call Lacy Carteillers, and intend their death.

Kne. Oh gracefull men: they know not what they do.

Buke. My gracious Lord, retire to Killingworth,

Vntil a power be rais'd to put them downe.

Qu. All were the Duke of Suffolk, he is now alive,

Their Kentish Rebels would be soone appeare d.

King. Lacy Cade, the Traitors hath thee,

Therefore away with us to Killingworth.

Say. So might your Grace persons bee in danger:

The sight of me is dismal in their eyes:

And these eyes in this City will I stay,

And live alone as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

Mef. Lacy Cade hath gotten London-bridge.

The Cittie omit the Lawe and take their honies:

The Ruffall people, thirsting after prey,

Joyse with the Traitor, and they joyously swear

To pay the City, and your Royall Court.

Eng. Then linger not my Lord, away, take horse.

King. Come Margaret, God our hope will succour us.

Qu. My hope is gone, how Suffolk is dese a.

Eng. Farewell my Lord, trust not the Kentish Rebels.

Kne. Trust in God for peace you cestare.

Say. The truth I have, is in mine innocence,

And therefore am I bold and resolute.

Enter Lord Cates open the Tower walking. Then enters two or three Citizens below.

Cates. How now? Is Lacy Cade slaine?

1. Cit. No my Lord, nor like to be slaine.

For they have wone the Bridge,

Killing all those that withstood them:

The L. Maker cries aid of your Honor from the Tower.

To defend the City from the Rebels.

Cates. Such aid as I can spare thy fellow command,

But I am troubled here with my selfe.

The Rebels have assay to win the Tower.

But get you to Smithfield, and get your head,

And thither I will send you Marky Cofe.

Fight for your King, your Country, and your Lives.

And so forswear, for I must hence again.

Enter Lacy Cade and the rest, and strakes his staff on London stone.

Cade. Now is Mortimer Lord of this City,

And here is sitting upon London Stone,

I charge and command, that of the Cities coat

The pittifull Conduit run nothing but Clarens wine.

This is the last of our regine,

And now henceforth it shall be Treson for any

That calleth me other then Lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier running.

Soul. Lacy Cade, Lacy Cade.

Cade. Knocke him downe there.

But. If this fellow be wise, hee I never calle Lacy Cade.

Cade more, I think he hath a very faire warning.

Dick. My Lord, there's an Army gathered together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come, then let us goe fight with them:

But first, goe and let London Bridge be fire,

And if you can, burn the Tower too.

Come, let's away.

Enter another Messenger.

Mef. Mathew Goffe is slain, and all the rest.

Then enter Lacy Cade with his Company.

Cade. So first now goe some and pull downe the Saugy.

Others to the Innes of Court, downe with them all.

Buke. I have a felicite unto your Lordship.

Cade. Beside a Lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

But. Only that the Lawes of England may come out of your mouth.

John. Maffe 'twill be Law then, for he was thrust in the mouth with a Speare, and is not whole yet.

Smith. Nay John, it will be Thinking Law, for his breath smelleth with eating tostled chees.

Cade. I have thought upon it, it shall bee so. Away, burne all the Records of the Realme, my mouth shall be the Parliament of England.

John. Then were wee like to have bringe Statutes

Volfes his teeth be pull'd out.

Cade. And hence-forward all things shall be in Common.

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. My Lord, a primate, squire, heeres the Lord Say

Which told the Towers in France. He that made vs pay one and twenty Pences, and one shilling to the pound, the last Sabtide,
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

Enter George with the Lord Say.

Cade. Well, her shall be beheaded for it ten times. Albion Say, thou Surgey, say thou Backam Lord, now ar thou within point-blanke of our Jurisdiction Regali. What canst thou answer to my Maitres, for giving vp of Normandie into Mounueau S, the Dophne of France? Be it known to thee by the presence, even the presence of Lord, Merchurer, that I am the Befalme that must swepe the Court aleone of such fait as thou art. Thou hast most cruelly, oppressed the youthe of the Realm, inexercing a Grammar Schole; and whereas before, our Potes-fathers had no other Books but the Score and the Tally, thou hast caused printing to be vs'd, and contrary to the King, his Counsect, and Digest, thou hast built a Paper Mill. It will be provede to thy Face, that thou hast men about thee, that visalyt taketh of a Nowme and a Verbe, and such abominable words, as no Christian ear can endure to heare. Thou hast appoincted Judges of Peace, to call poore men before them, about matters they were not able to anower. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison, and because they could not reade, thou hast hang'd them, when (indeed) onely for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride in a foot cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou oughtst not to let thy horses wear a Cloake, when honest men therin go in their Hose and Doubters.

Dyk. And Wore in their Shifts too, as my Selle for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent.

Dik. What say you of Kent?

Say. Nothing but this: 'Tis hine ten, male gent.

Cade. Away with him, away with him, he speaks Latine.

Say. Hear me but speake, and bear mee where you will.

Kent, in the Commentaries Cade writes.

Istert'th the cind'tplace of all his life. Sweet is the Covarantt, because ful of Riches, The People Liubly, Valiant, Affable, Wealthy, Which makes me hope you are not void of pitty. I hold not (as) I looke for Normandie, Yet to recover them would lose my life: Justice with favour haue I alwayes done, Prayses and Tares have mou'd me, Gifts could never, When hau I oughted at your hands? Kent to maintaine the King, the Realm and you, Large gifts am I belou'd of learned Clerkes, Because my Bookes prefer'd me to the King, And seeing Ignorance is the care of God, Knowledge the Wing wherewith we flye to heaven. Vulles au poiffitt with dulilis spirits, You cannot but forbear to murth me, This Tongue hath pass'd into Foreign Kings For your behoofes.

Cade. Tur, when wench't it thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men haue reaching hands of me I strucke Those that I never saw, and struke them dead, Gos, O monstrous Cowards! What, to come behinde Pollices?

Say. Treschers are pale for watching for your good, Cade, Give him a box of teare, and that wil make emted again.

Say. Long stiting to determine poore mens causes, Hau made me full of ticknese and defate.

Cade. Ye shall haue a hempen Candle then, & the help of hatchets.

Dyk. Why doth thou quiser me?

Say. The Sallie, and not fear provokes me.

Cade. Nay, he doth at vs, as who should say, He be even with you. He see if his head will stand feeleder on a pole, or no: Take him away, and behold him.

Say. Tell me, whereat have I offended most?

Cade. I affricted wealth, or honor? Speak.

Are my Cheiffs fill'd vp with extorted Gold?

Is my Apparel frumentious to behold?

Whose have I iniurd, that ye seek my death?

These hands are free from guiltis and bloodshedding.

This bright from harbouse foule deuillish thoughts.

Willer me live.

Cade. I feel remorse in my self with his words: but he braille it, he shall dye, and it bee but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him, he is a Familiar under his Tongue, he speaks not a Gods name. God, take him away I say, and strike off his head, and presently, brake into his Sonne in Lawes house, Sir James Crewe, and strike off his head, and bring them both up two poles bieste.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah Countreman: If when you make your prais's, God should be so obdearte as your ienes: How would it fare with you departed soules, And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye, he proffes this in the Realm, shall not wear a head on his shoulders, vs't a heape of plate, there shall not a man be maryst, but the shall pay to me her. Mayheit, they have it: Men shall hold of me in Capte. And we charge and command, that their wires be so free as heart can with, or tongue can tell,

Dik. My Loud,

When shall we go to Cheshide, and take vp comodities upon our biles?

Cade. Marry presently.

All. O brace.

Enter one with the heades.

Cade. But is not this brace?

Let them kisse one another: For they loud'd well.

When they were aine. Now part them again,

Leaft they consult about the giving vp.

Of some more Townes in France. Soldiers, Deferre the spoiles of the Gide untill night.

For with these burnes before us in field of Maces, Will we ride through the streets, & at every Corset.

Have them kisse.

Away.

Enter Aunan, and Retreat. Enter against Cade, and all his rabblements.

Cade. Up Fifth-Breeoe, downe Saint Magnus Coner, kill and knocke downe, throw them into Thames.

Sound a parley.

What meane is this 1 houre?

Dare any be so bold to sound Retreat or Parley

When I command them kill.
Enter Buckingham and Clifford.

Buc. Thee be they be, that dare and wilt disturb thee.

God save Cade, we come Ambassadors from the King.

Vnto the Commons, whom thou hast misled,
And here pronounce free pardon to them all,
That will not take thee, and go home in peace.

Cliff. What say ye, Countrymen, will ye elect
And yield to mercy, whilst it is offered you,
Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths,
Who loses the King, and will embrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap and say, God save his Majesty.
Who forth in, and honours not his Father,
Henry the fift, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon swords, and saddle by.

All. God save the King, God save the King.

Cade. What Buckingham and Clifford are ye so brave,
And ye base Peasants, do ye believe him, will you needs be hang'd with your Pardons, by our neckes? Hath not sword therefore broke through London gates, that
You should leave me at the White-hart in Southwark.
I thought ye would never have given out these Armes till
You had recovered your ancient Freedom. But you are
All Recreants and Dastards, and delight to live in baseness
To the Nobility. Let them break your backes with bastinado,
Take your hands over your heads, caveat your
Wives and Daughters before your faces. For me, I will
Make shift for one, and to Gods Curst light upon you all.

All. We'll follow Cade.

We'll follow Cade.

That thou do exclainse you go with him,
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you Earles and Dukes? Alas,
He hath no home, no place to fly too:
Not knows he how to live, but by the spoile,
Volteye by robbing of your Friends, and so;
Work not a shame, that whilst you live as tarry,
The fearfull French, whom you late vanquished
Should have a share, that whilst you live as tarry?
Me thinks already in this chylt broyle,
I see them theed in London streets,
Crying Tulipage unto all the towns.
Better ten thousand base borne Cade's military,
Then you should scope into a Frenchman's mercy,
To France; to France; and get what you have lost:
Spare England, for it is your Nature Cost?
Henry hath monye, you are strong and manly:
God on oure side, doubt not of Victorie.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford,
We'll follow the King, and Clifford.

Cade. Whoever Feather, so lightly blowne too & fro,
This multitude? The name of Henry the fift, hales them to
An hundred mistchifes, and makes them leave me dese.
Let them lay their heades together to surpize me.
My sword make way for me, for here is no flaping;
In delight of the diuinesse and hell, have through the very
Mistchif of you, and heare and honor be witness, that
No word or sentence in me, but only my Followes
Base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake me to
My better. Exit

Buck. What, is he fled? Go some and follow him,
And he that brings his head into the King,
Shall have a thousand crownes for his reward.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford.

Follow me souldiers, we'll devise a mane,
To reconuine you all unto the King.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Peace be your Grace to be adusted,
The Duke of Yorke is newly come from Ireland,
And with a puissant and a mighty power
Of Gallow-glasses and stout Kentes,
Is marching further in proud array,
And full proclamations as he comes along,
His Armes are to arrive from the
The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms a Traitor.

King. Thus stands my Rates; twist Cade and Yorke
distrest,
Like to a Ship, that having segal'd a Tempest,
Is straightway caine, and boarded with a Pyrste.
But now is Cade driven backe, his armes disperse,
And now it Yorke in Armes, to second him,
I pray thee Buckingham go and meete him,
And ask him what's the reason of these Armes:
Tell him, He send Duke Edmund to the Tower,
And Somerset we will commit thee thither,
Vill he his Armes be dismember from him,
Somerst, My Lord,
I yeeld thee my selfe to prison willingly,
Or unto death, to do my Country good.

King. In my state, be not so rough in terms,
For he is fierce, and cannot brooke hard Language.
But, I will my Lord, and doubt not to do,
As all things find redound unto your good.

King. Come wife, let's in, and learn to gouern better,
For yet may England curse my wretched reigne.

Enter Buckingham and Clifford.

All. God save the King, God save the King.
EYE on Ambition, fix on my felle, that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish. These fine days have bid me in these woods, and don't nor peer out, for all the Country is laid for me; but now am so hungry, that if I might have a Leafe of my life for a thousand years, I could stay no longer. Wherefore on a brick wall past I climb'd into the Garden, to see if I can eat Grasle, or picke a Sallet: another while this, which is not amity to cool a man's风扇 in this hot weather: and I think this word Sallet was boone to me good, for many a time but for a Sallet, my braine-pan had bene cleft with a brown Bill; and many a time when I have beene dry, & bristly marching, is hath tende'd my inbreed of a quart pot to drink in: and now the word Sallet must serue me to feed on.

Lord, who would live unmoleied in the Court, And enioy such quiet walks as these? This small inherittance my Father left me, Contresexonomie, and worth a Monarchy. I seek not to waxe great by others warning, Or gather wealth I care not with what enemy, Sufficeth, that I have maintaine my state, And send the poore well pleased from my gate.

Here's the Lord of the fole come to seize me for a fary, for entering his Fi-sole without his license. A Villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a 100. Crowns of the King by carrying my head to him, but he make thee eate Iron like an Ostridge, and swallow my Sword like a great pin in thy tongue. Why should I thee betray? I need not to break into my Garden, And like a Thief to come to rob my grounds. Climbing my wailes unrighteously me the Owner, But thou wilt betray to my judge and mine. Braue thee: by the blood that ever was broach'd, and heard thee. Look on mee well, I have rare nameaste these fine daies, yet come thou to my fluenere, and if I doe not leave thee as dead as a doore male, I pray God may never eate thou grace more.

Nay, it shall not be said, while England stands, That Alexander thee an Equette of Kent, Tooke odes to combat a poore famish'd man. Oppose the fiddlest gaz'ing eyes to mine, See if thou canst face me with thy looks; Set limbe to limbe, and thou art farre the letter; Thy hand is but a finger to my fill, Thy legge a fiddle compared with this Toucht'oon, My foote shall gull with all the strength thou hast, And if mine arme be hasted in the Ayre, Thy graze is digg'd already in the earth: For words, whose greats we answer with words, Let this my word report what speech forbears.

By my Valour: the most compleat Champion that ever I heard. Steele, if thou tunst the edge, or cut not the rusty bond: Clowne in chins of Steele, are thou steep in the sheath, I believe none on my knees thou may'st be toucht in Fortunes.

If I am flaine, Famine and no other hath flain me, let ten thousand diuell's come against me, and give me not the ten meates I have lost, and I defte them all. Whiser Garden, and be thereof a burning place to all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquered foole of Cade is bad.

Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstros from traitor? Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed, And hang thee o'er my Tomb when I am dead. Wee shall this blood be wiped from thy point, But thou shalt wear it as a heralds coat, To emblaze the floor that thy Master got.

Enter Ides. Ides farewell, and be proud of thy victory: Tell Kent from me, the hath left her belfe man, and is there all the World to be Cowards: For I that never feared any, am vanquished by Famine, not by Valour.

How much thou wrong'd me, beaun be my judges, Die dammed Wretch, the enie of her that bare thee: And as I thrust thy body in with my sword, So with I, I might thrust thy soul to hell. Hence will I drown thee headlong by the hedges Into a dunghill, which shall be thy grave, And there rest of thy most vagabond head, Which I will beare in triumph to the King, Leaving thy tunkle to Crowes to feed upon.

Tor. From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right, And plucke the Crowne from feeble Henry's head. Ring Belles slow, burne Bonfires cleere and bright To enter into great England in full King, Ah! S dated Man, who would not buy thine drette? Let them obey, that knowes not how to Rule. This hand was made to handle nought but Gold. I cannot give one action to my words, Except a Sword or Scepter balanc'ce it, A Scepter shall it have, have I a soule, On which he tells the Floure de Lune of France.

Enter Buckingham. Whom have we here? Buckingham to disturb me? The king hath sent him here: I must diflumbe. Yorke, if thou meanest well, I grant thee well. Enter. Humphreys of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting, Art thou a Messenger, or come of pleasure.

True. A Messenger from Henry, our dread Liege, To know the reason of these Armes in peace. Or why, thou being a Subject, at 12, Against thy Oath, and true allegiance sworn, Should raise so great a power without his leave? Or dare to bring thy Force to oppose the Court? True, Scarce can I speak, my Choller is so great. Oh I could hew yr Rockes, and fight with Flint, I am so angry at these abject times, And now like Aeneas, Telamonius, On Shepe or Ozen could I spend my fortune. 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 weak, and I more strong. Buckingham, I prithee pardon me, That I have guin no answer all this while: My minde was troubled with depe Melauncholy, The cause why I have brought this Army hither,
The second Part of Henry the Sixt.

Is it not true that Somerset is to be removed from the King, and to be put to death? But for thy part, King, I have not yet heard of the Duke's head. The Duke of Somerset is not yet gone to the Tower.

Thy Majesty's Honor is to be attended to. I am commanded by the Duke of Somerset to assist thee in the matter. I shall do my best to help thee.

Enter King and Attendants.

King. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us? Thou art a traitor, and a traitor for ever. York, I command thee to attend on thy Highness. K. Then what intend these forces thou dost bring? Thou art a traitor, and a traitor for ever. And, York, I command thee to attend on thy Highness. We shall go into thy Highness's Tent.

Enter Queen and Somerset.

K. See Buckingham, Somerset comes with the Queen, and bid her hide him quickly from the Duke. Qu. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head, but boldly stand, and front him to his face. K. How now is Somerset at liberty? Then York shall say, 'I am his servant and friend.' This shall be heard by all the world. If the Duke be not in chains, I shall stand in the Tower.

Enter Queen of England, and Salisbury.

Q. Are the yeomen Bears? We have some bears to kill, and to cut them into pieces. If you don't bring them to the garrison place, Rich. Out hark! I see some bears in pursuit of the Queen, and cut off her head. With a piece of their flesh you will do,

Enter the Earl of Warwick, and Salisbury.

Cif. Are the yeomen Bears? We have some bears to kill, and to cut them into pieces. If you don't bring them to the garrison place, Rich. Out hark! I see some bears in pursuit of the Queen, and cut off her head. With a piece of their flesh you will do.
If you oppose your fetters to match Lord Warwick.

Clif. Hence bepe the wrath, founds indigested lumpes,
At crooked in thy manners, as thy shape.

Ter. Nay we shall heate thy hollowly annn.

Clif. Take heed hee least by thy heate you burne your fetters:

King. Why Warwick, hast thy knee forgot to bow?

Old Salisbury. Shame to thy father here,
Thou mad milader of thy braine, feele some,
What wilt thou on thy death-bed play the Rustics?
And feake for sorrow with thy Spectacles?
Oh where is Faith? Oh, where is Loyalty?
If it be banish't from the froste head,
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?
Wilt thou digge a grave to finde out Warre,
And frame thine honourable Age with blood?
Why art thou old, and want't experience?
Or wherefore doest abase it, if thou hast it?
For shame in duty bend thy knee to me,
That bowes vanto the grace with mekle age.

Sal. My Lord, I have consider'd with my selfe,
The Title of this most renowned Duke,
And in my conscience, do repose his grace.
The rightfull heere to Englands Royall feate,

King. Hall shon not stowe Alle grace unto me?

Sal. Thus,

Wi. Canst thou dispence with heaven for such an oath?

Sal. It is great shame, to swear unto a shame.
But greater shame to keep a false oath:
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a muridious deed, to rob a man,
To force a spoylfull Virgin to a wife,
To reap the orphan of his Patimone,
To wring the Widows from her husband right,
And have no other reason for this wrong.

But that he was bound by a solemn Oath?

Wi. A fable Traitor needs no Sophister.

King. Call Buckingham, and bid him come himself.

York. Call Buckingham, and all the friended thou haft,
I am refere'd for death and dignitie.

Old Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true

War. You were beld to go to bed, and dream again,
To keep thee from the Tempest of the field.

Old Clif. I am refere'd to bear a grave: for shame,
Then any thou canst conuerce vp to day,
And that Ie write upon thy Burgonets,
Might I but know thee by thy yointed Badge.

War. Now by my Fathers badge, old Northi Creft,
The rampart Beare choo in to the ragged Lute,
This day Ie were aloft my Burunges,
As on a Mounitaine top, the Cedar flowers,
That keeps his legues in flight of any storme,
Euen to affright thee with the sheer thereof.

Old Clif. And from the Burgonets Ie ride thy Beare,
And tread it under foot with all romp,
Defight the Beare, that protects the Beare.

To Clif. And to the Armie victorious Father,
To quell the Rebels, and their Complikes,
Rob. Fie, Christie for shame, speak not so in fright,
For you shall fip with 1fie Christ to night.

To Clif. Foulc flygatrick that's more then thou canst tell,

Re. If mete in heauen, you'leare fip in hell. Exeunt
Enter Warriok.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, its Warwick calleth:
And if thou dost not hide thee from the Beare,

Now when the angrie Trumpeet sounded alarum,
And dead mens cries do fill the empyre aire,
Cliford I say, come forth and fight with me,
Proud Northern Lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to armes.

Enter York.

War. How now my Noble Lord? What all a-foot

Ter. The deadly handed Clifford frowns my Stede:
But match to match I haue encountred him,
And made a prey for Carrion Kytes and Crowes
Euen of the bonnie beall he lookef to well.

Enter Clifford.

War. Of one or both of the time is come.

Ter. Hold Warwick, seek thee out some other chace
For I my selfe must hunt this Deere to death.

War. Then nobly Yorks, 'tis for a Crown then right.
As I intende Clifford to thrive to day,
It grettes my foule to lease thee vnfull:

Enter War.

Clif. What feeth thou in me York?

War. Why doft thou praise me?

York. With thy brave heaering should I be In lour,
But that thou art to fall mine enemie.

Clif. Nor thoul that thy proweffe wear praise & esteeme,
But that's thy shame ignobly, and in Tresfon,
York. So let it be mine own against thy sword,
As in no true, and right expirte.

Clif. My loue, and bole se on the action both.
York. A dreadfull lay, addresse thee instantly.

Clif. A for Corone les eesemes.

Ter. Thus Warre hath gonne thee peace, fare art still,
Peace with his loue, heauen is he by thre will.

Enter young Clifford.

Clif. Shame and Confination all is on the rout,
Fears frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O Warre, thou soune of hell,
Whom angry heauens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bofonse of our part,

Enter Coales of Vengeance. Let no Souldier bye,
He that is truly dedicate to Warre,
Hath no feare lose: nor he that loues himselfe,
Hath not everlastingly, but by circunstance
The name of Valour. O let the vile would end,
And the venedicted Hasses of the Lath day,
Knit earth and heauen together,
Now that the general Trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities, and pettie founds
To cease. Warre thou ordaind (deere Father)
To booke thy yonth in peace, and to stetchewe
The Silver Livery of saluted Age,
And in thy Reserence, and thy Chaire-dayes, thus:
To die in Rhostian barret? Even at this sight,
My heart is turnd to Bone: and while 's is mine,
It shall be fony. Yorke, not our old men spares:
No more will I their Babes. Tares Virginal,
Shall be to me, even as the Dew to Fire,
And Beatrice, that the Tyrant of reclamers,
Shall to my Blazing wraiths, be Oyle and Flax.
Henceforth, I will not haue to do with pity.
Meet I an infant of the house of Yorke,
Into so many gobbles will I cut it
As wildes, Medes yong. Africis did.
In emoy, will I seek out my Fame,
Come thou newe rume of old Clifords house:
As did Romes old Anchises bear,
So booke I thee upon my manly Shoulders:
But then, etc.,

Nothing
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.

Enter Richard, and Somerset to fight.

Rich. So lye thou there:
For yonder stands an Ale-house pultry sign,
The Cellar in St. Albans, Somerset.
Hath made the Wizard famous in his death:
Sword, hold thy temper; Heart, be wrathful still.
Priests pray for enemies, but Princes kill.

Fights. Excursions.

Enter King, Queen, and others.

Qu. Away my Lord, you are low, for shame away.

Kng. Can we outrust the Heavens? Good Margaret stay.

Qu. What are you made of? You'll nor fight nor fly.
Now is it manhood, wifed one, and defence,
To quell the enemy way, and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.

Enter Clifford.

Cliff. But that my hearts on future mischief set,
I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly:
But fly you must; Vincereable dissord
Reignes in the hearts of all our present parts.
Away for your releef, and we will live
To see their day, and them our Fortune give.
Away my Lord, away.

Exit Clifford.

FINIS.
The third Part of Henry the Sixt, 
with the death of the Duke of Yorke.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Warwick.

And thusfull Henry depos'd, whose cowardize
Hath made vs by-words to our enemies.

Plant. Then leave me not, my Lords be resolute,
I meant to take possession of my Right,

War. Neither the King, nor he that loves him best,
The provoked lie that holds vp Lancaster,

Dares thine a Wing, if Warwick, take his Bells,

Incitant Plantagenet, rook him vp who dares:

Relucte thee Richard, slay the English Crowne.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, 
Westmorland, Exeter, and the rest.

Henry. My Lords, looke where the fluttie Rebell fires
Even in the Chayre of State: bethike he meanes,
Backe by the power of Warwick, that false Perce,
To aspire into the Crowne, and reigne as King.

North. If I be not, Heauens be repent'd on me.

Clifford. The hope thereof, makes Clifford mourne in Steele.

Wofl. What, shall we suffer this? let pluck him down,
My heare for anger bums, I cannot brooke it.

Henry. Be patient, gentle Earl of Westmorland,

Clifford. Patience is for Poutrincoches, such as he,
He must not sit there, had your Father list'd.

My gracious Lord, here in the Parliament
Let us affright the Family of York.

North. Well hast thou spoken, Cousin be it so.

Henry. Ah, know you not the Citee favours them,
And they have troopes of Souldiers at their beck.

Wofl. But when the Duke is slaine, they're quickly five.

Henry. Farre be the thought of this from Henry's heart,
To make a Shamblies of the Parliament House,

Cousin of Exeter, frownes, words, and threats,
Shall be the Ware that Henry means to vie.

They fume at our Tho. Duke of York.

And when the King cometh, offer no violence,
Vaine he seek to thrust out our persecute.

Plant. The Queene this day here holds her Parliament,
But little thouches we shalbe of her counsell,
By words or blows he let's win them right.

Rich. Arise! as we are, let's stay within this House.

War. The bloody Parliament shall this be call'd,

Vaine Plantagenet, Duke of York, he King.

Exeunt. Thy
The third Part of Henry the Sixt.

Exe. Thy Father was a Traytor to the Crowne.
Warr. Exe. Cons ther art a Traytor to the Crowne.
In following this usurping Henry.
Cliff. Whom should bee follow, but his naturall King?

Warr. True, Clifford, that's Richard Duke of Yorke, Henry. And shall it stand, and thou sit in my Throne? York. It must and shall be so, content thy selfe.
Warr. Be Duke of Lancaster, let him be King.
Wyr. He is both king, and Duke of Lancaster, and that the Lord of Widnesland shall maintaine. Warr. And Warwick shall dispute it. You forget, that we are those which caus'd you from the field, and flew your Fathers, and with Colours spread March through the Cittie to the Palace Gates.
North. Yes Warrack. I remember it to my grief, and by his Soul, thou and thy House shall me rise.
Cliff. Plantagenet, of thee and of thee my Sonnes, Thy kindest, and thy Friends, He have more lives then drops of blood were in my Fathers Veines.
Cliff. Virgin no more, left in that head of woods, I send thee, Warrack, such a Messanger, As shall revenge his death, before I tire.
Warr. Poor Clifford, how I curse his worthless Threats.

Plant. Will you we shew our Title to the Crowne?
If not, our Swords shall pleade it in the field.
Henry. What Title hast thou Traytor to the Crowne? My Father was as thou art, Duke of York, Thy Grandfather Roger Mortimer, Earl of March. Clifford. I am the Sonne of Henry the Fifth, Who made the Dolphin and the French to floupe, and feiz'd upon their Townes and Provinces.
Warr. Take not of France, for thou hast left it all.
Henry. The Lord Protector left it, and not I.
When I was crown'd, I was but nine moneths old.
Rich. Ye are old enough now, And yet me thinks you boole:
Father seare the Crowne from the Viupra Head.
Edward. Sweet Father dogo, se it on your Head.
Plant. Good Brother,
As thou louest and honorest Armes,
Let's fight it out, and not stand caulling thus:
Richard. Sound Drummes and Trumpeters, and the King will flye.

Plant. Sonnes peace.
Henry. Peace thou, and give King Henry leave to speake.

Warr. Plantagenet shall speake first. Hearre him Lords, and be you silent and attentive too, For he that interruptes him, shall not live.
Henry. Thinkst thou, that I will leave my Kingsly Throne, Wherein my Grandire and my Father sat? No filiall Warre vpipe made this my Realline; 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 than his,
Warre. Prize it Henry, and thou shalt be King.
Henry. The Fourth by Conquest got the Crowne.
Plant. Turn by Rebellion against his King.
Henry. I know not what to say, my Title's weake.
Tell me 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,
The third Part of Henry the Sixth.

To honor me as thy King, and Sovereign:
And never by I treason nor Hostillity,
To seek to put me downe, and reigne thy selfe.

Plant. The Oath I willingly take, and will performe.
Warw. Long lye King Henry! Plaguegang embrace him.

Henry. Henry, and long live thou, and these thy forward
Sones.

Plant. New Yorke and Lancaster are reconcil'd.

Exe. A voice be he that seekes to seek his foes.

Sonne. Here they come downe.

Plant. Farewel my gracious Lord, Ile to my Castle.
Warw. And Ile keep London with my Souldiers.
Nuff. And I to Norfolk with my follower.
Mass. And I to the Sea, from whence I came.

Henry. And I will grieve and sorrow to the Court.

Enter the Queen.

Exe. Here comes the Queen,
Whole Lookes bewray her anger:
He flese away.

Henry. Exe. To will I.
Queen. Nay, goe not from me, I will follow thee.
Henry. Be patient gentle Queene, and I will stay.
Queen. Who can be patient in such extremities?
As stretched men, would I had dy'd so Maid?
And never seeme that, nearer be then Sonne.
Seeing thou hast prov'd to weary all a Father,
Hath he found'd to loose his Birth-right thus?
Hadst thou but id his halle so well as I,
Or felt that paine which I did for him once,
Or nourish't him, as I did with my blood;
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest blood-brother,
Rather then have made that famine Duke thine Heire,
And dis-inherited thee only 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 Warwick and the Duke enforc't me.

Queen. Enforc't thee? Art thou King, and wilt be force?
If thine be thine, yet, thine, yet, Sonne, and me,
And gie'n vato the House of York such head,
As thou hast reign'd but by their Burgage.
To encrease him and his Heires unto the Crown,
What is it, to make thy Sempacher,
And creep in it faire before thy time?
Warwick is Chancellour, and the Lord of Calliche,
Sonne Felshamburgh commands the Narrow Seas,
The Duke is made Protecor of the Realme:
And yet shall be the safe? Such faint'st finders
The trembling Lorde, unarm'd with Wolston.
Had I bee there, which am a silly Woman,
The Souldiers should have told me on their Pike.
I would before I have Granted so to A.'
But thou preferst thy Life, before than Honor:
And finding thou do'st, I'll there discon't my felic,
Both from this Table Henry, and thy Bed,
Vntil that A.'e of Parliament be repeal'd,
Whereby my Sonne is dis-inheret.
The Notherne Lords, that have so farre world Colours,
Will follow aine, if once they see them spread:
And spread they shal, to thine foule disgrace;
And yet of the Heire of that House vnto the last:
Thus doe I leave thee, Come Sonne, set away,
Our Army is ready, come, we'll leave after them.

Henry. Stay gentle Margaret, and heare me speake.
Queen. Thou hast tooke too much already, get thee gone.

Henry. Gentill Sonne, ye Edward, thou wilt play me.
Queen. I, to be murthred by his Enemies.
Prince. When I return with victorie to the Field,
I'll see your Grace; till then, I'll follow you.
Queen. Come Sonne away, we may no longer thus.
Henry. Poor Queene.

How long to me, and to her Sonne,
Hath made her break out into terms of Rage;
But may the be on that hateful Duke,
Whose haughty spirit, wing'd with desire,
Will fill my Crowne, and like an emptic Eagle,
Tyre on the flesh of me, and of my Sonne.
The luffe of thine three Lords torment my heart.
I'll write vnto them, and entreat them faire.
Come Cousin, you shall be the Meffenger.

Exe. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.

Exe, Flurse. Enter Richard, Edward, and

Mean. Richard. Brother, though I bee younger, give me leave.
Edward. No, I can better play the Orator,
Mean. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter the Duke of York.

York. Why how now Sonne, and Brother, as a flux?

What is your Quarrell, how began it first?
Edward. No Quarrell, but a light Contention.

York. About what?

Richard. About that which concerns your Grace and vs.

The Crowne of England, Father, which is yours.
York. Mine Boy, not till King Henry be dead.
Richard. Your Right depends not on his life, or death.
Edward. Now you are here, therefore enjoy it now.
By giving the House of Lancaster leave to breathe,
It will out-run you, Father, in the end.
York. I took an Oath, that he should quietly reigne.

Edward. But for a King doe any Oath may be broken,
I would break a thousand Oathes, to reigne one yeare.
Richard. No, God forbid your Grace should be forsworne.
York. I shal be, if I layme by open Warre.

Richard. He proue the contrary, if you be hence not speake.

York. Thou canst not, Sonne, it is impossible.

Richard. An Oath is of no moment, being not tooke
Below a true and lawfull Magistrate,
That hath autheritie over him that swear's.
Henry had none, but did viuage the place,
Then feeing twas he that made you to depose,
Your Oath, my Lord, is faine and frivalous.
Therefore to Anne's and Father doe but think.
How I swor a thing it is to wear a Crowne,
Within whose Circuit is Eternite.

And all that Poets fame of Bylle and Joy.
Why doe we linger thus? I cannot rest,
Vntil the White Rose that I wear, be dy'd.
Using the hauke worsemble blood of Henry's heart.
York. Richard trynot, I will be King, or dy.

Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
And what on Warre goest this Enterprise.
The third Part of Henry the Sixt.

Thou Richard diest to the Duke of Norfolk, And tell him privately of my intent. You Edward shall unto my Lord Cobham, With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise. In them I trust: for they are Souldiers, Wise, courteous, liberal, full of spirit. While you are thus employ'd, what news more? But that I seek occasion how to rise, And yet the King not privy to my drift, Not any of the House of Lancaster.

Enter General.

But stay, what News? Why committ thou in such post? General. The Queen, With all the North and Earls and Lords, Intend here to besiege you in your Castle, She is hard by, with twenty thousand men, And therefore fortify your Hold, my Lord. York. I wish my Sword. What think'st thou, that we fear them? Edward and Richard, ye shall stay with me, My Brother Mountague shall pose to London. Let Noble streams of Cobham and the rest, Whom you have left Protectors of the King, With powerful Politie strengthen themselves, And trust not simple Henry, nor his Cattels. Meaner. Brother, I goe: I winne them, I scare it not. And thus most hopefully I do take my leave.

Enter Montague.

York. Sir John, and Sir Hugh Montague, mine Uncle, Are you come to Sandall in the happy hour, The Armie of the Queen, to beleaguer vs. John. She shall not needes, we will meet her in the field. York. What, with five thousand men? Edward. I, with five hundred, Father, for a needle. A Woman's general: what should we fear? Mountague. A March of arms off. Edward. Hear their Drummes: Let's fetch our men in order, And issue forth, and bid them Battle straight. York, Five or six tented hosts the odds be great, I doubt not, Uncle, of our Victorie. Many a Battle have I wonne in France, When as the Enemy hath beene tempest to one, Why should I not now have the like success? Mountague. Exit.

Enter Richmond, and his Tutor.

Richmond. Ah, whither shall I flye, to escape their hands? Ah Tutor, looke where bloody Clifford comes.

Enter Clifford.


Clifford. How now is he dead already? Or is it fear, that makes him close his eyes? He open them. Rutland. So looks the pen'up Lyon o'the Wretch, That trembles under his devouring fames: And so he will entangle o'the Prey, And so he comes, to rend his Limbes tinder. Ah gentle Clifford, kill me with thy Sword, And not with such a cruelly threating Lookke. Sweet Clifford, I am ready for my Sake, before I dye. I am too mean a subject for thy Wrath. But thou wast a good man, and let me live. Clifford. In vain thou speakest, poor Boy: My Fathers blood hath stopped the passage Where thy words should enter.

Rutland. 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 revenge sufficient for me: No, if I did vp thy Forefathers Graves, And hang their rotten Coffins vp in Chayennes, It could not make me mircr, nor take my heart. The sight of any of the House of York, Is as a fire to tempe my soule, And till I roste out their accursed Line, And leave not one alive, I live in Hell. Therefore--- Rutland. Oh let me pray, before I take my death: To thee I pray, sweet Clifford pity me. Clifford. Such pity as my Rapiers point affords, Rutland. I know, did thee have the, why would they slay me? Clifford. Thy Father hath. Rutland. But was he not I was borne, Thou hast one Sonne, for his sake pity me, Left in revenge thereof, his God is full, He he is miserably slaine as I, And let me live in Prision all my days, And when I give occasion of offence, Then let me dye for now thou hast no cause. Clifford. No cause? thy Father slew my Fathers forefathers dye.

Rutland. Disfashioned Lambes famished for the Law Clifford. Plantagenet, I come Plantagenet: And this thy Sonnes blood cleanning to my Blade, Shall rest upon my Wepe, till thy blood Congrel'd with this, doe make me wipe off both. Exit.


York. The Army of the Queene hath got the field: My Vockles both are slain, in reducing me, And all my followers, to the eager for Turne back, and dye, like Ships before the Windes, Or be at their end, like Lambs pursu'd by hunger-Starved Wolves, My Sonnes, God knows what hath bechanched them: But this I know, they have demised themselves Like men borne to Renowne, by Life or Death. Three times did Richard make a Lance to me, And thrice cryde, Courage Father, fight in our, And full as he came Edward to my side, With Purple Fustian, painted to the Hilt, In blood of those that had encounterd him: And when the hardyeft Warriors did retire, Richard cryde, Charge, and gue no foot of ground, And cryde A Cathre, or else a glorious Trombe.
The third Part of Henry the Sixt.

A Speech, or an Earthly Sepulchre.
With this we charg'd against : but our aim
Was to o'erbear his Father, and to make his Carriage against the Tyde,
And spend his strength with over-matching Waste.

Ah! heart's true follower, do not p fume,
And I am fair, and cannot fly their furies.
And were I strong, I would not bring them fair.
The Sandes are number'd, that make us my life,
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter the Queen, Clifford, Northumberland, the young Prince, and Soldiers.

Come bloody Clifford, tough Northumberland,
I dare your quenchable fire to more rage:
I am your Sult, and I abide your shoe.

Northumberland. Yeild to our mercy, proud Plantagenets.
Clifford. I, to such mercy, as his ruthless Arme.
With down-right payment, shew to the Father.
Now Phebus bath rumbled from his Carre,
And made an Euening at the Noon's tide Prick.

York. My affays, is the Phœbus, may bring forth
A Bird, that will revenge you on all.
And in that hope, I throw mine eyes to Heaven,
Scouring what ere you can affliate with.

Why come you not? what,multitudes, and feares.
Cliff. So Cowards fight, when they can fly no further,
So Doves doe peck the Faulcons piercing Talons,
So desperate Theeons, all hopelesse of their Luces,
Breach out Insuflues, gainst the Officers.

York. Oh Clifford, but best the line thee once again,
And in thy thought ore-run my former time.

Cliff. I will not bandie with thee word for word,
But buckler with thee blows twice two for one.

Queen. Hold valiant Clifford, for a thousand caules
I would prolong awhile the Tracyor's Life.
Wraith makes him dead; speake thou Northumberland.

Northumberland. Clifford doth not honor him so much,
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart.
What valour were it, when a Curte doth grine,
For one to thrust his Hand between his Teeth,
When he might spurne him with his Foot away?
It is Warres prize, to take all Vantages,
And terme to one, no impreach of Valour.

Clifford. J 1 J o reuise the Woodcooke with the
Gyranse.

Northumberland. So doth the Connie struggle in the Net.

York. So triumph Theeues upon their conquer'd Country,
So true men yield with Robbers, so re-march.

Northumberland. What would you Grace have done unto
him now?

Queen. Brave Warrior, Clifford and Northumberland,
Come make him stand upon this Mole-hill here.
That rought at Mountsines with out-stretched Armes,
Yet parted but the shadow with his Hand.
What, was it you that would be Englands King?
Was't you that receiv'd in our Parliament,
And made a Preachment of your Deponent?
Where are your Mede of Somnies, to back you now?
The wanton Edward, and the base George?

And where's that valiant Crook-back Prodigie,
Dicky, your Boy, that with his groaning voice
Was wont to hear his Dad in Mattines?
Or with the reft, where is your Darling, Redland?
Looke York, I say'd this Napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his Rapiers point,
Made issue from the Bofome of the Boy.

And if shane eyes can watch for his death,
I give thee this robe thy Cheeks withall.
Also poor York, but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.
I prythee grieue, to make me merry York.
What hast thy little heart to parch thy enemys?
That not a Plea can fall, for Redlands death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldest be mad.
And I, to make thee mad, doe mock thee thus,
Stampe, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance,
Thou wouldest be seen, I seek to make me sport:
York cannot speake, vnlesse he weare a Crown.

A Crowne for York; and Lords, how lowly to him:
Hold you his hands, while I doe for it stand.
I marry Sir, now lookes he like a Kings.
I this is he that rooke King Henrie Chaire,
And this is he was his adopted Heire.
But how is it, that great Plantagenet?
Is crowne it to honor, and broke his solemn Oath?
As I behinde thee, you should not have been.
Till our Kings head had rooke hands with Death.
And will you pale your head in Heavies Glory,
And rob their Temples of the Diomede,
Now in his Life, against your holy Oath?
Oh his fault too too unpardonable.
Off with the Crown, and with the Crowne, his Head.
And while we breathe, ask time to doe him dead.
Clifford. That is my Office, for my Fathers sake.

Queene. Nay stay, let's here the Orizons hee makes.

York. Shee Wolfe of France,
Burrowte than Wolost of France,
Whose Tongue more poufous then the Adders Toth.
How ill-befemming is it in thy Sex.
To triumph like an Amazonian Troll,
Vpon their Woes, whom Fortune captiues?
But that thy Face is Vizard-like, vseing huge,
Made impudent with -fe of eel deedes.
I would allay, prov'd Queene, to make thee blufl.
To tell thee whence thou canst, of whom distu'd,
Were shame enough, to shame thee,
Were thou not shamelesse.

This Father beares the type of King of Naples,
Or both the Sicils, and Jerusalem,
Yet not so welehle as an English Yeoman.
Hath that pover Monarch taught thee to infult?
It needs not, nor it bootes thee not, proud Queene,
Vnlesse the Adage must be verifi'd,
That Beggers mounted, runne their Horse to death,
'Tis Beautie that doth ofte make Women pride
But God he knowes, thy faire thereof is small.
'Tis Virtue, that doth make them most admist,
The contrary, doth make thee wondred at.
'Tis Government that makes them feeme Divine,
The want thereof, makes thee abominable.
Thou art as opposte to every good,
As the Antipodes are vnto vs,
Or as the South to the Septentrion.
Oh Tygres Heart, wrapt in a Womaens Hide,
The third Part of Henry the Sixt.

How could it then drye the Life-blood of the Child, To bid the Father wipe his eyes withall, And yet be faine to beare a Womans face? Women are soft, meek, pitifull, and flexible; Thou, Beze, obscurate, sordid, rough, remembeleffe. Bidst thou me rage? why now thou haste thy will? Would it hawe me weep? why now thou hast thy will. For raging WInd blowes vp incessant flowers, And when the Rage allayes, the Raine begins, Those Tears are my trewe; Rutlande Ol'queutes, And every drop cryes vengeance for his death, Gainst thee fell Clifford, and thee lose Fauche-woman, Northingh. Beare with me, but his passion moves me so, That hardly can I checke my eyes from Teares, York. That Face of his, The hungry Cambells would not have toucht, Would not taste thy blood; But you are more humane, more inexcusable, Oiqueene times more then Tygers of Hyrcania, See, ruthelle Queene, a haplesse Father Teares; This Cloth that dipt in blood of my sweet Boy, And I with Teares dire the blood awaie, Keeppe thou the Napkin, and greebe bould of this, And if thou teilt the heastes shorre right, Upon my Soule, the heastes will shed Teares: Yea, even my Poes will shed fast-falling Teares, And say, Alas, it was a precious deed. Then take the Crowne, and with the Crowne, my Cuffe, And in thy need, such comfort come to thee, As now I reape at thy too cruel hand. Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the World, My Soule to Heauen, my Blood upon your Heads. Northingh. Had he beene fountaine to all my Kinne, I should not for my Life but weep with him, To see how sorely gripe his Soule. Queene, What, weeping sipy, my Lord Northinghland? Thinkst thou on the wrong he did vs all, And that will quickly drive thy melting Teares, Clifford. Here's for my Oath, heere's for my Fathers Death. Queene. And heere's to right our genthe-hearted King. York. Open thy Gate of Mercy, gracious God, My Soule flies through thee wounds, to fesse out thee. Queene. Off with his Head, and set it on York Gates, So York may over-look the Towne of York. Edward. Last.

A March. Enter Edward, Richard, and their power.

Edward. I wonder how our Princely Father is'st: Or whether he be far a ways or no, From Clifford's and Northinghland's pursuitt? Had he beene ta'the, we should have heard the newes; Had he bene slaine, we should have heard the newes: Or had he leape't, we should have heard the happy ending of his good escape. How fare my Brother? why is he so sad? Richard. I cannot say, until I be resolv'd Where our right valiant Father is become, I saw him in the Battale range about, And watcht him how he fangled Clifford forth, But why is he borne in the thickest troupe, As doth a Lyon in a Heard of Nour, Or as a Bearre encompass'd round with Dogges: Who having pinches a few, and made them cry, The rest stand all aloofe, and barke at him, So sayd our Father with his Enemies, So sayd his Enemies my Warlike Father. Me thinkes 'tis proue enough to be his Senne, See how the Morning opes her golden Gates, And takes her farwell of the glorious Sunne, How well reembles it the prime of Youth, Edward three glorious Sunnes, and one a perfect Sunne, Not seperated with the racking Clouds, But freshe'd in a pale cleare-shining Skye, See, see, they ioyn, embrase, and seeme to stirr, As if they vow'd some League inviolable, Now are they but one Lamp, one Light, one Sunne: In this, the Heaven figures some event, Edward. 'Tis wondrous strange, The like yeer never heard of.

I think it sith vs (Brother) to the feld, That was, the Soumnes of brave Plantagenet, Each one alreadie blazing by our meedes, Should now with standing joye our Light together, And ouer-shine the Earth, as this the World, What e'er it bones, hence-forward will I beare Upon my Target three faire shinning Sunnes, Richard. Nay beare three Daughters: By your leave, I speake it, You loue the Breeder better then the Male.

Enter one blaying.

But what are thou, whose base the낫t Looke's fore-tell Some dreadfull story hanging on thy Tongue? Mof, An one that was a worthil looker on, When as the Noble Duke of York was slaine, Your Princely Father, and my loving Lord. Edward. Oh speake no more, for I have heard too much.

Richard. Say how he dy'd, for I will hear it all. Mof. Enamor'd he was with many faces, And fell against them, as the hopes of Troy Against the Grecers, that would have entred Troy, But Xerxes his selfe melt yield to others: And in many trooses, though with a little Axe, Hewes downe and fell the hardiest-tymbred Oake. By many hands your Father was fabled, But only slachtred by the infall Anne Of vn-releeting Clifford, and the Queene: Who crown'd the gracious Duke in high delight, Laugh'd in his face: and when with griefe he wept, The ruthelle Queene gave him, to dry his Cheeckes, A Napkin, stepped in the namelese blood Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slaine: And after many scenes, many fails caunts, They took his Head, and on the Gates of York They set the same, and there it doth remaine, The fuddlest hurdle that ever I view'd.

Edward. Sweet Duke of York, our Prop to leane upon, Now thou art gone we weare no Staffe to stay, Oh Clifford, boy'd you Clifford thou haist slaine The flower of Europe, for his Cheuleire, And trecherously haist thou vanquisht him, For hand to hand he would haist vanquisht thee. Now my Soles Palace is become a Prison: Ah, would the breake hence from, that this my body.
Might in the ground be closed up in it, 
For never henceforth shall I cry again.
Nor shall, oh never shall I see more they.

Red.] I cannot weep: for all my bodies are
Scarce but the burning of my heart,
Nor can my tongue express me all the heart's
Bear sweet's truth; that I should speak with
Idly and careless, that I should weep with
Is kindness and care, that I should love with,
And home my voice with them, that tears should quench,
To weep, it is to make the depth of griefes,
Tears then for Babes, Blows, and Revenge for me.
Richard, I bear thy name, I venge thy death,
Or dye renowned by attempting it.
Ed.] His name they will call Duke hath left with them.
His Duke, and his Duke with me is left.
Rich. Nay, if thou be that Prince of Birds,
Show thy heart by grieving against the Sun.
For Chaire and Dukedome, Fieone and Kingdome say,
Either that lathine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter Warwick, Marquess Montague, and their Army.
Warwick. How now fair Lords? What news? What news abroad?

Rich.] Great Lord of Warwick, if we should recomp.
Our full service, and all our words deliverance
Stab Postards in our belts, till all were told,
The words would add more anguish then the wounds,
O valiant Lord, the Duke of York's flame.

Ed.] O Warwick, Warwick, that Plantagenet
Which held thee dearly, as his S noticeable,
It is by the same Lord Clifford done to death.

War. Ten days ago, I sworn the most of our
And now to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things that shall bewail,
After the bloody fray at Wakesfield fought,
Where your brave father breathed his last gasp,
Tyring, as swiftly as the Postels could run,
Were brought me of your Life, and your Depart.
I then in London, keep of the King,
Murther'd by Soldiers, gathered flock of Friends,
Marches toward S. Albans, to interpose the Queen,
Bearing the King in my bosom along,
For by my sword, I was defeated.
That I was commanded with a full intent,
To dash our late Decree in Parliament,
Touching King Henry's Oath, and our Succession:
Short Tale to make, we set S. Albans met,
Our Battales joy'd, and both sides fiercely fought,
But whether twas the cold steel of the King,
Who made full Gang in his working Queen,
That rebuke my Soldiers of their headed Spleene,
Or whether twas report of her face,
Or more than common grace of Clifford's Rigour,
Who shamed to his Captains, Blood and Death,
I cannot judge: but to conclude with truth,
These Weapons like to Lightning, came and went;
Our Snadders like the Night. Owls Iaze in flight,
Or like Aze in the field with a Plaite,
Fell gently down, as if they stroke their Friends,
I cherish'd them up with justice of our Cause,
With promised high pay, and great Rewards:
But ill in vain, they had no heart to fight,
And we (in them) no hope to win the day,
So that we fled: the King into the Queen,
Lord George, your Brother, Norfolk, and my self,

In haste, post haste, are come to boyme with you,
For in the Marches here we heard you were,
Making another head, to fight again.
Whence is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
When and where George from Burgundy to England?

War. Some he missed the Duke is with the Soldiers,
And some the Duke was late to send.
From your hand, Duke, Dukedom of Burgundy,
With which of Soldiers to this needful Warre.
Rich.] Twas order before, when valiant Warwick fled.
My heart I heard his praises in Paris,
But now I hear his Scandal of a Warre.

Rich. None so worthy to be held as Warwick's heart:
For he that knew this strong right hand of mine,
Can pluck the Dastard from Saint Henry's head,
And win the swiftest Sceptre of his Paris,
Were he as famous, and as bold in Warre,
As he is famed for Middleton, Peace, and Prayer.

Rich.] I know it well: Lord Warwick, a blame more,
This I saw by thy glory makes me speak:
But in this troubled time, what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our Coates of Steele,
And wind our bodies in black mourning Gayes,
Numb'ring our Aue-Maries with our Roads?
Or shall we on the Helmets of our Foes,
Tell our Devotion with those fully Arms?
If for the last, I lay, and in my Lords.

War. Why therefore Warwick came to seek you out,
And therefore came my Brother Montague:
Attend me Lords, the proud infuliting Queen,
With Clifford, and the hated Northumberland,
And of their Feathers, many more proud Birds.
Hence wrought the exileing King, like Wox.
He is more content to your Succesion,
His Oath enrolled in the Parliament,
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his Oath, and what befell.
May make against the house of Lancaster,
Their power (I think) is thirty thousand strong:
Now, is the help of Norfolk, and my selfe,
With all the Friends that thou bauce Earl of March,
Amongst the loving Wellwisher can't procure,
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
Why Visa, to London will we march,
And once again, bereave our framing Steele,
And once again cry Charge upon our Foes,
But more once again tune backe and flye.

Rich.] Now, now I think I have great Warwick speak:
Ne'mere may not lie to see a Sun-shine day.
That cries Retire, if Warwick did him this.

Ed.] Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I leave,
And when thou falld as God forbid the hour.

The next degree is England's Roayal Throne:
For king of England and Duke thou be proclam'd
In every Barrow as we pace along,
And he that throws not up his cap for toy,
Shall for the Make forfeit of his head.

King Edward, valiant Richard Montaguere:
Stay we no longer, dreaming of Remembrance,
But sound the Trumpets, and brave our Tigers.

Rich.] Then Clifford, see what heart as hard as Steele;
As thou hast the bite, it is bite by thy deeds,
I come to pledge it, or to give thee mine.

Ed.] Then strike vp Drums, God and St. George for vs.
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here.

*Qu. My Lord, here is the head of a traitor.*

And this soft courage makes your followers faint;

*You promisst Knight's head to the Duke of York.*

You promise him a knighthood and a fair reward.

*Foul's. Enter a messenger. Foul's. Enter a messenger.*

Edward kneele downe.

King. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight.

And learn this lesson; draw thy sword in right.

Foul's. My gracious father, by thy loving grace,

He draweth it as a propertie to the crown.

Foul's. Why is that spoken like a sword to me.

*Enter a messenger.*

Foul's. Royall Commanders, be in readiness,

For with a band of fifty thousand men,

Comes Warwick back to the Duke of York,

And in the Tower as they do march along.

Proclaimeth him King, and many fly to him.

Darraine his battell, for they are at hand.

Foul's. I would your Highness would depart this field.

The Queen hath left her court, when she is absent.

*Ed. I good my Lord, and I leave you to our own.*

Foul's. Why, that's my fortune too, therefore I'll fly.

Foul's. North. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Foul's. My Royall Father, cheer them Noble Lords,

And hearest that they fight in your defence.

Victory in armes, sword and good Father: Crys George.


Edu. Now perish'd Henry, wilt thou kneel for grace?

And set thy Diadem upon my head.

Or bid the mortal fortune of the field.

*Qu. Go rare thy Minions, proud insulting Boy.*

Becomes it thee to be thus bold in time,

Before thy Sovereigne, and thy lawfull King.

Ed. I am his King, and he should bow his knee; I was adoptede Heire by his consent.

*Ed. Since when his oath is broke for as I heare.*

You that are King, though he do wear the crown.

Have causd him by new Act of Parliament,

To blot out me, and put his own Sonne in.

*Foul's. And reason too.*

Who should succeede the Father, but the Sonne.


Or any he, the prouddest of thy forts.

Rich. Twas you that kill'd yong Rutland, was it not.

*Qu. I am old Yorke, and yet not satisfied.*

Rich. For Gods sake Lords give signal to the fight.

*Ed. What sayst thou Henry.*

Wilt thou yield the crown? (you speak)

*Qu. Why were now long-song'd Warswicke, dure.*

When you and I, met at S. Albans last.

Your legges did better service then your hands.

*Qu. Thus was my turne to fly, and now it is thine.*

*Foul's. You said so much before, and yet you bed.*

*Qu. Twas not your vnder Clifford durne me thence.*

*Nor No, nor your manhood thundr'd make you fly.*


Breaks off the parole, for scarce I can restrain.

The execution of my big-twolne heart.

Upon that Clifford, that cruel Child-killer.

*Foul's. I flew thy Father, Clifford shou'd he a Child.*
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

Rich. I like a Dastard, and a treacherous Coward, As thou didst kill our tender Brother Rutland, Both ere Sonnet, [a], I make thee more to[deed.

King. Haue done with words (my Lord); and heare me speake.

Q. Defie them then, or else hold close thy lip.

King. I pray thee give no limits to my Tongue,

Q. I am a King, and prouildge d to speake,

Clis. My Liege, the wound that bred this meeting here, Cannot be cured by Words; therefore be still.

Rich. Then Execution; whose be thy words?

By him that made us all, I am refoled,

That Cliffs Manhood, is upon thy conde.

Ed. Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no?

A thousand men hath broke their Faiths to day,

That we're at daine, whistle thou yield the Crowne.

War. If thou deny, their Blood upon thy head,

For Yorkes in vaille put his Armours on.

Pr. Ed. If that be right, which Warwick fates is right,

There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

War. Who ever goet my face, there thy Mother stands,

Q. But thou an ordinary, like the Star of Daeme,

But a foul mistripps my Stigmatics,

Mark'd by the Luminaries to be avoided.

Asmeone Toades, or Lizards draw full wings.


Whose Father bore the Tyle of a King,

As in a Canoe shoulde be call'd the Sea.

Shame thou not, knowing vallence thou art extraught,

To let thy tongue detract thy base-borne heart.

Ed. A wise of draw was worth a thousand Crowns,

To make this famcefull Calfet know her selfe.

Helen of Greece was fayer farse than thou,

Although thy Husband may be Mercenary,

And ne'er was Aspamour Brother wrong'd.

By that false Woman, as this King by thee,

His Father, seue'd in the heart of France,

And mad the King, and made the Dolphin horse.

And had he once made according to his State,

He might have kept that glory to this day,

But when he took a beggar to his bed,

And grace'd that poor Sire with his Brittish day,

Even then that Sun shine drowd a flowre for him,

That wast his Fathers fortunes forthe of France.

And heap'd redemption on his Crowne at home.

For what hast brought this tomach, but thy Pride?

Had st thou bene meeke, our Title still had kept,

And we in pitty of the Gentle King,

Had fipt our Claire, until another Age.

Cla But when we saw, our Sunshine made thy Spring,

And that thy Summer bred was no increas,

We for the Axe to thy vlimping Roonze,

And though the edge hath something hit our felues,

Yet know thon, since we have begun to strike,

We'll never leave, till we have ware thee down,

Or be'd thy growing, with our hatreds blood.

Edw. And in this revoluc, I define thee,

Not willing any longer to Conference,

Since thou declin'st the gentle King to speake.

Sound Trumpets, let our bloody Colours wave,

And either Victoria, or elle Gracian.

[Exeunt Edward.

Ed. No wrangling Woman, we'll no longer fly,

These words will call ten thousand lines this day.

[Exit.

Enter Armisen. Exeucutours. Enter Warwick.

War. Fare well with Toile, as Runners with a Race,

I lay me down a little while to breathe,

For strokes receiued, and many blows repaid.

Hast rob'd my strong Knight knowes of their strength,

And sight of sight, needs must I retirer while.

Enter Edward's Sleeuing.

Ed. Smile gentle heauen, on th' undergo death,

For this world crownes, and Edward Surname's bowed.

War. How now my Lord, what happe? what hope of good?

Enter Clarence.

Cla. One step is lost, our hope but add dispair,

Our ranks are broke, and mine follows us,

What cometh give your worship shall we flye?

Ed. Booleles is flight, they follow us with Wings,

And weak we are, and cannot take pursuance.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Alas Warwick, why in such a fit withdraws thy selfe,

Thy Brothers blood the thrity earth hath drunk,

Broach'd with the Steely point of Cliffs of Lancastre.

And in the very pangs of death, he cryed,

Like to a dismal Clangor heard from farre,

Warwick, entiece: brother revenge my death.

So underneath the belly of their Seales,

That shew'd their Pirkockes in his spinking blood,

The Noble Gentleman gave vp the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:

It kill my Horne, because I will not flye.

Why stand we like soft hearted women here,

Wringing our losses, whilst the Foe doth rage,

And loose upon, as if the Tragedie

Were paid in debt, by counterfeeting Adiors,

Here on my knee, I vow to God alone.

I ne'er can pause againe, never stand still,

Till either death hath closed these eyes of mine,

Or Fortune given me measure of Revenge.

Ed. Oh Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine,

And in this vow do chaise my sole to thine:

And ere my knee rise from the Earths cold face,

I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,

Thou fitter vp, and plucker downe of Kings:

Betching thee (if with thy will it standas)

That to my feet this body might be pray,

Yet that thy broken gates of heaven may ope,

And givest peaceage to my sinstfull sole.

Now Lords, take leave until we meete againe,

Where ere it be, in heauen, or on earth.

Rich. Brother,

Give me thy hand, and gentle Warwick,

Let me imbrace thee in my weary arms:

I that did never wepe, now melt with woe,

That Winter should cut off our Spring-tyme so.

War. Away, away.

Once more forever, Lord is farewell.

Cla. Yet let us altogether to our Troopes,

And guide them leue to flye, that will not stay,

And call them Pillars that will stand to vs,

And if we thrive, promise them such rewards

As Victors wear at the Olympian Games.

This may plant courage in their quailing breasts,

For yet is hope of Life and Victory.

P. 2
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

Exeunt. Enter Richard and Clifford.

Rich. Now, Clifford, I have signd thee alone,

And this is for Rutland, both bound to revenge,

Where thou shalt ride with a green will.

Cliff. Now, Richard, I am with thee where alone,

This is the hand that stabbd thy Father York,

And this the hand, that slew thy Brother Rutland,

And here the heart, that triumphs in their death.

Adder,Better these hands, that slew thy Sire and Brother,

To execute the like upon thy selfe,

And so haste at thee.

They Fight for Warwicke, Clifford flies.

Rush. Nay, Warwick, single out some other Chace,

For I may fell with this Wolfe to death. Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter King Henry alone.

Hen. This battle farse like to the morning Warre,

When dying clouds contend, with growing light,

What time the Shepheards bloweing of his nase,

Cannot, nor can they, nor yet by time,

Now goes it this way, like a Mighty Sea,

Foreby 

The Tide, to combat with the Wnde.

Now away it this way, like the selle-lame Sea,

Foreby of the selle-lame Sea.

Sometime, the flood prevaileth, and then the Wnde;

Now the lowest, then another bell;

Both sugars to the Victoria, brent to brent;

Yet neither Conqueror, nor Conquerour;

So's the equal poise of this fell Warre.

Here to this Mole-hill will I sit downe,

To whom God will, there shall the Victoria;

For to Margaret, my Queene, and Clifford too.

What child or the battell? Swan, and weishments both,

They prosper bell of all when I am thence.

Would I were dead, if Gods good will were so;

For what is in this world, but Grieve and Woe.

Oh God! I thinke it were a happy life,

To be no better than a homely Swaine,

To sit upon a hill, as I do now,

To cure out Dislikes, quenity, point, by point,

Thereby to see the Minutes how they runne;

How many makes the house full compleat,

How many Houses brings about the Day?

How many Days will reach up the Year?

How many Yeeres, a Mortall man may live.

When this is knowne, then to divine the Tudder:

So many Hours, must I tend my Flocke;

So many Hours, must I take my Rest.

So many Hours, must I Contempla;

So many Hours, must I Sport my Fortune.

So many Days, my Eyes have bene with song;

So many weeks, ere the poore Fowles will Eate;

So many yeares, ere I shall there the Fleece;

So many Hours, Days, Months, and Years;

Past over to the end they were created,

Would bring white hairs, wth a Queene's grace.

And what a life were this? How sweet? how lowly?

Gives not the Howseborne Balls a sweeter site

To Shepheards; looking on the thilky Sheepes;

Then dost a rich Imbrodered Canopie

To Kings, that care their Subjects treacherie?

Oh yes, it doth; and thousand fold is doth.

To conclude, the Shepheards homely Cards.

His cold thine disike out of his Leathe Bottle,

His worned deepes, under a fresh trees shade,

All which feeme, and sweetly he enioyes;

Is faire beyond a Princes Delicacies,

His Viands sparkling in a Golden Cup,

His bodie couched in a cursed bed,

When Care, Misrity, and Treadment waits on him.

Alarum. Enter a Savage that hath kill'd his Father,

For one arrow and a Father that hath kill'd his Sonne at another door.

Sav. I'll blows the wunde that profits no body:

This man whom hand to hand I howe in sight,

May be pollutd with some order of Crowners,

And so (belye) take them from him now,

May yet (ere night) yield both my Life and them

To some man else, as this dead man doth me.

Who's this? Oh God! is this my Fathers face;

Whom in this Conflict, I (warrow) shoule kill'd.

Oh heavy time! I beging for such Estates;

From London, by the King was I prett forth,

By the King was I prett forth,

My Father being the Earl of Warwick makes me,

Came on the part of York, prett by his Maste;

And I, who at this hands receiued my life,

Have by my hands, of Life bereaved him.

Pardon me God, I know not what I did;

And pardon Father, for I knew not the.

My Teares shall wipe away the bloody marks;

And no more words, till they howe their fill.

King. O pitieous spectacle! O bloody Times!

Whiles Lyons Warre, and battle for their D certo,

Poore harmless Lambs abide their enmyly.

Weepde wretched man: I saye thee Teare for Teare,

And let our hearts and eyes, like Cuil Warre,

Be blinde with teare, and break one charg'd with griefe.

Enter Father, hearing of his Sonne.

Fa. Thou that to feehly hast relifi'd me,

Give me thy Gold, if thou half my Gold:

For I have bought it with an hundred blowes.

But let me see, is this our Poes mans face?

Ah, no, no, it is mine only Sonne.

At Boy, if any life be left in thee,

Throw vp thine eye: see, see, what howres a wth.

Blows with the wind, Tempest of my heart.

Upon thy wounds, that kills mine Eye, and Heart.

O pity God, this miserable Age!

What Stranges howdj how Butler's life?

Erronious, mutines, and vnnatural.

This deadly quarrel daily doth begin.

O Boy! thou Father, gis me the life too soonne,

And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.

King. Wo woe greete, more the commonplace greete,

O that my death would stay these ruthless deeds.

O pitty, pitty, gentle heaven pity.

The Red Rose and the White are on his face.

The fallall Colours of our thriving Henrys.

The one, his purple Blood is well reemsels.

The other his pale Cheekes (me thinkes) prett sooth.

Whither one Rose, and let the other flourished.

If you contende, a stout and lies mutt wither.

Son. How will my Mother, for a Patience death.

Take on with me, and ne be satisfied.

Fa. Hoor will my Wife, for the pleasure of my Sonne.

Shed seas of Teares, and ne be satisfied.

King. How will the Country, for these wofull chances,

Misl-thinke.
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth. 157

Mf-thinke the King, and not be satisfied?

Sun. Was ever somone, so roused a Fathers death?

Farb. Was ever Father so bemour'd his Sonne?

Hon. Was ever King so grieved for Subjects woe?

Much is your sorrow, Mine, ten times to much;

Sun. He beare thee hence, where I may weepen my fill.

Far. These arms of mine shall be thy winding sheets;

My heart (Sweet Boy) shall be thy Sepulcher,

For from my heart, thine Image ne shall go;

My fighting breath, shall be thy Funeral bell;

And so obsequious will thy father be,

Men for the loss of thee dying no more;

As Priam was for all his Valiant Sonnes,

I beare thee hence, and let them fight that will;

For I have murthered where I should not kill.

Exit.

Hon. Sad-hearted men, much outgone with Care;

Here fits a King, more woful then you are.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter the Queen, the Prince, and Exeter.

Prio. Fly Father, flye; for all your Friends are fled,

And Warrick waketh rage as a chained Bull;

Away, for death doth bold and vast pursue.

Que. Mount you my Lord, towards Warrick post maine:

Edward and Richard like a brace of Grey-hounds,

Hauling the fearfull flyng Hare in sight,

With fiery eyes, sparkling too very wrath,

And bloody little griffes in their yeal hands

Are at our backes, and therefore hence a maine.

Exit. Away! for vengeance comes along with them.

Nay, nay not to expostulate, make speed,

Or else come after, I lie before.

Hon. Nay take me with thee; good sweet Exeter:

Not that I fear to stay, but loathe to go

Whether the Queen intends. Forward, away.

Exit.

A loud alarum. Enter Clifford Wounded.

Clif. Heere burns my Candle ere, heere it dies,

Which white is faileth, gaue King of everie light.

O Lancaster! I fear I must not now,

More than my Bodies parting with my Soule.

My Lovers and Friends, gredly many Friends to thee,

And now I fall. Thy tongue Constitute melt,

Impaing Henry, strongling mitr''d Yorkie;

And which flye the Gutes, but to the Sunne?

And who finnes now, but Henry Enemies?

O Pricieus! had not thou never given content;

That Phoebe should checke thy fiery Steeds,

Thy burnyng Carre noter hast scorched the earth.

And Henry, had not thou said as Kings should do,

Or as thy Father, and his Father did,

Giving no ground unto the house of Yorkie,

They never then had sprung like Sommer Flyes:

I, and ten thousand in this luckie Realme,

Held left no mourning Widoows for our death,

And thou this day, hast&lt;i&gt; kept thy Chare in peace.

For what doth cherish Words, but gentle eyes?

And what makes Robbers bold, but too much lenity?

Bootefull are Plains, and Carefull are my Wounds:

No way to flye, nor strength to hold out flight:

The Fort is mereflie, and will not pitty;

For at their hands I have defended no pitty,

The lyre hath got into my deadly Wounds,

And much effuye of blood, doth make me faine:

Coeur Yorkie, and Richard, Warrick, and the rest,

I stab'd your Fathers bosomes; split my brief.

Alarum & Retreat. Enter Edward, Warrick, Richmond, and Soldiers, Montague, & Clarence.

Ed. Now breath we Lords, good fortune bids vs pauie,

And smooth the frowndes of War, with peaceful lookes:

Some Troupes pursue the bloody-minded Queene,

That laid close Henry, though he were a King,

As doth a Sallie, filled with a treasing Gun;

Command an Argostie to fire the Waues,

But think ye 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 make him for the Graue,

And wherfore he is, he's truly dead.

Clifford grone,

Each. Whose soule is that which takes his hearse issue?

A deadly groane, like life and deaths departing.

See who it is.

Ed. And now the Battales ended,

If friend or foes, let him be gently vied.

Rich. Reckone that dore to mercy, for's Clifford,

Who not contened that he los'd the Branch.

In being Rutland, when his issues put forth,

But let his murthering knife into the roots,

From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring;

I meane our Princeely Father, Duke of Yorkie.

War. From off the gates of Yorkie, struck down his head,

Your Fathers head, which Clifford placed there

In stead whereof, let this suplye the roomes,

Mesure for mesure, must be answered.

Ed. Bring forth that fatall Schrewhowe to our house,

That nothing may, but death, to vs and ours:

Now death shall stop his disturbat threatening found,

And his ill-boding tongue, no more shall speake.

War. I think in understanding is here:

Speake Clifford, dost thou know who speakes to thee?

Daste cloudy death ore-shakes his brames of life,

And he nor fces, nor haeres vs, what we say.

Rich. O would he did, and so (perhaps) doth he,

'Tis but his policy to counterfe.

Because he would avoid such bitter tames

Which in the time of death he gaued our Father.

Clas. If so thou finke it,

Ves him with seyger Words.

Rich. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtaine no grace;

Ed. Clifford, repent in bootlell penitence.

War. Clifford, desife excules for thy faults.

Clas. While we desife all Tortures for thy faules.

Rich. Thou didst lose Yorkie, and I am for to Yorkie.

Edoct. Thou piloted it Rutland, I will pitty thee.

Clas. Where's Captaine Margaret, so fente you now?

War. They make thee Clifford,

Sware as thou was't wont.

Rich. What not an Oath! Nay then the world's got no 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 hours life,

That I'm all the life I may appease to him,

This hand should chop it off: & with the lifting Blood

Stifle the Villaine, whose enchant'd thirdb

Yorkie, and young Rutland could not satisfie.

War. I, but he's dead. O with the Traitors head,

And rescue it in the place your Fathers stand,

And now to London with Triumphant march,
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

There to be crowned England's Royal King:
From whence, shall Warwick cut the Sea to France,
And take the Lady Anne for thy Queene:
So shalt thou know both these Lands together,
And having France thy Friend, thou shalt not dread
The featur'd Pox, that hopes to rise again:
For though they cannot greatly bring to hurt,
Yet looke to have them, to offend thee careless:
But, will I use the Coronation,
And then to Britanny I'll cross the Seas,
To effect this marriage, so it pleases ye Lord.

Ed. Even as thou wilt sweet Warwick, let it bee:
For in thy stead I'll do like my Scare;
And never will I hazard the thing.
Wherein thy counsaile and instinct is wanting:
Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloucester,
And George of Clarence, Warwick as our Selfe,
Shall da, and endo as him pleasteth.

Jeb. Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Gloster,
For Gloster's Duke, he is too great a man.

For Warwick Duke, he is too great a man.

Richard, be Duke of Gloster: Now to London,
To see thee Honours in possession.

Enter Sinko, and Transfer with Grafts, bowes
in their hands.

Sinko. Vnder this thicke crowsne brake, we throwed
For through this Land amon the Deeve will come,
And in this court will we make our Stand,
Calling the principal of all the Deare.

Sinko. That cannot be, the noise of thy Crowsne-bow
Will scare the Heard, and to my thought is lost:
Here we stand we both, and ourse as the belt:
And for the time shall not see none tedious,
Tell thee what befell me on a day,
In this false-place, where now we meant to stand.
Sinko. Here comes a man, let's lay till he be past.

Enter the King with a Prayer-book.

Here. From Scotland am I come even of pure lone,
To greet mine owne Land with my willfull sight:
No Harry, Harry, 'tis no Land of thine,
Thy place is fill'd, thy Seuspect wrong from thee,
The Balance weigh'd off, where with thou wast Anointed:
No bending knee can call thee Caesar now,
No humble creature pretie to speake for right:
No, not a man comes pretie effe of thee:
For how can I help my-self, and not my false?
Sinko. I, here's a Deare, whose skinr's a Keepers Fee.
This is the quality in King: Let's fare upon him.

Here. Let me embrace the power Advertisers.

Sinko. Why longer wait let's lay hands upon him.
Sinko. Forbear not a while, we'll here a little more.

Here. My Queene and Son are gone to France for aid:
And (as I hear) the great Commanding Warwick
Is thither gone to create the French Kings Sitter,
To wise for Edward. If this newer be true,
Poore Queene, and Sonne, your labour is but lost:
For Warwick is a subtle Orator:
And Lewis a Prince can not move with moving words:
By this accoutnt then, Margaret may winne him,
For thou'st a woman to be pitied much:
Her fighes will make a batey in his brief,
Her tears will pierce into a Marble breast:
The Tygur will be mide, whiles the doth moveth;
And Nere will be taint with remorse,
To hear and see her plaints, her British tears,
I, but she's come to begge, Warwick to give:
Shee on his left side, crazing sayde for Henry:
He on his right, asking a wife for Edward.
Shee Weepes, and sayes, her Henry is depri'd:
He Smiles, and sayses, his Edward is inflam'd:
That the (poore Wretch) for Greece can speak no more.
Whiles Warwick teels his Title, smooths the Wrong,
Inferes arguments of mighty strength,
And in conclusion winnes the King from her,
With promise of his Sitter, and what else.
To strengthen and support King Edward's place,
O Margaret, thus 'twill be, and thou (poore soule)
Art thine forlaken, as thou wertn't forlorn.

Hum. Say, what art thou talkt of Kings & Queens?
King. More then I feeme, and leffe then I was born to:
A man at least, for liffe I should not be:
And so the talk of Kings, and why not I?
Hum. But, thou talkt it, as if thou wert a King,
King. Why so I am (in Minde) and that's enough.
Hum. But if thou be a King, where is thy Crowne?
King. My Crowne is in my heart, not on my head.
Not deck'd with Diamonds, and Interlounces.
Not to be seen: my Crowne, is calld Content.

A Crowne it is, that filleth Kings hearts,
Hum. Well, if you be a King crown'd with Content,
Your Crowne Command, and you must be contented
To go along with vs. For (as we think)
You are the King Edward hath depos'd:
And we his Subiects, sworn in all Aligence,
Will appre hend you, as his Enemy.
King. But did you never swears, and break an Oath,
Hum. No, such as an Oath, nor will not now,
King. Where did you dwell when I was Ken England?
Hum. Here in this Country, where we now remaine,
King. I was anointed King at nine monthes old,
My Father, and my Grandfather were Kings:
And you were sworne true Subjectes unto me:
And told me then, have you not broke your Oathes?
Sir, No, for we were Subjectes, but when wile you King
King. Why? Am I dead? Do I not breath a Man?
Sir, I hope you know not what you sayre:
Look, as I show this Feather from my Face,
And as the Ayre blowes is to me againe,
Obeying with my wndes when I do blow,
And yelding to another, when it blowes,
Commanded always by the greater guilt:
Such is the lightnesse of you, common Men,
But do not make your Oathes, for of that finne,
My milde intention shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded,
And be your Kings, command, and Ile obey.
Sinko. We are true Subjectes to the king.
King. Edward, So would you be againe to Henetis,
The were teaste as King, Edward is.
Sinko. We charge you in Gods name & the Kings,
To go with vs into the Officers.
King. In Gods name lead, your Kings name be obeyd,
And what God will, that let ye King performe:
And what he will, I humbly yield vs.

Enter R. Edward, Gloster, Clarence, Lady Grey,
King. Brother of Gloster, at S. Albans Field.
This Ladye's Husband, Sir Richard Grey, was slaine.
His Land then fell'd on by the Conqueror,
Her suit is now, to repose sthe House of
Which wee in justice cannot well deny,
Because it Quarel of the House of Shall.
The worthy Gentleman did lose his Life.
Rich. Your Highness shall doe well to grant her suit:
So were dishonour to deny it her.
King. It were no lese, but yee I make a pawne.
Rich. Yes, it is so:
I see the lady hath a thing to grange,
Before the King will grant her humble suit.
Clarence. Hee knows the Game, how true hee keepes the
winds?
King. Widow, we will consider of your suit,
And come some other time to know your mind.
Rich. Right gracious King, I cannot brooke delay:
May it please your Highness to reliefe me now,
And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me.
Rich. I Widow? then Ile warrant you all your Lands,
And if what pleases him, shall pleases you:
Fight oyle, or good faith you'll catch a Blow.
Clarence. I see she not, unless the chance to fall.
Rich. God forbid that, for heele take courage.
King. How many Children hast thou, Widow? tell me:
Clarence. I think he means to begge a Child of her.
Rich. Nay then whisper me: heelee rather give her two.
Rich. These, my most gracious Lord.
Rich. You shall have foure, if you're be made by him.
King. Twere pittie they should lose their Fathers.
Rich. Be pittifull, dread Lord, and grant it then.
King. Lords give vs leaue, Ile trye this Widoow vs.
Rich. I good leaue have you, for you will haue leaue,
Till Youthe take leaue, and leaue you to the Crutch.
King. Now tell me, Madame, do you love your Children?
Rich. Full as dearly as I love my selfe.
King. And would you not doe much to doe them good?
Rich. To doe them good, I would suffeyne some
harme.
King. Then get your Husband's Lands, to doe them good.
Rich. Therefore I came vnto your Majestie.
Ile tell you how these Lands are to be got.
Rich. So shall you bind me to your Highness service,
Rich. What service wilt thou doe me, if I give them?
Rich. What you command, that rells in me to doe,
Rich. But you will take exceptions to my Boone,
Rich. No, gracious Lord, except I cannot doe it.
Rich. But I will doe what I meanes to ask.
Rich. Why then will I doe what your Grace command?
Rich. She pleses her hard, and much Rainey weares the
Marble.
Clare. It red as fire? then, let is most melt.
Rich. Why stopes my Lord? Shall I not heare my
Taskie?
King. An eafe Taskie, fit but to loose a King.
Rich. That's done perform'd, because I am a Subiect.
Rich. Why then, thy Husband Lands I freely give ther.
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

Enter a Noble man.

Rich. That would be tenne daies wendieth at the least.

Clarend. That's a daye longer than a Wonders life.

Rich. By so much is the Wonder in extremities.

King. Well, tell on Brother; I can tell you both.

Her fis is granted for her Husband's lands.

Enter Richard.

Nob. My gracious Lord, Henry your Foe is taken,
And brought to your Princes at your Palace Gate.

King. See that he be courteously into the Tower;
And, once we be thither, to the man that receive him,
To question of his apprehension,
Widow you go along; Lords vse her honourable.

Exit.

Enter Richard.

Rich. 1. Edward will vse women honourably;
Would he were waided, Mawve, Bons, and all,
That this dis Loyne no hopefull Branch may spring,
To crooke me from the Golden time I look for:
And yet, betweene my Souls desire, and use,
The lufffull Edward's Title buried,
In the last Prince, and his Sonne young Edward,
And all the vnluck'd for Life of their Bodies,
To take their Roome, wee can place my fells;
A cold premedication for my purpose.
Why then did, doe, or doe on Soenerrkent,
Like one that fain'd upon a Promontorie,
And fayres a face, where she would tread,
With his foot were equal to his eye,
And when he sea, that funder'd him from thence,
Saying, he'll be last, to have his way:
So doe I with the Crowne, being to faire off,
And soo I chide the means that keeps me from it,
And so I say, I'll cut the Caufes off,
Flattening me with impossibilities:
My Eyes too quick, my Heart too-wearesome too much,
Whereas my Hand and Strength could equal them.
Well, day there is no King gone then for Richard?
What other Pleasure can the World afford?
He make my Heauen in a Ladies Lappe,
And decke my Body in gay Ornaments,
And witch sweet Ladies with my Words and Looks.
Oh miserable Thought! and more unlikely,
Then to accomplishe twenty Golden Crownes.

Why Looke for more in my Mothers Wonde?
And for I should not desire in her feet, Lawes,
She did corrupt frappe Nature with some Bruis,
To reflecte mine Arnes vp like a witherd Shrub,
To make an enimys Mountaine on my Back,
Where first Deformitee to mocke my Body;
To flape my Legges of an unequall Faze,
To dis-proportion me in every part.
Like to a Chaos, or an un-likeable Beast-whole.
That stresy no impreffion like the Damme.
And am I then a man to be belov'd?
Oh monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought,
Then in this Earth affords no Joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o're, beare fach,
As are of better Proffition than my fells:
Ile make my Heaven, to dreamt upon the Crowne,
And whiles I live, account this World but Hell,
WILL my mis'd, flipp'd Trunkle, that bears his Head,
Be round impaled with a glorious Crowne.
And yet I know not how to get the Crowne,
For many Lines stand betweene me and home.

And I, like one lost in a Thomne Wood,
That rents the Thorne, and is rent with the Thorne,
Seeking a way, and straying from the way,
Not knowing how to finde the open Avere,
But coiling desperately to finde it out,
Torment my fells, to catch the English Crowne:
And from that torment I will free my fells,
Or how my way out with a bloody Axe.
Why I can smile, and number whiles I smile,
And cry, Content, to that which grieues my Heart,
And wet my Cheeks with straitfull Tares,
And frame my Face to all occasions.
Ile drown my Madlers then the Mermaid Hall,
Ile play the Crane as weel as Mifer,
Decease more flyly then Vipers could,
And like a cat, take another Troy.
I can allude Colours to the Camelion,
Chance shapes with Frestes, for advantage,
And set the martherous Mystick to Schoole.
Can I doe this, and cannot get a Crowne?
They were it farther off, Ile plucke it downe.

Enter Lewis the French King, his Amber Dones, his

Lewis fits, and riseth up againe.

Lewis. Fair Queen of England, worthy Margarett,
Sit downe with vs: it is belles that are
And Birth, that thou shouldst stand, while Lewis doth sit.

Marg. No, my mightie King of Franch my Margarett
Must shewe her face, and leaue a while to serene,
Where Kings command, I was (I must confess)
Great Albions Queene, in former Golden daies:
But now mischance hath shrowed my Title downe,
And with diuision layd me on the ground,
Where I must take like Warden in my fortune,
And to my humble Seat conforme my fells.

Lewis. Why that sit, fair Queene, whence springs this
deepse despair?

Marg. From such a cause, as falls mine eyes with tears,
And flaps my tongue, while heart is drown'd in care.

Lewis. What arte of be thou fill the like thy fells,
And fit thee by oure fide: 

Marg. Yeeld not thy necke to Fortunes yoke,
But let thy daunffell minds still side in triumph,
Out all mischance.

Lewis. Be plaine, Queene Margarett, and tell thy grieue,
It shall be ear'd, if France can prooide relevae.

Marg. Those grattious words
Reuize my dooing thoughts,
And give my tongue-tyrrowes leasure to speake.
Now therefore be it knowne to Noble Lewis,
That Henry, sole pofter of my Lone,
Is of a King, become a banishte man,
And foreit in line in Scotlands Forlornes:

Vipers the Regall Title, and the Rest
Of Englands true anointed Lawfull King.
This is the cause that I prooide Margarett,
Seing with this my Sonne, Prince Edward, Heire Heire,
Assur'd to cration thy self and lawfull yde:
And if thou faile vs, all our hope is done,
Scotland hath will to helpe, but cannot helpe.
Our People, and our Peers, are both mis-led,
Our Treasure fail'd, our Souldiers put to flight,
And (as thou tell'st) Four Scribes in heastie plight.

Lum. Rovet ned Quene,
With patience calle the Storme,
While we bethink we meanes to break it off.

Marg. The more wee flay, the more Ie succour thee.

Marg. O, but impatience wait'sh on true forrow;
And see where comes the breeder of my forrow.

Enter Warwick.

Lum. What's hee approacheth boldly to our presence?


Lum. Welcome brave Warwick, what brings thee to France?
Hee defends. She ariseth.

Marg. I now begins a second Storme to strive,
For this is hee that moveth both Winde and Tyde.

Warm. From worthy Edward, King of Albion,
My Lord and Soveraigne, and my moste Friends,
I come (in Kindnesse, and unfynded Love).

First, to do greeetinges to thy Royall Person;
And then to raise a League of Amity;
And lastly, to confirm that Amity
With Neptunus Knot, if thou youtfifie to graunt
That virtuous Lady Jane, thy faire Sitter,
To Englands King, in lawfull Marriage.

Marg. If that goe forward, Henry's hope is done.

Warm. And gracious Madame, Speaking to Bond.
In our kings behalfe,
I am commanded, with your leave and favor,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
to tell the passion of my Soueraignest Sire;
Where Fame, late entering at his sacred Ear,
 Hath plac'd thy Beauties Image, and thy Vertue.

Marg. King King Lewis, and Lady Bond, hear me speak.
Before you arrive at Warricks:- His demand
Springing not from Edwards well-mean'd honest Love,
But from Desec, bred by Necestities.

For how can Tyrians safely governe home,
V relieved abroad they purchase a great Alliance?
To prone him Tyrian; this action may suffice,
That Henrie lunch full; but were he dead,
Yet have Prince Edward bandes, King Henrie Sonne.
Lookthereforther Lawes, that by this League and Marriage,
Thou draw nor on thy Dager, and Dishonor:
For though Whispers sway the rule a while,
Yet Hau'ns are just, and Time suppresteth Wrongs.

Warm. Innuocius Margaret.

Edw. And why not Queene?

Warm. Because the Father Henrie did vforpe,
And thou no more art Prince, then fine is Queene.

Ov. Thence Warricks damnalls great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spani,
And after John of Gaunt, Henrie the Fourth,
What's Wildorne was a Mirror to the nest;
And after that wise Prince, Henrie the Fifth,
Who by his Prowesse conquered all Spaine:
From thence our Henrie lineally descends.

Warm. Oxford, how hap'st thou in this smooth discourse,
You told not how Henrie the Sixt hath left
All that, which Henrie the Fifth had gotten.

Me thinesse these Peers of France shold smile at that,
But for the rest you tell a Pedigree
Of threescore and two yeares, a full time
To make description for a Kingdome worth.

Ov. Why Warricks canst thou speak against thy Liege,
Whom thou obey'dst thirtee and six yeares,
And not bewray thy Trasfor with a blush?

Warm. Can Oxford, that did utter the right,
Now buckler himself within a Pedigree?

For thine Ie leave Henry, and call Edward King.

Ov. Call him my King, by whose inimic peace doome
My elder Brother, the Lord of Arthure Warre
Was done to death? and more then lo, my Father,
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd yeares,
When Nature brought him to the door of Death?

No Warricks, no, while Life uphold'st this Arme,
This thy Sitter uphold'st the House of Lancaster.

Warm. And I the House of York.

Lum. Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford,
Vouchsafe at our request, and stand aside,
While I ye further conference with Warricks.

They stand aloof.

Marg. Hau'ns grant, that Warricks wordes be
With him no more concern'd.

Lum. Now Warricks, tell me even upon thy conscience,
Is Edward your true King? for I were loth
To lose with him, that were not lawfull chosen.

Warm. Thereupon I pawn my Credit, and mine Honor.

Lum. But is he gracious in the Peoples eye?

Warm. The more that Henrie was inucrious.

Lum. Then further, all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth, the measure of his Love
Vnto our Sitter Bond.

Warm. Such it seemes,
As may becomm a Monarch like himself.
My selfe have often heard him say, and see,
That this his Love was an external Plant,
Whereof the Root was fixt in Vertues ground,
The Leaves and Fruit maintaine'd with Beauties Sonne,
Example from Ewen, but not from Disdain,
Vouchsafe the Lady Bond, quit his paines.

Lum. Now Siffer, let vs heare your firme resolve,
Bond. Your grant, or your deniell, shall be mine.
Yet I confesse, that iften ere this day,

Speaks to War.

When I have heared your Kings defect recounted,
Mine care hath tempested judgement to defire.

Lum. Then Warricks, thus:

Our Sitter shall be Edward.
And now forthwith full Articles be drawne,
Touched the Joynture, that your King must make,
Which with her Dowrie shall be counter-poy'd
Draw neere, Queen Margaret, and be a witness,
That Sitter shall be Wife to the English King.

Pr. Edw. To Edward, but not to the English King.

Marg. Deceitfull Warricks, it was thy devise,
By this allience to make void my suit:
Before thy comming, Lewis was Henries friend.

Lum. And all is friend to him, and Margaret.
But if some Title to the Crowne be weake,
As may appeare by Edward, good successe:
Then is the reason, that I be releas'd
From giving ayde, which late I promised.
Yet shall you have all kindnesse at my hand;
That your Estate requires, and mine can yield.

Warm. Henry now lyes in Scotland, at his ease;
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

Where having nothing, nothing can be lost.
And as for you your selfe (our quanum Queene)
You have a father able to maintaine you,
And better store, you troubled him, then France.

Mar. Peace imputant, and the gentle Warwick,
Proud letter up, and pull downe of Kings,
I will not hence, till with your Tattle and Terrors
(Both full of Truth) I make King Levis behold
Thy flye comenonce, and thy Lordys false love,

Puff bringing a horse within.

For both of you are Birds of selfe-same Feather.

Warrick. this is some poete to vs, or thee.

Enter the poets.

Pol. My Lord Ambassador,
Their Letters are for you.
Theye Lettres are to Warwick.
These from your Brother Marquis Montague.
Thee from our King, into your Maiestie.
To Lewis.
And Madam, these for you.
To Margaret.
From whom, I know not.

They all make these Letters.

Or. I like it well, that our letter Queene and Miftis
Smiles at her newes, while Warrick frowns at his,

Prince Ed. Nay make how Lewis stampes as he were neede
I hope, all's for the best.

Lewis. Warrick, what are thy News?
And yours, faire Queene?

Mar. Mine selfe, as fill my heart with vnhop'd joyes.
War. Mine full of sorrow, and heart discontent.

Lewis. What is your King married the Lady Grey?
And now to forth thy Forgery, and his,
Sends me a Paper to prefervme my Patience?
Is this th' Alliance that he seeks with France?
Dare he presume to forme vs in this manner?

Mar. I told your Maiestie as much before:
This proscribe Edwars Love, and Warrickes honesty.

War. King Lewis, I heere protest in sight of heaven,
And bay the hope I haue of heavenly blysse,
That I am cleere from this middele of Edwars;
No more my King, for he dishonours me,
But moff himselfe, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget, that by the House of Yorke
My Father came votime to his death?
Did I let paffle chabufe done to my Niece?
Did I impalch him with the Regall Crowne?
Did I put Henry from his Matire Right?
And am I g cryptocurrency at the left, with Shame?
Shame on himselfe, for my Definer is Honor.
And to repair my Honor lost for him,
I heere renounce him, and returne to Henry.

My Noble Queene, let former grudges paff,
And hereafter, I am thy true Seruitor:
I will rengage his wrong to Lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former flate.

Mar. Warrick,
These words have turn'd my Hate to Loue,
And I forgive, and quite forget old faults,
And joy that thou becoulde King Henrys Friend,
So much his Friend, I, his unwitted Friend,
That if King Lewis vouchsafe to furnish vs
With some few Bands of choen Soldiours,
Be undertake to Land them on our Coast,
And force the Tyrant from his face by Warre:
Tho' not his new-made Bride shall i面孔 him,
And as for Clarence, as my Letters tell me,
He's very likely now to fall from him,:
For matching more for wanton Luft, then Honor,
How could he stay till Warwick made return? 
Say, My Lord, forbear this tale: here comes the King,
Flourish. 
Entire King Edward, Lady Grey, Pembroke, Stafford, Hastings: four stand on one side, and four on the other.

Rich. And his well-chosen Bride. 
Clarence. I must to tell him plainly what I think.

King. Now Brother of Clarence, How like you our Cisely, That you stand penally, as half malecontent? 
Clarence. As well as Louis of France, Or the Earle of Warwick, Which are so weak of courage, and in judgement, That they take no offence at our abuse.

King. Suppose they take it as a cause? They are but Louis and Warwick, I am Edward, Your King and Warwick, and must have my will.

Rich. And shall have your will, because our King: Yet here a marriage is fayned to be done.

Clarence. Yea, Brother Richard, are you offended too?

Rich. Not I; no:
God forbid, that I should with them; seeing too, Whom God hath join'd together: I, and two or three, to hinder them,
That yoke be well together.

King. Setting your storms, and your mislike aside, Tell me some reaso'n, why the Lady Grey 
Should not become my Wife, and England's Queene? 
And you too; Somerset, and Montague, Speak freely what you think.

Clarence. This is mine opinion: That King Lewis becomes your Enemy, For mocking him about the Marriage
Of the Lady Grey.

Rich. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge, Is now dis-honored by this new Marriage.

King. What, if both Lewis and Warwick be appeas'd, By such assurance as I can deceive? Montague, Ye, to have joy'd with France in such alliance, Would more have strengthen'd this our Commonwealth With Gainst our enemies, than any home-bred Marriage.

Hal. Why, knowest thou not Montague, that of it selfe, England is safe, if true within it selfe?

Montague. But the safer, when 'tis back'd with France.

Hal. 'Tis better with France, then toying with France: Let us be back'd with God, and with the Seas, Which he hath giv'n for fence impregnable, And with their helpes, we may defend our selves: In them, and in their fences, our safest eyes.

Clarence. For this one speech, Lord Hastings well deserves To have the Heire of the Lord Hastings.

King. What, if his will be done, and granted, And for this once, my Will shall find for Law.

Rich. And yet I think, your Grace hath not done well, To give the Heire and Daughter of Lord Scales 
Wife the Brother of your loving Bride: 
Shall better have beened, or Clarence: But in your Bride you burie Brotherhood. 
Not I. 
Orel you would not have bestowed the Heire: Of the Lord Beaufort on your new Wives Sonne, And leave your Brothers to goe speede elsewhere.

King. Also, poote Clarence, is it for a Wife That thou art malecontent? I will persuade thee.

Clarence. In crying for your selle, 
You shewed your judgement: 
Which being shallow, you shall give me leave 
To play the Broker in mine owne behalf: 
And to that end, I shortly minde to leave you.

King. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be King, And not be r'd into his Brothers will.

Lady Grey. My Lords, before it pleadt'd his Maistrie 
To rase my State to a Title of a Queene, 
Doe me but right, and you must all conntesse, 
That I was not ignoble of Defeunt, 
And meaner then my selfe have had like fortune, 
But as this Title honors me and mine, 
So your displeasure, to whom I would be pleasing, 
Doth cloud my joyes with danger, and with sorrow.

King. My Lorde, forbear to favne upon their browes: 
What danger, or what sorrow can beall thee, 
So long as Edward is thy constant friend, 
And his true Soneraigne, whom they must obey? 
Nay, whom they shall obey, and lose thee too, 
Unlesse they seeke for hastred at my hands: 
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe, 
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Rich. I shewe, yet say not much, but thinke the more.

Enter a Page.

King. Now Messenger, what Letters, or what Newes from France?

Page. My Soneraigne Liege, no Letters, &c few words, But incha, I (without your special pardon) 
Dare not relate.

King. Go, see pardon thee: 
Therefore, in briefe, tell me their words, 
As meer as thou canst guess them. 
What answer makes King Lewis unto our Letters? 
Page. At my depart, shee were his very words: 
Go and tell Edward, she supposed King, 
That Lewis of France is sending our Makers, 
To recetl with him, and to his new Bride.

King. Is Lewis so brave? believe he thinkes me Henry, 
But what said Lady Grey to my Marriage?

Page. These were her words, yet red with mild dissaine: 
Tell him, I hope hee le scope a Widow shortly, 
I seare the Willoe Garland for his sake. 

King. I blame not her; she could say little lesse, 
She had the wrong. But what said Henrie Queene?

Page. For I have heard, that she was there in place.

Page. Tell him (quoth the) 
My mourning Weedes are done, 
And I am resolute to put Armour on.

King. Belike she minds to play the Amazon. 
But what said Warwick to these injuries?

Page. He, more incensed aginst your Maistrie, 
Then all the rest, all these words he would not, 
Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong, 
And therefore he were wise, ere be long.

King. Hadst thou the Tragoy breath out to proud words? 
Well, I will armme, being thus fore-warn'd: 
They shall have Wares, and pay for their preumption. 
But why, is Warnerke friends with Margarett?

Page. I, gracious Soneraigne, 
They are so linked in friendship, 
That yong Prince Edward marries wyckes Daughter. 
Clarence, Belike the elder; 
Clarence will have the younger.
Now Brother King farewell, and fit you fall,
For I will hence to Warwick other Daughter,
That though I want a Kingdone, yet in Marriage
I may see some pleasure in your life.
You that love me, and Warwick, follow me.
Exit Clarence and Somerset. Follow me.

Rich. Not 1:
My thoughts are at a further matter:
I say not for the love of Edward, but the Crown.
King. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick?
Yet am I not against the worst, if possible.
And half it for this deep state cause.
Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf.
Go to the men, and make prepreate for War
They are already, and quickly will be landed.
Myself in person will straight follow you.

Exit Pembroke and Stafford.

Enter three Watchmen to guard the King's Tent.

1. Watch. Come on my Master, each man take his stand,
The King by this, it is too hot to sleep.
2. Watch. What, will he not to Bed?

1. Watch. Why, no; for he hath made a solemn vow,
Neuer to stay and take his natural Rest,
Till Warwick, or himself, he come to help.
2. Watch. To morrow, then belike, he shall be up.
If Warwick be so near as men report.
3. Watch. But say, I pray, what Noble man is this,
That with the King here resteth in his Tent?

1. Watch. Tis the Lord Hastings, the Kings chiefest friend.

3. Watch. O, is it so? why but commands the King,
That his chiefest followers lodge in Townes about him,
While he himself keepes in the cold field?
2. Watch. Tis the more honourable, because more dangerous.

3. Watch. But give me worship, and quiets, I
Like it better then a dangerous honor.
If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
Tis to be doubted he would wake him.

1. Watch. Vastely out Halberds did shut vp his passage.

2. Watch. Is there where else guard we his Royal Tent,
But to defend his Person from Night-foes?

Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset,
And French Soldiers, silent all.

War. Trust me, my Lord, all hither goes well,
The common people by numbers swearme to us.

Enter Clarence and Somerset.

But see where Somerset and Clarence comes:
Spake suddenly, my Lord, are wee all friends?
Cl. Fear not that, my Lord.
War. Then gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick,
And Somerset too: I hold it for good,
To rest withall, in a place of Noble Heart.
War. Hath a man an open hand, in signe of Love?
Este might I thinke, that Clarence, Edward, Brother.
Were but a friend to our proceedings:
But welcome sweet Clarence, my Daughter shall be thine.
And now, what refes, but in Nights Compleat,
Thy Brother being carefully esteemed,
His Souldiers lurking in the Towne abouts,
But attended by a simple Guard,
We may surprize and take him at pleasure.
Our Scouts have found the adventure very case
That at Vixx, and Byst Durno,
With daunt and manhood fleete to Bistro Tents,
And brought from hence the Turkish fatal Stede:
So wee, why comest with the Nones black Mantle,
At versus may beat downe Edward Guard,
And princes himselfe: I say now, slay him,
For I intend but only to surprize him.
You that follow me to this attempt,
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

K. Edu. Yes, Brother of Clarence, Art thou here too? Nay then I see, that Edward needs must down. Yet Warwick, in delight of all mischief, Of thee thy self, and all thy Contemporaries, Edward will always bear humblest as King: Though Fortunes malice overthrow my State, My minde excedes the compass of her Wheel: Woe! Then for his minde, be Edward England's King,

Takes off his Crown.

But Henry now shall wear the English Crown, And be true King indeed: thou but the shadow. My Lord of Somerset, as my request, See that forthwith Duke Edward be coney'd Into my Brother Arch-Bishop of York: When I last saw him with a tear, He follow you, and tell what answer Lewis and the Lady Fane send to him. Now for a while farewell good Duke of York. They make him one forcibly.

K.Ed. What Fates impose, that men must needs abide, It boors not to resist both warts and tide. "Exeunt."

O. What now remains to my Lords for to do, But march to London with our soldiers? W. 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 River. and Lady Gray.

Riu. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change? Gray. Why Brother River, are you yet to learn What late misfortune is befallen King Edward? Riu. What loss of some pitch of brest! Against Warwick. Gray. No, but the loss of his owne Royall person. Riu. Then is my Soveraigne flaine? Gray. Laid not flaine, for he is taken prisoner, Either betrayed by his owne Guard, Or by his Foe forsook, for his conveirs; And as I further have to understand, Is now committed to the Bishop of York, Fell Warwick's Brother, and by that our Foe.

Riu. The News I must confess are full of griefe, Yet gracious Madam, bear it as you may, Warwick may lose, that now hath wonne the day. Gray. Till then, faire hope must hinder lines decay: And I the rather waie me from disappaine For issue of Edward. Off-spring in my womb: This is it that makes me bidele pession, And beare with Middling my misfortunes crosse; LI, for that I draw not on the vessel, And fob the risings of blood-fucken fishes, Left with my fowle or teares, I blatt or drowne King Edward's Fruit, true heyre to the English Crowne. Riu. But Madam, Where is Warwick then become?

Gray. I am inform'd that he comes towards London, To set the Crowne once more on Henry head, Guess he thou the rest, King Edward's friended must downe. But to prevent the Tyrants violence, (For trusting not him that hath once broken Faith) I henceforth with into the Sanctuary,

To sate, (at least) the heir 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.


Rich. Now my Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither, Into this chiefeft Thicket of the Parle, Thus stand the case: you know our King, my Brother, Is prisoner to the Bishop here, at whose hands He hath good vgage, and great liberty, And often but attended with weake guard, Come hunting this way to dispute himselfe, I have aduerti'd him by secret meanes, That if about this house he make this way, Under the secret of his royal game, He shall here finde his Friends with Horse and Men, To set him free from his Captivitie.

Enter King Edward, and a Huntsman with him.

Huntsman. This way my Lord, For this way lies the Game. King Edu. Nay this way men, See where the Huntsmen stand. Now Brother of Gloster, Lord Hastings, and the rest, Stand you thus close to steele the Bishops Deere? Rich. Brother, the time and cause, required haft, Your horses stand ready at the Park-corner. King Ed. But whether shall we then? Half. To Lyn my Lord, And flepe from thence to Flandes. Rich. We'll gu electrode, for that was my meaning K.Ed. Stanley, I will require thy forwardnese, Rich. But wherefore flyes we? there is no time to tale. K.Ed. Huntsman, what say'ft thou? Wilt thou go along? Huns. Better do so, then tumy and be hang'd. Rich. Come then away, lets ha no more ado. K.Ed. Brother farewell, Should thee from Warwick's crowne, And pray that I may re-possesse the Crowne.

Exeunt.

Flamist. Enter King Henry the first, Clarence, Warwick, Somerset, young Henry, Oxford, Montague, and Lieutenant.

K. Hen. M. Lieutenant, now that God and Friends Have taken Edward, from the Regall feste, And turn'd my captaine feste to libertie, My feste to honde, my fenners into loyce, At our entraction what are thy due Fees? Lieut. Subjects may challenge nothing of their Sons' reins, But if an humble prayer may presse, I then crave pardon of your Maiestie. K. Hen. For what, Lieutenant? for well vifiting me? Nay, be thou sure, he will require thy kindnesse. For that it made my imprisonment, a pleasure: I, such a pleasure, as incaged Birds Conceive; when after many moody Thoughts, At last, by Notes of Hoothold harmony, They quite forget their loft of Libertie.
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

But Warwick, after God, thou settest me free,
And chiefly therefore, I thank God, and thee,
He was the author, thou the instrument.
Thereupon that I may conquer Fortunes flight,
By living low, where Fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the people of this blessed land
May not be provoked by my thwasting harres,
Warwick, although my Head still wear the Crown,
I here resign my Government, and thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your Grace hath bethree fame for vertuous,
And now may seeme as wise as vertuous,
By spying and avoiding Fortunes malice,
For few men rightly temper with the Staples,
Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace,
For chusing me, when Clarence is in place.

Clar. No Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the Heauen in thy Nativity,
Aliudg'd an Olue Branch, and Lawrell Crowne,
As likely to be blest in Peace and Warre:
And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

War. And I chose Clarence only for Protecor.

King. Warwick and Clarence give me both your hands;
Now given to you, & with your hands your hearts,
That no dissension hinder Government:
I make you both Protecors of this land,
While I myself will lead a private life,
And in devotion spend my latter days,
To aim recharge my, and my Creator's praise.

War. What answeres Clarence to his Sovereign's will?

Clar. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent.
For on thy fortune I repose my felic.

War. Why then, though lost, yet must I be content?
Wrest we yok'd together, like a double bow,
To Henry's Body, and supply his place;
I mean, in bearing weight of Government,
While he enjoyes the Honor, and his estate.
And Clarence, now then it is more needful,
For both with that Edward be pronounc'd a Traitor,
And all his Lands and Goods confiscate.

War. What else? and that Succession be determined.

King. But with the first, of all your chief affaires,
Let me enquire (for I command no more).

Thatt Marget your Quene, and my somme Edward,
But first, to return from France with speed;
For till I see them here, by doubtfull fear,
My joy of libertie is halfe eclips'd.

Clar. It shall be done, my Sovereigne, with all speed.

King. My Lord of Someret, what Youths is that,
Of whom you seeme to have so tender care?
Somer. My Liege, it is young Henry, Earl of Richmond.

King. Come hither, England's Hope:
Let his Hand on his Head.

If secret Powers liggeth but truth
To my doubting thoughts,
This pretie land will prove our Countries bliss,
His Lookes are full of peacfull Majeante,
His Head by nature fram'd to wære a Crowne,
His Hand to wield a Scepter, and himselfe
Likely in time to wære a Regall Throne:
Make much of him, my Lords; for this is he,
Must helpe you more, then you are hurt by me.

Enter a Poste.

War. What news, my friend?
Post. That Edward is escaped from your Brother,
And fled (as bee seares forese) to Burgundie.
War. Vanitie news; but how made he escape?
Post. He was comemnded by Richard Duke of Gloster,
And the Lord Hastings, who attended him
In secret ambushe, on the Forest seite,
And from the Bishops Huntmen releas'd him:
For Hunting was his daily Exercise.

War. My Brother was too careless of his charge,
But let vs hence, my Soneraigne, to provide
A place for any lord, that may beside.

Exit.

Meet Someret, Richond, and Oxford.

SOM. My Lord, I like not of this flight of Edward.
For doublet and Burgundie will yield him helpe,
And we shall have more Wretes before the long.
As Henry's late Provocating Prophecy,
Did glad my heart, with hope of this young Richmond:
So doth my heart ministre me, in these Conflicts.
What may befall him, to his harme and ours.
Therefore, Lord Oxford, go present the worst,
Forthwith we'll send him hence to Britannie,
Till thunders be past of Chivalry.

OXF. Yes, for if Edward re-passeth the Crowne,
'Tis like that Richmond, with the reft, shall downe.

SOM. It shall be so: he shall to Britannie.
Come therefore, let's about it speedily.

Exit.


Edw. Now Brother, Richard, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Yet thus farre Fortune maketh vs amends.
And sayes, that once more I shall encounter
My warded blace, for Henry's Regall Crowne.
Well have we pased, and now re-pased the Seas.
And brought before vs helpe from Burgundie.
What then remains, we being thus arriued
From Rouenpurre Hauen, before the Gates of Yorkes;
But that we enter, as into out Duke-dome?

Rich. The Gates made fast?
Brother, I like not this,
For many men that stumble at the Threshold.
Are well fore-told, that danger lurkes within.

Edw. Tiffs man's abodements must not now affright vs:
By faire or foule means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to vs.

HENRY. My Liege, I'll knoake once more, to summon them.

Enter on the Walls, the Maiost of Yorke, and his Brother.

MAIOR. My Lords,
We were fore-warned of your comming,
And shut the Gates, for safety of our felows;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

Edw. But, Maior, if Henry be your King,
Yet Edward, as the least, is Duke of Yorke.

MAIO. True, my good Lord, I know you for no leele.

Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my Duke-dome,
As being well content with that alone.

Rich. But
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

167

Rich. But when the Fox hath once got in his Noe, Hee le poone finde means to make the Body follow. Hahi. Why, Master Mayor, why stand you in a doubt? Open the Gates, we are King Henry's friends. Mayor. I say you for, the Gates shall then be opened. Rich. A wife fluxt Captaine, and poone perfwaded. Hafi. The good old man would faile that all were wel, So were not long of him: but being exclay'd, I doubt not but we shall poone perfwade Both him, and all his Brothers, unto reason.

Enter the Mayor, and two Aldermen. Edw. So, Master Mayor, these Gates must not be shut, But in the Night, or in the time of Warre, What, fear not man, but yeild me vp the Keys, Take the Keys. For Edward will defend the Towne, and thee, And all those friends, that desire to follow mee.

March. Enter Montagu's with Drumme and Soulders. Rich. Brother, this is Sir Edmon Montagu's, Our truest friend, wherefore he doth not come in. Edw. Welcome Sir John: but why come you in Arms? Mont. To helpe King Edward in his time of straine, As every loyall Subject ought to doe. Edw. Thanks good Montagu's: But we now forget our Title to the Crowne, And only clamour our Dutyeone, Till God please to send the reft. Mont. Then fare you well, I wil hence againe, I came to serve a King, and not a Duke, Drummer strike vp, and let vs march away, The Drumme begins to marche.

Edw. Nay Sir John, a while, and we're to debate By what safe means the Crowne may be recover'd. Mont. What talk you of debating? in few words, If you were not here proclaim yeur selfe on King, Hee lesse you to your fortune, and be gone, To keep them back, that came to dis perse 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 we'll make our Clayme: Till then, 'tis wisdome to conceale our meaning. Hafi. Away with scrupulous Wit, now Armes must rule. Rich. And fearelesse minds clyme foorth into Crowns, Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand, The bruite thereof will bring you many friends. Edw. Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right, And Henry but vithipes the Diadem. Mont. I now my Soueraigne speakes like himselfe, And now will I be Edward: Champion. Hafi. Sound Trumpet, Edward that is here proclaimed! Come, fellow Souldier, make thou proclamation. Plow. Sound. Soul. Edward the Fourth, by the Grace of God, King of England and France, and Lord of Ireland, &c. Mont. And whoforsoe'er gainsayes King Edward's right, By this I challenge him to fingle fight. Throes shews his Generalls.

All. Long live Edward the Fourth.

Edw. Thanks brave Montagu's, And thanks vuo you all: If fortune serve me, I require this kindness, Now for this Night, let's harbor here in Yorke: And when the Morning Sonne shall rise in his Carre, Above the Border of this Horizon, Wee'll forward towards Worlicke, and his Mates, For we I wot, that Henry is no Souldier. Ah from Lord Clarence, how euiil it becommes thee, To flatter Henry, and forfake thy Brother? Yet as wee may, wee'll mee, both thee and Worlicke. Come on brave Soulions: doubt not of the Day, And that once gonnet, doubt not of large Exp. Exeunt.

Flawell. Enter the King, Worlicke, Montague, Clarence, Oxford, and Somerset.

War. What counselle, Lord Edward from Belgia, With halfe the Germans, and halfe the Hollanders, Hath paft in safety through the Narrow Seas, And with his troopers doth march against to London, And many gudde people flock to him, King. Let's se the men, and beat him backe againe, Clas. A little fire is quickly stolidem out, Which being fuddain, Rauers cannot withstond. War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends, Not muruous in peace, yet hold in Warre, Those will I muster vp: and then Some Clarence Shall fiue vp in Suffolke, Norfolk, and in Kent, The Knights and Gentlemen, to come with thee, Thou Brother, Montague, in Buckingham, Northampton, and in Leicester shire, shall find Men well esco'd to hearse what thou commandst. And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well bold, In Oxfordshire shalt muster vp thy friends. My Soueraigne, with the loyal Citizens, Like to his hand, grym in with the Ocean, Or modeftly dry, circled with her Nymphs. Shall rest in London, till we come to him: Faire Lords take leaue, and stand not to reply, Farewell my Soueraigne.


Exeunt.

King. Hereat the Palace will I rest a while. Cousin of Exeter, what thinkes your Lordship? Me thinkes the Power that Edward hath in field Should not be able to encounter mine. Exe. The doubt is, that he will reduce the reft. King. That's not so fear, my meanest hand goe on faire: I have not flopt mine ears to their demanage, Nor pafted off their fauces with fowt delays; My pittie hath beene balmie to heal their wounds, My mildnesse hath alwayd shewed their gentle fortes, My mercie dry'd their wates, flowing thereof. I have not beene devisers of their wealth, Nor much opprest them with great subsidies, Nor forward of reuenge, though they much er'd. Then why should they love Edward more than me? No Exeter their Graces challenge Grace.
The third Part of King Henry the Sixth

And when the Lyon frowns upon the Lambe,
The Lambe will never cease to follow him,

Shout within, A Lancaster, A Lancaster.

Exe. Here's, here's, my Lord, what Shows are there?

Enter Edward and his Staithers.

Edw. Seize out the Shamefuld Henry, seize him hence,
And once again proclaim vs King of England.
You are the Foucundelk makes small Brookes to flow,
Now flops thy Spring, my Sea shall suck them dry,
And swell for much the higher, by their ebb.
Hence with him to the Tower, set him not speake.

Exit with King Henry.

And Lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
Where peremptorin Warwick now remains:
The Sunne shines hot, and we use delay,
Cold biting Winter makes our hop'd-for Hay.

Rich. Away betimes, before his forces joyne,
And take the great-grown Trayer warrians.

Braue Warriors, march aminne towards Coventry.

Exe.

Enter Warwick, the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers, and others upon the Walls.

War. Where is the Post that came from valiant Oxford?
How farre hence is thy Lord, mine honest fellow?

Mes. 1. By this at Dunstable, marching hitherward.
War. How farce off is our Brother Montague?

Mes. 2. By this at Dallin, with a puissant Troope.

Enter Somerset.

War. Say Somerset, what fayres my loving Sonne?

Somerset. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And doe expect him here some two houre hence.

War. Then Clarence is at hand, I please his Drumme.

Somerset. It is not so, my Lord, here Southam lyes:
The Drum your Honor heart, marcheth from Warwick.

War. Who shold that beshold to look on fur friends,
Then shold they see, and you shall quickly know.

March. Plowin. Enter Edward, Richard,
and Staithers.

Edw. Good, Trumpet to the Walls, and sound a Parle.
Rich. See how the fury of Warwick runs the Wall.

War. Oh are me Sceptre, is Scepter full Edward come?
Where flit out Scouts, or how are they fedded,
That we could hear no newes of his Repaire.

Edw. Now Warwick, wilt thou open the City Gates,
Speake gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee.

Rich. Edward King, and to his hands begge Mercy,

And he shall pardon thee these outrages?

War. Nay rather, whin shall draw thy forces hence,
Confesse who feare thy v and pluck thee down.

Call Warwick Patron, and be penitent,
And than shall fill remaine the Duke of Yorke,
Or did he make the leaf against his will?

War. Is not a Duke come, Sir, a goodly gift?

Rich. By my faith, for a poure Earle to give,
I doe thee servise for so good a gift.

War. Twa'st that gave the Kingdome to thy Brother.

Edw. Why then 'tis mine: if but by Warwick gifts.
Against his Brother, and his lawfull King:  
Perhapse you will oblige my holy oath:  
To keep that oath, were more impetue.  
Then Euphues, when he falsified his daughter.  
I am so sorry for my Trepass made,  
That to revenge well at my Brother's hands,  
I here proclaim my selfe mortall foe:  
With resolution, wherefore'll I meet thee,  
(As I will meet thee, if thou fitte abroad.)  
To plague thee, for thy soule mis-leading me.  
And proud-hearted Warwicke, I defie thee,  
And to my Brother turne my blushing cheeks,  
Pardon me Edward, I will make amends:  
And Richard, do not bewone upon my faults,  
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.  
Edw. Now I welcome more, and ten times more belov'd,  
Then if thou never hath detected one hate.  
RICH. Welcome good Clarence, this is Brother-like.  
WAR. Oh pavling Traynor, perjurer and villain.  
EDW. What Warwicke,  
Will thou leave the Towne, and fight?  
Or will I be beat the Stones about thine Eares?  
WAR. Alas! I am not so glad here for defence:  
I will away towards Barnet presently,  
And bid thee farewell, Edward, thou darst not.  
EDW. Yet Warwicke, Edward teares, and leads the way:  
Lords to the field Saint George, and Victorie.  
Exeunt.  
March. Warwicke and his companies follow.  

Alarums, and Exeuntions. Enter Edward bringing forth Warwicke wounded.  
EDW. So, I say thou there, dye thou, and dye our faire,  
For Warwicke was a sagger that feared us all.  
Now Montague is fall, I seek for thee,  
That Warwicke Bones may keep those company.  
Exit.  
WAR. Ah, who is right come to me, friend, or foe,  
And tell me who is Victour, Turke, or Warwicke?  
Why ask I this? I mangled body shewes,  
My blood, my want of strength, my sick head shewes,  
That I must yield my body to the Earth,  
And by my fall, the conquist to my foe,  
Thus yealds the Cedar to the Axe edge,  
Whose Armes gave shelter to the Princely Eagle,  
Vnder whose shade the ramping Lyon slept,  
With top-branch over-peak the low spreading Tree,  
And kept low Shrubs from Winters powerful wind,  
These Eyes, that now are dumd with Deaths black Veile,  
Have beene as piercing as the Mid-day Sunne,  
To search the Secret Treson of the World:  
The Wrinckles in my Browes, now fill'd with blood,  
Were likned off to Kingly Septuagins:  
For who lis'd King, but I who digge his Grave?  
And who durst smile, when Warwicke bent his Brow?  
Loe, now my Glory smeard in daunc and blood,  
My Parker, my Walker, my Manners that I had,  
Even now forsake me, and all my Lands,  
Is nothing left me, but my body is length.  
Why, what is Pompe, Rule, Reigne, but Earth and Daunc?  
And list we how we can, yet dye we must.  

Enter Oxford and Somerset.  

Som. Ah Warwicke, Warwicke, were thou as we are,  
We might recover all our loss age againe.
The third Part of King Henry the Sixt.

And Montague, our truest friend, what of him? Our trusty friends, the Tackles: what of these? Who is not Oxford, who is not those? And Somerset, another goodly Matt? The friends of France, our Sword and Tackles? And though we skill, why not Ned and I? For once allow'd, the skillful Pilots charged. We will not from the stream to drift and sweep, But keep our course (though the rough WIndye say no) From Shelleses and Rocks, that threaten us with Wrecks. As good to chide the Wastes, as speak them faire. And what is Edward, but a ruthless Sea? What Clarence, but a Quicksand of Deceit? And Richard, but a raging, scathing Rock? All these, the Enemies to our peace. Barke. Say you can swim, alas', but a while. Tread on the sand, why there you quickly sink, Betide the Rock, the Tyde will wash you off, Or eke you famish, that is a three-fold Death. This speaks 1. Lords, to let you understand, If one of you were to fly from us, There is no hope for mercy with the Brothers. More then with ruthless Wastes, with Sands and Rocks. Why courage then, what cannot be avoided, I were childless weakness to lament, or fear. Prince. Me thinks a Woman of this valiant Spirit, Should, if a Coward heard her, speak these words, Influe his Breast with Magnanimity, And make him, naked, fly a man at Armes. I speak not this, as doubting any here: For God in arms or fear, He should have leave to go away becomes, Least in our need he might forget another, And make him of his heart spirit to himself. If any such be here, as God forbid, Let him depart, before we need his help. Of. Women and Children of so high courage, And Warriors faint, why fewer perpetual shame. Oh beate young Prince, so famous Grandfather! Dost like againe in thee, long may't thou live, To bear his Image, and renew his glories. Sen. And he that will not fight for such a hope, Go home to Bed, and like the Owl by day, If he arise, be mock'd and wondred at. Qu. Thanks gentle forces, enter Oxford thank you. Prince. And take thine thankers, that yet hath nothing else. Enter a Messenger.

Maff. Prepare you Lords, for Edward is at hand, Ready to fight: therefore be ready. Of. I thought no leafe: it is his Politie, To hate his wish, to find vs provided. Sen. But here's a decree'd, we are in straund. Qu. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness. Of. Here pitch on Battle, hence we will not budge. Flamel, and march. Enter Edward, Richard, Clarence, and Stedlow.

Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood, Which by the Heavens assistance, and your strength, Must by the Roses be hew'd up yet ere Night. I need not add more fuel to your fire, For well I wot, ye blazze, to burn them out: Give signal to the fight, and to it Lords.

Edw. Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I should say, My tears gainst day: for every word I speake, Ye see I drink the water of my eye. Therefore no more but this: Henry your Soueraigne, Is prisoner to the Fee, his State usurped, His Realm a slaughter-houle, his Subjects slain, His Statutes cancel'd, and his Treasure spent: And yonder is the Wolfe, that makes this freple. You fight in successe, then in Gods Name, Lords, Be valiant, and give signal to the fight. Stedlow. Retreat, Encamp, consult, &c.


Edw. So part we sadly in this troublous World, To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem. Edw. Is Proclamation made, that who finds Edward, Shall have a high Reward, and he his life? Stedlow. It is, and loe where ythous! Edward comes. Enter the Prince.

Edw. Bring forth the Gallants, let vs heare him speake. What can so young a Thonse begin to prich? Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make, For bearing Armes, for stirring up my Subjectts, And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to? Prince. Speakes like a Subject, proud and ambitious Turk, Suppose that I am now my Fathers Mouth, Retigne this Charye, and where I stand, kneel then, Whil'st I proclaye the settled names to thine, Which (Traytors) thou wouldst have me answer to. Qu. Ah, that my Father had bene to resolu't. Rich. That ye might still have worn the Peticost, And ever have holne the Breech from Lansdorke. Prince. Let it be fable in a Winters Night, His Sommer, fowre times no with this place. Rich. By Heaven, Brit, he plague ye for that word. Sen. I thou wast borne to be a plague to men. Rich. For Gods sake, take away this Captive Scold, Prince. Nay, take away this incolling Crooke-back, rather. Edw. Peace withfull Boy, or I will chare my tongt. Clar. Vnto you, Lad, thou art too malapert. Prince. I know my duty, you are all vndisposed; Lasciuos Edward, and thou perjur' George, And thou mis-shapen Dicky, I tell ye all, I am your better, Traytors as ye are, And thou wip'le my Fathers right and mine. Edw. Take that, the like of this Ruyter here, Stedlow. Stedlow.

The third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

Reh. Why should fie flee, to spill the World with words.
Edw. What? doth fie flee now? we mean for his res oncure.
Reh. Clarence accuse me to the King my Brother: I tell hence to London on a serious matter, Ere ye come there, be sure to heare some news. 
Cia. What? what?
Reh. Tower, the Tower. 
Exe. Qua. Oh Ned. sweet Ned. protest to thy Mother Boy, Can it thou not speake? O Truthers, Murtherers! They that stab'd Cafar, shed no blood at all: Did not offend, nor were not worthy Blame, If this foule deed were by, to equal it, He was a Man; this (falsely) Child, And Men, ne're spend their fury on a Child.
What's worse then Murtherers, that I may name it?
No, no, my heart will burn, and if I speake, And I will speake, that to my heart may burn.
Butchers and Villaines, bloody Canibals, How sweet a Plant have you untimely crops: You have no children (Butchers) if you had, The thought of them would have had vp remorse, But if you ever chance to have a Child, Look in this youth to boast him to our self As death with you have all this sweet young prince.

King. Away with her, goe beare her hence perforse.
Qua. Nay, newer beare me hence, dispatch me hence:
Here I exeth thy Sword, Ile pardon thee my death: What wilt thou not? then Clarence do it thou. 
Cia. By heauen, I will not do thee so much care.
Qua. Good Clarence do: sweet Clarence do thou do it.
Cia. Didn't thou not hence me swears I would not do it.
Qu. I, but thou wiest to forsware thy felle.
Twas sin before, but now's Charity. What wilt thou? Where is that duels butcher Richard? Hard base d'Ricard! Richard, where art thou? Thou art not here; Murther is thy Alma-deed: Petitioners for Blood, thou're put it backe.
Ed. Away I say, I charge ye beare her hence, Qua. So come to you, and yours, as to this prince. 
Exe. Queene.

Cia. Where's Richard gone.
Qua. To London all in post, and as a guest!
To make a bloody Supper in the Tower.
Ed. He'slodaine 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 Queen how well she faces, By this (I hope) she hath a Sonne for me. 
Exe. Queene.

Enter Henry the first, and Richard, with the Lieutenant on the places.

Rich. Good day, my Lord, what is your Bookke so hard? 
Hon. I my good Lord: my Lord I should say rather, Tin finest to flatter, Good was little better: Good Gollier, and good Daull, were alike, And both preposterous; therefore, not Good Lord.
Rich. Sire, leave us to our cases, we will conclude.
Hon. So lists the wakefull shepherd from Wolfe; So fritt the harneffe Sheperd doth yield his Fleece, And next his Throat, unto the Butchers Knife.
What Scene of death hath Eunice now to Ache? 
Rich. Suffisiton always haunts the guilty minds.

The Thege doth trace each buch an Officer, 
Hon. The Bird that had bin limed in a buch, With trembling wings misdoubteth every buch; And I the haplesse Male to one sweet Bird, Haue now the fatal Obedience in my eye, Whereby my poore yong was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd. 
Rich. Why what? this peacefull Poole was that of Crecet, That taught his Sonne the office of a Poole; And yet for all his wings, the Poole was drawnd 
Hon. I dedicate, my poore Boy sears, 

Thy Father Memis, that diem de our course, The Sunne that fear'd the wings of my sweet Boy. 

Thy Brother Edward, and thy Selle, the Sea. 
Whole emonious Galle did illusor to his life, As, kill me with thy Weapon, not with words, My brief can better brooke the Daggeres point. 
Then can my ears that Tragick History. But wherefore dost thou come? Is't for my Life? 
Rich. Think it thou, I am an Executioner. 
Hon. A Prefector I am fain to say, or, 
If murthering Innocents be Executing, Why then thou art an Executioner. 
Rich. Thy Son I kill'd for his presumption. 
Hon. Hadst thou bin kill'd, when first I didst presume, Thou hadst not bin to kill a Sonne of mine: And thus I prophesie, that many a thouand Which now boast no parcell of my true, 
And many an Old mans figne, and many a Widdowes, And many an Orphans water-standing-eye, Men for their Sonnes, Wives for their Husband, Orphans, for their Parents times death, Shall sue the hour that ever thou was borne. 

The Owle flutted at the birth, an eill signe, 
The Night Crow crye, aboding luckelle time, 
Dogs howl'd, and hiddouse Templi shook down Trees. 
The Raen rook'd her on the Chimmies top, And chattering Pies in dismal Diffords sung: 
Thy Mother felt more than a Mothers paine, And yet brought forth eile then a Mothers hope, To win, an ingiedlent and deformed lump, Not like the fruit of such a goodlly Tree. 

Teeth did hath in thy head, when thou was borne, To signifie, thou can't to bite the world: And if the relf be true, which I have heard, Thou can't.
Rich. He here no more.
Dye Prophet in thy speech, 
For this (amongst the relf) was I ordain'd,
Hon. 1, and for much more laughter after this, 
O God forgive my fenes, and pardon thee. 
Dys. Rich. What will the spirite blood of Lancaster, 
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted, See how my sword weeps for the poore Kings death, O may such purple teares be alway flod From those that with the downfall of our house.

If any Spake of Life be yet remaining, 
Dowse, downe to hell, and (by) I lent thee thither, 

Stab him again.

If that haued neyther pitye, nor freene, 
Indeed 'tis true that Honery told me of: 
For I have often heard my Mother say, 
I came into the world with my Legges forward. 
Had I not reason (thinks ye) to make haft, 
And seek their Ruine, that viopte our Right? 
The Midwife wonder'd, and the Women cri'd: 
O Iesus bleffe vs, he is borne with teeth,
Thus have we swept Suspicion from our Sate;
And made our Foothold of Security.
Come hither, Beffy, and let me kiss my Boys;
Yong Ned, for thee, thinne Vackles, and my selfe;
Have in our Armors watcht the Winter night.
Went all afoote in Summers scalding heate,
That nooss might it repose in the Crowne in peace,
And of our Labours shew that reape the gaine.
Rid, He blist his Harp, if your head were laid,
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This Soldier was ordain'd to thicke, to heare,
And heare it shall some weight, or breake my backe,
Worke thout the way, and that shal execute,
King, Clarence and Clesper, lose my lovely Queane,
And his your Principly Nephew Brothers both.
Cle. The duty that I owe unto your Maiestie,
I Seale upon the lips of this sweet Babe.
Cle. Thanke Noble Clarence, worthy brother thanks.
Rich. And that I lose the tree fo' whence s sprang it:
Witnesse the loving knee I gave the Princes,
To say the truth, so Iater kill his matter,
And cries all hain, when he means all harme.
King. Now am I feaiged at my soule delights,
Hauing my Countries peace, and Broters loves.
Cle. What will your Grace have done with Margaret,
Reynard her Father, to the King of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicilies and Jerusalem,
And after issue they sent is for her ransom.
King. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.
And now what red'st, but that we spend the time
With fitly Triumphes, mirthful Comickie forever,
Such as befit the pleasure of the Court.
Sound Drums and Trumpetes, farewell frowre annoy,
For here I hope begins our lasting joy.

FINIS.
The Tragedy of Richard the Third: 
with the Landing of Earle Richmond, and the 
Battell at Bosworth Field.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloucester.

Now is the Winter of our Discontent, 
Made glorious Summer by this Son of Yorke: 
And all the Clouds that love d vpon our house 
In the deepes bosome of the Ocean buried.

Now are our broches bound with Victorious Wreathes, 
Our bristled arms hung vp for Monuments; 
Our Rape Alarmus chang d to merrie Meetings; 
Our dreadful Marches, to delightful Measurers, 
Grim-watif'd Warre, hath smooth'd his wrinkled Front: 
And now, in head of mounting Barbed Steeds, 
To fright the Souls of Fearfull Adversaries, 
He capers nimly in a Ladies Chamber, 
To the lascivious pleasur of a Lute.

But I, that am not apt for sportive tricks, 
Nor made to court an amorous Looking-glass; 
To bruise before a wonton ambling Nymph: 
I, that am curtail'd of this faire Proportion, 
Cheested of Pesture by diffeming Nature, 
Determined, first before my time 
Into this breathing World, earsh halfe made vp, 
And that to landly and victuallable, 
That dogges barks at me, as I halfe them, 
Why I (in this weake piping time of Peace) 
Have no delight to passe away the time, 
Vileesse to set my Shadow in the Sunne, 
And dicent on mine owne Deformity.

And therefore, since I cannot prove a Louer, 
To entertaine these faire well spoken days, 
I am determined to prove a Villain, 
And hate the idle pleasures of these days, 
Pios haunt'd, inductions dangerous, 
By drunkens, Prophesies, Indebts, and Dreames, 
To set my Brother Clarence and the King 
In deadly hate, the one against the other: 
And if King Edward be as true and stoute, 
As I am Subtle, False, and Treacherous, 
This day should Clarence closelie be morn'd vp: 
About a Prophete, which saies that: 
Of Edward terrifyes the murderer; that he, 
Duce thoughts downe to my soule, here Clarence comes.

Enter Clarence and Bastard, guarded.

Brother, good day: What means this armed guard

That waits upon your Grace?

Cla. His Maiesty tendring my persons safety. 
I have appointed this Conducç, to couney me to the Tower. 

Ric. Upon what cause?

Cla. Because of my name is George.

Ric. Alack my Lord, that fayre is none of yours: 
He should for that commit your Godfathers. 
O belike, his Maiesty hath some intent, 
That you should be new Chistinned in the Tower, 
But what's the matter Clarence, may I know?

Cla. Yes Richard, when I know: but I protest: 
As yet I do not. But as I can learn, 
He hearkens after Prophesies and Dreames, 
And from the Croce-row pluckes the letter G; 
And sayes, a Wizard told him, that by G, 
His title dishonorieth should be. 

And for my name of George begins with G, 
It follows in his thought, that I am he. 
These (as I sene) and such like toys, as these; 
Hath mou'd his H. glance to commit me now.

Ric. Why this it is, when men are rid by Women:

'Tis not the King that sends you to the Tower, 
My Lady Grey his Wife, Clarence his flour, 
That tempts him to this hard Extremity, 
Was it not first, and that good man of Worship, 
Anthony, prodeuly her Brother there, 
That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower? 
From whence this present day he is deliverd? 
We are not false Clarence, we are not lift.

Cla. By heaven, I thinke there is no man lecture 
But the Queens Kindred, and night walking Heralds, 
That rende between the King, and Miftris Shore, 
Heard you not what an humble Suppliant 
Lord Hastings was for her deliverance?

Ric. Humbly complaining to her Deitie, 
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his libertie. 
He tell you what, I thinke it is our way, 
If we will keep in favour with the King, 
To be her men, and wearre her Livery.

The beauteous one, wreathed Widdow, and her selfe, 
Since that our Brother sub'd them Gentilewomen, 
Are mighty Godfays in our Monarchy.

Bra. I beseech your Grace both to pardon me, 
His Maiesty hath stragghly given in charge, 
That no man shall have a private Conference 
(Of what degree soever) with your Brother.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Rich. Even so, and please your Worship Brakenbury,
You may partake of any thing we say;
We speak of Treason now; We say the King
Is wise and wERTous, and his Noble Queen.
Well brooke in yeasts, faire, and not catious.
We say, that Shires Wife hath a pretty foot,
A Cherry Lip, a bonny eye, a pausing pleasing tongue;
And that the Queenes Kindred are made gentle Folkes.
How may you sir, can you deny all this?
Bract. With this (my Lord) my wife have nought to do.
Rich. Naught to do with Mistress Shires?
I tell thee fellow, he that doth nought with her.
(Excepting one) be best to do it secretly alone.
Bract. What one, my Lord?
Rich. Her Husband Kraue, wouldst thou betray me?
Bract. I do beseech your Grace
To pardon me, and wish ill forbear.
Your Conference with the Noble Duke.
Cla. We know thy charge Brakenbury, and will obey.
Rich. We are the Queenes speecch, and must obey.
Brother farewell, I will unto the King.
And whatsoever ye will employe me in,
Were it to call King Edwards Widdow, Sister,
I will performe it to infranchise you.
Meane time, this deeps distresse in Brothertownd,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.
Cla. I know it pleoth not neither of us well.
Rich. Well, thy imprisonement shall not be long,
I will deliver you, or else lye for you.
Meane time, have patience.
Cla. I must performe: Farewell.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious Lord.
Rich. So much unto my good Lord Chamberlaine:
Well are you welcome to this open Ayre,
How hast your Lordship brooke your imprisonement?
Hast. I stand (by patience) Noble Lord: I speak no more.
But I shall misuse (my Lord) your thankes
That are the cause of my imprisonement.
Rich. No doubt, no doubt, and so shall Clarence too,
For they that were your Enemies, are his,
And have praise d as much on him, as you.
Hast. More pitty are the Eagles should be new dyd,
Whiles Kites and Hareys play at liberty.
Rich. What news abroad?
Hast. No newest so bad abroad, as this at home:
The King is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his Physicians fear him mightily.
O he hath kept an evil Diet long,
And the most of his diet is of the Royall Person.
This very precious to be thought upon.
Where is he, in his bed?
Hast. He is.
Rich. Go you before, and I will follow you.
Exeunt Hastings.

He cannot live I hope, and must not dye,
Till George be packd with post-horse vp to Heaven.

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Course of Henrie the first with Halifords to guard it,
Lady Anne being the Messenger.

Anne. Set downe, set downe your honourable load,
If Honor may be brooked in a Herse;
Wilt thou be wise, and obsequiously lament
Thine fall, to fall of Vertuous Lancaster;
Poor yeeld cold image of a holy King,
Pole Aches of the House of Lancaster;
Then bloody Remains of that Royal Blood,
Be it lawfull that I innocuously Ghast,
To heare the lamentations of poore Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaynt Sonne,
Stab'd by the yeelding hand that made these wounds.
I weep this windowe that lett forth thy life,
I powre the helpless blaine of my yeelding eye,
Occured be the hand that made these holes:
Curst be the mercy, that had the heart to do this;
Curst be the Blood, that let this blood from hence:
More direfull be the heart that made this Wretch.
That makes vs wretched by the death of thee;
Then can I wish to Wollars, to Spiders, Toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives.
If ever he hase Childs, Abortin be it,
Prodigious, and eminently brought to light,
Whole ugly and unnatural Apeck.
May fright the hopful Mother as the view,
And that be Heyre to this whoppinge.
If ever he hase 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 Cheyverie with thy holy Lode,
Takken from Pauley, to be intrested there.
And fill as you see weary of this weight,
Rey you, whiles I lament King Henries Coaste.

Enter Richard Duke of Glouster.

Rich. Stay you that bear the Coaste, & let it down.
Are What blacke Magian contours up this Friend,
To flouc novelty charitile out of the
Rich. Villains set downe the Coase, or by S. Paul,
Ile make a Coaste of him that disobeys.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

...my Lord stand back, and let the Coffin päke.
Rich. Vunmaned Dogge,
Stand it thou when I command:
Advance thy Harley higher than my breef,
Or by S. Paul the Bride thee to oppose;
And spurne upon thee Begger for thy boldness.
Anne. What do you tumble? are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not, for you are Mortall,
And Mortall eyes cannot endure the Duliel.
Anne thou deadfull minister of Hell;
This had bit his power over his Mortall body,
His Saule thou cannot hayse. Therefore be gone.
Rich. Sweet Saint, for Charity, he not so stuf.
Full of Dulle,
For Gods fake hence, and trouble vs not.
For thou hast made the happy earth thy Hell:
Fell it with cutting cries, and despe deshames.
If thou delight to view thy tyrants deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy Butcheries.
Oh Gentleman, see, see dead Henry wounds,
Open their conscience mouth, and bleed at thrst.
Blush, blush, thou lump of fowl Deformitie.
For this thy presence that exhailes this blood
From cold and empty Vessels where no blood dwells.
Thy Deeds inhuman and vunstural,
Prookes this Dulege most vunatural.
O God! which this Blood madit, revenge his death.
O Earth! which this Blood drinkit, revenge his death.
Either Hesh't with Lightning strike the most Arch deaf:
Or Earth open wide, and extirp thee quicks.
A thou dost swallow vp this Good Kings blood,
Which his Hell-govern'd arm hath bunched.
Rich. Lady, you know no Rules of Charity,
Which renders good for bad, Beffings for Cuties.
Anne. Villain, thou know'st not law of God nor Man,
No Beff for fierce, but know'st some touch of pity.
Rich. But I know none, and therefore am no Beft.
Anne. O wonderfull, when euer tell the truth!
Rich. More wonderfull, when Angels are so angry.
Vouchsafe (dahine perfection of a Woman or)
Of these suppos'd Crimes, to give mee leave
By circumstance, but to acquit my fault.
Anne. Vouchsafe (dahine infection of man)
Of these knowne evils, but to give mee leave
By circumstance, to curze thy cursed Selfe.
Rich. Fairer then tongue can name thee, yet I have
Some patient euyfire to excut my felte.
Anne. Tbreaker then heart can take thee,
Thay can it make no excuss curtall,
But to hang thy selte.
Rich. By such diuine, I should accuse my selte.
Anne. And by dispairing that thou stand excused,
For doing worthy Vengeance on thy selte,
That did it vnworthy slaughter upon others.
Rich. Say that I knew them not.
Anne. Then say they were not Iaine:
But dead they are, and diuellish flame by thee.
Rich. I did not kill your Husband.
Anne. Why then he is alive.
Rich. Nay, he is dead, and Iaine by Edwards hands.
Anne. In thy mouth thou saystly lie, E.
Queen: Margaret law.
Thy mur'd res Faulcon (moonking in his blood).
The which, thou once didn' t bend against her brest.
But that thy brother beate aside the point.
Rich. I was prouoked by her hand toos tongue,
That laid their guilt, upon my guiltlesse Shoulders.
Anne. Thou wast prouoked by thy bloody minde,
That nother speake on ought but Butcherie.
Rich. I grant ye.
Anne. Do you grant me Hedge-hogge,
Then God grant me too.
Thou mayst be dammed for this wicked deed.
O he was gentle, mild and vunrous.
Rich. The better for the King of heauen that hath him.
Anne. He is in heauen; where then shall never come.
Rich. Let him thank me, that help to send him thither:
For he was fitter for that place then earth.
Anne. And thou wilt for any place, but hell.
Rich. Yes one place else, if you will have me name it.
Anne. Some dungeon.
Anne. Ill rest beside the chamber where thou lyeth,
Rich. So will I: Madam till I trye with you.
Anne. I hope so.
Rich. I know so. But gentle Lady Anne,
To leave this kene encounter of our wits,
And fall something into a flower method.
Is not the causer of the timelife deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As Blasphum as the Executioner.
Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accust effect.
Rich. Your beauty was the cause of this effect:
Your beauty, that did all in me so strong;
To undrake the death of all the world,
So I might live one houre in your sweet bosome.
Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee Homicide.
These Nails should rent that beauty from my Cheekes.
Rich. These eyes could not endure your beautys wrath,
You should not blame me, if I freed by:
As all the world is cheare by the Sunne.
Anne. Are we both.
Rich. I would I were, to be renueng'd on thee.
Rich. It is a quarrell most vunatural,
To be renueng'd on him that iouch thee.
Rich. It is a quarrell loof and reasnable,
To be renueng'd on him that kill'd my Husband.
Rich. He that beest the Lady of thy Husband,
Did it to helpe thee to a better Husband.
Rich. His better doth not breath upon the earth,
Rich. He lyes, that louter thee better then he could.
Rich. Name him.
Rich. Why that was he.
Rich. The selfesame name, but one of better Nature.
Anne. Where is he?
Rich. Here:
Wherefore thou spokst me.
Anne. Would it were mortall potion, for thy sake.
Rich. Neuer came potion from so sweet apace.
Anne. Neuer bring potion on a fowler Toade.
Out of my sight, thou dost infect mine eyes.
Rich. Thine eyes (sweet Lady) have infected mine,
Anne. Would they were Batalliske, to strike thee dead.
Rich. I would not were, that I might dyke at once.
For now they kill me with a living deaths.
These eyes of thine, from mine lake draunke full Tears;
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Shall their Aspects with fiores of childhoods drop:
Their eyes, which never fied a tear's drop,
Nor when my Father York, and Edward wept,
To hear the pittious moans that Rutland made
When black Dad Clifford thought to get his sword at him.
Nor when my warlike Father like a Child,
Told the sad story of my Father's death,
And twenty times, made pames to sob and weepes:
That all the flanders by had wet their cheeks
Like trees bedaft d with rain. In that sad time,
My maunty eyes did fume an humble tear:
And what these sorrowes could not thence exhale,
Thy Beauty hath, and made them blinde with weeping,
I never tried to Friend, nor Enemy:
My Tongue could never leane sweet soothing word.
But now thy Beauty is prop'd my Fee,
My proud heart satisfies, and prompts my tongue to speake.

Teach not thy lip such Scene: for none was made
For kissing Lady, not for such contents.
If thy reeling full heart cannot forgive,
Loe here I lend thee this charpe-pointed Sword,
Which if thou pleas to hide in this tree breth,
And let the Sunbe forth that adoreth thee,
I lay at the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

Himself his breath open fire offers at with his sword,
Nay do not pause: For I did kill King Henrie,
But 'twas thy Beauty that provok'd me.

Nay now dilue rich: Twas I that stab'd young Edwaller,
But 'twas thy Heavenly face that set me on.

She falls the Sword.

Take vp the Sword again or take vp me.

Am. Arise Difemplest, though with thy death
I will not be thy Executioner.

Rich. Then bid me kill my self, and I will do it.

Am. I have already.

Rich. That was in thy rage:
Speake it again, and even with the word,
This hand, which for thy love, did kill thy Loue,
Shall for thy love, kill a faire true Loue,
To both their deaths shall thou be accessory.

Am. Twould I knew thy heart,
Rich. 'Tis figurer'd in thy tongue.

Am. I feare me, both are false.

Rich. Then neuer Man was true.

Am. Well, well, put vp your Sword.

Rich. Say then my Peace is made.

Am. That shall thou know hereafter.


Am. All men I hope live for.

Vouchsafe to weare this Ring.

Rich. Looks how my Ring incomparably thy Fingers,
Even so thy Brett incloseth my poor heart:
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy grace deuoured Spence may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou wilt confirm his happinesse for ever.

Am. What is it?

Rich. That it may please you leave the lad designs,
To him that hath most cause to be a Mourner,
And prefently reparte to Coosbe House;
Where (After I have solemnly inter'd
At Cherles's Monastery this Noble King,
And wet his Grave with my Repentant Tears)
I will with all expedient dyce see you,

For divers unknowne Reasons, I beseech you,
Grante me this Boon.

Am. With all my heart, and much it joyes me too,
To see you are become so penitent.

Rich. And 'tis to pritty go along with me.

Am. Bid me farewell.

Rich. To more then you desyre.

Am. But since you teach me how to better you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.

Gen. Towards Chester, Noble Lord?

Rich. Not to White Fauers, there attend my coming.

Exit Gen

Was ever woman in this humour wroth?
Was ever woman in this humour wroth?
I have her, but I will not keep her long;
What I that kill'd her Husband, and his Father,
To take her in her hearts extremely hate,
With curles in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding wittnesse of my hatred by,
Having her Convenience, and these base against me,
And I, no Friends to backe my fortune whilome,
But the plaine Dulle, and dilribing looks:
And yet to winne her. All the world to nothing.

Hath the forget already that brave Prince,
Edward, her Lord, whom It (some three monthes since)
Stab'd in my angry mood, at Twelbury?
A sweeter, and a lowther Gentleman,
Fram'd in the prodigality of Nature:
Young, Valiant, Witte, and (no doubt) night Royal,
The spacious World cannot again afford:
And will the yee abshe her eyes on me,
That crete the golden prime of this sweet Prince,
And made her Widow to a wofull Bed?
On me, whose All not equals Edward Mortise?
On me, that hate, and am ashame this time?
My Dukedom, to a Beggerly denimer!
I do mistake my person all this while:
Upon my life the funder (although I cannot)
My selfe to be a manly and proper man.
Ile be at Charges for a Looking-glass,
And entertaine a score or two of Taylor's,
To foddy faddies to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in saunter with my selfe,
I will maintaine it with some little cloth.
But fiftte Heere yon Fellow in his Graue,
And then returne lamenting to my Loue.
Shine out faire Sunne, till I have bought a glasse,
That I may see my Shadow as I passe.

Scena Tertia.

Enter the Queene Mother, Lord Rivers,
and Lord Grey.

Am. I have patience Madam, ther's no doubt his Maistie
Will soone recover his accustom'd health.

Grey. I have no doubt this ill, it makes him worse,
Therefore for Gods sake entertaine good comfort.
And cheere his Grace with quickes and merry eyes.

Am. If he were dead, what would become on me?
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

The were dead, what would befall me?
Gray. No other harme, but loss of such a Lord.

Q4. The losse of such a Lord includes all harms.

Gray. The heavens have blest you with a goodly Son,
To be your Comforter, when he is gone.

Q4. Ah! he is young; and his minority
Is put into the trust of Richard Gloucester,
A man that houes not me, nor none of you.

Fut. Is it determined, or not concluded yet?
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

Enter Buckingham and Derby.

Gray. Here comes the Lord of Buckingham & Derby.

Buck. Good time of day unto your Royal Grace.

Derry. God make your Majesty joyfull, as you haued him.

Gray. The Countesse Richmond, good my Lord Derby,
To your good prayer, will I most joyfully say, Amen.

Derry. Derby, notwithstanding these be your wife,
And loues not me, be you good Lord afler it,
I hate not you for your proud arrogancy.

Gray. I do beshew you, either for love or beleeve
Theacious f Flambeau, be your life successful.
Or if the be accused on true report,
Becouse with her weake knife, which I thinke proceeds
From her sworde, thither, and no grounde malice.

Gray. Saw you the King to day my Lord of Derby?

Derry. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I,
Are come from visiting his Majeity,

Gray. What likehood of his amendment Lords.

Derry. Madam good hope, his grace speakes cheerfull.

Gray. God grant him health, did you confer with him?

Buck. I must say, he desires me to make atonement
Between the Duke of Gloucester, and your Brothers,
And between them, and my Lord Chamberlaine,
And fain to warme them to his Royall presence.

Gray. Would all be well, but that we will not bee,
If eare our Happinease be at the height.

Enter Richard.

Roch. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it,
Who is it that complaints into the King,
That (if forsooth) am hirer, and lowne them not?
By holy Paul, they loue his Grace but lightly,
That all his carees with such diffentious Rumours,
Because I cannot flattere, and loue faire,
Smile in mens faces, smooth, decitue, and cogge,
Ducke with French rods, and Apish curtez,
I must be held a ranzorous Enemy,
Cannot a plaine man live, and thinke no harme,
But that his simple truth must be abus'd,
With fikenes, the infecting Jackes?

Gray. To who in all this prevencse speaks your Grace?

Roch. To thee, that hast not Honesty, nor Grace:
When have I mist'd thee? When done thee wrong?
Or thee or thee of any of your faction?
A plague upon you all. His Royall Grace
Whom God preferrs better then you would wish
Cannot be quiet faire a breathing while,
But you must trouble him with loud complaints.

Gray. Brother of Gloucester, you make the matter,
The King on his owne Royall disposition,
(And not provok'd by any Souter elle)
Ayning (belike) at your incurrable hatred,

That in your outward action showes it selfs
Against my Children, Brothers, and my Selfe,
Makes him to fain, that he may terme the ground.

Roch. I cannot tell, the world is grown so bad,
That Wriez make prey, where Eagles dare not peach.
Since enerie Jacke became a Gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a lacke.

Gray. Come, come, we know your meaning Brother
You enuie my advancement, and my friends; (Glouster)
God grant we never may have need of you.

Roch. Mean time, God grants that I have need of you.
Our Brother is imprison'd by your meanes,
My selfe disgrac'd, and the Nobilitie
Held in contempte, while great Promotions
Are daily given to enoble those
That carp some two daies since were worth a Noble.

Gray. By him that rai'd me to this carefull height,
From that contemned lap which I long'd for,
I never did invent his Majestie.
Against the Duke of Clarence, but have bin
An emmst advocate to plead for him.
My Lord you do me shamefull injustice,
Solely to drawe me in their vile suspicte.

Roch. You may deny that you were not the meane
Of my Lord Horfing's late imprisonment.

Gray. She may my Lord, for
Roch. She may Lord Rivers, why she knowes not it?
She may do more for then denying that;
She may help me to many faire premerits,
And then deny her saying hand therein,
And lay those Honors on your high defect.
What may the not, the may, I marry may the.

Roch. What marry may she?

Gray. What mariage may she? Marrie with a King,
A Batcheller, and a handeome filly, loving too,
I wis your Granter had a worther match.

Gray. My Lord of Gloucester, I have too long borne
Your blunt rebreashings, and your bitter scoffes:
By heauen, I will acquit his Majestie
Of those groffe taunts that oft I have endured,
I had rather be a Counsellor at home,
Then a great Queene, with this condition,
To be so basted, torn'd, and forme at,
Small joy have I in being Englands Queene.

Enter old Queene Margaret.

Marg. And I laboured to be the small, God I beseech him,
Thy honor, state, and favor is due to me.

Roch. What threat youe with telling of the King?
I will audience in presence of the King;
I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower:
To time to speake,
My plaintext are quite forgot.
Margaret. Our Distell,
I do remember them too well;
Thou shuld it my Husband Henry in the Tower;
And Edward my poor Son at Tewkesbury.

Roch. Ere you were Queene,
For your Husband King;
I was a packe-horse in his great affairs:
A weeder out of his proud Adventurers,
A libelous rewarder of his Friends,
To royalize his blood, I spent mine owne.
Margaret. I and much better blood
T'm this, or thine.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Rich. In all these time you and your Husband Grey
Were taken for the House of Lancaster;
And Rivers, so were you; W as your Husband, in
Margaret of Basset, at Saint Albans; blame?
Let me put in your mindes, if you forget
Whether you have beene ere this, and what you are:
Withall; what I have beene, and what I am.
Rich. Poor Launces, did for you, a Father Warwicks,
I, and foreswore him [whic] I [pardon].
Q. M. Which God reuenge.
Rich. To fight on Edwards parte, for the Crowne,
And for his meede, poor Lord, he is amazed: I
Would to God my heart were flint, like Edwards
Or Edwards soft and pitiful, like mine.
I am too childishe foole for this World
Q. M. High time to helle for shame, & leave this World
Thou Catoedon, the thy Kingdome is.

Rich. My Lord of Glosters in those busie days,
Which here you rove to prove vs Enemies,
We follow'd them out, our Soueraigne King,
So should we you, if you should be our King.
Rich. If I should bee, I had rather bee a Pedlar,
Farre bee it from my heart, the thought thereof.
Q. M. As a little boy (my Lord,) as you suppose
You should enjoy were you this Countries King,
As a little boy you may suppose in me,
That I enjoy being the Queene thereof.
Q. M. A little joy enjoys the Queene thereof:
For I am free, and together all yeas,
I can no longer hold me patient.
Hear me, you weep and sigh, that fall out,
In fearing what you have lost from me.
Rich. If thou art Queene, thou knowest all.
Yet that by you depend, you quake like Rebels.
Ab gente Villaine, do not turn away,
Q. M. But repetition of what thou hast mad.
That will I make before I let thee go.
Rich. Woe thou not banished, on paine of death?
Q. M. I was, but I doe find more paine in banishment,
Then death can yeild me here by my abode.
A Husband and a Sonne thou owst to me,
And thou Kingdome, all of you, allegiance;
This Sorrow that I have, at right is yours,
And all the Pleasures you wrack, are mine.
Rich. The Curse my Noble Father layd on thee,
When thou didst borne his Warske Brown with Paper,
And why thee feared drew it Rivers from his eyes,
And then to dry them, gaue the Duke a Clear
Steepe'd in the fansticke blood of precipice Rutland:
His Curse then, from him emphaticke of Soule,
Denounced against thee, are all sailne upon thee:
And God, not we hast plag'd thy bloody deed.
Q. M. So last it God, to right the innocent.
Rich. O! was the封eliest deed to thy sake, Babe,
And the most merciful, that ever was heard of.
Rich. Thy tears then, they were wept when it was reported.
Q. M. No man but projected revenge for it.
Rich. Northumberland, then prevent, wept to see it.
Q. M. What were you thinking all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turne you all your hatred on me?
Rich. Yonder dead Curre greuelly too much with Heaten,
That Heaten death, my loudy Edwards death,
Their Kingdome set leve, my woeful Banishment,"
Should all but answer for that penifh Brit?
Can Curres pierce the Clouds, and enter Heaten?
Why then goe way d Clouds to my quick Curre?
Though not by Warre, by Surfel dye your King,
As ours by Murther, to make him a King.
Rich. Edward thy Sonne, that now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward our Sonne, that was Prince of Wales,
Dy in his youth, by like untrinple violence,
Thy selfs a Queene, for me that was a Queene,
Out-like thy glory, like my wretched felle:
Long may it shone line, to wayle thy Childrens death,
And see another, as I see thee now.
Driv'd in thy Rightes, as thou art told in mine.
Long dy thy happy days, before thy death,
And after many long enowres of griefe,
Dye neyther Mother, Wife, nor Englands Queene.
Rich. And Davy, ye were faders by,
And se wait thee, Lord Hasting, when my Sonne
Was stab'd with bloody Daggers, God, I pray thee,
That none of you may have his naturall ag.
Yet by some unlook'd accident cut off.
Q. M. And leave out thee thy Dog, for thy base recre.
If Heaven have any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding that I can with vp thee,
O let them keep thee, till thy times be ripe,
And then retire downe their indignation.
Rich. On thee, the troubler of the poore Worlds peace,
The Worne of Confidence felll beginn the Soule,
Thy Friends subcept for Traytors while thou liest it,
And take deep Traytors for thy dearest Friends:
No fleecy eyle that deadly eyle of slaine.
Violett it be while some tormenting Dreame
Affrights thee with a Hell of ougly Deuils.
Rich. Thou enuffis mark'd, aborning rosting Hogge,
Rich. Thou wast heard in thy naturall
The flame of Nature, and the Sonne of Hell:
Rich. Thy injuries thy beautey Mothers Wombe,
Rich. Thou losst all thy Father Lymes,
Rich. Thou Ragge of Honor, thou defeteed—
Rich. Margare,
Q. M. Richard.
Q. M. I call thee not.
Rich. I cry thee receffe then: for I did think,
Rich. That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.
Q. M. Why I did, but look'd for no reply.
Oh let me make the Period to my Curre.
Rich. This done by me, and ends in Margare.
Q. M. Thus have you breath'd your Curre against you self.
Q. M. Poor painted Queen, vain bound of my fortune,
Why thou gavest Sugar on that Boredt's Spider.
Whose deadly Web enthuse thee about?
Rich. Foolish fool, thou whate a Knife to kill thy selfe:
The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me.
To help thee curse this poynsonous Bunch-backd Toad,
Hath false biting Woman, and thy frantick Curre,
Lealt to thy hanse, thou move our patience.
Q. M. Thou false shame vpon you, you have all monddine
Rich. Were you well send'd, you was taught your dury.
Q. M. To ferue me well, you all should do me dut.
Teach me to be your Queene, and you my Subdicat.
Q. M. Foole, and teach thy feloves that dury.
Dav. Dire me me.
Q. M. Peace Master Marquess, you are misap.
Your fire-new flamme of Honor is scarce cuttist.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Enter Caraffy.

Caraff. Madam, his Majesty doth call for you,
And for your Grace, and yours my gracious Lord.

Qn. Caraffy. I come, Lords will you go with me.

Run. We wait upon your Grace.

Enter all but Clowffer.

Rich. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawle.
The secret Machiavel for that I set abroad,
I lay into the grattious charge of others.
Clarence, who I indeed have cast in darkness,
I do beweepe to many simple Gallyes,
Namely to Derby, Hastings, Buckingham,
And tell them 'tis the Queen, and her Allies,
The more the King and the Duke my Brother,
Now they believe it, and will boll when me
To be long'd on Rivers, Dunst, Gray.
But then I sigh, and wish a piece of Scripture,
Tell them that God bids vs do good for evil,
And thus I cloath my naked Villanie,
With odd old ends, whose forth of holy Writ,
And turn a Saint, when most I play the deaht.

Enter two marlowses.

But full, here come my Executioners,
How now my hardy host refused Mates,
Are you now going to dispatch this thing?

Mars. We are my Lord, and come to have the Warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.

Ent. Well thought upon, I have it heard upon me;
When you have done, repay me to Crusty place;
But first be odious in the execution,
Without doubt, do not hear him plesse;
For Clarence is well broken, and perhaps
May move your hearts to pity, if you marke him.

Ent. Turn out, my Lord, we will not stand to prate,
Talkers are no good doeres, be affir'd;
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Rush. Your eyes deep Mill-dones, when Foulee eyes fall Teares;
I like you Lad, about your businesse straight.
Go, go, dispatch.

Ent. We will my Noble Lord.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Clowffer and Keep.

Keph. Why lookes your Grace to heaven to day.
Cla. O, I have past a miserable night,
So full of fearest Dreams, of ugly lights,
That as I am a Christian faithfull man,
I would not spend another such a night.
Though toste to buy a world of happy dailes,
So full of dismal terror was the time.
Keph. What was your dream my Lord, I pray you tell me
Cla. Me thoughts that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to croste to Burgundy,
And in my company my Brother Clowffer,
Who from my Cabin rempied me to waiter,
Upon the Haches: Then we look'd toward England,
And cited up to thousand braunty times,
During the wars of Yorke and Lancaster
That had before vs. we pass'd along
Upon the glossy footing of the Hatches.
Me thought that Glouster stumbled; and in falling
Stroak'd me (that thought to stay him) on ear-bord,
Into the tumbling billows of the maine.
O Lord, how thought what paine it was to drowne,
With deadfull noise of water in mine ears,
What sights of gylde death within mine eyes.
Me thought I saw a thousand fearful wreckes:
A thousand men that Flies' now'd upon:
Wedges of Gold, great Anchors, heapes of Peale,
Indemnible Stones, vallwed jewels,
All scatred in the botomme of the maine,
Some lay in dead-mens Scutles, and in the holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in corners of eyes) reflexing Gemmes,
That wood the slimy botomme of the deepes,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scattered by.
Kep. Had you such legitme in the time of death
To gaze upon their secrets of the deepes?
Cla. Methought I had, and often did desire
To yeald the Ghost: but full the enmous Flood
Stop'd in my soule, and would not let it forth
To had the empyre, val and wand ring syres
But smother'd it within my poynting bulks,
Who almost burst, to belch in the Sea.
Kep. Awa'll you not in this fore Agony?
Cla. Nor, no, my Drame was lengthen'd after life.
O then, began the Tempell to my soule.
I paist (methought) the Melancholy Flood,
Wish that faste Ferry-man which Poets write of,
Vnto the King some of perpetuall Night.
The first that there did greet my Strangers-soule,
Was my great Father-in-Law, renowned Warwicke,
Who spake aloud: What scourge for Purtius,
Can this darke Monarchy affoord falle Clarence?
And so he vanish'd. Then came wand ring syres
A Shadow like an Angel with bright rayne
Dabbled in blood, and he flinck'd out aloud
Clarence is come, falle, falle, certen perill'd Clarence,
That fable me in the field at Tewkesbury:
Seize on him Furies, take him vnto Ternent.
With that (methought) the Legue of soule Friends
Inaction'd me, and bowled in mine cores
Such hiding crier, that with the very Noise,
(I trembling) wak'd, and for a season after,
Could not beleasce, but that I was in Hell,
Such terrible Impetion made my Drame.
Kep. No matterd Lord, though it affrighted you,
I am afraid (me thinkes) to heare you tell it.
Cla. Ah Keeper, Keeper, I have done these things
(That now) gie evidence against my soule.
Let Edwardes take, and see how he requists mee.
O God if my deeps prayers appease thee,
But thou wilt be angry on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone:
O spare my guiltie Wife, and my poor children.
Keep, I pray thee by me a while,
My soule is heavy, and I faine would sleepe.
Kep. I will my Lord, God giue your grace good retell.

Enter Brackenbury the Lieutenant.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

1. This is now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the Duke.
2. Take the duell in thine mind, and believe him not:
   He would instruct with thee, but that he would fight.
3. I am strong, and he cannot mistake with me.
4. Spoke like a tall man, that respects thy reputation.
5. Come, shall we fall to work?
6. Take him on the Cotter, with the blows of thy sword, and throw him into the Malmesley. But in the next room.
7. O excellent deceiver, and make a top of him.
8. Soft, he wakes.
10. No, we'll reason with him.
12. Thou shalt have Wine enough, my Lord, anon.
13. In God's name, what art thou then?
14. A man, as you are.
15. But not as I am Royal.
16. Not you as we are, Royal.
17. Thy voice is Thunder, but thy looks are humble.
18. My voice is now the King's, my looks mine own.
19. How darkly, and how deadly doth thou speak?
20. Your eyes do menace me; why look ye pale?
21. Who sent thee hither? Wherefore do you come?
22. To, to, to, C.]
23. To murder me?
24. Both, if.
25. C. You feares less have the strie to tell me so,
26. And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
27. Wherein my Friends have I offended you?
28. Offended vs you have not, but the King,
29. C. I shall be reconciled to him again.
30. Necessity, therefore prepare to dye.
31. Are you drawn forth among a world of men
32. To slay the innocents? What is my offence?
33. Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?
34. What lawfull Quest have given their Verdict up
35. Upon the frowning Judge? Or who prosecu'd
36. The bitter sentence of yore Cleaver's death,
37. Before I be comit by Court of Law?
38. To threaten me with death, is most unlawful.
39. I charge you, as you hope for any good,
40. That you depart, and lay no hands on me.
41. The deed you undertake is damnable.
42. What we will do, we do upon command.
43. And he that hath commanded, is our King.
44. Exonstous Vaxxus, the great King of Kings
45. Hath in the Table of his Law commanded
46. That thou shalt do no murder. Will you then
47. Spanne at his Edict, and fulfill a Man?
48. Take heed, for he holds Vengeance in his hand,
49. To hate upon their heads that break his Law,
50. And that same Vengeance doth he hate on thee,
51. For false Forfeiture, and for murder too:
52. Thou didst receive the Sacrament, to fight
53. In quarrel of the House of Lancaster,
54. And like a Traitor to the same God,
55. Didst brake that Vow, unit with thy treacherous blade.
56. Vindict the Bowels of thy Soul against Sonne.
57. Whom thou was't sworn to cherish and defend.
58. How canst thou venge God's dreadful Law on vs,
59. When thou hast brake it in such degree?
60. C. And for we whole fake did I that I'll decide?
61. For Edward, for my Brother, for his sake.
62. He sends you not to murder me for this:

For in that time, he is as deep as I.
If God will be avenged for the deed,
O know you yet, he hath it publicly.
Take not the quarrell from his powerfull arm,
He needs no indica, or leave of court.
To cut off those that have offended him.
Who made the treach, so bloody a murther?
When gallant springing brave Montague,
That Princely Notice was strucke dead by thee?
C. My Brothers love, the Duell, and my Rage.
1. Thy Brothers Love, our Duty, and thy Eagles,
2. Proud she's his brother now, no laughter thee.
3. C. If you doe lone my Brother, have not me:
4. I am his Brother, and I love him well.
5. If you are hye'd for meed, go bracke againe,
6. And I will send you to my Brother Glouster.
7. Who shall reward you better for my life,
8. Then Edward will for tydings of my death.
9. You are desir'd,
10. Your Brother Glouster hates you.
11. C. Oh no, he loves me, and he holds me deere.
12. Go you to him from me,
13. I do it well.
14. C. Tell him, when that our Princeley Father York,
15. Blest his three Sonnes with his Victorious Arm,
16. He little thought of this divided Friendship.
17. Bid Glouster think to thee, and he will wepe,
18. 10. Millifion, as he left them as he wepe.
19. C. O do not hinder him, for he is kind,
20. Right, as Snow in Harvest.
21. Come, you deceive your selfe,
22. This he sends vs to destroy you here.
23. C. It cannot be, for he beare not my Fortune,
24. And hang't me in his armes, and wore with blodes.
25. That he would libbe my deliverer,
26. Why so he doth, when he defies you
27. From this earths thredome, to the eyes of heaven.
28. Make peace with God, for you must die my Lord.
29. C. Have you that holy feeling in your spirit.
30. To consulate me to make my peace with God,
31. And are you yet to your owne foules to libme.
32. That you will warre with God, by misusing me.
33. O first consider, they that let you on
34. To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.
35. What shall we do?
36. C. Refuse, and save your foules.
37. Which of you, if you were a Prince, some,
38. Being pent from Liberty, as I am now,
39. If so much murderers as your flues came to you,
40. Would not intercet for life, as you would begge.
41. Were you in my distresse.
42. C. Reflect, all cowardly and weasels.
43. [C. Not to relese, is beastly, sinfull, odious.
44. My Friend, I gave some pity in thy time too,
45. O, if thine eye be nect Flatterer,
46. Come thou on my side, and intercete for me,
47. A begging Prince, what begger prates not.
48. Look behind you, my Lord.
49. Take that, and that if all this will not do, Stab him,
50. He diowne you in the Malmesley. But within.
51. A bloody deed, and dangerously dispatcht.
52. How faire (like Pilate) would I wash my hands.
53. Of this foul greuous murther.
54. C. And for we whole fake did I that I'll decide?
55. For Edward, for my Brother, for his sake.
56. He sends you not to murther me for this:
57. C. A. And so we whole fake did I that I'll decide?
Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter the King, the Queen, Lord Markeft, Dorset, Rivers, Hastings, Catesby, Buckingham, Wedderburn.

King. Why do you now hate that I have done a good day's work.

You Peers, continue this visit'd League:

1. Every day expect an Embleme
From your Redeemer, to redeem me hence.

And more to peace my soule shall part to heaven,
Since I have made my Friends at peace on earth.

Dorset, Rivers, take each of others hand,
In seeking not your hatred, Swear not your love,

As by heaven, my soul, I pur'd forth from grudging hate
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Dorset. So true, I am truly sworn the like.

King. Take heed you daily not before your King,
Left be the supreme King of Kings,
Command your hidden Giftwood, and award
Either of you to the others end.

Dorset. So prosper I, as I live in perfect love.

Ri. And I, I live Hastings with my heart.

King. Madam, you fede is not exempt from this:

Now you both Dorset, Buckingham, not you;
You have been faithful one against the other,
Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kill your hand,
And what you do, as it is unfeignedly.

Ri. There Hastings, I will never more remember
Our forsworn hatred, to turn to and mine.

Dorset. Dorset, embrace him.


Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest
Upon your part, shall be immovable.

Hast. And so to swear.

King. Now Princeley Buckingham, seals this league
With thy embracements to my sweete Allies,
And make me happy in your victory.

But. When ever Buckingham doth turne his hate
Upon your Grace, but with all dстрuctious love,
Doth cherish you, and yours, God punifh me
With hate in those where I expect most love,
When I have most need to employ a Friend,
And most affurted that is a Friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guilt,
Be he unto me: this do I beg of heaven,
When I am cold in love, to you, or yours.

Embrace.

King. A pleasing Cordial, Princeley Buckingham.

Is this thy vow, into my sickly heart:
There wasteth now our Brother Gloucester here,
To make the blessed period of this peace.

But. And in good time.

Here come sir Richard Ratcliff, and the Duke.

Enter Ratcliff, and Gloster.

Ratcliff. Good morrow to my Sovereign King & Queen
And Princeley Peers, a happy time of day.

King. Happy indeed, as we have seen the day.

Gloster. We have done deeds of Charity,
Made peace of enmity, false love of hate,
Between the two swelling wrong incensed Peers.

Ratcliff. A blessed labour my most Sovereign Lord.
Among this Princeley heape, if any here
By false intelligence, or wrong furmize,
Hold me a Peas. If I unwillingly, or in my rage,
Have ought committed that is hardly borne.
To any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his Friendly peace
'Tis death to me to be at enmity:
I hate it, and desire all good mens love,
First Madam, I intreate true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my dourous service.
Of you my Noble Coyin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us,
Of you and you, Lord Rivers and of Dorset,
That all without defer, I have sworn on you;
Of you Lord Wedderburn, and Lord Scalor of you
Duke, Earles, Lords, Gentlemen, indeed of all.
I do not know that Englishman alive,
With whom my soule is any jot at oddes.
More then the infant that is borne to night;
I thank my God for my Humility.

Que. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter:
I would to God all enmity were well compounded.
My Sovereign Lord, I do beseech your Highnesses
To take our Brother Clarence to your Grace.

Ratcliff. Why Madam, have I offered love for this,
To be so flourished in this Royal presence?
Who knows not that the gentle Duke is dead? They
You do him iniuly to secure his Courte.

King. Who knowes not he is dead?
Who knowes he is?

Que. Allseeing heauen, what a world is this?
But. Look ye, pale Lord Dorset, is the self?

Dor. I, my good Lord, and no man in the presence,
But his red colour hath forbode his cheeks.

King. Is Clarence dead? The Order was revell.

Ratcliff. But he (poore man) by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercury did bear:
Some tardy Cripple bare the Countermand,
That came too late to see him buried.

God grant, that some lefte Noble, and lefte Loyall,
Neere in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Defense not worse then wretched Clarence died,
And yet go civilly from Sulpishment.

Enter Earl of Derby.

Dor. A boome my Sovereign for the service done.

King. I presurbe peace, my soule is full of torrow.

Dor. I will not rife, unless your Highnesse hear us.

King. Then say at once, for it is thou requestes,

Que. The foresaid (Sovereign) of my seruants life,
Who flew to day a Riche Gentlemen,
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.

King. Have I a tongue to shew my Seruantes Death?
And that the same is written to a thame,
My Brother kill no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Who sued to you for him? Who (in my wrath) kneeld and my feet, and bid me be aduis'd? Who spoke of Bronte-brood who spake of loue? Who told me how the poore soule did forsake the mighty warlike, and did fight for me? Who told me in the field at Tewksbury, when Oxford had me downe, he eclipsed me? And said deare Brother lie, and be a King? Who told me, when we both fled in the field, Frosted (almost) to death, how he did lay me Eaten in his Girrafs, and did give him cause (All thin and naked) to the number cold night? All this from my Remembrance, brutifh wrath Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you! Had so much grace to put it in my minde. But when your Carters, or your waying Vassalls Have done a drunken Slaughter, and defaced the precious image of our deere Redecemer, Your sight are on your knees for Pardon, pardons, And I (misually too) must grant it you. But for my Brother, none a man would speake, Nor I (vagnerous) speake into my eare. 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 farse thy justice will take hold On me, and you: and mine, and yours for this.

Come Hapling help me to my Cledeter.
Ah poor Clarence. Except we have with King Queen. Rich. This is the fruits of salute: Marks you not, How that the guilty Kindred of the Queenes Lookd pale, when they did hear of Clauses death. Of they did rage it ill into the King, God will revenge it. Come Lords will you go, To comfort Edward with our company, 

Buc. We wait upon your Grace, 

Scena Secunda.

Enter the old Dunciell of Yorks, with the two children of Clauses.

Ediu. Good Grandam tell us our Father dead? 

Duciell. No Boy.


Boy. Why do you look on vs, and shake your head, And call us Orphans, Wretches, Cutaways, If that our Noble Father were saine? 

Dau. My pretty Cousins, you mislike me both, I do lament the sickneas of the King, Asloth to lose him, not your Fathers death: It were lost sorrow to waite one that's lost. 

Boy. Then you conclude, (my Grandam) he is dead? The King mine Vuckle is too blame for it. God will revenge it, whom I will importune With earnest prayers, all to that end.

Dau. And so will I. 

Dau. Peace children peace, the King doth love you wel. Incapable, and shallow Intricacy, You cannot gueffe who cant d your Fathers death. 

Boy. Grandam we care for my good Vuckle Gledeter, Told me, the King provok'd to it by the Queene, Deu'd implacaments to imprision him; And when e vuckle told me so, he wept, And pittted me, and kindly bid my cheaker: Bad me rely on him, as on my Father, And he would love me dearly as a childe. 

Dau. Ah! that Deceit should fleace such gentle shape, And with a veracious Air or hide deep vice. He is my name, I and therein my name, Yet from my dagger, he drew not this deceit. 

Boy. Think you my Vuckle did dissemble Grandam? 

Dau. A Boy. 

Boy. I cannot think it. Heark, what noise is this? 

Enter the Queen with her harle about her ears, 

Enter, &c. after her.

Qua. Ah! who shall hinder me to wail and weep? To clide my Fortune, and torment my Selfe. He saye with blacke dispaire against my Soule, And to my self, become an enemie. 

Dau. What means this scene of rude impiatence? 

Qua. To make an act of Tragical voyde. 

Edward my Lord, saye some, your King is dead. 

Why grow the Branches, when the Rose is gone? 

Why wherein the leaves that want their sap? 

If you will be, Lament: if dye, be breve, 

That our swift-winged Souls may catch the Kings, Or like obedient Subjects follow him, 

To his new Kingdome of nere-changing night, 

Dau. Ah! so much interest have in thy sorow, 

As I had Tidie in thy Noble Husband: 

I have not wept a worthy Husband's death, And lust with looking on his Images: 

But now two Mirrors of his Princeely semblance, Are crack'd in pieces, by malignant death, And I for comfort, have but one falfe Glasse, That greates me, when I see my frame in him. 

Thou art, a Widdow: ye shew art a Mother, 

And hast the comfort of thy Children left, But death hath snuff'd my Husband from mine Armes, 

And pluckt two Crucixes from my feeble hands, 

Clarence, and Edward, O, what caufe have I, 

(Thine being but a moisty of my moane) 

To over-go thy woes, and drowne thy cries. 

Boy. Ah! Auncle! you were not for our Fathers death: 

How can we sde you with our Kindred tears? 

Dau. Our fatherly grief was left wondrous, 

Your widdow-flyour, livestife be vswept. 

Qua. Give me no help in Lamentation, 

I am not barren to bring forth complaints: 

All Springs reduce their currents to mine eyes, 

That I being govern'd by the westerl Moone, 

May send forth plentiful tears to drowne the World. 

Ah, for my Husband, for my deere Lord Edward. 

Chit. Ah, for your Father, for your deere Lord Clarence. 

Dau. Alas for both, both mine Edward and Clarence. 

Qua. What lay had I but Edward, and he's gone? 

Chit. What lay had we but Carnto, and he's gone. 

Dau. What flayes had I but they went and they are gone. 

Qua. Was ever widdow had to deere a soffe. 

Chit. Were ever Orphans had to deere a soffe. 

Dau. Was ever Mother had to deere a soffe. 

Ah! the Mother of thee Greet, 

Their woe are past, woe, mine is general, 

She for an Edward weeps, and so do I.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Enter Buckingham, and Richard,

Bar. My Lord, who euer louers to the Prince,
For God sake let not vs two day at homr:
For by the way, he lost occasion,
As I do the story we late talke d'of,
To stay the Queenes proud Kindred from the Prince.
Rich. My brother fells, my Counteine Consittory,
My Olese, my Prophet, my deete Cofin,
As a child, will go by cdy direction,
Toward London then for we'll not stay behinde.

Enter.

Scene Tertia.

Enter, one Citizen at one dore, and another at the other.

1 Cst. Good morrow Neighbour, whether away st fall?

2 Cst. I promis you, I fearely know my selfe:

Hearre you the newses abroad?

1. Yes, but the King is dead.

2. All newses by fall, welcome comes the better:

I feare, I feare, 'twill prove a giudicy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3. Neighbours, God speed.

1. Give you good morrow Sir.

2. Both the newses hold of good King Edward's death?

1. Yes, it is too true, God helpe the while.

2. Then Matters look to see a troublous world.

1. No, by Gods good graces, his Son shall reigne.

2. Wee to that Land that's govern'd by a Childe,

1. In him there is a hope of Government,

2. Which in his monage, counsell render him,

1. And in his full and ripened years, himselfe

2. No doubt shall then, and till then govern well.

1. So fould the State, when Henry the first

2. Was crown'd in Paris, but at nine months old.

1. Stood the State for No, no good friends, God was not

2. For then this Land was famously enrich'd.

1. With politike graces Counteine, then the King

2. Had virtuous Vnles to propish his Grace.

1. Why so fould this, both by his Father and Mother,

2. Better it were they all came by his Father:

1. Or by his Father there were none at all:

2. For Eulation, who shall now be necerf,

1. Will touch vs all more, if God prevent not.

2. O full of danger is the Duke of Gloucester,

1. And the Queenes Son, and Brothers, bought and profand:

2. And were thpy to be rule'd, and not to rule,

This fickly Land, might so lase as before.

1. Come, come, we feare the storme: all will be well.

2. When Clouds are seen, sithem put on their clothes;

1. When great Lesters fall, then Winter is hand;

2. When the Sun sets, who do not looke for night?

1. Vntilly stormes makes men petrify Death:

2. All may be well; but if God for to is,

1. 'Tis more then we desire, or I expect.

2. Truly, the hearts of men are full of feartes

1. You cannot reason (almost) with a man,

2. That looks not happily, and full of frett.

3. Before the dayes of Change, still is it so,

1. By a divine infall, mens minds mutrit.

2. Enfuing.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Pursuing danger, as by proofs we see
The Waverly before a boy's rous'd flame:
But leave it all to God. Whither away?
3 Marry we were sent for to the suff'rs,
3 And to was k. He bear thee company.

Scene Quarta.

Enter Arch-bishop, young York, the Queen, and the Duke of Burgoyne.

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.
But long with all my heart to see the Prince;
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.
But I am sorry, they say my son of York's
Is under the Duke of Buckingham's hand.

York. I would not have it so.

Arch. Why my good cousin, it is good to grow.

My Vike River talk'd how I did grow,
More than my brother. I quoth my Vike Gloucer,
Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow in space,
And since he thinks I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are love, and weeds make hate.

Farewell. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did oblige the same to thee.
He was the wretchedest thing when he was young,
So long a growing, and so long to bear.
That if his rule were true, he should be gracious.
And for no doubt he is my gracious Madam.

Arch. I hope he is, but yet let Mothers doubt.

Qu. Now by my troth, if I had been remember'd,
I could have given my Vikeles Grace a flower,
To touch his growth, nearer then he touch mine.

Arch. How my young Yorks,
I pr'ythee let me hear it.

Qu. Marry (they say), my Vikeles grew so fast,
That he could grow a bush in two hours old,
'Twas full two yeares ere I could get a touch.

Grandam, this would have been a bying left.

Arch. I pr'ythee pretty Yorks, who told thee this?

Qu. Grandam, his Nurse.

Arch. His Nurse? why she was dead ere I was born.

Qu. If she were not, I cannot tell who told me.

Arch. A parlous boy; go you too, are you so tiresome?

Qu. Good Madam, be not angry with the Child.

Qu. Pluckers have cares.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Heere comes a Messanger, What news now?

Mess. Such news as my Lord, do present it to me report.

Qu. How standeth the Prince?

Arch. Well Madam, and in health.

Qu. What is this news?

Mess. Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey,
Are sent to Pomfret, and with them,
Sir Thomas Vaughan, Palfoners.

Arch. Who hath committed them?

Mess. The mighty Duke, Gloucer and Buckingham.

Arch. For what offence?

Mess. The summary of all I am, I have disclose.

Qu. Why, or for what, the Nobles were commit'ted,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious Lord.

Arch. Ay me! I see the price of my house;
The Tyger now hath left the gentle found
Inflicting tithe to just

Upon the innocent and wise, the throne:
Welcome Deception, blood, and massacre,
Yee are as in a Map the end of all.

Here. Accursed, and veng'th wrangling days,
How many of you have mine eyes behold?
My Husband left his life, to get the crown,
And often up and down my lines were lost
For me to joy, and weep, their pain and laffe,
And being feast'd, and Dommisick broyle's
Clean out my house, they fill she the conquerors,
Make warre upon them, fill, brother to brother;
Blood to blood, self against self: Preposterous
And franticke outrage, and thy damned fiend
Or let me dye, to looke on earth no more.

Qu. Come, come my Boy, we will to Sanctuary.

Arch. Much mirth well.

Qu. Stay, I will go with you.

Qu. You have no cause.

Arch. My gracious Lady go,
And thereto bear your Treasure and your Goods;
For my part, I resign unto your Grace
The Scale I keep'd, and to absolute me,
As well I render you, and all of yours.

Arch. Lie conduct you to the Sanctuary.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius, Scena Prima.

The Trumpets sound.

Enter the Duke, the Duke of Gloucester, and Buckingham,

Buck. Welcome Prince to London,

Duke. Welcome Prince, to your Chamber.

Rich. Welcome dores Cousin, my thoughts Souverain,

The weary way hath made me melancholy.

Prin. No Vikeles, but our eaves on the way.

Duke. I make it tedious, wearisome, and base.

Rich. I want more Vikeles here to welcome me.

Duke. Sweet Prince, the entitined venue of your years

Hath not yet dis'd into the Worlds deceits:

Qu. No more can you delighting a man,

Then of his outward shew, which God he knowes,

Seldome or never impeth with the heart.

Rich. Vikeles which you want, were dangourous:

Qu. Your Grace attended to their Soured words,

Duke. But look'd not on the payson of their hearts:

Rich. God keepes you from them, and from such false Friends,

Prin. God keepes me from false Friends.

Rich. But they were none,

Prin. My Lord, the Maior of London comes to greet you.

Enter Lord Maior.

Lord Maior. God blest your Grace, with health and happest days.

Prin. I thank you, good my Lord, and thank you all;
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

I thought my Mother, and my Brother York,
Would long ere this, have met us on the way,
And, what a sight is Hastings, that he comes not
To tell us, whether they will come, or no.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Bird: And in good time, here comes the sweating Lord.

Prince: Welcome, my Lord: what will our Mother come?

Hast: On what occasion God he knowes, nor I;
The Queene your Mother, and your Brother York,
Have taken Sanctuary: The tender Prince
Would faine have come with me, to meet your Grace,
But by his Mother was perforce withheld.

Bird: Fie, what an indirect and peevish courtie
Is this of hers? Lord Cardinal, will your Grace
Perceive the Queen, to send the Duke of York
Veto his Principly Brother preferrely?
If the denies, Lord Hastings goe with him,
And from her seales Armes pluck him perforce.

Card: My Lord of Buckingham, as my weekes Oratorie
Can from his Mother winne the Duke of York,
Anon expresse here that, but if it be obstinate,
To make his entreatyes, God forbid;
We should infringe the holy Priviledge
Of blesst Sanctuary: not for all this Land,
Would I be guilty of so great a blame.

Bird: You are too licences to obtaine, my Lord,
Too commumonious, and traditional,
Weigh it but with the frowndesse of this Age,
You breake not Sanctuary, in satisfying him:
The benefit thereof is always granted.
To those, whose dealings have defend the place,
And those who have the wit to chyme the place:
This Prince hath not yeelded it, nor defended it,
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot haue it.
Then taking him from thence, that is not there,
You breake no Priviledge, nor Charter there:
Or haue I heard of Sanctuary men,
But Sanctuary children, were till now.

Card: My Lord, you shall here tune my mind for once.
Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me?

Hast: I goe, my Lord. Even Cardwel and Hastings.

Prince: Good Lords, make all the speeche you may.
Say, Vackle, Gloucester, if our Brother come,
Where shall we solose, till our Coronation?

Gloucester: Where it think I be rest, in your Royall felle.
If I may consule you, some day or two
Your Highness shall repose you at the Tower:
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health, and recreation.

Prince: I do not like the Tower, of any place:
Did Inigo Caffor build that place, my Lord?

Bird: He did, my gracious Lord, in that place,
Which since, exceeding Ages have re-cullifyd.

Prince: Is it vnperceiv'd, or else reported
Succesfully from age to age, he built it?

Bird: Vpon record, my gracious Lord.

Prince: But say, my Lord, were not registred,
Methinks the truth should live from age to age,
As two were restly, to all posteritie.
Even to the generall ending day.

Gloucester: So wise, so young, they say doe never liue long.

Prince: What say you, Vackle?
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Enter. What, will you goe into the Tower, my Lord? Prince. My Lord Protecor will have it so.

Enter. I shall not sleepe in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, what should you fear?

Enter. Marry, my Vunkles Clarence angry Ghosts.

My Grandam told me he was murdered there.

Prince. I fear no Vunkles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. And if they live, I hope I need not fear.

But come my Lord: and with a sooner heart,

Thinking on thee, goe into the Tower.

A Servant. Extant Prince, Turke, Hastings, and Dorset.

Masst Richard, Buckingham, and Catesby.

Buck. Thinke you, my Lord, this little prating Turke

Was not incensed by his sable Mother;

To taunt and scorn you thou approeplierly?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt; On his a perrillous Bay

Bold, quicke, ingenious forward, capable;

He is the all the Mothers, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them reft; Come hither Catesby,

Thou art (as one as deeply to rifed what we intend;

As closely to conceal what we impart;

Thou knoweft our reasons very well the way.

What think’st thou? it is not an easie matter,

To make William Lord Hastings of our minde.

For the intimation of this Noble Duke

In the State Royall of this famous life.

Cates. He feareth his fathers face, which

That he will not be wont to ope against him.

Buck. What think’st thou then of Stanley? Will

not he?

Cates. He will doe all in all as Hastings doth.

Buck. Well, thinke no more but this;

Goe gentle Catesby, and as it were faire off,

Sound thou Lord Hastings,

How he doth fland affected to our purpose,

And admonish him to Morrow to the Tower,

To fit about the Coronation.

If thou doe finde him tractable to vs,

Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:

If he be leade, yea, cold, and unwilling,

Be thou too, and doo brake off the talk,

And give vs notice of his inclination;

For we to Morrow hold divident Councils,

Wherein thy tale of this business be employ’d.

Rich. Command me to Lord William; tell him Catesby,

His asent Knot of dangerous Adversaries

To Morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle,

And bid my Lord, for joy of this good newes,

Give Richardffesse Blone one gentle Kisse the more.

Buck. Good Catesby, goo effec this business foundy,

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 Crostly Howle, there shall you find vs both.

Exit Catesby.

Buck. Now, my Lord,

What shall we doe, if wee 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 Earlhood of Hereford, and all the mounsables

Whereof the King my Brother, was possessef.

Buck. He clayme that promis at your Graces hand.

Rich. And look to have it yielded with all kindnesse.

Come, let vs suppe betimes, that afterwards

Wee may digge our compotts in some forme.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter a Messenger to the Doore of Hastings.

Mess. My Lord, my Lord.

Hast. Who knockes?

Mess. One from the Lord Stanley.

Hast. What is ’t?

Mess. Upon the stroke of foure.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Cannot my Lord Stanley sleepe these tedious

Nights?

Mess. So it appeares, by that I have to say:

First, he commendes him to your Noble selfe.

Hast. What then?

Mess. Then certifies your Lordship, that this Night

He dreames, the Bore had rafed off his Helmet;

Besides, he layes there are two Councils kept;

And that may be determined at the one,

Which may make you and him to me at th’ other.

Therefore he tendes to know your Lordships pleasure,

If you will presently take Horse with him,

And with all speed posst with him toward the North,

To save the danger that his Soul doth

Hast. Goe fellow, goe, returne unto thy Lord,

Bid him not feare the seperated Councils;

His Honor and his selfe are at the one,

And at the other, is my good friend Catesby;

Where nothing can proceed, that toucheth vs,

Whereof I shall not have intelligence;

Tell him his Fences are shallow, without Inclinaunce,

And for his Dreams, I wonder he’s so simple,

To trust the mockery of vnquiet trumbles.

To flye the Bore, before the Bore pursues,

Were to incend the Bore to follow us,

And make perfuit, where he did mean no chace,

Goe, bid thy Master rise, and come to me,

And we will both together to the Tower,

Where he shall see the Bore will vse vs kindly.

Mess. Ile goe, my Lord, and tell him what you say.

Exit.

Exit Catesby.

Cates. Many good morrowes to my Noble Lord,

Hast. Good morrow Catesby, you are early ruing;

What newes, what newes, in this out tocking State?

Cates. It is a rolling World indeed, my Lord;

And I believe will never stand upright,

Till Richard were the Garland of the Realme.

Hast. How wear the Garland?

Dooth thou meane the Crowne?

Cates. I say good Lord,

Hast. He haue this Crowne of mine cut off my shoulders,

Before Hee see the Crowne so foule misplac’d;

But canst thou guess, that he doth ayme at it?

Cates. I.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Cats. Let me live, and hope to find you forward,
Upon his partie, for the gaine thereof:
And thereupon he sends you this good newes,
That this same very day your enemies,
The Kindred of the Queene, must dye at Pomfret.

Hoff. Indeed I am no mouner for that newes,
Because they have beene fill my adversaries:
But that I giue my voice on Richards side,
To barre my Maters Heires in true Dicent,
God knowes I will not doe it, to the death.

Cats. God keepe your Lordship in that gracious
minde.

Hoff. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,
That they which brought me in my Maters hatre,
I live to looke upon theirs Tragedie.

Cats. Cecilly, see a fort-night make me older,
I will send some packing, that yet think not on't.

Cats. 'Tis a victing thing to dye, my gracious Lord,
When men are vnprettierd, and looke not for it.

Hoff. A monstruous monstrous world, and alls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and so twill doe
With some men else, that thinke themselves as safe
As thou and I, who (as thou knowest) are dese.

To Princely Richard, and to Buckingham.

Cats. The Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his Head upon the Bridge.

Hoff. I know they doe, and I have well deserv'd it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Come on, come on, where is your Boshapeare man?
Fear you the Bosh, and goe to uprised?

Stan. My Lord good morrow, good morrow, Cecillys
You may leaft, but by the holy Roold,
I do not like these severall Councils, I.

Hoff. My Lord, I hold my Life as deare as yours,
And never in my days, doe I protest,
Was it so precious to meas us now:
Think you, but that I know our Caste secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

Sir. The Lords at Pomfret, where they rode from London,
Were incontinunt, and suppos'd their states were sure,
And they indeed had no cause to unhope:
But yet you fee, how soone the Day doth call,
This wild Princke's back of Rancour I misdoubt,

Pray God (I say) I prone a needlesse Coward.
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.
Hoff. Come, come, come, in face with you:

Wor you what, my Lord,
To dry the Lords you talke of, are behaunded,
Sir. They, for their truth, might better wear their Heads,
Then faine that have accur'd them, wear their Hats,
But come, my Lord, let's away.

Enter a Pensioner.

Hoff. Go on before, he talke with this good fellow.
Exit Lord Stanley, and Cecillys.

How now, Sirrah? how goes the World with thee?
Pow. The better, that your Lordship please to ask.
Hoff. I tell thee man, 'tis better with me now,
Then when thou mett me last, where now we meet?
Then was I going Prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the Quenes Alles,
But now I tell thee (keepes it thy selfe)
This day those Enemies are put to death,

And I in better state, then e'er I was.

Purf. God hold it, to your Honors good content.

Graicerie fellow: there, thinke that for me.

Throwes him his Purfes.

Purf. I thank your Honors. Exit Pensioner.

Enter a Priest.

Priest. W砾 ther, me, my Lord, I am glad to see your Ho-

Hoff. I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my heart,
I am in your debt, for this last Exercise:
Come the next Sabbeth, and I will content you.

Priest. Ile wait upon your Lordship.

Enter Buckingham.

Buc. What, talking with a Priest, Lord Chamberlaine?
Your friends at Pomfret, doe need the Priest,
Your Honor's hath no firme worke in hand.

Hoff. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talke of, came into my minde,
What goe you toward the Tower?

Buc. I doe, my Lord, but long I cannot stay there.
I shall returne before your Lordship, thence.

Hoff. Now is the time enough, for I stay Dinner there.

Buc. And Supper too, although thou knowest it is not,
Come, will you goe?

Hoff. Ile wait upon your Lordship.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliife,with Halberds,carrying
the Nobles to death at Pomfret.

Riters. Sir Richard Ratcliife, let me tell thee this,
To day shalt thou behold a S. beshied die,
For Trith, for Dutie, and for Loyaltie.

Gra. God bleffe the Prince from all the Pack of you,
And every one is of, damned Blood-luckers.

Vaugh. You live, that shall cry woes for this here-
afier.

Riters. Dispatch, the life of your Lives is out.

Riters. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody Prison!
Fattall and ominous to Noble Peres:
Within the guardie Cloister of thy Walls,
And for more sander to thy demall Diet,
Wee give to thee our gullite blood to drink.

Gra. Now Margate Carle is faire upon our Heads:
When shee exclaim'd on Halings, you, and I,
For Handling, by when Richard stab'd her Sonne.
Riters. Then cut'sd he Richard,
Then cut'sd he Buckingham.

Riters. Then cut'sd thee Halings. Oh remember God,
To hearhe her prayer for them, as now for vs;
And for my Sifter, and her Princely Sonnes,
Be satisfied, shee God, with our true blood,
Which, as thou knowest, instinctly must be spilt.
Riters. Make haste, the hour of death is expir'd.

Riters. Come Grey, come Vaughan, let vs hare embrace.
Farewell, untill we meet againe in Heaunts.

Exit. Scena.
Enter Buckingham, Darby, Hasting, Bishop of Ely, Norfolk, Ratscliffe, Long, with others, at a Table.

HufT. Now, noble Persons, the case why we are met, Is to determine of the Coronation: In God's name speak, when is the Royall day? 
Back. It is all things ready for the Royall time. 
Dar. It is, and wants but narration. 
Ely. To morrow then I judge a happy day. 
Back. Who knows the Lord Protector's mind herein? 
Wlio is most inward with the Noble Duke? 
Ely. Your Grace, we think, should foremost know his mind. 
Back. We know each other's place: for our hearts, 
He knows no more of mine, than I of yours, 
Or I of his, any word of mine. 
Lord Hasting, you and he are eare in four. 
HufT. I thank his Grace, I know he loves me well: 
But for his purpose in the Coronation, 
I have not binded him, nor he defined it. 
His gracious pleasure any way therein: 
But you, my Honorable Lords, may name the time, 
And in the Duke beheale he give my Voice, 
Which I presume he'll take in genial part.

Enter Gloucester.

Ely. In happy time here comes the Duke himselfe. 
Rich. My Noble Lords, and Counsellors all, good morrow; 
I have been long a sleeper: but I thank you, 
My absence hath negled all great designe, 
Which by your presence might have been concluded. 
Back. Had you not come upon your O. my Lord, 
pracion, Lord Hasting had pronounced your parts; 
I mean your Voice, for Crowning of the King. 
Rich. Then my Lord Hasting, no man may he bold on, 
His Lordship knows me well, and loves me well, 
My Lord of Bly, when I was last in Halborne, 
I saw good Strawberries in your Garden there, 
I desire you, sir, for some of them. 
Ely. Mary and will, my Lord, with all my heart.

Exit Bishop.

Ely. Count of Buckingham, a word with you, 
Catskill hath founded Hasting in our business, 
And finds the title Gentleman for him. 
That he will lose his head, are give content. 
His Masters Child, was worshipfully be tamely, 
Shall lose the Royaltie of England's Throne. 
Back. Withdraw yourself, a while, Ilee you see this. 

Extinet.

Dar. We have not yet set downe this day of Triumph: 
To morrow, in my judgement, is too sudden, 
For I my selfe am not to well provided, 
As else I would be, 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. 
H. His Grace looks chearfully & smooth this morning,

There's some conceit or other lies him well, 
When that he bids good morrow with such spirit. 
I think there's never a man in Contendome 
Can suffer his heart or hate, then here, 
For by his face straight shall you know his Heart. 
Dar. What of his Heart receive you in his face? 
By any likelihood he shew d to day? 
Ely. May, that with no man here he is offend'd, 
For were he, he had shew me it in his Looker.

Enter Richard, and Buckingham.

Rich. I pray you all, tell me what they desire, 
That doe conur your death with diuellish plots, 
Of damned Witches, and that have promis'd, 
Upon my Body with their Hells fruits charm. 
HufT. The tender love I bear your Grace, my Lord, 
Makes me much forward, in this Princess presence, 
To doone this Officer, who soe they be: 
I say, my Lord, they have defended death. 
Rich. Then be ye eyes the witherfull of their guilt, 
Look how I am bewitch'd: behold mine Arme, 
Is like a blasted Sapling, wither'd vp: 
And this is Edward's Wife, that monstrous Witch, 
Contagion with that Harlot, Strunmpet she, 
That by their Witchcraft this has made me be, 
HufT. If they have done this deed, my Noble Lord. 
Rich. If thou dost not this, I'll take this damned Strunmpet, 
Talk to her to me of his: thus unto a Traytor, 
Off with his Head, now by Saint Paul I swear, 
I will not dine, untill I see the same. 

Louv. and Ratscliffe, look that it be done: 

Exeunt. 
The rest that love me, rise, and follow me.

Enter Louv and Ratscliffe, with the Lord Hastings.

HufT. Woe, woe for England, and a wh fare for me, 
For I, too fond, might have prevented this: 
Stanley did dreamt, the bore did rowde our Halls, 
And I did goe in, and did dare to lye: 
Three times to day my Foote-Cloth, Horse did stumble, 
And threate, when he look'd upon the Tower, 
As los'd to bear me to the slaughter-house. 
O now I need the Priest, that pale to me: 
I now repent I told the Purstitues, 
As too triumphing, now mine Enemies 
To day at Pomfret bloody were butcherr'd, 
And I my selfe secure, in grace and favour. 
On Margaret, Marchant, now thy heaine Confe 
Is lighted, on punke Hasting, wretched Huns. 
Rats. Come, come, dispatch, the Duke would be at dinner, 
Make a short shift, he longs to see you Hearst. 
HufT. O momentarie grace of mortall men, 
Which we more hunt for, then the grace of God! 
Who builds his hope in any for your good Looks, 
Liere like a drunke, Syder on a Maff, 
Readie with entry Ned to tumble downe, 
Into the falling Bowels of the Depe.

Low. Come, come, dispatch, its bootless to exclaim. 
Hunting, O bloody Richarcl, infamous England, 
I propheticke the forefall it time to die, 
That rues wretched, Age hath look'd upon, 
Come, lead me to the Block, bear me my Head, 
They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.

Exeunt.
Enter Richard and Buckingham, in open Armour, with red cloak.

Richard. Come, cousin,
Cast thou a glance, and change thy colour,
Match thy breath in middle of a word,
And then again begin, and say again,
As if thou wert distressed, and mad with terror.

Buck. To me, I can counterfeit the deep Tragedian,
Speak, and look back, and prie on every side,
Tremble and shake at wagging of a Straw:
Intending deep suspicion, glossy looks,
Are at my service, like entertained Smiles;
And both on us they do in their Offices.
At any time to grace my Stratagems.

But what is Catesby gone?

Reh. He is, and he brings the Major along.

Enter the Major, and Catesby.

Buck. Lord Major.

Reh. Look to the Draw-bridge there.

Buck. Heartke, a Drumme.

Richard. Catesby, re-look out the Walls.

Buck. Lord Major, the reason we have sent.

Reh. Catesby, look back, defend thee, here are Enemies.

Buck. God and our Innocence defend, and guard us.

Enter Lovell and Ralegh, with Hastings Head.

Richard. Be patient, they are friends. Ralegh, and Lovell.

Lovell. Here is the Head of that ignoble Traitor,
The dangerous and repugnantly Hastings.

Richard. So dear I lost the man, that I must weep:
I took him for the just and harmless Creature,
That breath'd upon the Earth, a Christian.
Made him my Son, wherein my Soul recorded
The History of all her former thoughts.
So smooth he was, he dared his Vice with flow of Virtue,
That his apparent open Guilt omitted,
I mean, his Conversation with Bess's Wife,
He load'd from all around with suspicions.

Buck. Well, well, he was the courteous faithful Traitor That was lus'd.
Would you imagine, or almost believe,
Were not, by great pretension
We lie to tell it, that the sober Traitor
This day had plott'd, in the Council-House,
To murder me, and my good Lord of Glastonbury.

Major. Had he done so?

Buck. Who think'st you we are Turks, or Infidels?
Or that we would, against the forms of Law,
Proceed with rashness in the Villains death,
But that the extreme peril of the cause,
The Peace of England, and our Persons safety,
Enforced us to this Execution,

Lorson. Now fare well, you, befriend his death,
And your good Grace's hour well proceed,
To warn false Traitors from the like Attempts.

Buck. I never look'd for better at his hands:
After he once fell in with Mistletoe Shone:
Yet had we not determin'd he should die,
Voril your Lordship came to see his end,
Which now the loving bate of these our friends,
Something against our meaning, have prevented.
Because my Lord, I would have had you hear'd
The Traitor speaks, and temporally confesse
The manner and the purpose of his Tretions:

That you might well have sign'd the same
Vnto the Citizens, who ha'ly may
Miserer vs in him, and waylie his death,

Reh. But my good Lord, your Grace's words had some
As well as I had, and heard him speake:
And does not show might Noble Princes both,
But live accordance our dutiful Citizens
With their illuminating proceeding's in this case.

Reh. And to that end we wish'd your Lordship here,
Tyndal the Centurie of the Carping World,
Buck. Which fires me so come too late of our interest,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend:
And so, my good Lord Major, we did swall.

Exit Major.

Richard. Go hence, after, cousin Buckingham.

The Major towards Guild-Hall hies him in all post:
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Inferre the Bastard's of Edward's Children:
Tell them how Edward put to death a Citizen,
Oxley for saying, he would make his Sonne
Heire to the Crowne, meaning indeed his House,
Which, by the Sign thereof, was seared so,
Moreover, urge his hatefull Lusurie,
And beauteous appellation in change of Life,
Which were cut off in their Seymer, Daughters, Wives,
Even where his rageing eye, or likewise heart,
Without control, suffed to make a prey.
Nay, for a need, this fare some noone of my Person:
Tell them, when the my Mother went with Child
Of that informer Edward; Noble Turke,
My Prince's Father, then had Wares in France,
And by true computation of the time,
Found, that the fale was not his begot:
Which well appeared in his Lamentation,
Being nothing like the Noble Duke, my Father:
Yet touch this sparingly, as I were farre off.

Buck. Where does my Lord you know my Mother huses.

Richard. Dost know, my Lord, he play the Orator,
As if the Golden Axe, for which I ples'd,
Went for my selfe: and so, my Lord, seize.

Richard. If ye thrive well, bring them to Baynard's Castle,
Where you shall finde me well accompany'd
With reverend Fathers, and well-trained Bishops.

Buck. I goe, and towards three or four a Clocks,
Look the Newes that the Guild-Hall affordeth.

Exit Buckingham.

Richard. Go to Lovell with all speed to Doctor Shrew,
Goe to th'o Fryer Peake, bid them both
Meet me within this hour at Baynard's Castle.

Exit. Now will I goe to take some quiet order
To draw the Bane of Clarence out of sight,
And to give order, that no manner person
Have any time recource into the Princes.

Enter a Strainer.

Sir. Here is the Inducement of the good Lord Hastings,
Which in a just hand fairly is engross'd,
That it may be to day read o're in Poets.
And make how well the sequel hangs together:
Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,
For yet the night by Catesby was it first one.
The Proceedence was full as long a solg:
And yet within the fewe hours Hastings liv'd,
Unsuffiz'd; we examined, he's lost, and Liberte.
Here's a good World the whiles;
Who is so grooze, that cannot see this palpable desitie?
Enter Catesby.

Buck. Now Catesby, what sayes your Grace to my request?

Catesby. He doth entreat your Grace, my Noble Lord, To visit him to morrow, or next day: He is within, with two right reverend Fathers, Dismayly went to Meditacion, And in no worldly faires would he be mou’d, To draw him from his holy Exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious Duke, Tell him, my selfe, the Miser and Aldermen, In deepes despaine, in matter of great moment, No little importing that our general good, Are come to have some conference with his Grace.

Catesby. I signify the most unto him straight. Exit.

Buck. Ah ha, my Lord, this Prince is not an Edward, He is not falling on a slyed Love-Bed, But on his Knees, at Meditacion: Not dallying with a Grace of Curriers, But meditating with two deeps Dinners: Not sleeping, to engraft his idle body, But praying, to enrich his watchful Soul. Happy were England, would this virtuous Prince Take on his Grace the Souvenir of thereof, But sure I fear we shall not winne him to it.

Miser. Marry God defend his Grace should say us nay.

Buck. I fear he will: here Catesby comes again.

Enter Catesby.

Buck. Now Catesby, what sayes his Grace?

Catesby. He wondereth to what end you have assembled Such troopes of Citizens, to come to him, His Grace not being war’d thereof before; He ferret, my Lord, you meane no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am, my Noble Cousin should Suspect me, that I meane no good to him: By Heaven, we come to him in perfite love, And so once more returne, and tell his Grace. Exit.

When holy and devout Religious men Are at their Beasdes, its much to draw them thence, So sweet is zealous Contemplation.

Enter Richard selfe, between two Bishops.

Miser. See where his Grace standes, twane two Clergie men.

Buck. Two Props of Vertue, for a Christian Prince, To stay him from the fall of Vanitie: And see a Booke of Prayer in his hand, True Ornaments to know a holy man, Famous Plantagenet, most gracious Prince, Lend favourable care to our requests, And pardon vs the interruption Of thy Devotion, and right Christian Zeale.

Buck. My Lord, there needs no such Apologie: I doe beseech your Grace to pardon me, Who errest in the servise of my God, Defend’d the visitation of my friends. But leaving this, what is your Graces pleasure?

Buck. Even that, I hope which pleaseth God above, And all good men, of this vngovern’d Isle.

Buck. I doe suppose I have done some offence, That seemes disgraucius in the Cities eye, And that you come to reprehend my ignorance,
Enter the Queen, Anne Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess of York, and Margarette Dorset.

Enter York. Who meets us here?
My Niece Plantagenet,
Led in the hand of her kind Aunt of Gloster?
Now, for my Life, she's wending to the Tower,
On pure hearts loose, to greet the tender Prince.
Daughter, well met.

The Queen. God speed our Graces both, a happy
And a solemn time of day.

Q. As much to you, good Sisters, whither away?

Ans. No farther than the Tower, and as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as your sisters,
To gratulate the gentle Princes there.

Q. Kind Sister thanks, we'll 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?

Lieu. Right well, please Madame; by your postnatur,
I may not suffer you to visit them.

The Queen. The King hath stiffer charg'd the contrary.

Q. The King? who's that?

Lieu. I mean, the Lord Protector.

Q. The Lord protect him from that Kingsly Title.

Lieu. He be for bound between to their love, and me.
I am their Mother, who shall barre me from them?

Duch. York. I am their Fathers Mother, I will see them.

Ans. Their Aunt I am in law, in love their Mother:
Then bring me to their Muses. He beare thy blame,
And take thy Office from thee, on my peril.

Lieu. No, Madame, no; I may not leave it so;
I am bound by Oath, and therefore pardon me.

Enter Stanley.

Stanley. Let me but meet you Ladies one howre hence,
And he shewe your Grace of York as Mother,
And recurred looket of two faire Queens.
Come Madame, you must fastige to Welfinster,
There to be crown'd Richards Royall Queen.

Q. Ah, my Lady provinces,
That my proud heart may have some scope to bee,
Or else I twoise with this dead-killing newes.

Ans. Delightfull tidings, O pleasing news.

Dar. Be so of cheere: Mother, how fares your Grace?

Q. O Darby, speak not to me, get thee gone,
Death and Destruction dogget thee at thy heels,
Thy Mother's Name is ominous to Children.

Stanley. Full of wise care, is this your conclave, Madame;
Take all the snares advantage of the howres;
You shall have Letters from me to my Sonne,
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
Be not to's tardy by your wise delay.

Duch. York. O ill dispersing Windes of Miserie,
O my secured Womb, the Bed of Death:
A Cockatrice hath thou hatch't to the World,
Whose vex'd eye is murderious,

Stanley. Come, Madame, come, I in all haste was sent.

Ans. I and with all unwilling grieve will goe.

O would to God, that the inclinable Verge
Of Golden Metall, that must round my bow.
Were red hot Steel, to sease me to the Braunes,
Anon they lett me be with deadly Venom;
And dye the men can say, God save the Queene.

Q. Go, goe, poore soule, I emene not thy glory,
To feed my hunger, with thy selfe no harme.

Ans. Why then? When he that is my Husband now,
Came to me, I follow'd Henries Corpse,
When scarce the blood was well wafted from his hands,
Which lifted from my other Angel Husband,
And that deare Saint, which then I weeping follow'd:

Q. When I say I look'd on Richards Face,
This was my Witch: Be thou (quoit I accurst)
For making me, so young, a soled Widow:
And when thou we'll let, torow haunt thy Bed,
And be thy Wife, if ye be so mad,
More miserable, by the life of thee,
Then thou shalt make me, by my deare Lords death.

Lieu. Ere I can repeat this Curse again,
Within to small time, my Womans heart
Groastly saw captivity to his honey words,
And prou'd the subject of mine owne Souls Cure,
Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest.

Q. For never yet one howre in his Bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
But with his name on; Drearines was still awake,
Besides, he hates me for my Father Peirikes,
And will (no doubt) shortly be rid of me.

Q. Poor, heart adieu, I partie thy complaining,

Ans. No more, then with my foule I moue for yours.

Dar. Farewell, thou woeful welcome of glory,

Ans. Adieu, poore soule, that tak'st thy selfe ease
of it.

Q. Go, go, to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee,
Go thou to Richard, and good Angels tend thee,
Go thou to Sandvaste, and good thoughts possest thee,
To my Graces, where peace and rew lrie with mee.

Q. Eighties odd yeares of sorrow have I seen,
And each howre their mirth with a wreake of teare.

Q. Stay, yet looke backe with me unto the Tower,
Pitty, ye ancient Stone, those tender Babes,
Whose Ennie hath immi'd within your Walls,
Rough Castle for such little prescius ones,
Rude ragged Nurse, old fallen Play-fellow,
For tender Princes, we may Babes well;
So foolish Sorrowes bids your Stone farewell.

Sound.
Scena Secunda.

Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham.


Rich. Give me thy hand. 

Thus high, by thy advice, and thy affiance,
Is King Richard lesse:

But shall we weare these Glories for a day?

Or shall they last, and we reinosie in them?

Rich. Ah Buckingham, now doe I play the Touch.

To trie if thou be earnest Gold indeed:

Young Edward lives, thinke now what I would speake:

Rich. Say, on my laying Lord.

Rich. Why Buckingham, I say I would be King.


Rich. Ha am I King? its so; but Edward lives.


Rich. O bitter conceifance!

That Edward still should live true Noble Prince.

Canst thou were not wont to be so bold.

Shall I place? I with the Baffardis dead,

And I would have it suddenely perform'd.

What say'th thou now? speake suddenly, be brief.

Rich. Your Grace may doe your pleasure.

Rich. Thrice, then are all these kindlesse freezes.

Say, have I thy content, that they shall dye?

Ese. Give me some little breath, some pause, dear Lord.

Before I positively speake in this;

I will relieve you herein presently. 

Exit Backle.

Catterly. The King is angry, see he gnaws his Lippe.

Rich. I will converse with iron-witted Foolis,

And visiput the Basterd of your face.

That look you into me with considerate eyes,

High-reaching Buckingham grows circumscribed.

Boy.

Page, my Lord.

Rich. Know'st thou noe any, whom corrupting Gold

Will tempe to a clothe expansio of Death?

Page. I know a disconforted Gentleman,

Whose humble meanece not his bountie spirit:

Gold were as good as silver Orestes,

And will (no doubt) tempe him to anything.

Rich. What is his Name?

Page. His Name, my Lord, is Tyrrel.

Rich. I partly know the man: goe call him hither.

Boy. 

Exeunt.

The deepes resolutely wittie Buckingham,

No more shall be the neighbor to my countenace:

Hath he so long held with me, wry'd, and

And stops he no more for breath? Well, be so.

Enter Stanley.

How now, Lord Stanley, what's the newes?

Stanley. Know my coming, Lord, the Marche Queff Dorset.

As I hear, is fled to Richmond.

In the place where he abides.

Rich. Come hither Catterly, rumor it abroad,

That Anne my Wife is very griesous fiske,

I will take order for her keeping clothe.

Inquire me out some meane poor Gentleman,

Whom I will marry straigt to Clarence Daughter:

The Boy is foolish, and I care not him.

Look how thou dreamst: I say again, gour out,

That Anne, my Queene, is fiske, and like to dye,

About it, for it stands me much upon

To stop all hope, whose growth may damme me.

I must be married to my Brothers Daughter,

Or else my Kingdome stands on brittle Glass:

Murther her Brother, and then marry her,

Vncertaine way of gaine. But I am in

So farre in blood, that some will pluck on some,

Tears-falling Pitye dwell not in this Eyre.

Enter Tyrrel.

Is thy Name Tyrrel?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

Rich. Art thou indeed?

Tyr. Prooune, my gracious Lord.

Rich. Darst thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Pleas'd you:

But I had rather kill two enemies.

Rich. Why then thou hast it: two deep enemies,

Rees to my Rep and my fater deepes difficulters.

Are they that I would have these deads ypon

Tyrrel, I mean thee Baffardis in the Tower.

Rich. Let me have open means to come to them,

And soone Ile rid you from these fear of them.

Tyr. Thou speakes as fairy Mufique:

Hearke, come hither Tyrrel,

Goe by this signe: the fife, and lend thine Eare, 

Whisper.

There is no more but so: fay it is done,

And I will lose thee, and preffer thee for it.

Tyr. I will dispatch it strait.

Exit.

Enter Buckingham.

Buckle. My Lord, I have confider'd in my minde,

The late request that you did found me in.

Rich. Wouldest thou reft?: Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buckle. I hear the newes, my Lord.

Rich. Stanley, he is your Wifers Sonne: well, looke

write it.

Buckle. My Lord, I clame the giff, my due by promise,

For which your Honor and your Faith is pow'd,

The Earlisome of Hertford, and the mountanes,

Which you have promis'd I shall performe.

Rich. Stanley looke to your Wife: if the coney

Letters to Richmond, you shall anfwer it.

Buckle. What fayes your Highnesse to my last reques?

Rich. I doe remember me, Henry the Six.

Did prophesie, that Richmond should be King,

When Richmond was a little peulish Boy.

A King perhaps.

Buckle. May it please you to reloume me in my fate?

Rich. Thou troublest me, I am not in the raines. 

Exit.

Buckle. And it is thus? repayes he my deepes service

With such contempt? made him King for this?

O let me thinke on Hufing, and be gone.

To Brecenel, while my fearfull Head is on.

Exit.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloudie Aet is done.

The most arch deed of pittious masacre

That
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Enter old Queen Margaret.

Mar. So now prosperity begins to mellow, And drop into the rotten mouth of death : Here in these Confines silly haste I bring, To watch the waning of mine enemies. A dire induction, am I winnowed to, And will to France, hoping the consequence Will prove as bitter, bloody, and tragicall, Withdraw these wretched Margaret, who comes hither?

Enter Dorchester and Queen.

Qn. Ah my poor Prince, shew my tender Babes : My vnioured Flowers, new appearing sweets : If ye, your gentle foules fly in the Ayre, And be not fixt in doone perpetually, Hoster about me with your avery wings, And heare you my mothers Lamentation. Mar. Host er shouther, say that right for right Hadst dimd your infant mome, to Aged night. Due. So many miseries have crus'd my voyce, That my wea-weared tongue is full and mute. Edward Plantagney, why art thou dead ? Mar. Plantagney dost quit Plantagney, Edward for Edward, payes a dying debt. Qn. Will thou, O God, flye from such gentle Lamb, And shew them in the intrails of the Wolfe ? When didst thou sleepe, when such a deed was done ? Mar. When holy Harry dyed, and my sweet Sonne. Our Dead life, blind sight, poore mortal living ghost, With Scene, Worlds flame, Graces due, by life sturpe, Briefe and frantick record of redians dayes, Reft thy mome on Englands lawfull earth, Voluntarily made drunk with innocent blood. Qn. Ah that thou wouldest affoore afford a Grane, As thou canst yeild a melancholy seele ? Then would I huse my bones, nor reft them heere, Al who hath any cause to mowe but weere ? I Mar. If ancient sorrow be most regretful, Give mine the benefit of griefe, And let my griefes frown on the wrpper hand If sorrow can admit Society. I had an Edward, sill a Richard kill'd him : I had a Husband, till a Richard kill'd him : Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him : Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him : Dat. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him : I had a Richard too, thou hopst to kill him : Mar. Thou hadst it a Clarence too, And Richard kill'd him.

From forth the kennel of thy womb hast erret A Hell-bound that doth hunt vs all to death : That Dogge, that had his teeth before his eyes, To wory Lambs, and lap their gentle blood : That foule defaker of Gods handie worke, That reignes in gamed eyes of weeping foules : That excellent grand Tyrant of the earth, Go mutter mee. My countreymen your Shield ! We must be breake, when Traitors brake the Field.

Exit, exit.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Prayes on the issue of his Mothers body,
And makes her Put-fellow with others mone.

Dat. Oh Harries wife, triumph not in my woes : God winneth with me, I have wept for thine.

Mar. Beare with me : I am hungry for revenge,
And now I clow me with beholding it.

Thy Edward is dead, that killd my Edward,
The other Edward dead, to quit my Edward:
Yong Yorke, he is but boote, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my lorde.

Thy Clarence he is dead, that Bab’d my Edward,
And the beholde of this fractace playes,

The adulteroe Hastings, Rivers, Langton, Gray,
Virtuoues mother of their dusky Coones.

Richard yet lives, Hels blacke Intelligencers,
Ouell refer’d their Factor, to buy foules,
And send them thither : But at hand, at hand
Infest that pietous and unpietous end.

Earth gates, Hell burnes, Fears Gates, Brents pray
To loose him sordainly conteynd from hence
Cancell his bond of life, conce God I pray,
That I may live and say, The Dogge is dead.

O thou didst prophesie, the time would come,
That I should with for thee to helpe me erie.
That boadd I Spider, that foule bush-back’d Toad.

Mar. I call’d thee then, vaine flourish of my fortune.
I call’d thee then, poore Shadow, painted Queen,
The pretention of but what I was;
The flattering index of a disfull Pageant;
One head’d high, to be hurled downe below;
A Mother only matcht with two fair Babes :

A dreamt of what thou waft, a garish Flagge
To be the syne of every dangerous Shot;
A signe of Dignity, a breath, a Bubble;
A Queene in leis, one ey to fill the Scene.

Where is thy Husband now? Where be thy Brothers?
Where be thy two Sonnes? Wherein doth thou joy?

Who sues, and kneels, and says, God save the Queene?
Where be the bounding Peeres that flattered thee?
Where be the shreling Troopes that followed thee?
Decline all this, and see what thou art.

For happy Wife, a most disrobed Widow:
For joyfull Mother, one that walla the name:
For one being food too, one that humbly faus:
For Queene, a very Crytiff, crownd with care:
For she that scornd at me, now scornd of me:

For she being feared of all, now fearing one:
For the commanding all, obedi of none.
Thus hath the course of justice whud’d about,
And left thee but a very pece to time,

Having no more but Thought of what thou waft.
To torture thee the more, being what theu art,
Thou diid vspeare my place, and dost thou not
Viure the just proportion of my Sorrow?
Now thy proude Nick, beares off my shooder’d yoke,

From which, even brest I flipp my weared head.
And teares the burden of it, all on thee.

Farrell Yorke wife, and Queene of sad mischance,
Thye English woes, shall make thee smile in France.

Dat. O thou well skilled in Curtes, stay a while,
And teach mee how to curse mine enemies.

Mar. Forbear to erre the night, and fall the day:

Compare dead happiness, with living woe:

Thinke that thy Babes were forereter then they were,
And he that liew them Fowler then he is:

Best ring thy lode, maketh the bad eaiser worse,

Reclaiming this, will teach thee how to Curte.

Dat. My woords are dull, O quicken them with thine.

Mar. Thy woors will make their shape,
And pierce like mine.

Eex Margaret.

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?

Dat. Why should calamity be full of words?
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Qu. Flatter my sorrow with report of it.
Tell me, what State, what Dignity, what Honor,
Canst thou ascribe to any child of mine.
Rich. Even all I have, I, and my selfe and all,
Will I withall indow a child of thine.

So in the Lente of thy angry soule,
Thou drownest the sad remembrance of those wrongs,
Which thou suppos'dst I have done to thee.

Qu. Be brev'e, lest that the procecss of thy Kindred
Last longer telling then thy kindred's date.
Rich. Then know,
That from my Soule, I have thy Daughter,
Qu. My daughters Mother thinkes it with her soule.
Rich. What do you think?
Qu. That thou dost lose thy daughter from thy soule
So from thy Soules love didst thou lose her Brothers,
And from my hearts love, I do thank thee for it.

Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning;
I meant that with my Soule I loose thy daughter,
And do intend to make her Queen of England,
She well knowes who doth mean she that be King
Rich. Even he that makes her Queen;

Who else should bee?

Qu. What, who?
Rich. Even I for How thinke you of it?
Qu. How canst thou woo her?
Rich. That I would loose of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour,
Qu. And wilt thou learn of me?
Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Qu. Send to her by the man that flew her Brothers,
A pisse of bleeding hearts: the honour true
Edward and York, then happy will the wepe;
Therefore present to her, as sometime Margaret
Did to thy Father, steep'd in Rutland blood,
A hand-kerchief, which say to her did divyne
The purple sapphire from her sweet Brothers body,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withall.
If this inducement move her nor to loose,
Send her a Letter of thy Noble deeds;
Tell her thou mad'st away her Vynce Cleerens,
Her Vynce Eiour, I (and for her sake)
Made quiet converse with her good Aunt Anne.
Rich. You mock me Madam, this not the way
To win your daughters,
Qu. There is no other way,
Vynce thou couldst put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.
Rich. Say that I did all this for loose of her.
Qu. Nay then indeed she cannot choose but hate thee
Having bought love, with such a bloody spoyle.
Rich. Looke what is done, cannot be pow amended;
Men shall devile undetectly sometymes,
Which after-hours gives leasure to repent.
If I did take the Kingdome from your Sonnes,
To make amends, I give it to your daughter:
If I have killed the issue of your wombe,
To quicken your encreas, I will begin
Mine yssue of your blood, upon your Daughter:
A Grandams name is little leffe in love,
Then is the dating Title of a Mother;
Theire you as Children but one steppe below,
Even of your Serchial, of your very blood;
Of all one paine, fate for a night of groanes
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.
Your Children were vexation to your youth;
Thy Crowned virgin, directed his Kingly Glory.
If something thou wouldst have to be beloved, then
Swear to it by something, that thou hast not wrong'd.
Rich. Then by my Selfe.
Qu. Thy Selfe, is felo-misfit d.
Qu. This full of thy foule wrongs.
Qu. Thy life hath it dishonour'd.
Rich. Why then, by Heauen.
Qu. Heavens wrong is most of all.
If thou didst if fear to break an Oath with him, The
vntv the king my husband made.
Thou hadst it broken, nor my Brothers died.
I thou hadst a fear to break an oath by him, Th'
Imperiall mettall, circling now thy head.
Had grace the tender temples of my Child.
And both the Princes had beene breathing here.
Which now two render Red-fellowkes for dust,
The broken then this Lord hath made the joye for Wormes.
What can't thou swear by now.
Rich. The time to come.
Qu. That thou hast wrong'd in the time one-past.
For I my selfe have many tears to waash.
Hereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by her.
The Children's line, whose Fathers thou hast haught ther'e,
Vagabond to them, or let them live with them.
The Parents true, whose Children thou hast butcher'd,
Old barren Plants, to waish with their Age.
Swear not by time to come, for that thou hast
Mifs's de v's d', by times ill-v's d' repat.
Rich. As I intende to prosper, and returneth.
So sluite I in my dangerous Affairyst.
Of holie Armes: My selfe, my selfe confound.
Heauen, and Fortune barre me happy regal.
Day, yeeld me not thy light: nor night, thy rest.
Be oppisse all Prayers of good looketh.
To my proceeding, all wise, doth bear, love,
Immortall devotion, for holy thoughts.
I tender not thy beauteous Prince daughter.
In her, confirms my Happiness, and thine.
Without her, followes to my selfe, and thee.
Her selfe, the Lord, and many a Christian foule.
Death, Distraition, Ruine, and Decay:
It may be suad'est, but by this.
It will not be suad'est, but by this.
Therefore darst Mother (I must call you so)
Be the Attorney of my love to her.
Pleade what I will be, not what I have beene.
Not my defects, but what I will preserve:
Urg the Necessity and fate of times.
And be not peecfly found, in great Desigines.
Qu. Shall I be tempted of the Devil thus?
Rich. If the Devil tempt you to do good.
Qu. Shall I forget my selfe, to be my selfe.
Rich. If thy felles remembrance wrong your selfe.
Qu. Ye' thou didst kill my Children.
Rich. But in thy daughters wombe I bury them.
Where in that Nest of Spicery they will breed
Selles of themelies, to your recompence.
Qu. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?
Rich. And be a happy Mother by the deed.
Qu. I go write come very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind.
Exit Qu.
Rich. Bear's her my true loves kiss, and so farewell.
Relenting Poole, and shalow, changing Woman.
How
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

How now, what news?

Enter Raccliff.

Raccliff. Most mighty Sovereigne, on the Western Coast
Rides a most valiant Navy, to our Shores
Through many doubtfull hollow-hearted friends,
Vainly, and were ready to bear them backe.
This thought, this, Richard, is their Admiration:
And here they shall, expectant on the side
Of Ensigns, to welcome them there.
Raccliff. Some light-foot friend to pet to the Duke of Norfolk:
Raccliff, thy selfe, on Cathay, where is he?
Cat. Here, my good Lord.
Cat. I will, my Lord, with all convenient haste.
Raccliff. Cathay come hither, post to Salisbury.
When thou com'st thither, Dull won an ample Villain,
Why stay'st thou here, and go' st not to the Duke?
Cat. Sir, mighty Liege, tell me your Highness pleasure,
What from your Grace I shall deliver to him.
Raccliff. O, true, good Cathay, bid him haste straight
The greater strength and power that he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.
Cat. I goe, Exeunt.
Raccliff. What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury?
Raccliff. Why, what wouldst thou do there, before I goe?
Cat. Your Highness told me I should post before.
Raccliff. My minde is chang'd:

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stanley, what news with you?
Stanley. None, good my Liege, so please you with submission,
Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.
Raccliff. Huyday, a Riddle, neither good nor bad:
What needst thou rum lye to many matters about,
When thou mayest tell thy tale the neerest way?
Once more, what news?
Stanley. Richmond is on the Seas,
Raccliff. There let him sinks, and be the Seas on him,
White-litterd Rumsgate, what doth he there?
Stanley. I know not, mighty Sovereigne, but by guesse.
Raccliff. Well, as you guesse.
Stanley. Sir, they'd vp by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,
He makes for England, here to ouerthrow the Crowne.
Raccliff. Is the Chyrye empie? is the Sword unknought?
Is the King dead? the Empire vappolett?
What Heire of York is there, alive, but weep?
And who is England's King, but great York's Heire?
Then tell me, what makes he upon the Seas?
Stanley. Vexile for that, my Liege, I cannot guesse,
Raccliff. Vixile for that he comes to be your Liege,
You cannot guesse what colour the Wrenchman comes,
Thou wilt not, and fye to him, I fear.
Stanley. No, my good Lord, therefore mistrust me not.
Raccliff. Where is thy Power then, to bear him back?
Where be thy Tenants, and thy followers?
Are they now upon the Western Shore,
Safe-conducting the Rebels from their Shippes?
Stanley. No, my good Lord, my friends are in the North.
Raccliff. Cold friends to me; what do they in the North,
When they should serve their Sovereigne in the West?
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.

Is with a mighty power landed at Milford, 
Is under Newes, but yet they must be told. 
Rich. Away towards Salisbury, while we reason here, 
A Royal battle might be wonne and lost. 
Some one take order Buckingham be brought 
To Salisbury, the rest march on with me. Eun. Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Derby and Sir Christopher.

Der. Sir Christopher call Richmond this from me, 
That in the five of the most deadly Bore, 
My Sonne George Stanley is drank vp in hold, 
If I resolute, off goes yong George head. 
The fear of that, holds off my present ayde. 
So get thee gone, commend me to thy Lord. 
Willaff says, that the Queene hath presently contented 
He should espouse Elizabeth his daughter. 
But tell me, where is Princely Richmond now? 
Chri. At Pembroke, or at Heriford Weth in Wales. 
Der. What men of name refer to him? 
Chri. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned Souldier, 
Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley, 
Oxford, redeemed Pembroke, Sir Thomas Blunt, 
And Rice de Thomas, with a valiant Crew. 
And many other of great name and worth: 
And towards London do they bend their peter, 
If by the way they be not bought withall. 
Der. Well bye once to thy Lord; I kiss his hand, 
My Letter will refute him of my mind. 

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Buckingham with Haberdashers to Execution.

Base. Will nothing Richard let me speake with him? 
Shr. No my good Lord, therefore be patient. 
Base. Haberdashers and Edwards children, Gray & Quakers. 
Holy King Henry, and thy faire Sonne Edward, 
St. John, and all that have in carried 
By under-hand corrupted foule intitlers, 
If that your moodie discontented soules, 
Do through the clouds behold this present hour, 
Even for revenge mocke my destruction. 
This is All-soules day (Fellow) is it not? 
Shr. It is. 
Base. Why then All-soules day, is my bodies doome day 
This is the day, which in King Edward's time 
I should mightily fall on, when it was found 
False to his Children, and his Wives Allies. 
This is the day, whereon I woulde to fall 
By the false Faith of him whom most I trusted. 
This, this All-soules day to my heartfull Soule, 
Is the determin'd repit of my wrongs: 
That high All-soule, which I dallied with.

Hath turn'd my fain'd Prayer on my head, 
And given in earnest, what I beng'd in left. 
This doth he force the savages of wicked men 
To turne their own poisn in their Masters bosom. 
Thus Margaret's curse falleth heavy on my necke. 
When he quoth he shall split thy heart with sorrow, 
Remember Margaret was a Prophetess; 
Come leade me Officers to the blocks of staine, 
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the day of blame. 
Eun. Exeunt Buckingham with Officers.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Richard, Oxford, Blunt, Haberdashers, and others, with drums and colours.

Rich. Fellowes in Armes, and my most Honing Friends 
Drawn under the yoke of Tyranny, 
This day, we fight into the bowels of the Land. 
Hate we march not without impediment; 
And here receive we from our Father Stanley 
Lines of faire comfort and encouragement: 
The wretched, bloody, and wipping Beare, 
(That tipp'd yon Summers Fields, and fruitful Vine) 
Willes your sprenk blood like walk, & makes us strong 
In your embowed full bosomes: This foule Swine 
I show now in the Countrey of this Ile, 
Neere to the Towne of Leicester, as we leare; 
From Tamworth thither is but one dayes march. 
In Gods name cheerly on, courageous Friends, 
To rephe the Harret of our small peace, 
By this one bloody tryall of sharp Warre. 
Ox. Oye, mans Conscience is a thousand men, 
To fight against this guilty Homicide. 
Her. I doubt not but his Friends will take to vs. 
Blunt. He hath no friends, but what we friends for him, 
Which in his dearest neede will flye from him. 
Rich. All for our vantage, in Gods name march, 
True Hope is swift, and flies with Swallows wings. 
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings. 
Eun. Exeunt Officers.

Enter King Richard in Armes, with Norfolk, Rutland, and the Earl of Surry.

Rut. Here pitch our Tents, even here in Bosworth Field, 
My Lord of Surry, why looke you so sad? 
Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my lockes. 
Rich. My Lord of Norfolk. 
Nor. Here most glorious Liege. 
Rich. Norfolk, we must have knockes: 
Ha, must we not? 
Nor. We must both glad and take my loving Lord. 
Rut. Vp with my Tents, here will I lye to nightes, 
But where to morrow? We call's one for that. 
Who hath delivered the number of the Traitors? 
Nor. Six or seven thousand is their vnkind power. 
Rich. Why our Battallie straights the account: 
Beside, the Kings name is a Tower of Strength, 
Which they upon the aduerse faction want. 
Vp with the Tents: Come Noble Gentlemen, 
Let us survey the vantage of the ground. 
Call for some men of sound direction; 
Let's.
The Life and death of Richard the Third.

Let's lacke no Discipline, make no delay,
For Lords, to morrow is a Butte day.

Enter Richmond, Sir William Brandon,OX.

For, and Do fas.

Rielom. The weary Sunne, hath made a Golden set,
And by the bright and Glorie of my King,
The Earle of Pembroke keepes his Regiment;
In the Duke of Norfolk, and the Duke of Bedford.

Rich. Bid my Guard watch, and leave me,
Rateliff, about the mid of night come to my Tent
And help to arme me. Leave me say. Exit Rateliff.

Enter Derby to Richmond in his Tent.

Der. Fortune, and Victory fit on thy Helm.
Rich. All comfort that the darkne night can affoord,
Be to thy Person, Noble Father in Law.
Tell me, how fares our Noble Mother?
Der. Thy Tourament, blesse thee from thy Mother,
Who prays continually for Richmonds goods;
So much for that. The silent hours break on,
And the darkneesse breaks within the East.
In briefe, for to the season bids us be,
Prepare thy Battell early in the Morning,
And give thy fortune to the Arbitrement
Of bloody Brawles, and mortal Battell Warre.
I say, I may, that which I would. I cannot,
With best advantage weel being slaine or seene,
And abyd thee in this double chace of Armes.
But ouI yee fay I may not be too forward.
Lealt being ferne, thy Brother, tender George
Be executed in thy Father's sight.
Farewell the Ingram, and the fearfull time
That off the ceremonious Oaths of Love,
And ample entrance with sweet Disciese,
Which to long fride Friends should well open.
God save the Glorie of these cities of Loue.
Once more Adeus, be valiant, and speed well.
Rich. Good Lords conduct him to his Regiment;
Ill sit of troubled noise, to take a Nap,
Left leade and mumber seie me downe to morrow,
When I should mount with wings of Victory:
Once more, good night kniue Lords and Gentleman.

Enter Richard, Rateliff, Norfolk, & Cnbury.

Rat. What's a Clocke?
Cat. It's Supper time my Lord, it's nine a clocke.

Rich. I will not sup to night,
Give me some Inke and Paper:
What is my Beaser earier then it was?

Cat. It's my Liege: and all things are in readinesse.

Rich. Good Norfolkke, by hee to thy charge,
Vie carefull Watch, choose trusty Centinels.
Nor. I goe my Lord.
Rich. Sit with the Lake to morrow, gentle Norfolk.
Nor. I warrant you my Lord. Exit
Rat. My Lord.
Rich. Send out a Purflant at Armes
To Stanely Regiment, bid him bring his power
Before Sun setting, lest his Sonne George fall
Into the blinde Case of eternal night.
Fill me a Bowle of Wine. Give me a Watch,
Saddle white Surrey for the Field to morrow:
Look that my Steues be sound, & not too heavy Rattcliff.

Rat. My Lord.
Rich. Swa'llt the melancholy Lord Northumberland?
Rat. Thomas the Earle of Surrey, and himselfe.
Much about Cockentime, from Troope to Troope.
Went through the Army, cheearing up the Souldiers.

Rich. So, I am satisfied: Give me a Bowle of Wine,
I have not that Altarity of Spirit,

Enter
The Life and death of Richard the Third.

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghost. Let me be heavy in thy soule to morrow. I then was waf'd to death with Fulme Wine: Poor Clarence by thy guile betray'd to death:
To morrow in the battell thinke on me, And fall thy edgeless Sword, dispaire and dye.
To Rahemas. Thou art spring of the base of Lancaster The wronged byres of York do pray for thee, Good Angels guard thy battell, and be flourish.
Enter the Ghost of Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan.
Rivers. Let me be heavy in thy soule to morrow, Rivers, thy dy'd at Pontefract: dispaire, and dye.
Grey. Thinke upon Grey, and in thy soule dispaire. Vaughan. Thinke upon Vaughan, and with guiltie fear. Let fall thy Lance, dispaire and dye.
All to Rahemas. Awake, And thinke our wrongs in Richar, of Bosome, Will conquer him. Awake, and win the day. Enter the Ghost of Lord Hastings.
Hastings. Bloody and guilty: gloriously awake, And in a bloody Battell end thy days. Thinke on Lord Hastings: dispaire, and dye.
Rich. to Ghost. That wrenched Anne thy wife, That seert a quiet hour with thee, Now fille thy sleepe with perturbations, To morrow in the Battell thinke on me, And fall thy edgeless Sword, dispaire and dye; Ghost to Rich. Thow quiet soul, Sleep, then a quiet sleepe: Dreames of Successe, and Happy Victory, Thy Aduersaries Wife doth pray for thee. Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.
Ghost to Rich. The first was I That helped thee to the Crowne; The last was I that fell thy Tyranny, O, in the Battell think on Buckingham, And dye in terror of thy guiltness. Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death, Fainting dispaire; dispaire and dye thy breath. Ghost to Rich. I dyed for hope; Ere I could loud the Aylde; But ch VIDEO 3 mthy heart, and the thou didst dispaire: God, and good Angels fight on Richard's side, And Richard tall in height of all his pride. Richard was first one of his dreame.
Rich. Give me another Horne, bind vp my Wounds: Hark, mercy leaue! Soli, I did but dreame. O Coward Confidence! how doft thou affaile me? The Lites burned blew, It is not dead midnight: Cold tofastfull deeps stand on my trembling flesh.

What do I fear my Selfe? There's one eill by; Richard loves Richard, that is, I am I. Is there a Murderer here? No; Yes, I am: Then flye; What from my Selfe? Great reason! why? Left I revenge. What my Selfe upon my Selfe? Alack, I love my Selfe. Wherefore? But any good That my Selfe, have done vnto my Selfe? No. Alas, I rather hate my Selfe, For hateful Deeds committed by my Selfe, I am a Villain: yet I dye, I am not. Poole, of thy Selfe speake well: Poole, do notEsteem my Confidence hath a thousand freuall Tongues, And every Tongue brings in a feuerall Tale, And every Tale condemns me for a Villain. Perjury, in the highfull Degree, Murther, herne murther, in the dyre full degree, All feuerall tongues, all vs in each degree, Throug all to hte Barre, crying all, Guilty, Guilty, I shall dispaire, there is a creature loves me; And if I die, no soule shall pitte me. Nay, wherefore should they? Since that I my Selfe, Find in my Selfe, no pittie to my Selfe. Me thought, the Soules of all that I had murther'd Come to my Tent, and every one dieth threat, To mowerse vengence on the head of Richard. Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. My Lord. King. Who's there? Rat. Ratcliff. my Lord. His 1: the ealye Village Cock. Hav twice done salutation to the Morne, Your Friends are vp, and buckle on their Armour, King. O Ratcliff, I feare, I feare. Rat. Nay, my good Lord, be not afraid of Shadows. King. By the APLICATE Poole,shadows to night Have broke more terror to the foule of Richard, Then can the substanse of ten thousand Souldiers Armed in proogra, and led by shallow Richmond. 'Tis not yet nexe day. Come goe with me, Vnder our Tents. He play the Fake-dropper, To heare if any means to thinke from me. Exsuse Richard & Ratcliff.

Enter the Lords to Richmond fitting in his Tent.

Rich. Good morrow Richmond. Rich. Cry mercy Lord, and watchfull Gentlemen, That you have seen a ruddie Droppe here? Lords. How have you fapp'd my Lord? Rich. The wickett Droppe, And fairely loading Dremes, That ever entered in a drowsey head, Have I nince your departure had my Lords. Methought the Soules, whose bodies Richard murther'd, Came to my Tent, and cried on Victory: I promise you my Heart is very incend, To the remembrance of so faire a dreame, How fare into the morning is it Lords? Law. Upon the stroke of Four. Rich. Why, then this time to Arme, and give direction. His Oration to his Souldiers. More then I have said, lining Countrymen, The levy cam and incorment of the time Forbid to dwell vpon a ye remembre this,
The Life and death of Richard the Third.

God, and our good eneuy, fight upon our side,
The Prayers of holy Saints and wronged soules,
Like highreast Butchers, band before our Faces,
(Richard except) those we fight against,
Hath rather have vs win, then him they follow.
For what is he they follow? Truly Gentlemen,
A bloody Tyrant, and a Homicide:
One rais'd in bloody, and one in blood establest in;
One that made meanes to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the meanes to help him:
A base foule Stone, made precious by the forle
Of Englands Charite, where he is falsely set:
One that hath ever beene Gods Enemy.
Then if you fight against Gods Enemy,
God will in successe Ward you as his Soldiers.
If you do swear to put a Tyrant downe,
You keep in peace, the Tyrant being slain:
If you do fight again your Countries Foes,
Your Countries Fear shall pay your paines the byre.
If you do fight in saffage of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the Conquerers.
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 his rights,
Aduance your Standards, draw your willing Swords.
For me, the ranforne of my bold attempt,
Shall be this cold Corpes on the earths cold face.
But if I thrive, the gaine of my attempt,
The feast of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound Drummers and Trumpets boldly, and cheerfully,
God, and Saint George, Richmond, and Vierry.

Enter King Richard, Ratcliffe, and Catesby.

X. What said Northumberland as touching Richmond?

Rat. That he was never trained vp in Armes.

King. He told the truth: and what said Surrey then?

Rat. He said, and said, the better for our purpose.

King. He was in the right, and so indeed it is.

Tell me the clocke there. (l CONDETSY.

Give me a Kalender. Who saw the Sunne to day?

Rat. Not l my Lord.

King. Then he distained to shine: for by the Booke
He should haue brast the East an hour ago,
A blacke day will be it to somebody. Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.

King. The Sun will not be soene to day,
The sky dote frowne, and lowre upon our Army.
I would haue dewy reasts were from the ground.
Not shine to day? Why, what is that to me
More then to Richmond? For the fells same Heaven
That frowne on me, looks sadly upon him.

Enter Norfolke.

Nor. Armes, amme, my Lords the foe vaunts in the field.

King. Come, bubble, bubble. Capturion my horse,
Call vs Lord Stanely, bid him bring his power,
I will leade forth my Soldiers to the plaine,
And thus my Battall shalbe ordered.

My Fowrward shall be drawn in length,
Confiling equally of Horse and Foot.
Our Archers shall be placed in the midst;
John Duke of Norfolke, Thomas Earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of the Foot and Horse.
They thus directed, we will allow

In the maine Battell, whose puszicnce on either side
Shall be well-winged with our chearlest Horse:
This, and Saint George to boote.
What think'd thou Norfolke,
Nor. A good discretion warlike Soueraigne,
This turn'd on me on my Tent this Morning.
Lucky of Norfolke, be not so bold,

For Dickick the master a bought and sold.

King. A thing denied by the Enemy.

Go Gentlemen, every man to his charge,
Let not our barding Dreams alight our soules.
For Confidence is a word that Cowards use,
Sed used at first to keepe the strong in awe.
Our strong arnes be our Confidence, Swords our Law.
March on, loyne bravely, let vs not pell mell,
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to Hell.
What shall I say more then I have infer'd?
Remember whom you are to come withall,
A host of Vagabonds, Rats, and Run-awayes,
A storm of Britains, and base Lackey Perans,
Whom their owne cloyed Country doth forth
To desperate Adventures, and affur'd Defection,
You sleeping men, they bring you to virile,
You bassing Lands, and bred with heinous twinies,
They would restraine the one, distaine the other,
And who doth lead them, but a petty Fellow?
Long kept in Britaine as our Mothers cost,
A Mike-slop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold, as our forces in Snowe:
Let us whipt these floggers o'r the Seas againe,
Left hence these ow'r-sweating Raggers of France,
These fam'd Diggers, weary of their lives,
Who (but for dreaming on this fond exploit)
For want of meanes (poore Rats) had hang'd them selves,
I foue be conquered, let men conquer vs,
And not those bastard Britains, whom our Fathers
Have in their owne Land beares, bobold and thump'd,
And on Record, left them the heires of France.
Shall these enjoy our Lands? Iye with our Wives?

Raid on our daughters! (Drum aftereoff)

Hearse, Theire their Drumme,
Right Gentlemen of England, fight boldly yeomen,
Draw Archers draw your Arrows to the head,
Spurre your proud Horset and ride in blood,
Amaze the welkin with your broken Branches.

Enter a Messenger.

What sayes Lord Stanley, will he bring his power?

Mef. My Lord, he doth deny to come.

King. Off with his fowrme George head.

Nor. My Lord, the Enemy is past the Marne

After the battall, let George Stanley dye.

King. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.
Adjuante our Standards, let vs upon our Foes,
Our Ancient word of Courage, faire S. George
Inspite vs with the spleene of fawse Dragons:
Upon them, Victory sits on our helpe.

Alarum, except four. Enter Catesby.

Cat. Refuse my Lord of Norfolke,
Refuse, Refuse,
The King creats more wonders then a man,
Daring an opposition to every danger:
His horse is blaine, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:
Refuse faire Lord, or else the day is lost.

Alarum.  

Enter.
The Life and death of Richard the Third.

Enter Richard.
Rich. A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdom for a Horse.
Curt. Withdraw my Lord, he helps you to a Horse
Rich. Stone, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the Dye.
I think there be five Richmonds in the field,
Five have I slain to day, in head of him.
A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdom for a Horse.

All this Enter Richard and Richmond, they fight, Richard is slain.

Retreat, and Flourish. Enter Richmond, Derby bearing the
Crown, with divers other Lords.

Rich. God, and your Armes
Be prais'd Victorious friends;
The day is ours, the bloody Dogge is dead.
Der. Courageous Richmond,
Well hast thou acquitt thes: Loe,
Here the long vishped Royalties,
From the dead Temples of the bloody Wretch,
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy Browes withall.
Weare it, and make much of it.

Rich. Great God of Heauen, say Amen to all.
Burse tell me, is young George Stanley living?
Der. He is my Lord, and safe in Leicester Towne,
Whicher (if your please) we may withdraw vs.

Rich. What men of name are slaine on either side?

FINIS.
The Famous History of the Life of King Henry the Eighth.

THE PROLOGUE.

Will be declin'd, 'Tis gentle Heirets, know,
To make our theis Twill with such a Show
As Fools, and Fights is, before executing
Our owne Names, and the Opinion thereto bring
To make that every true, we now intend.
Will leave us none an underflashing Exand.
Therefore, for Goodnesse's sake, and as you are turning
The First and Happiell Sceares of the Towne,
He faile, as we would make ye, Think ye for
The very Persones of our Noble Story
As they were Languing: Think ye for them Great,
And follow'd with the general throng, and guest
Of thousand Friends: Then, in a moment, see
How some this Mischimes, meets Misdire;
And if you can be merry then, the farr,
A Man may weare upon his Widding day.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk as one alone. As the other,
the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Aubrey.

Duke. Good morrow, and well met. How have ye done
since lost we law in France?
Nor. I thank your Grace:
Healthfull, and ever since a fresh Admirer
Of what I saw there.

Born. An unlimite age.
Stand me a Prisoner in my Chamber, when
This Summer of Glory, those two Lights of Men
Met in the vale of Andren.

Nor. Twixt Guises and Arde,
I was then present, saw them falate on Hottebroke.
Beheld them when they highted, how they stung
In their Embracement, as they grew together,
Which had they.
What foure Thro'td ones could have weight'd
Such a compounded one?
Born. All the while
I was my Chambers Prisoner.

Nor. Then ye loth
The view of earthly glory: Men might say
Till this time Pompe was single, but now married
To one about it self. Each following day
Became the next days matter, till the left
Made former Wonders, it's. To day the French,
All Cinquant all in Gold, like Hesten Gods
Shone downe the English; and to morrow, they
Made Britaine, India: Every man that blood,
Shew Allike a Mine, Then Dwarfish Pages were
As Chambles, allight: the Madam moreover,
Now'd to t客lle, did almost see to heare
The Praise upon them, that their very labour
Wast to them, as a Painting. Now this Maske
Was cery'd incomparable; and the ensuing night
Made it a Fools, and Beggars. The two Kings
Equal in stature, were now Built, now worst
At present did present them; Hain in eye,
Still him in praise, and being present both,
Twas said they law but one, and no Discerner
Durst wagge his Tongue in sunerse, when the Sunnes
(For they pharse'em) by their Heroldes challeg'd
The Noble Spirits to Armes, they did performe
Beyond thoughts his Compass, that former fabulous Store,
Being now issue, possible enough, gorgeous
That Venus was beheld.

| Bac. | On you go farre. |
| Nor. | As I belong to worship, and affec|
| In Honor, Henceby, the tealls of every thing, Would by a good Dicoumerf loose some life, Which Actions felle, was tongue too. |
| Bac. | All was Royall, |
| To the dispofing of it sough rebeld, |
| Order gave each thing view. The Office did |
| Directly his fell Fanchon; who did guide, |
| I meane who set the Body, and the Limbes |
| Of this great Sport to gether? |
| Nor. | As you judge: |
| One certeine, that promises no Element |
| In such a busineffe. |
| Bac. | Who are you who, my Lord? |
| Nor. | All this was ordred by the good Discretion |
| Of the right Reuereell Cardinal of York. |
| Bac. | The diuell lizd him: No mans Pye is freed |
| From his Ambitious finger. What had he |
| To do, in these fweete Vanities? I wonder, |
| That such a wretch, with his very hatter, |
| Take vp the Rages est beneficiall Sun, |
| And kepe it from the Earth. |
| Nor. | Surely Sir, |
| There's in him fluffe, that pitts him to these ends: |
| For being not propri of Anceffery, whole grace |
| Chalke's Succeed from their way, nor call'd upon |
| For highe fear, toth Crowne: neither Allied |
| To eminent Affiants; but, Spider-like |
| Out of his Selle-drawing Web. O giv's us note, |
| The force of his owne men: makes his way |
| A gift that heaven girt for him, which buyes |
| A place next to the King. |

| Bac. | I cannot tell |
| What Heaven hath girt him: let some Graver eye |
| Pierce into that, but I can see his Pride |
| Pepe through each part of him: whence he's he that, |
| If not from Hell? The Diuell is a Niggard, |
| Or he's guitten all before, and he begins |
| A new Hell in him selfe. |
| Bac. | Why the Diuell, |
| Upon this French going out, tooke he upon him |
| (Without the priuity of this King's) apoint |
| Who should attend on him? He makes vp the File |
| Of all the Generous for the most part |
| To whom he girt a Charge, as little Honor |
| He meant to lay upon, and his owne Letters |
| The Honourable Board of Counsell, out |
| Muff fetch him in, he Papers. |
| Bac. | I do know |
| Kinden of mine, three at the least, that have |
| Borne to find're their Efforts, that never |
| Thay shall abound as formerly. |
| Bac. | Omery |
| Have broke their backs with laying Mannors on'em |
| For this great journey. What did this vanity |
| But minifer communication of |
| A moift pore tis fife. |
| Nor. | Gerardly I thinke, |
| The Peace between the French and vs, not valeues |
| The Coal that did conclude it. |
| Bac. | Every man, |
| After the hideous storme that followed, was |

A thing Infir'd, and not admittted, broke |
Into a generall Prophecy That this Tempel |
Dething the Corner of this Peace, abolisht |
The fauls breach out. |
Nor. | Which is bended out, |
For France hath flaw'd the League, and hath attack'd |
Our Merchants goods at Burdeux. |
Bac. | Is it therefore |
Th' Ambassador is silente? |
Nor. | Marry is'. |
Bac. | A proper Title of a Peace, and purchased! |
At a Superfluous rate. |
Bac. | Why all this Business |
Our Reuereell Cardinal carrie. |
Nor. | Like it your Grace, |
The State makes notice of the private difference |
Dismiss you, and the Cardinal. I advise you |
(And take it from a heart, that wishes towards you |
Honor, and plentiful safety) that you rise |
The Cardinals Malice, and his Potency |
Together I to consider further, that |
What his high Haart would effect, wants not |
A Miniftr in his Power. You know his Nature, |
That's Besgroundful; and I know, his Sword |
Hath a sharp edge: It's long, and may be saide |
It reaches farre, and where 'twill not extend, |
Thither he darres it. Bolome vp my counsell, |
You'll finde it wholefome. Loe where cometh that Rock |
That I advise you, the muskmelling. |

Enter Cardinal Walfes, the Purse borne before him, certaine |
of the Gaurd, and two Secretaries with Papers; The |
Cardinal in his passeage, fixeth his eye on Bucking |
ham, and Buckingham on him, both full of disaife. |

Car. | The Duke of Buckingham Surveyor? Ha? |
Where's his Examination? |
Nor. | Heco to please you. |
Car. | Is he in person, ready? |
Nor. | I, please your Grace. |
Car. | Well, we shall then know more, & Buckingham. |
Shall leffen this bigge looke. |

Exeunt Cardinal, and his Traine. |
Bac. | This Butchers Curre is venom'd-mouth'd, and I |
Haue not the power to muzzle him, therefore beft |
Not wake him in his thumber, A Buckers books, |
Our worthis are Nurses blood. |
Nor. | What are you shal'd? |
Ask God for Tempance, that is't applicaion only |
Which your disease requires. |
Bac. | I read in's looks |
Matter against me, and his eye affult'd |
Me as his abject scull, at this instant |
He borrs me with some tricks: He's gone to't King. |
His follow, and on-thusse him. |
Nor. | Stay my Lord, |
And let your Reason with your Choller question |
What's you go about: to climb steep hills |
Requires low pace at first. Anger is like |
A full hot Hori, who being allow'd his way |
Selfe-metale tyes him: Not a man in England |
Can satisfie me like you. Be to your self. |
As you would to your Friend. |
Bac. | He to the King, |
And from a mouth of Honor, quite cry downe |

This
Enter Brandon, a Sergeant at Arms before him, and two or three of the Guard.

Brandon, Your Office Sergeant, execute it.

Sergeant, Sir,

My Lord the Duke of Buckingham and Earl of Exeter, a Steward and Northampton, I Arrereth thee of High Treason, in thy name

Of our most Sovereign King.

Buck, Lo, you my Lord,

The thou hast false upoon me, I shall perish

Vnder deserve, and prithee

Buck, Vnderstend, I am sorry,

To see you tame from liberty, to looke on

The busines present. Tis this Highnes pleasure

You shall to the Tower.

Buck, It will help me nothing

To plese more innocencie, for that die to come

Which makes my whole part black. The will of Heau'n

Be done in this and all things I obey.

O my Lord Advocate: Fare you well,

Buck, Nay, he must see you company. The King

Is pleased you shall go to the Tower, till you know

How he determineth further.

Buck, As the Duke said,

The will of Heau'n be done, and the Kings pleasure

By me obey'd.

Buck, Here is a warrant from

The King, Stratuck Lord Mowbray, and the Bodes

Of the Duke's Confessor, John de la Cer,

One Gilbert Pikes, his Counsellour,

Buck, So, so,

There are the limbs of this Pilote: no more I hope.

Buck, A Monk o'th' Charivari.

Buck, O Michael Hopkins?

Buck, He.

Buck, My Surveyor is false: The or-great Cardinal

Hath shew'd him gold, my life is spend alreadie:

I am the shadow of poor Buckingham.

Whose figure run this instant Cloverd poun'ts on


Scena Secunda.

Cornets. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinals shoulder, the Nobile, and Sir Thomas Louch: the Caridnall places historie under the Kings feet on his right side.

King. My life is spent, and the best heart of it,

Thanks you for this great care. I stood th'heavell

Of a full-charged undetermined, and have thanks

To you this choyce did: Leth he said before vs

That Gentlewoman of Buckingham, in person,

He hearth his most confident sufficience,

And point by point the Tresurie of his Master,

He shall againe relate.

A nurse within crying room for the Queen, owerd by the Duke of Norfolk: Enter the Queen, Norfolk and Suffolk, for words. King playeth treurie Stare,

ings her vp, kisses and places her by him.

Queen. Nay, we must longer kneelst. I am a Suiitor.

King. Arise, and take place by vs; halfe your Suit.

Nestors name to vs; you have halfe our power:

The
The other moisy are you aske to giuen,
Reser your will, and take it.

Queen. Thank you, Mynesty.
That you would lose your selfe, and in that loue
Not unconsidered leave your Honour, nor
The dignity of your Office, is the payne
Of my Petition.

King. Lady, mine proceed.
Queen. I am solicited not by a few,
And doe of true conditions: That your Subjects.
Are in great grievances: These have bee Commisions
Sent downe among them, which hath flawd the heart
Of all their Loyalty: Wherein, although
My good Lord Cardinal, they very reproexes
Most bitterly on you, as purre on.
Of these excusions: yet the King, our Master
(Not Whose Honor Heauen shiled from soleymnes he escapes)
Language unmanly, yea, such which breakes
The lides of Loyalty, and almoit appears
In lawd Rebellion.

King. Nay, Not almoit appears,
It doth appear, for, upon your Taxations,
The Cloutherers all not able to maintaine
The many to them longings, have put off
The Spinners, Carders, Fullers, Weavers, who
Wist for other life, compelled by hunger
And lack of other meanes, in desperate manner
During the time too of this, are all in vproer,
And danger seizes among them.

King. Taxation?
Queen. Whereinstand what Taxation? My Lord Cardinal,
You that are baind for it alike with vs,
Know you of this Taxation?

King. Plesse you Sir,
I know but of a single part in ought
Pertains to th' State, and front but in that File
Where others tell steps with me.

Queen. No, my Lord?
You know no more then others: But you frame
Things that are knowne we knowe, which are not whole some
To chuse which would not know them, and yet must
Performe be their acquaintance. These excusions
(Whereof my Soueraigne would have note) they are
Most pellent to their hearing, and to beare on.
The Backe is sacrifice to the load: They say
They are sheld by you, eredel you suffer.
Too hard an accustation.

King. Excusions.
Queen. The nature of it, in what kinde let's know
Is this Excusion?
Queen. I am much too uncertain,
What is Incurrence of your patience, but am bolded
Under your provident pardon. The Subjectes griefe
Comes through Commisions, which compe mith the first
Part of his Subsistance, to be leacned
Without delays, and the presece for this
Is nam'd, your warres in France, this makes bold mouths,
Tongues spit their diuines out, and cold hearts freece
All pretence indicative of their esteems now,
Lax where their prayers did and it come to passe,
This trouble obedience is a Slave
To each incensed Will: I wold your Highness
Would giue it quicke consideration; for
There is no private benefice.

King. By my life,
This is again our pleasure.
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Card. Stand forth, & with bold spirit relate what you shall with a carefull Subject have collected.

Out of the Duke of Buckingham,

King. Speak freely,

Sir. First, it was withal with him; every day he would intrench his Speech. Those the King should without issue die; hee carried it too.

To make the Scepter hiss. These very words I have heard him utter to his Sonne in Law, Lord Abingdon, to whom by oath he promised Revenge upon the Cardinal.

Card. Please your Highness more.

This dangerous conception in this point, Not moved by his will to your High person; His will is most malignant, and it stretches Beyond you to your friends.

Queen. My learned Lord Cardinal, Deliver all with Civility.

King. Speak out.

How grounded he his Fide to the Crown.

Upon our isle; to this pointy haft thou heard him, At any time speaks ought?

Sir. He was brought to this,

By a vaine Prophecifie of Nicholas Henton.

King. What was that Henton?

Sir. Sir, a Cieramccous Pryer, Whose Confessor, who fed him every minute With words of Soberansy.

King. How knowest thou this?

Sir. Not long before your Highness fled to France, The Duke being at the Noise, within the Parish.

Saint. Lawrence Fontaine, did of me demand

What was the speech among the Londoners, Concerning the French Journey. I replie,

Men fear the French would prove perfidious To the Kings danger: prefidency, the Duke,

Said, was the fear indeed, and that he doubted, 'Twould prove the vers of certaine words: Spoke by a holy Monk, that oft, fays he,

Hath lent to me, writing me to permit

John de la Car, my Chaplaine, a choyse howre,

To heare from him a matter of some moment; Whom after under the Commission sent,

He fulllyly had owne, thus what he spoke My Chaplaine to no Creature living, but:

To me, shoud venture, with demure Confidence, This pausingly enlie; neither the King, nor his Heapers (Tell you the Duke) shall prosper, but him hinde

To the line of'th' Commonwealth, the Duke shall govern England.

Queen. I'll know you well,

You were the Duke's Secretary, and lost your Office:

On the complaint of'th' Earls: take good heed

You charge not in your silence: A Noble person,

And so your noble Soules: He take heed,

Yet heerishly heareth you.

King. I let him on: Go forward,

Sir. Owing Duke, he speaketh but truth,

I told my Lord the Duke, by the Dukes shadow,

The Monk might be deceived, and that it was dangerous,

For this to incarcerate an naked face, vultus;

It forged him some defiance, which being belied'd

It was much like to doe. He answered, Thou

It can docement dare; and daring further,

That the King in his last Sickness said,

The Cardinale and Sir Thomas Lawrence dead.

Should have gone off.

King. What was, or speed? Ah, he.

There's mischief in this may it not be so far?

Sir. I can my Ledge.

King. Proceed.

Sir. Being at Greenwich,

After your Highness he had reprou'd the Duke

About Sir William Jemmer.

King. I remember of such a time, being my swor

The Duke receiv'd him; But on what beare?

Sir. If (quothe) I for this had beene commited,

As to the Tower, I thought; I would have plaid

The Part my Father meant to an upon

Tr'v Suspence Richard, who being at Salisbury,

Made suit to come in's presence, which if granted,

(As he made remembrance of his duty) would

Have put his knife into him.

King. A Granat Traspony.

Card. Now Madam, may his Highness line in freedom,

And this may out of Prision.

Queen. God sent all.

King. There's something more out of these; what

Sir. After the Duke his Father, with the knife

He thrust it him, and with one hand on his dagger,

Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes

He did discharge a horrible oathwhole reuer

Was, were they call'd; she would outgoe

His Father, by as much as a performance

Do's an irrevolute purpote.

King. There's in suspence,

To heath this knife in wa', he is attack'd,

Call him to present crying; if he may

Find mercy in the Law, 'tis his; if none,

Let him not seek of us: By day and night

Hee's Traspony to th' height.

Exeunt.

Scene Tetria.

Enter L. Chamberlaine and L. Sandes.

L. Ch. Ye shall profit the spile of France should stagger

Men into such strange mysteries?

L. San. New outones,

Though they be never so ridiculous,

(Now let 'em be vaine) yet are follow'd.

L. Ch. As farre as I see, all the good out English

Haue got by the late Voyage, but meanely,

A litle or two of this face, (but they are thread ones)

For when they hold 'em, you would favour directly

Their very nesses had beene Counsellours

To Prisa or Chilewrone, they keep them at home for,

L. San. They have all new legs,

They make but one leg, one would take her,

That sheere feet fom one & now the Spanen

A Spring-halt rain'd among 'em.

L. Ch. Death my Lord,

Their clothes are after such a Pagan cut to t'.

That sure th haue worn't one Chident he know now?

What newses, Sir Thomas Lowlend?

L. Ch. Enter Sir Thomas Lowlend.

Lowlend. Faith my Lord,

I hear of none but the new Proclamation,

That's clape upon the Court Gates.

L. Ch.
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Scena Quartâ.

L. Chen. What is it for?

Lum. The reformation of our travel'd Gallants,
Thou full the Count with quarrels, tale, and Tailors.
L. Chen. I'm glad it's there;
Now I would pray our Monuments
To think an English Courteous may be wise,
And not see the Labour.

L. Chen. They must either
(For to run the Conditions) leave the remnants
Of Furnel and Feather, that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto; as Fights and Fire-works,
Abusing better men than they can be
Out of a foreigne wife done, renaming clearing,
The faith they have to Tennis and call Stockings,
Short blifflered Breeches, and those types of Truell;
And understand again like honest men,
Or pack to their old Flyncolower, there, I take it,
They may Come Prunilege, were away
The lag end of their levnefession, and be laugh'd at.

L. San. This time to giue'em Physicks, their difficile
Are growne so excurgious.
L. Chen. What a loke our Ladies
Will hate of these trim vanities?

Lum. I marry,
There will be wise indeed Lords, the fly whoresons,
Have got a speeving tricke to lay downe Ladies.
A French Song, and a Piddle, he's no Fellow.
L. San. The Duell fiddle'em.
I am glad they are going,
For sure there's no comming of men now
An honest Country Lord as I am, brethen
A long time out of play, may bring his plate long,
And have an horne of hearing, and by's Lady
Held currant Musickle too.
L. Chen. Well said Lord Sands,
Your Coltooth is not saff yet?

L. San. No my Lord,
Not shall not while I have a stumpe.
L. Chen. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a going?

Lum. To the Cardinal's;
Your Lordship is a guelf too.
L. Chen. O, his true;
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many Lords and Ladies; there will be
The beauty of this Kingdom lie allare you.

Lum. That Churchman
Beazs a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the Land that feeds it,
His devotee fall every where.
L. Chen. No doubt he's Noble;
He'll have a blace month that falleth of him.
L. San. He may my Lord,
He's where withall in him;
Spending would show a worse time, then ill Doctrine,
Men of his way, should be most liberal,
They are set here for examples.
L. Chen. True, they are so.
Below how giue so great ones;
My Barge shayes;
Your Lordship shall along; Come, good Sir Thomas,
We shall be late die, which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford
This night to be Committed, else take me so much talking.

L. San. I am your Lordships.

Exeunt.
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

I am beholding to you: cheer up your neighbours:
Ladies you are not merry, Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

San. The wine stuffing must suffice.
In their faire cheeks my Lord, then see shall have 'em,
Take ye to silence.

Act. I. You are a merry Ganister,
My Lord.

San. Yes, if I may be your play:
Heere's to your Ladyship, and pledge it Madam.

For to to fuck a thing:

Act. II. You cannot shew me:
Drum and Trumpet, Chambers discharged.

San. I told your Grace, they would take anon.

Card. What's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of ye.
Card. What warlike voyce,
And to what end is this? Nay, Ladies, scarce or 
By all the laws of Warre ye are prussiug'd.

Enter a Servant.

Cham. How now, what is this?

Ser. A noble troupe of Strangers,
For if they be seen they have left their Barge and landed,
And beth to their Grace, as great Embassadors
From foraigne Printers.

Card. Good Lord Chamberlain,
Gougue 'em welcome you can speake the french tongue
And pray receice 'em Nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him.

Aeris, and Taburets remove it.

You have now a broken Bitter, but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all; and once more
I shewre a welcome on ye: welcome all.

Heborys, Enter King and otheres at Markes, habited like
Shepherds, after is by the Lord Chamberlain. They
page direct before the Cardinal, and gracefully faue him.

A noble Company: what are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they paid
to tell your Grace: That being heard by fame
Of this to Nobilitie and faire assembly,
This night to meet here they could noe do lese,
Out of the great respect they have to beauty,
But leave their Bockes, and vide your faire Grace
Leave to view these Ladies, and attend
An hour after with them.

Card. Say, Lord Chamberlain,
They have done my poore house grace,
For which I pay'm a thousand thanks,
And pray 'em take their pleasures.

Choise Ladies, King and Aun Ballen.

King. The fairest hand I ever toucht's O Beauty,
Till now I never knew thee.

Mutter, 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 but knew whome] with my loose aud duty
I would forswear me.

Cham. I will my Lord.

Card. What say they?
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Of divers witnesses, which the Duke deigned
To him brought, some overt to his face;
As which appear'd again against him, his Surveyor,
Sir Gilbert Peake his Chancellour, and John Carne,
Confessor to him, with that D productos
Hoppin, that made this mistake.
2. That was hee
That fed him with his Prophecies.
3. The same,
All these accoum'd him strongly, which he saine
Would have flung from him; but indeed he could not;
And for his Peers upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high Treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly for life: But all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.
3. After all this, how did he bear himself?
4. When he was brought again to the Bar, to hear
His Knell rung out, his Judgement, he was spirit'd
With such an Agony, he sweate extremely,
And some new spoke in Choler, ill, and hastily:
But he fell to himselfe againe, and swiftly,
In the end he was much more Easie, shall make my Grace,
1. I do not think he fears death,
2. Sure he does not,
He never was so Womanish, the cause
He may a little griest at,
3. Certainly,
The Cardinal was the end of this.
1. Tis likely,
By all confections: First Riddies Attends;
Then Deputy of Ireland, who remov'd
Earle Surrey, was sent thither, and in haste too,
Least he should help his Father.
3. That he on his State
Was a deep emissary one,
1. At his returne,
No doubt he will requite it; this is noted
(And generally) who enter the King's favour,
The Cardinal instantly will find employment,
And fare enough from Court too.
3. All the Commons
Hate him peremptorily, and o my Conscience
With him ten sadden deep; This Duke as much
They loose and doane our on him busineous Buckingham,
The Mirror of all courtiers.

Enter Buckingham from his Arrestation, Triumphantes before him,
the Accoucht the edge towards him. Halleluia on each side, accompanied with Sir Thomas Lovell, Sir Nicholas Paine, Sir Walter Sandys, and common people &c.

1. Stay there Sir,
And see the noble man you speak of.
Let's hand close and behold him,
Gentle All good people,
You that this fare have come to pity me;
Here what I say, and then goe home and let me,
I have this day receiv'd a Treasons judgiment,
And by that name must dye, yet Heaven beares witness,
And if I have a Conscience,
Even as the Axe falls, if I be not faithful.
The Law I beare no malice for my death,
Thas done upon the premises, but justifies:
But those that fought it, I could with more Christians:
(For what they will) I heartily forgive 'em;
Yet let them look how they glory not in mischiefs.
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

And give your hearts to pray when they once perceive
The least rub my fortunes, fall away
Like water from s, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye all good people
Pray for me, my soul now forsake ye the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me
Farewell, and when you would say something that is sad,
Speake how I fell
I have done, and God forgive me.

Exeunt Doge and Trane.

1. O, this is full of pity, Sir, it is.
I hear, too many curtes on their heads.
That were the Authors.

2. If the Duke be gudiele.
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inclining
Of an enfling oque, if it fall,
Greater then this.

1. Good Angels keep me from s:
What mayst thou do not doubt my faith Sir?
2. This Secret is to weigh, I'll require
A strong faith to conceal it.
1. Let me have it;
I doe not take 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?

1. Yes, it be hold not;
For when the King once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the Lord Mayor straight
To stop the rumour and slay those tongues
That durft differ it.

2. But that flanders Sir,
It seemed a strach now for it grows apon
Faster then e'er it was, and hold for certaine
The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinal,
Or some about him see, have out of malice
To the good Queene, polgate him with a temple
That will vendo her: To confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arraund, and lately,
As all think for this busines.

1. Tis the Cardinal;
And mereely to revenge him on the Empourer,
For selling his on him at his asking,
The Archibishopke of Toled, this is purpoed,
I think
You haste hit the mark, but it is not cruel,
That she should feel the import of this; the Cardinal
Will have his will, and the mutt fail.

1. The truth.
We are too open here to argue this:
Let's think in pricks more.


Scena Sexta

Enter Lord Chamberlaine, reading this Letters.

M Y Lord, the Perse your Lordship sent for, with all the
men I found, I saw no ill, chaff, derision, and forbiddance.
They were young and handysome, and of the best breed in the
North. When they were ready to go east for London, a mee
of my Lord Cardinals, for Commissions, and more power taken
from me, with this present, had it not been discove

Enter to the Lord Chamberlaine, the Duke of Nor
fells and Suffolke.

Nor. Well met my Lord Chamberlaine.
Cham. Good day to both your Grace.
Suff. How is the King impioyed?
Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.
Nor. What's the cause?
Cham. It seems to me there is a matsr Wife
His crepe too neere his Conference.
Suff. No, by his Conference
His crepe too neere another Lady.
Nor. This is for
This is the Cardinal doing: The King-Cardinal,
That blinde Praxel, like the eldste Seme of Fortune,
Turnes what he list. The King will know him one day.
Suff. Pray God he doe,
He'll never know his mind else.
Nor. How hardly he works in all his businesse,
And with what zeal For now he has cracks the League
Between vs & the Empourer (the Queene's great Nephew)
He diuers into the Kings Soule, and there Pieters
Dangers, doubts, and dangers of the Conference,
Fears, and repairs, and all these for his Marriage,
And out of all these, to reform the King.
He comfels a Diocese, a staff of her
That by a Jesuit, he's hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never left her letters
Of her that loves him with such excellence,
That Angels lose good men with: Even of her,
That when the greatest strokes of Fortune falls,
Will blest the King: and is not this course pious?
Cham. Heauen keep me from such counselling as well true
Then these news are every where, every tongue speaks 'em,
And every true heart weeps for: All that is no
Looke into these affaires, see this maine end.
The French Kings Sirle. Heauen will one day open
The Kings eye, to be long house slept upon
This bold bad man.
Suff. And see vs from his flattery.
Nor. We had read pray,
And heartily, for our deliuerances
Or this impuricous man will work we well
From Princes into Pages: all men honours
Lie like a lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.
Suff. For me, my Lord,
I love him not, nor lest him, there's my Creede:
As I am made without, to lie stand,
If the King please: his Cortes and his Liftings
Touch me all esteem, and speech I not believe in
I know him, and I know him: so I fore him
To him that made him proud, the Pope.
Nor. Let's is;
And with some other businesse, put the King
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him:
My Lord, yoube beave vs company?
Cham. Excuse me,
The King's heart is too much elsewhere: Besides
You find no time to disturb him,
Health to your Lordship.
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Eust. 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 raised me.


Wol. And whips & sculls.

Wol. My Lord of York, was not one Doctor Pemb.

In this mans place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Camp. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes fairly.

Camp. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then.

Eust. Of your fells, Lord Cardinal.

Wol. How? of me?

Camp. They will not flock to say, you miscite him;

And fearing he would rise (he was so voutious)

Rept him a foreign man full, which so green'd him.

That he ran mad, and died.

Wol. He's peace be with him;

That's Christian care enough for living Muniments,

There's places of rebuke. He was a Foulm;

For he would needs be voutious. That good Fellow,

If I command him follows my appointment,

I will have none so more els. Leave this Brother,

We line not to be grip'd by mesurer perfons.

Kim. Deliver this with modelly too! Quence.

Exe. Gardiner.

The most convenient place, that I can think of

For such receipt of Learning is Black-Friers;

There ye shall more about this weighty busines. My Wol.

Wol. See it so much, my Lord, Would not mislead an able man to嚴重

So sweet & red fellows? But Conference, Conference; O this a tender place, and I must beseech her. Exe.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Anne Bulren, and an old Lady.

As. Not for that neither; here's the pang that pinches. His Highness having lived so long with her, and the

So good a Lady, that no Tongue could ever

Pronounce dissonance of her; by my life,

She never knew how to live: Oh! now after

So many courses of the Son enriched;

Still growing in a Masterly and pomp, the which

To issue, a thousand fold more bitter, then

Is sweet at first t'acquire. After this Proceed.

To give her the usance, it is a pity

Would move a Monarch.

Old. Lady. Hearts of most hard temper

Mast and lament for.

As. Oh God will, much better.

She ne'er had knowne pome, though't be temporall,

Yet if that quarrell. Fortune, do disourse

It from the bearer, 'tis a defference, punning

As fool and bodies senceing.

Old. Lady. Alas poor Lady,

She's a stranger now against.

As. So much the more

Mist pity drop upon her, verily

I were, 'tis better to be lowly borne,
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

And range with humble lovers in Content,
Then to be pent up in a glittering grieve,
And weare a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
Is our best bailing,

Aunt. By my troth, and Maidenhead,
I would not be a Queen.

Old L. I renew me, I would,
And venture Maidenhead for, and to would you
For all this sprice of your Hypocrite.
You shall have a true parte of Woman en you,
Have (too) a Woman here, which ever yet
Ayre fed by Wine, Wealth, Knowledge;
Which, to fast food, were blessings, and which gifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your unto Chintzerrl Confidence, would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.

Aunt. Nay, good troth.

Old L. Thy tooth, &c. though you would not be a Queen?

Aunt. No, not for all the riches under the sun.

Old L. Thy strange three pace bow'd would hire me
Old as I am, to Queen it: but I pray you,
What think you of a Dutchesse? Have you limbs
To bear that load of Little?

Aunt. No, he speaketh.

Old L. Then why are we mist ride and pluck off a little,
I would not be a young Count in your way,
For more then blushing comes to: if your backe
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, so too weak
Ever to get a Boy.

Aunt. How you doe talk;
I swear againe, I would not be a Queen,
For all the world;

Old L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an embalming: I may se
Would for Carnarmonfise, although there long'd
No more to th'Gowne but that: I, who comes here?

Enter Lord Chamberlaine, (know
L. Cham. Good morrow Ladies; what's your worth to
The secret of your conference?

Aunt. My good Lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our Missteps Sorrows we were prying.

Cham. It was a gentle businesse, and becoming
The action of good women, there is hope
All will be well.


Cham. You bore a gentle minde, & heartly blessings
Follow such Creatures. That you may, dear Lady
Perceiue I speake sincerely, and high notes.
Tune of your many virtues the Kings Maiesty
Commends his good opinion of you, to you; and
Does purpose honour to you off bearing, flowing,
Then Mr. Elephant of Frenbrooke, to which Title,
A Thousand pound a year, Annuall support,
Out of his Grace, he adde.

Aunt. I do not know
What kind of my obedience, I should tender;
More then my All is Nothing: Nor my Prayers
Are not words only hollowed not my ant's
More worth, the sumpyer's virtues yet Prayers & Wishes
Are all I can returne. Befall this your Lordship,
Vouchsafe to speake my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blind and Handmaid, to his Highness;
Whose health and Royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady:
I shall not fail apprope to the faire conceit
The King hath of you. I have professed her well,
Beauty and Honour in her are mingled,
That they have capted the King: and who knows yet,
But from this Lady may proceed a lemen,
To lighten all this life. I'the to the King,
And say I spoke with you.

Exeunt Lord Chamberlaine.

Aunt. My honoures Lord.
Old L. Why this is: See, see,
I have bin begging extencc years in Court
(Am yet a Courter begarly) not could
Come past becasue too wary, and too late
For any fust of pounds: and you, (oh thee)
A very fresh Filth herce: eye, eye, eye opon
This compell'd fortune: have your mouth fild 
Before you open it.

Aunt. This is strange to me.
Old L. How wit it? Is it better. Forty pece, no
There was a Lady once (in an old Story)
That would not be a Queen: such the not
For all the mud in Egypt: have you heard it?

Aunt. Come you are plesant.

Old L. With your Thame, I could
Oce-amount the Lake: The March, one of I embrak
A thousand pounds a year, for pure respect?
No other obligation by my Life,
That promiseth no thousands: Honours taine
Is longer then his foot-skirt: by this time
I know your backe will bear a Dutchesse, Say,
Are you not stronger then you were?

Aunt. Good Lady,
Make your selfe mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave us on it. Would I had no being
If this falsifie my blood a sin; it falsifie me
To think what follows.

The Queen is comfortealle, and we forgetfull
In our long absence pray do not deliure,
What heere ye'ase hear'd to her.

Old L. What doe you thinke ne. — Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Trumpet, Scaret, and Cornets.

Enter two Pregers, with short silver waords; next them two
Scribes in the habit of Delloers after them, the Bishop of
Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishop of Lincoln, Ed
Recholfer, and S. Affighe: Next them, with some small
Distances, follow a Gentleman bearing the Pinne, with the
great Scale, and a Cardinals Hat: Then two Priests, bear-
ing each a Silver Croffe: Then a Gentleman, with bare-
headed, accompanied with a Sergeant of Armes, bearing a
Silver Mass: Then two Gentlemen bearing two great
Silver Fiders: After them, sixt by sixt, the two Cardinalls,
two Noblemen, with the sword and Mace. The King takes
place under the Cloth of State. The two Cardinalls sit
under him as Judges. The Sergeant takes place somi
Distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on
each side the Court in manner of a Cofistry: Below them
the Scribers, and the Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the
Attendants stand in convenient order about the Stage.
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Car. Whil'st our Commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.
King. What's the need? It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides th'Authority allowed.
You may then spare that time.
Car. Bee to, proceed.
Scrie. Say, Henry K. of England, come into the Court.
King. Herein.
Scrie. Say, Katherine Queen of England,
Come into the Court.
The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her Chair,
Goes about the Court, comes to the King, and kneels at
his Feet. Thus speaks:
Sir, I desire you do me Right and Justice,
And to bellow your pity on me; for
I am a most poor Woman, and a Stranger,
Borne out of your Dominions: having here
No Lodge indifferent, nor more assurance
Of equal Friendship and Proceeding. Alas Sir,
In what haste I offended you? What cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good Grace from me? Heaven witness,
I have bene to you, a true and humble Wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever to fear to kindle your Dislike,
Yes, subject to your Countenance. Glad or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd? When was the hour
I ever contradicted your Desire?
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your Friends
Hath I not sought to please, although I knew
He were more Enemy? What Friend of mine,
That had to him dear'd your Anger, did I
Continue in my Life? Nay, gave notice
He was from thence dych'd? Sir, call to minde,
That I have been your Wife, in this Obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and hast bene blest
With many Children by you. If in the course
And procede of this time, you can report,
And prove it true, against mine Honor, nought;
My maid to Wedlock, or my Line and Dace
Against your Sacred Person, in Gods name
Turn me away: and let the foul fit Contempt
Shurt doure upon me, and so give me vp.
To this present kind of Justice. Plead you, Sir,
The King your father, was repir'd for
A Prince most Prudent; of an excellent
And renowned Wit, and Judgment. Ferdinand.
My Father, King of Spaine, was reckond one
The wildest Prince, that there had regard, by many
A wise Prince. It is not to be question'd,
That they had gather'd a wife Counsellor to them
Of every Realm, that did debate this Business,
Who decreed our Marriage lawful. Wherefore I Humbly
Befesc you, Sir, to spare me, till I may
Be, by my Friends in Spaine, attend'd; whose Counsel
I will Implore, in favor of this name of God
Your pleasure be fulfilled.
Wot. You have here lady,
(And of your choice) the Right reverend Fathers, men
Of singular Integrity, and Learning:
Yes, the ed'd of this Land, who are assembled
To please your Caufe. It shall be therefore booleste,
That longer you delay the Court, as well
For your own quiet, as to rectifie
What is viciated in the King.
Hath spoken well, and truly: Therefore Madam,
It's fit this Royal Session do proceed,
And that (without delay) their Arguments
Be now produce'd, and heard.
Lr. Lord Cardinal, to you I speake.
Wot. Your pleasure, Madam.
Lr. Sir, I am about to wepe; but thinking that
We are a Queene (or long have drem'd it) certain
The daughter of a King, my drops of teares,
It turne to sparkes of fire.
Wot. Be patience yet.
Lr. Sir, while, when you are humble; Nay before,
Our God will punish me. I do believe
(Induced by potent Circumstances) that
You are mine Enemy, and make my Challenge,
You shall not be my Judge. For if you
Have blowne this Coale, betweene my Lord, and me;
(Which Gods drom quench) therefore, I say again,
I say th'inhabit my body, from my Soule.
Refuse you for my Judge, whom yet once more
I hold my most malicious For, and think not
At all a friend to truth.
Wot. I do profess.
Lr. You speake not like your selfe: who ever yet
Have blow'd so Chaste, and display'd th'effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisedome,
Ore-topping womans powre. Madam, you do me wrong
I have no Spincne against you; nor injustice
For you, or any: how farre I haue proceeded,
Or how farre Iter (shall) is warrant
By a Commission from the Conformities.
Yet, the whole Conformities of Rome. You charge me,
That I haue blowne this Coale. I do deny it,
The King is present; hit be knowne to him,
That I gain'd my Deed, how may he wound,
And worthily my Falsehood, yea, as much
As you have done my Truth. I haue known
That I am free of your Report, he knowes
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me, and the Cure is to
Remove those Thoughts from you. The which before
His Highnesse shall speake in: I do beseech you
(Graciously Madam) to vouchsafe your speaking,
And to say no more.

Queen. My Lord, my Lord,
I am a simple Woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning, Yare meek, & humble mouth'd
You signe your Place, and Calling, in full feasing,
With Mekeneffe and Humilitie but your Heart
Is cram'd with Arrogance, Spicne, and Pride.
You haue by Fortune, and his Highnesse favor,
Gone lightly o're loose flaming, and now are mounted
Where Powres are your Retainers, and your words
(Dometickets to you) fierce your will, as't please
Your selfe pronouces in their Office. I must tell you,
You tender more your personal Honor, then
Your high profession Spiritual. That agen
I do refuse you for my Judge, and here.
Before you all, Appeals into the Pope,
To bring my whole Cause, to the Holyhneffe,
And to be judged by him.

She Presents to the King, and offers to depart.
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Camp. The Queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to patience, apt to accuse it, and
D disasters to be tided by; it is not well.
She's going away.

Kne. Call her again.

Cry. Katherine Q. of England, come into the Court.
Gen. Uff. Madam, you are called back.

Qne. What need you note nor pray you keep your way,
When you are cold return. Now the Lord help us,
They cease me pat my patience pray you pause on,
I will not retire, nor ever more.
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their Courts.

Exit Queen, and her Attendants.

Kne. God's thy ways Kate,
That man's thy world, who shall report he has.
A better Wife, let him be taught be taught,
For speaking false in that, a true are none.
If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness Saint-like, Wise-like Government,
Obeying in command, and thy parts,
Some sovereigns and Princes, could speak thee out.
The Queene of earthly Queens. She's Noble bore;
And like her true Nobility, the he's
Carried her life towards me.

Wnl. Most gracious Sir,
In humblest manner I require your Highness,
That it shall please you to declare in hearing
Of all these cares (for where I am robs and bound,
There shall I be voices), although not there.
At once, and fully fastside) whether ever
Did break this business to your Highness, or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on your ever
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
A Royal Lady, speak one, the least word that might
And the preudnicl of her pleasant, State;
Or touch of her good Person?

Kne. My Lord Cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine Honor,
I do not you from: You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are no, but like to Village Carres,
Barke when their fellows doe. By some of these
The Queene is put in anger; ye excuse'd;
But will you more ill-bode? You ever
Have will'd the sleeping of this business, never desist'd
It to be said; but so haste hinder'd, off
The passagges made toward it on my Honours,
I speak my good Lord Cardinal, to this point;
And thus faire clear him.

Now, what mon't done, it's
I will be bold with time and your attention: 
(too's:
Then make this entertain. Thus he came: gine heed.
My Conscience in the world a tenet of times,
Scruple, and pricks, and certaine Speeches strett'd,
By the Bishop of Bayd, and French Embassador,
Who had been his father's men on the debating
And marriage's twist the Duke of Orleans, and
Our Daughter Mary. I hope Prolonged of this business,
Es a determinate resolution, how
(I mean the Bishop) did require a scruple,
Where he might the King his Lord in court;
Whether our Daughters were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the Dowager,
Sometimes our Brother's wife. This require thronke

The outcome of my Conference, enter'd use;
Yea, with a spitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my Brest, which for'd rich way,
That many maz'd considerings, ill shone.
And prett in with this caution. First me thought
I stood not in the smile of Jesus, who had
Commanded Nature, that my Ladies wond're
Her conscience a smile-child by me; should
Do any more Office of life too?: then
The Grace does to the dead: For her Male Issue,
Or is where they were made, or shortly after
This world had pur'd them. Hence I took a thought,
This was a Judgement on me, that my King dome
(Well worthy the best Heyre of the World) should not
Be gladd'd in't by me. Then followes, that
I weigh'd the danger which my Realmes flood in
By this my Issue fille, and that gave to me
Many a groaning throw; thus bulling in
The wild Sea of my Conscience, I did desire
Toward this remedy, whereon we are,
Now present here togethe'r (that's to say),
I mean to recite my Conscience, which
I then did feel full like, and yet not well,
By all the Renuer'd Fathers of the Land,
And Doctors learnt. First I began in private,
With you my Lord of Conciles you remember
How under my oppression I did recite,
When I first now'd you.

R. Lin. Very well my Ledge,
Kne. I have spoken long, be pleas'd your selve to say
How faire you fastside me.

Lin. Supplige your Highness,
The question did as first to frivolous me,
Bearing a State of mighty moment in,
And consequence of dread, that I committed
The daring Contisile which I had to doubt,
And did entreat your Highness to this course,
Which you are running here.

Kne. I than me'd you,
My Lord of Canterbury, and got your lease
To make this present Summons unconsulted,
I sent no Renuer'd Person in this course;
But by particular content proceeded
Under your hands and Seales; therefore go on,
For no dislike of truth against the perion
Of the good Queene; but the sharpe thorny points
Of my allledged reasons, drives this forward:
Prove but our Marriage lawfull, by my Life
And Kingsly Dignity, we are contented
To wear one month all State to come, with her,
(Katherine our Queene) before the priuett Createre
That's Paragon'd o' th' World.

Camp. So please your Highness,
The Queene being ab-text, 'tis a needfull fitnesse,
That we adourn this Court till further day;
Mean while, may an esteeem motion
Made to the Queene to call back her Appeale
She intends into his Holiness.

Kne. I may perceive
These Cardinals triffe with me: I abhorre
This diastore flace, and trickes of Rome.
My learned and wellbeloved Servant Crouernor,
Pertinently, with thy approch. I know,
My comfort comes along: break up the Court;
I lay, set on.

Event, as manner as they inter'd.

v 3
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Queen and her Women at work.
Queen. Take thy Lute wench, My Soule grows sad with troubles, Sing, and dispire all these working:

SONG.
O Sire, with his Lute made Tree, And the Mountain's top that freezes, Bear themselves when they did sing. To my Musicks, Plants and Flowers Ever spring, as Sunne and showers, There was made a lovely Spring, Ever thing that heard but play, Even the Billows of the Sea, Hung their heads, and thus lay By. In sweet Musicks of such arts, Killing care, and grief of heares, Fall asleep, or hearing Arts.

Enter a Gentleman.
Gent. And I please your Grace, the two great Cardinals Was in the presence.
Queen. Would they speak with me?
Gent. They will beap my Madam.
Queen. Pray their Graces To come neere: what can be their busines With me, a poore weak woman, faire from sinne? I doe not like your comming now I think not, They should be good men, their affairs as righteous But all Hoods, make no Mockes.

Enter the two Cardinals, Wolsey & Campan.
Wol. Peace to your Highness.
Queen. Your Grace find me here part of a Houefwife, I would be all against the worlde may happen: What are your pleasuere with me, reverent Lords? Wol. May it please you, Noble Madam, to withdraw Into your private Chamber; we shall give you The full cause of our comming.

Queen. Speake it here.
There is nothing I have done yet of your Conscience. Doeth a Coutreys man all other Women Could speake this with as free a Soule as I doe. My Lords, I care not (so much I am happy) About a number, if my actions Were tri'd by evry tongue, evry eye law'em, Evan and doe opinion set against em, I know my life to euery one, stampes his busines. Seeke me out, and there I am your Woman, Out with it boldly, Truth loves open dealing.

Card. To the end ye may posse the true Regima yesterday.
Queen. O good my Lord, in Latin; I am not such a Traitor of my comming, As not to know the Language I have lin'd: I am not such a Traitor of my comming, As not to know the Language I have lin'd: And if a strange Tongue makes my cause more strange, I prithee, in English, there are some will thank you, If you speake true, for their poore Mens sake: I belieue my selfe he has had much wrong, Lord Cardinal, I thinke the blam' is my ears yet committet, May be abed in English.
Card. Noble Lady.

Tiam forty my integritie should breed, (And servish to his Majesty and you) So doth the office, where all Faith was meant We come not by the way of Apercution, To saith that honour every good Tongue blesseth, Nor to betray you any way so sorrow: You have much too good Lady: But to know How you hand mingled in the weighty difference Between the King and you, and to deliter (Like base and honest men) our ill opinions, And comforts to our cause.

Comp. Moft honour'd Madam, My Lord of York, out of his Noble nature, Zeale and obedience he shall bore your Grace, Forgetting (like a good man) your late Henrj Both of his truth and him (which was too fatte) Offers, as I doe, in a signe of peace, His Service, and has Counsell.
Queen. To betray me. My Lords, I thank you both for your good wills, Ye speake like honest men, (pray God ye proues) But how to make ye fiddlely an Answer. In such a points of weight, so more mine Honour, (More neere my Life I feare) with my weake wit, And to such men of gravity and learning; In truth I know not. I was set at worke, Among my Maids, full little (God knowes) looking Either for mad men, or such businesse For her sake that I have borne, for I feele The last fit of my Greatness: good your Graces Let me have time and Counsel for my Caufe: Also, I am a Woman frendlesse, hoplesse.

Wol. Madam, You wrong the Kings cause with these feares, Your hopes and friends are infinite.
Queen. In England, But little for my profit can you think Lords. That any English man dare give me Counsell? Or be a knowne friend, gait his Highness pleasure, (Though we be grown to despare to be honest) And live a Subie 83? Nay foure, my friends, They that must weigh out my affliction, They that my trust most grow to, live not here; They are all my other composites far hence In more owne Countrie Lords.

Comp. I would your Grace Would lease your grooves, and take my Counsell.
Queen. How Sir?
Comp. Put your maine cause into the Kings professyon, Heres showing and most gracious. I will be much, Both for your Honour better, and your Caufe: For if the bring of the Law uterake ye, You may set others an example.
Wol. He tels you rightly.
Queen. Ye tell me what ye willeth for both, mine mine? Is this your Christian Counsell? Ouy poyes. Heauen is wise about all ye: there is a Judge, That no King can corrupt.

Comp. Your rage may be taine.
Queen. The more shame for ye, holy man I thought ye, Upon my Soule two seared Cardinal Vittories, But Cardinal Sin, and hollow hearts I flaire ye: Mend 'em for shame my Lords: Is this your comfort? The Cordiall that ye bring a wretched Lady? A woman lost among ye, laught at, found? I will not with ye half my miferies,
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

I have more Charity. But say I fawnd you in take heed, for heaven's sake take heed, least at once
The burthen of my sorrow, fall upon ye.
Car. Madam, this is a mere distraction.
You turn the good we offer, into enmity.
Law. Ye turn me into nothing. Woe upon ye,
And all such false Professions. Would you have me
(If you have any Justice, any Pity,
I ye be any thing but Christ's Habits)
Put my fickle to his hands, that harms me.
Alas, he's banished me from this world,
His Love, too long ago. I am old my Lords,
And all the Fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my Obedience. What can happen
To me, about this wretched life? All your Soudies
Make me a Care, like this.
Car. Your fears are worse.

Q. If I had this long, let me say of myself,
Since Virtue finds no friends a Wife a true one?
A Woman (I dare say without Vanity)
Ne'er yet branded with Suffering?
Have I, with all my fail Affections
Still met the King? Lord! him next Heart? Obey him?
Benevolence, ungodly to himself?
A woman for my Prayers to commiserate him?
And am I thus rewarded? Is it not well Lords,
Bring me a comfort to her Husband,
One that we dreamt of joy, beyond his pleasure;
And to that Woman (when she has done noft)
Yet will I add an Honor, a great Patience,
Car. Madam, you wanders from the good
We answer.
Q. My Lord,
I dare not make my selfs to guiltie,
To give up willingly that Noble Title
Your Matter weal me in, nothing but death
Shall we divide my Dignities.
Car. Pray heare me.
Q. Would I had never trod this English Earth,
Or felt the Patteries that grow upon it
Ye have Angel's Peace but Heaven knows your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched Lady?
I am the most unhappy Woman living
Alas (poor Wench) where are now your Fortunes?
Shipwreck'd upon Kingdom, ere, where no Pity,
No Friends, no Hope, no Kindred weep for me
Almoft no Grace allow'd me, like the Lily
That once was Million of the Field and Flourish'd,
I lie in my bed, and perish.
Car. If your Grace
Could but be brought to know, our Ends are honest,
You'd feel more comfort. Why should we (good Lady)
You what cause wrong you? alas, our Places.
The way of our Profession is against it;
We are to make friends, not to make enes.
For Goodness sake, consider what you do,
How you may honour your selfs. I, atter.
Grow from the King's Acquaintance, by this Carriage,
The guides of Princes must be Obedience,
So much they lose it. But to the honest Spirits,
They fare well and grow as sensible as others.
I know you have a Gentle, Noble temper,
A Soul as calm as a Alarm; Dost think of ye,
Those we profess: Peace-makers, Friends, and Servants.
Car. Madam, you'll finde it;
You wrong your Vertues.
And came to the eye of the King, where in was read
How that the Cardinall did interst his Holiness
To lay the judgement of the Dissourse; for it
Did take place, I do (quoth he) perceive
My King is tangelled in affliction,
A Creature of the Queenes, Lady Anne Bullen,
Suf. Ha's the King this?
Suf. Belieue it.
Suf. Will this worke?
Chem. The King in this perceives him, how he coasts
And hedges his owne way. But in this point,
All his trices founeder, and he brings his Physickes
After his Patients death, the King already
Hath married the faire Lady.
Suf. Would he bad.
Suf. May you be happy in your with my Lord,
For I professe you haite,
Suf. Now all my joy
Trace the Cunbuction,
Suf. My Amen too.
Nor. All mens.
Suf. There's order gotten for her Coronation:
Marry this is yet but young; and may be left
To some rates unrenounced. But by my Lords
She is a gallant Creature, and compleate
In mine and feature. I peruse me from her
Will fall some blessing to this Land, which shall
In it be memorable.
Suf. But will the King
Diggest this Letter of the Cardinals?
The Lord forbid.
Nor. May I amen.
Suf. No, no:
There be more Wafers that buzz about his Nose,
Will make this thing the fountec, Cardinal Contempus,
Is holie away to Rome, hath't no issue,
He's left the caufe of th'King unhanded, and
Is poold as the Agent of our Cardinall,
To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The King crye'd He, at this.
Chem. Now God Incent him,
And let him cry Hololouder,
Nor. But my Lord
When returns Crammer?
Suf. He is return'd in his Opinions, which
Hau'e satisfie'd the King for his Discourse,
Together with all his famous Colledges
Almō's at Christendome; shortly (I believe)
His second Marriage shall be publish'd,
And her Coronation. Katherine to more
Shall be call'd Queene, but Princecell Dowager,
And Widdow to Prince Arthur.
Nor. This same Crammer's
A worthy Fellow, and hath taken much paine
In the King's businesse.
Suf. Help's, and we shall see him
For it an Arch-bishop.
Nor. So I heare.
Suf. This.
Sur. Walsy and Crammer.
The Cardinall.
Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.
Car. The Packet Cramwell.
Gast you the King?
Crom. To his owne hand, it's Bed-chamber.
Crom. Look'd he seeth inside of the Paper?
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

His Contemplations were about the earth, And fix'd on Spiritual things, he should still Dwell in his Musing, but I am advis'd His Thinking are below the Moone, not worth His serious considering, 
King's Seat-Westmore, Lowell, who sits in the Cardinal.

Car. [His Excellency] for God forgive me, 
Your Highness bliee your Highness, 
King. Good my Lord, 
You are full of Heavenly light, and bear the inventory Of your best Graces in your mind, the which You were now thinking of, you have scarce time To stake from Spiritual light, a brief span To keep your earthly Office, for in that I decree you to_Husband, and the gold To have you therein my Companion.

Car. Sir, 
For Heavens sakes Heavens time a time To drink upon the part of Buthynne, which I bear:the States and Nature does require Her times of preferation, which performe Her frailt Sones, among twenty Brethren mortal, Must give my rendance to.

King. You have done well.

Car. And encurage your Highness yoke together, 
(As I will lend you) my song well, 
With my well saying,

King. 'Tis well said again, And 'tis a kind of good deeds to say well, And yet words are no deeds. My Father loud you, 
He said he did, and with his deed did Crowne His word upon you. Since I had my Office, 
I have kept you near my Heart, have not alone Implo'd you where high Profits might come home, But par'd my present Haulting, to beflow My Bounties uppon you.

Car. What should this mean? 
SIR. The Lord increase this bountifull

King. Have I not made you 
The prime man of the State? I pray you tell me, If what I now pronounce, you have found true: 
And if you may confess it, say withall: 
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you? 
Car. My Soveraigne, I confess your Royal grace Shows to me truly, have bene more then could My hiled purposes require, which went Beyond all mans endeavours. My endeavours, Have ever come to so short of my Desires, Yet still with my Abilities. Mine owne ends Have bene mine, so, that evermore they destroy'd 
To the good of your most Sacred Person, and The profit of the State, for your great Graces 
Hevp'd upon me; please your Grace to grace, I cannot rend the Allgiants thanks, 
My Prayers to heauen for you; my Loyalty Which ever ha's, and ever shall be growing, 
Till death (that Winter) kill it.

King. Fairly answer'd. 
A Loyalt, and obedient Subject is.
Therein illustrez, the Honor of it.
Do not stay the Act of it, as I contrary 
The fouldefence is the punishment. I preforme, That as my hand he's open'd Bounty to you, 
My heart drop'd Lowe, my powr resitst Honor, more 
On you, then any: So your Hand, and Hearst,

Your braine, and every function of your power, Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty, As turer in Louise particular, be more 
To me your friend, then any, 
Car. I do profess.
That for your Highness good, I ever labour'd 
More then mine owne, that am, have, and will be 
(Though all the world should crack their duty to you, 
And throw it from their soule, though phelis did 
About, as thick as thoughts could make 'em, and 
Appear in forms more bound then my duty, 
As short a stroke against the chiding Flood, 
Should the approach of this wilde River breaks, 
And stand with taken yours.

King. Tis Nobby spoken: 
Take notice Lords, he's a Loyalt, brief, 
For you have seen him open. Read of this, 
And after this, and then to Breakfast with.

What appetite you have.

Exit King, frowning upon the Cardinal, the Nobles after him following, and whispering.

Car. What should this mean?
What sad time Anger's this? How haste I leap'st it?
He parted frowning from me, as if Rume
I leap'd from his Eyes. So lookest the chaste Lyon
Upon the daring Huntman that has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing, I must read this paper: I leave the Story of his Anger. 'Tis for:
This paper he's now endeavours; Tis the accomplice
Of all that world of Welsh I have drawn together
For mine owne ends, (indeed to gain the Popedom,
And see my Friends in Rome.) O Negligence!
Fit for a Foolish to fall by: What crosse Densell
Made me put this maine Secret in the Packet
I sent the King? Is there no way to cure this?
None new to beate this from his Branes? I know
'twill thrice him strongly: yet I know
A way, if it take right, in sight of Fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this? To th' Papal
The Letter (as I live,) with all the Bountifull
I wrote too: Holmefeld; Nay then, farewell:
I have touch'd the highes part of all my Greatness,
And from that full Meridian of my Glory,
I haste now to my Seating, I shall fall
Like a brighte exhalation in the Evening,
And no man see me more.

Enter to Wolsey, the Duke of Starling, and Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. Hear the Kings pleasure Cardinal, 
Who commands you 
To rend the Great Scale presently 
Into our hands, and to Conveine your selfe 
To After-action, my Lord of Windies, 
Till you hear further from his Highness.

Car. Stay:
Where's your Commission? Lords, words cannot carriage 
Authority to weigh?

Suf. Who dare crosse 'em.
Bearing the Kings will from his mouth expressely?
Car. Till I finde more then will, or words to do it, (I mean you malice) know, Officious Lords, 
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feele
Of what course Merce ye are moldered, Empy,
How eagerly ye follow my Differences

As
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

As it is fed ye, and how speake and wanton
Ye appeare in every thing may bring my ruine?
Follow your wanaunts, men of Malice ;
You have Christian warrant for 'em, and no doubt
In time will finde their fit Rewards. That Seale
You take with such a Violence, the King
(Mine, and your Master) with his owne hand, gave me:
Bad me enjoy it, with the Plate, and Honors
During my life, and do confirm his Goodnewe,
Ride it by Letters Patent. Now, what'll it take?
Sur. The King that gave it.
Car. It must be himselfe then.
Sur. Thou art a proud Traitor, Prieff.
Car. Proud Lord, thou lyest.
Within the fortie hours, Surry durt better
Have burnt that Tongue, then faile to.
Sur. Thy Ambition
(Thou Scarle finne) robb'd this bewailing Land
Of Noble Buckingham, my Father-in-Law,
The heads of all thy Brother-Cardinals,
(With thee, and all thy beft parts bound together)
Weald not a hair of his. Plague of your pollicy;
You rent me Deputie for Ireland,
Farre from his face: from the King, from all
That might have mercie on the fault, thou gayl'd him:
Wilt if your good Newell, out of holy pity,
Abolo d'm with an Axe.
This talking Lord may lye upon my credit,
I answer, is most falfe. The Duke by Law
Found his defiers. How innocent I was
From any private male in his end,
His Noble fate, and fole Causse can witnesse,
If I told many words, Lord, I should tell you,
You have as little Honour, as Honor,
That in the way of Loyalte, and Truth,
Toward the King, my ever Roiall Master,
Dare make a founder man then Surrie can be,
And all that love his follies.
Sur. By my soile,
Your long Coat (Prieff) protects you,
Then shall't I feele
My Sword in'life blood of thee else. My Lords,
Can ye endure to hear this Arrogance?
And from this Fellow! If we live thus tamely,
To be thus Jaded by a piece of Scarle,
Farewell Nobility, let his Grace go forward,
And dare vs with his Cry, like Larkes.
Car. All Goodnewe
Is poynson to thy Stomacke.
Sur. Yet, that goodnature
Of gleaning all the Lands wealth into one,
Into your owne hands (Cardinal) by Extortion:
The goodnewe of your intercepted Packets
You write to th' Pope, against the King: your goodnewe
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.
My Lord of Norfolk, as you are truly Noble,
As you respect the common good, the State
Of our deify'd Nobilitie, our Life,
(Whom if he live, will force be Gentleman)
Produce the grand summe of his fume, the Articles
Collected from his life. He-lastle you
Wrote then the Sacring Bell, when the browne Wench
Lay kisuing in your Arms, Lord Cardinal.
Car. How much me thinkes, I could depile this man,
But that I am bound in Charitie against it.
Nor. Those Articles, my Lord, are in the Kings hand;
But this much, they are foule ones.
Sur. So much partie,
And speake, shall mine Innocence abide,
When the King knowes my Truth.
Sur. This cannot save you:
I thanne my Memory, I yet remember
Some of those Articles, and out they shall.
Now, if you can blith, and criigate Cardinal,
You'll swole a little Honour.
Sur. Speakes on Sir.
I dare your worst Objections: if I blith,
It is to see a Nobleman want manners.
Sur. I had rather want thine, then my head;
Have at you.
For, that without the Kings affent or knowledge,
You wroght to be a Legate, by which power
You maintaine the Jurisdiction of all Bishops.
Nor. Then, That in all you write to Rome, or else
To Foreign Prince, Eyes &c. &c. more
Was full infructible: in which you brought the King
To be your Servant.
Sur. Then, that without the knowledge
Either of King or Counsell, when you went
Ambassador to the Emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders, the Great Seale.
Sur. Item, You lent a Large Commission
To Gregory & Saffe, to conclude
Without the Kings will, or the States allowance,
A League between his Highnesse, and Ferrara.
Sur. That out of mere Ambition, you have caus'd
Your holy Hat to be stamp'd on the Kings Coine.
Nor. Then, That you have sent an Innumerable Subductance,
(By what means goest, I leave to your owne confidence)
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways.
You have for Dignities, to the most vnderpaid.
Of all the Kingdome. Many more there are,
Which since they are of you, and odious,
I will not name my selfe with.
Cham. O my Lord,
Preference a falling man too fater'tis Virtue:
His faults ye open to the Lawes, let them
(Not you) correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little, of his great Selfe.
Sur. Lord Cardinal, the Kings further pleasure is,
Bring on these things you have done of late.
By your power Legislate within this Kingdome,
Fall into this Complite of a Preemptiure;
That thereupon such a Wit be fixed against you,
To forfeit all your Goods, Lands, Tenements,
Cattles, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the Kings protection. This is my Charge.
Nor. And to well leave you to your Meditations
How to bee better. For your stubborn answer,
About the saying backe the Great Seale to vs,
The King shall know it, and (no doubt) that thankes you.
So faire you well, my little good Lord Cardinal.
Exempt all for Wolfe.
Sur. So farwell, to the little good you bestowed.
Farewell! A long farewell to all my Goodnewe:
This is the State of Man; so day he puts forth
The tender Leaues of hope, to morrow Blossometh,
And bears his blushing Honor thicke upon him:
The third day, comes a Frownd, a killing Frownd,
And when he thinkes, good easie man, full surely
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

His Greatness is a ripening, nippes his course,
And then he fails as it doth. [pause]
Like little wanton Boys that swim on bladders,
This many Summer's in a Sea of Glory,
But farre from my depth: my high-blowne Pride,
As leng as I live, and never was left me
Waste, and cold with Sorrow, to the mercy
Of a rude flame, of darkness for ever hide me,
Vine pomps, and glory of this World, I hate ye,
I feel my heart is now open; Oh how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on Princes favour!
There is bereave that sense we would spire too,
That lesser Appear of Princes, and their grace,
More pangs, and fear of treachery, or women hate,
And when I fail, I fall like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Enter Cromwel, finding amazed.

Why how now Cromwel?

Cromwel, I have no power to speake Sir.

Card. What, amazed?

At my misfortunes? Can thy Spirit wonder?
A great man should decline. Nay, and you weep
I am false indeed.

Cromwel. How does your Grace.

Card. Why well:
Never for truly happy, my good Cromwel,
I know my felicity, and this within me,
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still, and quiet Conscience. The king's he cur'd me,
I humbly thank his Grace; and from these shoulders
These rude Pillars, out of pity, taken
A load, which fits a Nanny, (too much Honor)
O 'tis a burden Cromwel, 'tis a burden;
Too heavy for a man, that hopes for Heaven.

Cromwel. I am glad your Grace,
He's made that right wise of it.

Card. I hope it please you.

I am slide now (she thinks).

Card (out of a Fortitude of Soul, I feele)
To endure more Miseries, and greater fare
Then my Wrick-hearted Enemies, dare offer.

What News abroad?

Cromwel. The heartiest, and the world,
Is your disposure with the King,
Card. God bless him.

Cromwel. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor, in your place.

Card. That's a very great fault.

Buchel's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his Righteous favour, and so like
For Truth, and for his Conscience; he's honest,
When he's not in his course, and free from Baffling,
May have a Tomble of Orpheiuan tears wept on him,
What more?

Cromwel. True, Cromwel is return'd with welcome; In his Lord Arch-bishop of Canterbury.
Card. That's News indeed.

Cromwel. last, the Lady Anne,
Whom the King doth in secret long married,
This day was thrown open, as his Queen.

Card. Going to Chichester, and the voyage is now
Only about her Coronation, of course.

Card. There was the weight that pull'd me downe.

O Cromwel, the King's he gone beyound me, All my Glories
In that one woman, I have lost for ever.
No Sun, shall ever after mine Honor,
Or glorie againe the Noble Troopes that weighted
Upon my limbs. Go get thee hence from me Cromwel,
I am a poor false man, unworthy now.
To be thy Lord, and Master. Seek the King.
(That Sun, I pray may never see) I have told him,
What, and how true thou art; he will advance thee.
Some little memory of me, will thriue him
I know his Noble Nature) not to let
Thy hopeful sence perish too. Good Cromwel
Neglect him not, make vie now, and produce
For thine owne future Safety.

Cromwel. O my Lord,
Must I then leave you? Must I needs forgo
So good, so Noble, and true a Master?
Bear with me, all that have not hearts of Iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwel leaves his Lord.
The King shall have my sence; but my praysies
For ever, and for ever shall be yours.

Card. Cromwel, I did not shakke to thee a tear
In all my Miseries. But thou wilt forc'd me
(Of thy honest truth) to play the Woman.
Let's dry our eyes; and thus farre hence me Cromwel,
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold Marble, where no mention
Of me, more must be heard of; Say I taughter;
Say Wife, that once strode the ways of Glory,
And found all the Depths, and Sheathes of Honor.
Found thee a way (out of thy wicked) to rise in;
A fur, and fate one, though thy Master miss;
Make but my Fall, and that that Ruin'd me;
Cromwel, I charge thee, bring away ambition,
By that time fell the Angels how can man thing
(The Image of his Maker; hope to win by it?)
Lose thy false left, cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wird not more then Honesty
Still in thy right hand, carry gentle Peace
To silence murmur tongues. Be left, and fear not;
Let all the ends thou art at, be thy Countries,
Thy Gods, and Truths. Then I'll trust in thee (O Cromwel)
Thou failst a blessed Martyr.

Cromwel. Seue the King; and prylifie lead me in:
There take an Inventory of all I have,
To the last penny, 'tis the Kings. My Robe,
And my Inheritance, to Heaven is all,
I dare now call mine owne. O Cromwel, Cromwel,
Had I but serv'd my God, with halfe the Zeale
I serv'd my King: he would not in mine Age
Have left me ake to mine Enemies

Cromwel. Good Sir, have patience.

Card. So I have. Farewell
The Hopes of Court, my Hopes in Heaven do dwell.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

1. Farewell meet once again.
2. So be you.

You come to take your hand here, and behold
The Lady Anne, paifie from her Coronation.
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

224

The Order of the Coronation.

1. A new Flannel of Trumpets.
2. Then, two Judges.
3. Lord Chancellor, with Drift and Mace before him.
4. Quire under him, and Musick.
5. Mayor of London, bearing the Mace. Then Garter, in his Coats of Arms, and in his hand he bore a Gold Cupper of Gold.
7. Duke of Suffolk, in his Robe of State, his Coronet on his head, being a long white Fand, as High Steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the Rod of Marshallship, a Coronet on his head. Collars of Elys.
8. A Canopy, borne by four at the Five Ports, under it the Queen in her Robe, in her hair, richly adorned with Pearls. Crowned. On each side her the Bishops of London, and Winchester.
9. The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, in a Coronet of Gold, wrought with Flowers, bearing the Queen's Train.
10. Certain Ladies or Courtiers, with plumes, and Circlets of Gold, without Flowers. Exeunt, still passing over the Stage in Order and State, and then, of great Numbers of Trumpeters.

2. A Royal Train belongeth to me. These I know.
Who is that that bears the Scepter?
1. Marquess of Dorset.
And that the Earl of Surrey with the Rod.
5. A bold brave Gentleman. That should be.

The Duke of Suffolk.
1. 'Tis the fame: high Steward.
2. And that my Lord of Norfolk?
3. Yes.
4. Heaven bless thee, thou hast the sweetest face I ever looked on.
Sir, I saw a Soul, she is an Angel.
Our King is so all the Indies in his Armes.
And more, and richer, when he strains that Lady, I cannot blame his Confidence.

They that bear
The Cloth of Honour over her, are foute Barons
Of the Five Ports.
2. Those men are happy.
And so are all, and it beeth them.
I take it, they that carries up the Traine:
Is that nobly. Lady, Duchess of Norfolk.
1. It is not the rest of the Conventiles.
2. Their Coronets say so. There are Stares indeed, And sometimes falling ones.
2. No more of that.

Enter a third Gentleman.

1. God save you. Where have you bin broiling?
3. Among the crowd! Vs Abbey, where a finger
Could not be waded in more: I am dissatisfied.
With the mere shewshoff of these joys.
2. You saw the Ceremony?
3. That I did.
4. How was it?
5. Well worth the seeing.
6. Good Sir, speak to us?
7. As well as I am able. The rich frame
Of Lords, and Ladies, having brought the Queen
To a prepare'd place in the Quire, fell off
A distance from her; while her Grace came down:
To reft a while, some half an hour, or so.
In a rich Chair of State, oppressing freely.
The Beauty of her Person to the People.
Believe me Sir, these are the goodliest Women.
That ever lay by man; which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose.
As the flowerets make at Sea, and little Tempests,
As loved, and so as many Times, Haste, Closer
(Doubtles, I think) blow vp, and had their Fates
Bin loo, this day they had been loft.
Such joy
I never saw before. Great belly'd women,
That had not halfe a weeke to go, like Ramens
In the old time of Warre, would shake the preste
And make 'em roar before 'em. No man lusting
Could say this is my wife there, all were women
So strangely in one piece.

3. But what follow d?

3. At length, her Grace rose, and with modesty she came
To the Altar, where the knetid, and Saint-like
Calf her face eyes to Heaven, and pray'd amen.
Then rose above, and bow'd her to the people.
When by the Arch-bishop of Canterbury.
She had all the Royal making of a Queen.
As holy Oyle, Edward Contellores Crowned,
The Rod, and Bird of Peace, and all such Emblem.
Laid Nobly on her which perform d, the Quire
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

With all the choysell Musick of the Kingdome,
Together long To Dune. So the day,
And with the same full State passed back againe
To Yorke-Place, where the feasl is held,

1 Sir,
You shall no more call it Yorke-place, that's past:
For since the Cardinal fell, that Tilles left,
To now the Kings, and called White-Hall.

3 I know well,
But its so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fiesh about me.

2 What two Reuerent Bishops,
Were those that went on each side of the Queen?
3 Stekeley and Gardiner, the one of Winchester,
Especially from the Kings Secretary.
The other London.

1 He of Winchester
Is held no great good lener of the Archbishops;
The veruous Cramer.

3 All the Land knoweth that
How ever, yet there is no great breach, when it comes
Cramer will finde a Friend will not thinke from him,
2 Who may that be, I pray you.

Thomas Cromwell,
A man in much esteeme with the King, and truly
A worthy Friend. The King, he made him
Masters of the Revels House,
And one already of the Privie Councell.

1 He will defend more.
3 Yes without all doubt.
Come Gentlemen ye shall go my way;
Whic cloth be the Count, and here ye shall be my Guide;
Something I can command. As I walke thither,
He tell ye more.

Ecb. You may command vs Sir. Exeunt.

Scene Secunda.

Euer Katherine Demager, shee, lead betweene Griffith,
her Gentlemen Vpwar, and Rattone her Woman.

Griff. How do your Grace?
Kath. O Griffith, ficked to death:
My Legges like loden Branches bow to the Earth,
Willing to leave their burthen. Reach a Chair,
Now (methinks) I feel a little ease.
Diddn't thou not tell me Griffith, as thou leadst mee,
That the great Childe of Honor, Cardinal Wolsey
Was dead?

Griff. Yes Madam: but I thank your Grace
One of the paine you suffer'd, gaue no care to'st.
Kath. Pray thee good Griffith, tell me how he dy'd de.
If well, he fliet before I am happy.
For my example.

Griff. Well, the voyage goes Madam,
For after the sea Eure Northammbur and
Amitted him to Yorke, and brough him forward
As a man fully tauned, to his Anoint,
He fell fickly faliingly, and grew fickly
He could not fit his Mula.

Kath. Alas pome man.
Griff. At last, with easie Rodes, he came to Lichfield,

Ludg'd in the Abbey, where the reverend Abbot
With all his Coere, honoursly received him;
To whom he gave these words. O Father Abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of State,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye
Give him a little earth for Charity.
So were to bed, where eagerly his sickness
Peril'd him half, and thrice nights after this
About the house of eight, which he himselfe
Farewell should be his lath, full of Repentance,
Continual Meditations, Tears, and Sorrows,
He gave his Hootors to the world again,
His blest fed pate to Hezien, and kept in peace.

Ecb. So may he rest.

His Faults hy gently on him;
Yet thus late, Griffith; give me leave to speake him,
And yet with Charity. He was a man
Of an unbounded Humane, ever raking
Humifie with Princes. One that by suggestion
Ty'd all the Kingdome. Ty'd all the Princes. One that by suggestion
His owne Opinion was his Law, I thyreference
He would say virtuously, and be ever double
Both in his words, and meanings. He was netter
(But where he meant to Ruine, justifsull.
His Promises, were as he then was, Mighty:
But his performance, he is now, Nothing:
Of all a som body he was ill, and gone
The Clery all example.

Griff. Noble Madam:
Mens cuill manners. live in Brasse, their Vertues
We write in Water. May a please your Highnesse
To hear me speake his good now?

Kath. Yes good Griffith,
I were malicious elic.

Griff. This Cardinal,
Though from an humble Stocke, undoubtedly
Was fam'd to much Honor. From his Cradle
He was a Scoler, and a ripping good one:
Exceeding wise, faire spoken, and peruswading:
Lofty, and fowre to them that lou'd him not;
But, to these men that lou'd him, sweet as Summer:
And though he were unassisted in getting,
(Which was a name) yet in beholding.Madam,
He was most Princely: Ever wisardle for him
Theor'd twines of Learning, that he had in you,
Ipswich and Oxford: one of which fell with him,
Vnwillig to out-doe the good that did it.
The other (through vndertht d) ye to Famous,
So excellent in Art, and still learning,
The Christenden shall ever speake his Vertue.
His Ochterthrou, hee'd Happinesse upon him:
For then, and not till then, he felt himselfe,
And found the Blessednote of being little.
And to add greater Honors to his Age
Then man could give him: he dy'd, bearing God.
Kath. After my death, I will no other Hercy,
No other speacher of my Lying Actions,
To keeps mine Honor, from Corruption,
But such an honest Chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated. Linge, thou hast made mee
With the Religion Truth, and Modell:
(Now in his Ashe's) Honors. Peace be with him:
Patience, be nexte me still, and let me lower,
I than not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith,
Canie the Musitian play me that sad note.
I nam'd my Sonell, whilst I fit meditating.
On that Cordiall Harmony I go too,

Sad and solemn Musing.

Gr. She is asleep; Good wenches let's sit down quiet,
For fear we wake her. Softly, gentle Patience.

The Ufins.
Enter solemnly prying one after another, six Persuagers,
clothed in white Robes, wearing in their heads Garlands of
Bays and golden Fichards on their faces, branches of Bays or
Palme in their hands. They first come unto her, then
Dance; and at certain Changes, the first two hold a gar
Garland over her Head, as doth the other four many re-
peatedly. Thus the two that hold the Garland deliver
the same to the other next two, who do as the same or-
der in their changes, and holding the Garland over her
Head. Which done, they deliver the same Garland to the
last two, who likewise observe the same order. At which
date the Birth is delivered (as she sleeps) Fireworks of
renouncing, and holding up her hands to heaven. And, to
their Dancing quaintly, carrying the Garland with them.
The Muzikke continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?
And leave me here in wretchedness, behind ye?
Gr. Madam, we are here.
Kath. It is not so! I call for,
Saw ye none enter since I slept?
Gr. None Madam.
Kath. No! Saw you not even now a blouded Troope
Invite me to a Banquet, whose bright faces
Call thousand and thou art upon me, as the Sun?
They promis'd me eternal Happiness,
And brought me Garlands (Gr. why I feele
I am not worthy yet to weare: I shall soone err,
Gr. I am most joyfull Madam, such good dreams
Poffice your Fancy.
Kath. Bid the Muzike cease,
They are harsh and heavy to me. Muzikke ceases.
Patr. Do you note
How much her Grace is alter'd on the sickbine?
How long her face is drawn? How pale the lokkes,
And of an earthly col? Mark her eyes?
Gr. Sire is going Wench. Pray, pray,
Patr. Heaven comfort her.

Enter a Messinger.

Mes. And 'like your Grace—
Kath. You are a fayce Fellow,
Defence we no more Renentence?
Gr. You are too blame,
Knowing the will not lose her wonted Greadness
To vie for mad behavioir. Go too, kneel.
Mes. I humbly do entreat your Highness pardon,
My heart is made warnder. There is fraying
A Gentleman from the King, to see you,
Kath. Admit him, Gr. But this Fellow
Let me see thee again.

Enter Lord Copsbilius.

If my fight fail not,
You should be Lord Ambassador from the Emperor,
My Royal Nephew, and your name Copsbilius,
Cap. Madam the same. Your Seruans,
Kath. O my Lord,
The Times and Titiles now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me.
But I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble Lady,
First mine owne service to your Grace, the next
The Kings request that I would visit you,
Who greeues much for your weakenesse, and by me
Sends you his Princeely Commination.
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.
Kath. O my good Lord, that comfort comes too late,
This like a Pardon after Execution;
That gentle Physick given in time, had cur'd me.
But now I am past all Comforts here, but Prayers.
How does his Highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.
Kath. So may he ever do, and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with Wermes, and my poor name
Bless'd the Kingdome. Patience, is that Letter
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?
Pat. No Madam.
Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to the King,
Cap. Most willing Madam.
Kath. In which I have commended him to his goodnesse
The Modell of our chaste loves: his yong daughter,
The sweetnes of Heaven fall in my blesings on her,
Beleevieng him to give her vertuous breeding.
Shall you seere.
Cap. O Noble modest Nature,
I hope the will defray well; and a little
To lose her for her Mothers sake, that you'd him.
Heaven knows how dearly,
My next poore Petition,
Is that his Noble Grace would have some pistle
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Hve follow'd both my Fortune, faithfully,
Of which there is not one, I dare say
(And now I should not lye) but will defray
For vertue, and true Beautie of the Soule,
For honettie, and decent Carriage
A right good Husband (let him be a Noble)
And face these men that shall have them.
The line is for my men, they are the poorest,
(but poverty could never dwem from me)
That they may have their wages, duly paid,
And something over to remember me by.
If Heaven had pleased to have given me longer life
And able means, we had not partur.
These are the whole Contents, and good my Lord,
By that you done the decret in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to oules departed,
Stahl these poore peoples Friend, and urge 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 humilitie unto his Highnesse,
Say his long trouble now is pausing
Out of this world, Tell him in death I left him
(For I will) mine eyes grow dim. Farewell.
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, I threw me over
With Maiden Flowers, thus all the world may know
I was a chaste Wife, to my Grace: Embrace me,
Then lay me forth (though unqueen'd) yet like
A Queene, and Daughter to a King enterize me.
I can no more.

Exceeding tender Katherine.
Enter Cardinal Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a Torch before him, put by Sir Thomas Lewell.

Cerd. It's one a clocke, Boy, it's not.
Boy. It hath broken.
Cerd. Those should be hours for necessaries, not for delight; times to repayre our Nature with comfortinge repose, and not for vs to walke those times. Good morn of night Sir Thomas.

Whether Solace?

Lew. Come you from the King, my Lord?
Cerd. I did Sir Thomas, and left him at Primero.

Lew. I must to him too.

Before he go to bed, he taketh my leave.

Cerd. Not yet Sir Thomas Lewell; what's the matter?

It seems you are in hass and if there be no great offense belongs to's, give your Friend some touch of your late businesse; Affairs that walk.

(As they say Spirits do) at midnight, have in them a wilder Nature, then the businesse that walks displeas'd by day.

Lew. My Lord, I hope you,

And durst I commend a secret to your care.

Much weightier than this worke, the Queens in Labour.

They say in great Extremity, and teas'd.

She with the Labour, end.

Cerd. The fruit she goes with I pray for heartily, that it may finde good time, and live: but for the Stocke Sir Thomas, I will this grubb'd vp now.

Lew. Well, it's possible, I could not.

Cry the Amen, and yet my Conscience saies she's a good Creature, and sweet Lady do's.

Defers ou better wishes.

Cerd. But Sir, Sir,

Hear me Sir Thomas, y'are a Gentleman

Of mine owne waye. I know you Wife, Religious,

And let me tell you, it will no be well,

I will not Sir Thomas Lewell, tak'nt of me.

Till Crammer, Crammer, her two hands, and face sleep in their Graves.

Lewell. Now Sir, you speake of two

The most remord'd 6th Kingsome as for Cromwell,

Beside that of the Jewell-Houfe, is made Matter

Of his Rolles, and the Kings Secretary. Further Sir,

Stands in the gap and Trade of mee Preferments

With which the Line will load him. Th'Archbyshop is the Kings hand, and tongue, and who dare speake one syllable against him?

Cerd. Text, yet Sir Thomas,

There are that Date, and I my selfe have ventur'd

To speake my minde of him: and indeed this day,

Sir (I may tell it you) think I have

Incent the Lords o'th Council, that he is

(For to I know he is, they know he is)

A most Arch-Dietique, a Pestilence

That does infect the Land: with which, they mount

Have broken with the King; who hath to farse

Guen over to our Complaints, of his great Grace, and Princeely Care, fore-seeing those fell Mistakes.

Our Reasons layd before him, hath commanded

To morrow Morning to the Council Board

He be command't. He's ranke weed Sir Thomas,

And we must root him out. From your Affairs,

I hinder you too long: good night Sir Thomas.

Exit Cardinal and Page.

Lew. Many good nights, my Lord, I tell you tenant.

Enter King and Servant.

King. Charles, I will play no more to night,

My minde not o'th, you are too hard for me.

Serv. Sir, I did hearer win of you before.

King. But little Charles.

Nor shall it not when my Fancies on my play,

Now Lewell, from the Queene what is the Newes.

Lew. I could not not personal deliver her what you comman'd me, but by her woman,

I sent your Message, who returned her thanks.

In the great fruit blemisse and detest your Highness's,

Most heartily to pray for her.

King. What lay'st thou? His?

To pray for her. What is the crying out?

Lew. So fast her woman, and that her suffrance made almost each pang a death.

King. Alas good Lady.

Serv. God late at her of her Burthen, and with gentle Trouble, to the gladding of your Highness with an Heire.

King. His midnight Clesis,

Pray thee to Bed, and in thy Prayers remember,

The fate of my poore Queene. Leave me alone,

For I must think of that, which company

Would not be friendly too.

Serv. I wish your Highness a quiet night, and my good Mistresse will remember in my Prayers.

King. Charles good night.

Exit Servant.

Well Sir, what follows?

Enter Sir Anthony Deny.

Den. Sir, I have brought my Lord the Arch-bishop,

As you commanded me.

King. Ha' Canterbury?

Den. I my good Lord.

King. 'Tis true: where is he Deny?

Den. He attend's your Highness pleasure.

King. Bring him to vs.

Lew. This is about that, which the Bishop spake,

I am happily come hither.

Enter Crammer and Deny.

King. About the Gallery. Lewell goes to lay.

Ha? I have fast. Be gone.

What?

Cram. I am at ease: Wherefore frownest thou so?

'Tis his Aspect of Terror. All's not well.

King. How ow' my Lord?

You do desire to know wherefore I sent for you.

Cram. 'Tis no more.

T'attend your Highness pleasure.

King. Pray you write

My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury.

Come, you and I must walk a space together, I have News to tell you.

Come, come, give me your hand.

All my good Lord, I get true at what I speake.

And am right forto to repair what follows.

I have, and most unwillingly of late.
Scena Secunda.

Enter Grammarian, Archbishops of Canterbury.

Craw. I hope I am not too late, and yet the Gentleman That was sent to me from the Council, pray'd me To make great haste. All faith? What means this? How? Who wishes there? Sure you know me? Enter Kever.

Kever. Yes, my Lord;
But yet I cannot help you.

Craw. Why.

Kever. Your Grace must wait till you be call'd for.

Enter Docter Buss.

Craw. So.

Buss. This is a Piece of Malice: I am glad I came this way to happily. The King shall understand it presently. Enter Buss.

Craw. To Buss.

The Kings Physician, as he pull along How exactly he cast his eyes upon me: Pray heaven he found not my disarming for certaine This is of purpose laid by some that hate me. (God turn their hearts, I never fought their malice) To quench mine Honor; they would blame to make me Wait else at home a fellow Councillor 'Mong Bฤs, Groans, and Lackeys. Be their pleasures Must be fulfilld, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King and Buss, at a Window above.

Buss. Oh he saw your Grace the strangest sight.

King. What's that, Buss?
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

And the strong counsels of my Authority,
Might go one way, and safely the end
Of your care to doe well: nor is there living,
(I speak it with a single heart, my Lord)
A man that more deports more threes against,
Both in his private Conscience, and his place,
Defaces of a publique peace and I does
Pray Heaven the King may never find a heart
With false Allegiance in it. Men that make
Eavy, and crooked matter, not unprofitable;
But true the best. I doe beseech your Lordship,
That in this case of Justice, my Accusers,
Be what they will, may find forto face to face,
And freely urge against me.

Soft. Nay, my Lord,
That cannot buy you are a Counsellor.
And by that vesture no man dare accuse you. (men,)
Gard. My Lord, because we have business of more mo.
We will be host with you. 'Tis his Highness pleasure
And our content, for better taxall of you,
From hence you be committted to the Tower,
Where being but a private man y'against,
You shall know my name and that bold you boldly,
More though I (is it) you are proceed for.

Gard. Ah my good Lord of the Exchequer! thank you,
You are always my good Friend, if you will passe,
I shall both find your Lordship, Judge and Tutor,
You are to be mercifull, I see your good,
'Tis my undoing. Lose and meeknesse, Lord
Become a Churchman, better then Ambition:
Win flattering Soales with modestlye gaine,
Cast none away: that I shall elect my selfe,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt as you doe confidence,
In doing dayly wronges. I could say more,
But reverence to your callinge, makes me modest.

Gard. My Lord, my Lord, you are a Scevare,
That's the pleasure truth; your painted gloose discourses
To men that understand not, words and weakeynesse.

Cham. My Lord of the Archbishop, ye see a little,
By your good favour, too starke: Men is Noble,
How ever faulty, yet shall find respect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man,

Gard. Good M. Secretary,
I cry your Honour merciour, you may well
Of all this Table say 6:

Crom. Why my Lord?
Gard. Does not I know you for a Favourer
Of this new Seck? ye are not found,
Crom. Not found?
Gard. Not found I say.

Crom. Would you were half so honest?
Men's prayers then would seek ye, not their feares.

Gard. I shall remember this bold Language.
Crom. Doe.

Remember your bollde life too.
Cham. This is too much;
Far becards for blame my Lords.


Gard. I have done.
Crom. And I.

Cham. Then thus for you my Lord, it stands agreed
I take it, by all voyces: Thus forthwith,
You shall be conduct to the Tower Prisoner:
There to remaine till the King's further pleasure.
All, We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But must needs to th' Tower my Lords?

Gard. What other,

Wold you respect? You are strangely troublesome.

Let some o' th' Guard be ready there.

Enter the Guard.

Cran. For me?

Mofl. I go like a Traitor thither?

Gard. Receive him,

And see him with the Tower.

Cran. Stay good my Lords, I have a little yet to say. I looke there my Lords,

By verse of that Ring, I take my cake.

Out a' the grapes of cruel men, and give it

To a most Noble Judge, the King my Master.

Cran. This is the King's Ring.

Sir. 'Tis no counter fit.

Soft. 'Tis the right Ring, by Heaven! I told ye all,

When we first put this dangerous point a-rowing,

T'would fall upon our feltes.

Narf. Do you think my Lords

The King will suffer but the little finger

Of this man to be vex'd?

Cham. Tis now too certaine,

How much more is his Life in value with him?

Would I were fairly out'n.

Cran. My mind gave me,

In seeking tales and informations

Against this man, whole doubly the Duelle

And his Disciples only envy at,

Ye blew the fire that burns ye now haste at ye.

Enter King flouncing on them, takes his Seat.

Gard. Dread Sovereigne,

How much are we bound to Heaven,

In dayly thankes, that gave us such a Prince?

Not only good and wise, but most religious.

One that in all obedience, makes the Church

The cheefe ayme of his Honour, and so strengthens

That holy duty out of dear respect,

His Royal selfe in Judgement comes to hears

The cause between her, and this great offender.

Kim. You were ever good at sodaine Commendations,

Bishop of Winchester. But now I come not

To hear such flattering now, and in my presence

They are too thin, and base to hide offences,

To me you cannot reach. You play the Spaniel,

And think with waving of your tongue to win me:

But whatsoever thou saist for me, I am sure

Thou hast a cruel Nature and a bloody.

Good man fit downe. Now let me see the proudest

Hec. that dares so much, but wag his finger at thee,

By all that's holy, he had better shew,

Then can any man, so timorous and weak.

Sir. May it please your Grace, you

Kim. No Sir, it doth not please me,

I had thought, I had had men of some understanding,

And wisdome of my Counsellor; but I finde none;

Was it devotion Lords, to let this man

This good man (now do ye demean the Title)

This honest man, wait like a lowly Foolish boy,

At Chamber door? and one, as great as you are?

Why, what a flame was this? Did my Commission

Did ye so farre forgive your feltes? I gave ye

Poer, as he was a Counsellor to try him,

Not as a Groome. There's some o' ye, I see,

More out of Malice then Integrity,

Would trye him to the ventail, and ye mean

Which ye shall never have while I live.

Cham. Thus fare...

My most dread Sovereigne, may it like your Grace,

To let me tongue express all. What was purposed

Concerning his imprisonment, was rather

(If he be faith in men) meant for his safety,

And not purposed to the world then malice,

I'm sure in me.

Kim. Well, well, my Lords release him,

Take him, and vice him well; he's worthy of it,

I will say this much for him, if a Prince

May be beholding to a Subject; I

Am for his lone and ferule, I love him,

Make men more adue, but all embrace him;

Be friends for shame my Lords. My Lord of Canterbury

Hai a Suite which you will not deny,

That is a faire young Maid that yet waits Baptisme,

You must be Godfather, and anwere for her.

Cran. The greatest Monarch now alive may glory

In such an honour, how may I deferre it,

That is a poore and humble Subject to you?

Kim. Come, come, my Lords, you bear your sponges,

You shall have two noble Partners with you: the old

Duchesse of Norfolk, and Lady Marquess Orange will

The please you?

Once more my Lord of Winchester, I charge you

Embrace, and leave this man.

Gard. With a true heart,

And Brother, lone I do it.

Cran. And let Heaven

Witness how dearly, I hold this Confirmation. (hearts,

Kim. Good Man, those softfull ears shew thy true

The common voice of ye is verified.

Of thee, which layeth this? Do ye my Lord of Canterbury

A freind and mine, and here's your friend for ever:

Come Lords, we must delay time away. I long

To have this young one made a Christian.

As I have made ye one Lords, one remains

So I grow stronger, ye more Honour given.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Noys and Toasts within: Enter Porter and his man.

Part. You'll lesse your noys anon ye Raftals: doe

take you the Court for Parish Garden: ye rude Slaves,

Lease your gaping:

Within. Good M. Porter I belong to th' Larder.

Part. Belong to th' Gallows, and be hung'd ye Rogue:

Is this a place to roaste on? Fetch me a dozen Crab-tree

flutes, and strong ones. there be but swiches to 'em:

Haste with these heads, ye must be flaming Christenings?

Do you looke for Ale, and Cakes here? you rade

Rakells?

Men. Pray Sir be patient; 'tis much impossible,

Valef are we swept from the doore with Cannons,

To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep.

On May-day Morning, which will never be:

We may as well pull against Poulies as three 'em.

Part. How got they in, and be hang'd?
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Man. Alas I know not, how gets the Tide in?
As much as one sound Cudgel of fourfoote,
(You see the poore remainder) could distil.
I made no spire Sir.

Pur. You did nothing Sir.

Man. I am not Sampson, nor Sir Guy, nor Columbus;
To move 'em downe before me, but if I spair'd any
That had a head to sit, either young or old,
He or she, Cuckold or Cuckold-maker:\nLet me see how to fee a Chine again,
And that I would not for a Cow, God save her.

Within. Do you hear M. Porter?

Pur. I shall be with you presently, good Mr. Peppie,
Kepe the Door close Sirs.

Man. What would you have me doe?

Pur. What should you doe,
But knock 'em downe by the dozen? Is this More holds to mutter in?
Or have you no face in strange Indian with the great Tools, come to Court, the women to besiege vs?
Bless me, was a trye of pronunciation is at done? On my Christian Conscience this one Christening will beg a thousand, here will be Father, Godfather, and all together.

Man. The Spoons will be the bigger Sir; There is a fellow whoe late was the door, he should be a Brahmi
er by his face, for 'o' my conscience twenny of the Doggades now reigns in't Nose, all that flound about him are vnder the Line, they need no other permission, that Pire-Drake did it three times on the head, and three times was his Nose deluged against mee, he stands there like a Mortar-piece to blow vs. There was a Haberdasher's Wife of small wit, whose Son, that ruff'd upon me, till she punch'd her sonner fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the State, I mist the Measure once, and hit that Woman, who eyed our Clubbies, when I might see from faire, some forty Truncheoners draw to her frounc, which were the hope of th' second where she was quartered they fell on, I made good my piece, at length they came to the broome Saffre to me, I defin'd'em all, when sodainly a File of Boys behind em, looke out, delus'd such a flower of Pipples, that I was time to draw mine Honour in, and lest'em win the Work, the Duell was amongst'em I think'd surely.

Pur. These are the youths that thunder at a Playhouse, and fight for bitter Apples, that no Audience but the tribulation of Tower Hall, or the Limboes of Limehouse, their desire Brothers are able to endure. I have some of them in Limbo Parum, and there they are to dance these three days, besides the running Banquet of two Beadles, this is to come.

Enter Lord Chamberlaine.

Cham. Mercy o'me: what a Multitude are here? They grow full too; from all Parts they are comming,
As if we kep't: Fare here? Where are these Porters? Their lazy knaves? What made a fine hand fellows? There's a trim rogule let in: are all these?
Your faithfull friends of't Suburb? We shall have Great store of some no doubt, left for the Ladies, When they passe backe from the Christening?

Pur. And please your Honour, We are but men; and what so many doe, Not being some 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 the heedles, and toddleynge, and on your heads
Clap round Pieces for neglect; Ye are lazy knaves,
And here ye lye bating of Bombards, when Ye should doe Service. Harke the Trumpets sound,
There's come already from the Christening,
Go break among the presse, and rise away one.
To let the Trooppe passe fairely, or I finde one
A Marshalke, shall hold ye play these two Montes,

Pur. Make way there, for the Princeesse.

Man. You great fellow,
Stand close vp, or lie make your head safe,

Pur. You'th' Chamblete, get vp o'the rail,
lie pecke you o'the pales elie.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Trumpets sounding: Then two Aldermen, L. Mayor, Carter, Chamber. Duke of Norfolk with his Marchant Steffe, Duke of Suffolk, two Noblemen, bearing great sounding Banners for the Christening. Enter two Noblemen bearing a Canopy, under which the Duke and Duke of Norfolk, Godfather, bearing the Child richly heareth as a Monstir, &c. Traine borne by a Lady: Then followeth the Marchant Duke, the other Godfather, and Lauder. The Trumpets sound as they approach, and Carter speaks.

Garti. Hereus,
From thine endlesse good-nurse, send prosperous life,
Long and ever happy, to the high and Mighty
Princeesse of England Elizabeth.

Hovest. Enter King and Guard.

Cran. And to your Royal Grace, & the good Queen,
My Noble Parners, and my felo's thus pray
All comfort, joy in this most gracious Lady,
Heaven cure us laid vp to make Parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye.

Kin. Thank you good Lord Archbishops of.

Cham. What is her Name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

Kin. Stand vp Lord,

Cran. With this Rible, take my Blessing: God protect thee,
Into whole-band, I give thy Life.

Cran. Amen.

Kin. My Noble Godfys, I'have heene too Prodigious;
I thank ye heartly: So shall this Lady,
When she'se so much English.

Cran. Let me speake Sir,

Foh. Let'ts now bids me and the words I utter,
Lest none thinke Fleters, for they are'tem Truth,
This Royal Infant, Heaven full move of her,
Though in her Cradle yet so promisse
Upon this Land a thousand thousand Blessings,
Which Time shall bring to perfection: She shall be,
(But fewe now lyeing can behold this good-nurse)
A Patterne to all Princes hoping with her,
And all that shall succeed; So was a sweeter
More courteous of Wifedome, and faire Virtue
Then this pure Soule shall be. All Princecssy Grace,
That mean't vp such a mighty Prince as this is,
With all the Vritues that attend the good,
Shall be double on her. Truth shall Never her,

Holy
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

Holy and Heavenly thoughts (ill Countell her; She shall be loud and heard. Her owne shall bless her; Her Poes make like a field of beaten Corne, And hang their heads with sorrow; Good grows with her. In her days, Every Man shall cate in safety, Under his owne Vine what he plant; and sing The merry Songs of Peace to all his Neighbours. God shall be truly known, 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 dye 2, the Mayday Phoenix, Her Affes new create another Heyle, As great in admiration as her selfe, So shall they too she her Blestednesse to One, (When Heauen shall call her from this cloud of darkness) Who, from the sacred Affes of her Honour Shall Star-like rise, as great in fame as she was, And is stand fast. Peace, Plentie, Love, Truth, Terror, That were the Servants to this chold infant, Shall then be his, and like a Vine grow to him; Where er the bright Sunne of Heauen shall shine, His Honour, and the greatnesse of his Name, Shall be, and make new Nation. He shall flourish, And like a Mountaine Cedar, reach his braches, To all the Plains about him: Our Childrens Children Shall see this, and bless Heauen.

Kne. Thou speakest wonder.

Cnes. She shall be to the happinesse of England, An aged Prince; many days shall see her, And yet no day without a deed to Crown it. Would I had knowne no more: But the must dye, She must, the Saints must have her: yet a Virgin, A most vnipotted Lily shall the paffe To the ground, and all the World shall mourn she her. 

Kne. O Lord Archbishop

Thou shalt make me now a man, never before
This happy child, did I get anything,
This Oracle of comfort, he's so pleasant to me,
That when I am in Heauen, I shall desire
To see what this Child does, and praise my Maker,
I thank ye all. To you my good Lord Mayor,
And you good Brethren, I am much beholding:
I have receiv'd much Honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankfull. I lead the way Lords,
Ye must all see the Queen, and the must thank ye,
She will be fife els. This day, no man think
This businesse at his house; for all shall lay:
This Little-One shall make it holy-day. 

The Epilogue.

Tis en to one, this Day can never please
All thee we have: Some come to read their rite,
And sleep an All ar two; but this we fear
Whose righted with our Tempets, so its clear,
They'll say is naught. Others to hear the City
And England's cause, and to cry that's wise,
Which you have not done until now, that I fear

All the exposted good wares like to heare.
For this Day at this time, is easily in
The woorful consummation of good women.
For such a cause fore it com's: If they finde,
And they should come; I knowe within a while,
All the best men are ours: for 'tis ill hope,
If they hold, when their Ladins that dug stop.

FINIS.
The Prologue.

In Troy there lies the Scene: From Iles of Greece
The Prince of Ogygians, their high blood clad
Haste to the Port of Athens, set their shippes
Farewell with the minsters and instruments
Of cruel Warre: Sixe and nine that were
Their Crownets Regall, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Pyrgiu, and their rowd is made
To ransacke Troy, within whose strong ensurres
The rais'd Helen, Menelaus Queen,
With wanton Paris sleeper, and that's the Quarrell.
To Tenedos they come,
And the deep-drawing Barke do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughte: now on Dardan Plaines
The fierce and yet unbruised Greekes do pitch
Their brave Pavilions, Prians fix'd-gated City,
Dardan and Timbra, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Antenonidus with maffie Staples
And corressonfire and fulfilling Bolts
Stirre up the Sons of Troy.
Now Expecation tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard. And bitherto am I come,
A Prologue armed, but not in confidence
Of Authors pen, or Actors voyce; but suited
In like conditions, as our Argument
To tell you (faire Beholders) that our Play
Leapes are the roaneant and firstlings of those broyles,
Beginning in the middle: flaring thence away,
To what may be digested in a Play:
Like, or finde faults, do as your pleasures are,
Now good or bad, tis but the chance of Warre.
Enter Pandarus and Troylus.

Troylus.

All here my Valour, he warns again.

Why should I waste without the walls of Troy
That find of such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan that is master of his heart,
Let him to field, Troylus alas has none.

Pan. Will this gentle ne be ennead?

Troy. The Greeks are strong, & skillful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fiercest Valiant;
But I am weaker, then a woman eate;
Tamer then sleep, fonder then ignorance;
Lesse valiant then the Virgin in the night;
And weaker than a trothless Infant.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this.
For my part, I do not meddle nor make no further.
Her that will have a Cake out of the Wheel, must needs tarry the grinding.

Troy. Have I not carried?

Pan. I the grinding, but you must tarry the bolting.

Troy. Have I not carried?

Pan. I the bolting; but you must tarry the leaing.

Troy. Still have I carried.

Pan. I, to the leaing; but he knows yet in the word hereafter, the Kneading, the making of the Cake, the heating of the Oven, and the Baking; you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Troy. Patience her felice, what Goddesse are the be;
Doth let her be with forfitterence, then I doe:
At Priam's Royall Table doth it sit;
And when faire Cressida comes into my thoughts,
So (Troy) then she comes, when she is thence.

Pan. Well;
She looked ye night in the face, then ever I saw her looke,
Or any woman else.

Troy. I was about to tell thee, when my heart,
As wedged with a sight, would rise in twaine,
Least Hector, or my Father should perceiue me:
I haste (as when the Sunne doth light ascorne)
Buried this sight, in wrinkle of a minute;
But forrow, that is couched in seeming gladness,
It is the mirth; Fate turns to sudden furtheface.

Pan. And her hair was not somewhat darker then
Helena well too, there were no more comparision between the Women. But for my part the is my Kindwoman, I would not (as they termes it) praise it, but I would some body had heard her talke yesterday as I did; I will not dispraise your sister Cressida's wit, but--

Troy. Oh Pandarus! I'll tell thee Pandarus;
When I do tell thee, therewith my hope I yeild'd:
Reply not in how many Fadoms depepe
They yeild undesshould. I tell thee, I am med.

Pan. Cressida loud. Thou answerst her as Fate,
Pow'r's in the open Vicer of my heart,
Her Eyes, her Lane, her Cheek, her Gaw, her Voice,
Handel'd in thicincour, (O that her Hand
In whole comparison all white are like he)
Writing their own effect, and to which I bow:
The Cigournes, in his hart, and spirit of men
Hard as the palate of Boughman.
This thou tellst me;
As true thou tellst me, when I say I love her;
But sayest thinkest, instead of Oyle and Balme,
Thou laidst every gale, but love'st gatel given me,
The Knife that made it.

Pan. I speake no more then truth.

Troy. Thou dost I speake no so much.

Pan. Faith, he ne meddleth in:
Let her be as sincere, if she be sincere, it's the better for her; and she be not, she has the means in her owne hands.

Troy. Good Pandarus! How now Pandarus?

Pan. These had my Labour for my trauell, I thought
On of her, and I thought on you: Grosse betwixt one and betwixt, but small thanks for my labour.

Troy. What art thou angry Pandarus! what with me?

Pan. Because she's kinne to me, therefore there's not to faire as Helen, and she were not kin to me, she would be as faire on Friday, as Helen is on Sunday. But what care? I care not and she were a Blacke-Moor, 'tis all one to me.

Troy. She is not faire to me?

Troy. I doe not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to stay behind her Father. Let her to the Greeks, and so tell her the next time I see her; for my part, he meddleth nor make no more of it matter.

Troy. Pandarus!

Pan. Not I.

Troy. Sweete Pandarus.

Pan. Praye you speake more no more to me, I will leave all as I found it, and there an end.

Tro. Peace you vngraucious Clamours, peace rude sounds,
Foole on both sides, Helen must needs be faire,
When with your blood you daily pain her thus.
I cannot fight upon this Argument:
The Tragedie of Troilus and Cressida.

Enter Pandarus.

Pand. Who comes here?

Enter Helen.

Helen. What's that? What's this?

Enter Cressida.

Cress. Good morrow, fair Pandarus.

Enter Cozen Cressid.


Enter Lady, and others.

Lady. What's the news from the field to day?

Enter Paris.


Enter Paris, and others.

Paris. Paris and Cressid, we will come to Ilion.

Enter Troilus.

Troil. Troilus the better man of the two.

Enter Aeneas, and others.

Aeneas. Troilus and Cressid.

Enter Paris and Cressid.

Paris. Paris, what sport is out of Troy to day?

Enter Paris and Cressid.


Enter Troilus.

Troil. Troilus and Cressid.

Enter Paris and Cressid.

Paris. Paris, what is your name?

Enter Troilus.

Troil. Troilus and Cressid.

Enter Paris and Cressid.

Paris. Paris, what sport is out of Troy to day?

Enter Paris and Cressid.


Enter Troilus.

Troil. Troilus and Cressid.

Enter Paris and Cressid.

Paris. Paris, what sport is out of Troy to day?

Enter Paris and Cressid.


Enter Troilus.

Troil. Troilus and Cressid.

Enter Paris and Cressid.

Paris. Paris, what sport is out of Troy to day?

Enter Paris and Cressid.


Enter Troilus.

Troil. Troilus and Cressid.

Enter Paris and Cressid.

Paris. Paris, what sport is out of Troy to day?

Enter Paris and Cressid.


Enter Troilus.

Troil. Troilus and Cressid.

Enter Paris and Cressid.

Paris. Paris, what sport is out of Troy to day?

Enter Paris and Cressid.


Enter Troilus.

Troil. Troilus and Cressid.

Enter Paris and Cressid.

Paris. Paris, what sport is out of Troy to day?

Enter Paris and Cressid.


Enter Troilus.

Troil. Troilus and Cressid.

Enter Paris and Cressid.

Paris. Paris, what sport is out of Troy to day?

Enter Paris and Cressid.


Enter Troilus.

Troil. Troilus and Cressid.

Enter Paris and Cressid.

Paris. Paris, what sport is out of Troy to day?

Enter Paris and Cressid.


Enter Troilus.

Troil. Troilus and Cressid.

Enter Paris and Cressid.

Paris. Paris, what sport is out of Troy to day?

Enter Paris and Cressid.


Enter Troilus.

Troil. Troilus and Cressid.

Enter Paris and Cressid.

Paris. Paris, what sport is out of Troy to day?

Enter Paris and Cressid.


Enter Troilus.

Troil. Troilus and Cressid.

Enter Paris and Cressid.

Paris. Paris, what sport is out of Troy to day?

Enter Paris and Cressid.


Enter Troilus.

Troil. Troilus and Cressid.
The Tragedie of Troilus and Cressida

I told you a thing yesterday, think on't.

Cre. So I do.

Pan. I do too.

I be as most our true, he will weep you.

Cre. And he shall.

Pan. Har. They are comming from the field, still we stand y deprand them, as they paffe towards Ilion, good Niece Cressida.

Cre. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place, here we may see most bravely, he tell you them all by their names, as they paffe by, by, but make Troilus shone the rest.

Cre. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's here. We're not that a brave man, he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can't, but make you, but make you Troilus, Troilus, that see you.

Cre. Who's that?

Pan. That's me, I have a trigger'd wit. I can tell you and he's a man good enough, he's one of the finest, judgement in Troy, who sofar, and a proper man of person, when comes Troilus, I he new been in Troy, if he see you, you fell him who am I.

Cre. Will you give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cre. He do the rich shall have more.

Enter Helen.

Pan. That's Helen. That's, that, looke you, that's there a fellow. Go thy way Helen, there's a brave man Niece, brave Helen! Look he how he looks there a countenance, is't not a brave man?

Cre. O brave man!

Pan. I sawnot? Is there a man hear good, look you what hacks are on his Helmet, you look you yonder, do you see? Look you there? Is there no looking, adding on't off, who ill as they say, there be hacks.

Cre. Be thine with Swords?

Enter Paris.

Pan. Swords, any thing he cares not, and the dwell come to him, it's all one, by God's God does one hurt good. Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris; you yonder Niece, if not a gallant man to, is't not? Why this is brave now, he said he came hurt home to day? She's not hurt, why this will do Helen a heart good now, he? Would I could see Troilus, y' shall in Troy.

Cre. Whole that?

Pan. That's Helen, I martell where Troilus is that's Helen, I think he went forth to day, that's Helen.

Cre. Can Helenus fight Vielle?

Pan. Helenus no eyes heete fight indifferent, well I martell where Troilus is, hacke, do you not hate the people are criers, Troilus Helenus is a Prietl.

Cre. What缴纳ing fellow comes yonder?

Enter Trojan.

Pan. Where's yonder, That's Daphne, Tus Trojan.

Cre. There's a man Niece, hem! Brave Trojan, the Prince of Chiusaris.

Cre. Peace, for shame peace.

Pan. Mark him, mark him! O brave Trojan! looks well up to Niece, looke how his Swords is blouded, and his Helmet more hacketh than Helen, and how he looke,
Troylus and Cressida.

Lookers, and how he goes. O admirable youth! He ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way Troylus, go thy way, had I a sister were a Grâce, or a daughter a Goddess, she should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris! Paris is due to him, and I warrant, Helen to change, would glue money to loot.

Enter common Soldiers.

Cres. Hearst come more.

Pan. Affs, foules, doles, doles, and banes, chaff and banes, parage else after me. I could live and dye the eyes of Troylus. Ne're look, ne're look. The Eagles are up, Crowes and Dawes, Crowes and Dawes I had rather be a man as Troylus, then Agenoman, and all Greece. Cres. There is among the Greeks Achilles, a better man then Troylus.

Pan. Achilles a Dryo-man, a Porter, a very Camell.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well, W hy have you any discretion, have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? It is not bright, b'auty, good shape, discourse, manhood, shewing, gentleness, veracity, youth, liberality and so forth; the Spirit, and that unseen figure of the thoughts. I say, a mind'd man, and then to be bad'd with no date in the ppy, for then the man dates out. Pan. You are such another woman; one knows not at what ward you live.

Cres. Upon my backe, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wits; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; upon my Maske, to defend my beauty and you to defend all thing; and at these wardes I live as, as a thousand watchets.

Pan. Say one of your watchets.

Cres. Nay! be watchet for that, and that's one of the chestef of the name, what I would not hate him. I can watchet for you telling how I took the blow, you left it well past hiding, and then it past watchet.

Enter Boy.

Pan. You are such another.

Boy. Sir, my Lord would instantly speake with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your owme house.

Pan. Good Boy tell him I come, I doubt he be hurt.

Fare ye weel good Neece.

Cres. Ah, bring Vakter.

Pan. He be with you Neece by and by.

Cres. To bring Vakter.

Pan. I, a token from Troylus.

Cres. By the same token, you are a Boy. Exit Paul.

Words, vo waste, gifts, tr东亚, I loses all sacrifice, he offers in another's encontre; but more in Troylus thousand fold I see, then in the glass of Pandar's praire may be; yet hold i off. Women are Angells weeshing, things worn are done, joyes foreseey by the looking. That the below, knowes not, knowes not; that knows not; men prize the thing vaingl'd, more than it is. That she was yet, that she knew Louse goet to sweet, as when defie did forge: Therefore this mixtus out of false I teach: "Attachment, to common, vagant, d, defrent, that though my heart's contains some lowe, doth brave, nothing of that shall from mine eye appear. Exit.
Troilus and Cressida.

And then most are end for thy b'seas or our life,
I give to both your speeches which were such,
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold vshipping in Brasse and such again
As venerable Neptun (match'd in Silver)
Should with a bond of ayre, strong as the Avertee
In which the Hentens ride, this all Greeks cares
To his experienced tongue: yet let it please both
(Thou Great, and Wif) to heare Piffes speake.

Agg. Speak Prince of Troie and be't of lees expect:
That most need is of imperflue banner
When the lips; then we are confident
When make Piffes other his Mistleke savers,
We shall heare Mistleke, Wit, and Oracle.

Ulf. Troie yet upon his bals he stood downe,
And the great Henten sword had lack a Matter
But for these instances,
The specialty of Ruth hath beene neglected;
And howe many Greek Ten tsund and
Hallow upon this Plate, so many hallow Faction.
When that the General is not like the Duke,
To whom the Forager shall all repair,
What Hens is expected Degree being vizarded,
Worse than the Pheas as safly in the Miste.
The Henten themselves, the Planetes, and this Centry,
Other wise degree, priority, and place,
Influe, course, proportion, reason, forme,
Office, and custom, in all line of Order;
And therefore is the glorious Planet of
In noble eminence, endued'd and spread'd
Amidst the other, whose most enoble eye
Corrects the ill Aspects of Planets call'd,
And postles like the Command ment of a King,
Sans checkes, to good and bad. But when the Planetes
In euill mixture to disorder wander,
What Plagues, and what pernicious, what mutiny?
What rigging is the Sea this King of Earth?
Commotion in the Winds Frightnes, changes, horrors,
Dissent, and crake, rend and detraciation
The vanity, and married clime of States
Quite from their fixture? O, when Degree is slack'd,
(Which is the Law that do all high designed)
Take but Degree away, vnder this the more
And heare what Discord follows: each thing meetes
In meer oppugnancie. The bouden Waters,
Should lift their bome higher then the Shores,
And make a tope of all this solid Globe:
Strength should be Lord of Insectes,
And the rude Sonne should make his Father dead:
Force should he sight, or rather right and wrong.
(Betweene whose endlese irrate, Justice recieves)
Should looke her names, and so to should justice too.
Then every thing includes it selfe in Power,
Power into Will, Will into Apperance,
And Apperance into fall Will.
So doubtly (match'd with Will, and Power)
Must make perfitt in winterfall prey,
And last, eate up himselfe.

Great Agamemnon:
This Chaos, when Degree is insuffocate,

Followes the choking:
And this negligion of Degree, is it
That by a pace goes backward in a purpose
It hathe to change. The General's dilation
By him one step below: he, by the next
That next, by him beneath: to every step
Exampled by the first pace that is fesse
Of his Superior, grows to an enxious Fears
Of pale, and bloodlesse Emulation.
And this is Assure that keeps Troie on foot,
Not her owne forces. To bind a tale of length,
Troie in our weakeplace lines, nor in her strength.

Nep. Most willing hath Piffes hence discovered:
The Feuer, whereof all our power is fesse.

Ag. The Nature of the fichernefe found (Ulf).
What is the remedy?

Piff. The great Achilles, whom Opinion crownes,
The Hallow, and the fore-hand of our Hente,
Having his care full of his ayre Pame,
Grows with the sight of his worth; and in his Tent
Lyes mockes our discharge, With him, Paterculus,
Upon a lye bed, the long day Breakes Grettis Tides,
And with ridiculous and awkward aotion,
(Which Slanderer, he imitation calls)
His Pageants vs. Sometime great Agamemnon,
Tyn topoffe deputation, he puts on;
And like a breathing Player, whose conceit
Lies in his Haunch, and doth think it rich
To heare the woodeen Dialogue and found
'Twixt his stvecat footing, and the Scalfage,
Such to be pitted, and ore-teased seeming
He acts thy Greatnefe in: and when he breakes,
'Tis like a Chane a mending. With carmes vauguerd,
Which from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropes,
Would seemes hyperboler. At this fully thue
The large Achilles (on his pref. bed lolling)
From his depe Chell, louthes out a lowd applause,
Cries excellent, 'tis Agamemnon is.
Now play me nephe; he dide, and broke thy Bead
As he, being shelled to come on:
That's done; as nace as the extremest end
Of parallels; a lies as Paterculus and his wife,
Yet god Achilles still cries excellent,
'Tis Nephe right. Now play him (me) Paterculus,
Arming to answer in a night-Alane,
And then (forsooth) the fans defeas.
Age Must be the Scene of yeath, to cough, and spit,
And with a palfe rumbling on his Gorges,
Shewe in and out the Ruder: and at this sport
Sir Valour dies; cries, O enough Paterculus,
Or, give me ribs of Steele, I shall spoile all
In praise of my Spleene. And in this fashion
All our abilities, gifts, natures, flappes,
Generals and generals of grace exact,
Atchievements, plots, orders, preentions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Successe or lefle, what is; or is not, forces
As Ruffle for these two, to make parades.
Nep. And in the imitation of their owle,
Who as Piffes opinion crownes
With an Imperial voyage, many are infect
Aias is grownse selfe-will'd, and beares his head
In such a regne, in full as proud a place.
By him one Achaias, and keepes his Tent like him;
Makes fabulous feats, trlles on our state of Warre.
Bold as an Oracle, and free Tho’sur.
A line, whose gall cows fanders like a Mint,
To match vs in compositions with durt,
To weaken and differ out our capture,
Have ranker fower, rounder in with danger.

They were our policy, and call it Cowardice,
Count Wifedome was no member of the Ware,
Fareall prudence, and therefore no acte.
But that of hand; the skill and mental parts;
That do contrive how many hands shall strike.
When sin tell them on, and known by measure.
Of their obdurate style, the Enemies weight.
Why this hath not a fingers dignity.
They call this red-wonke, Mappy-y, Cloath-Ware:
So that the Rama that batters downe the wall,
For the great swift and rudest of his pouce,
They place before his hand that made the England,
Or those that with the finest eyle of their soules,
By Reason guide his execution.

Let this be granted, and Achilles horse
Makes many Thess tonsnes.

What Trumpett? Lookke Acharonius.
From Troy.
What would you there our Test?
Is this great Agenasent Test? I pray you?

May one that is a Herald, and a Prince.
Do a faire engajement to his Kingly eares.

Of all the Greekes heads, which with one voyce.
Call Agenasent Head and Generall.

Faire leave, and large security.
A stranger to thole most Imperial looks.
Know them from eyes of other Monarchs.

This Troyan licence os vs, or the men of Troy.
Are ceremonious Courteous.

Courtiers as free, as de bounoaire; vainest’d,
As binding Angells: that’s their Fame, in peace.
But when they would seeme Southerns, they have gallies,
Good armes, strong lancers, true swords, & lances accord.
Nothing to full of heart. But peace Agenasent.

Peter Troyan, lay thy finger on thy lips.
The wortheclose of praisse diffuses his worth.
If he pray him selfe, bring the praisse forth.
But what the repining enemy commends,
Thus breath Fame blowes those praisse fole pure tranfed.

Sir, vell Troy, call you your felte Agenasent?
Greek, that is my name.

What is your allyre I pray you?
Sir pardon, this for Agenasent’s caveat.
He bears thought prudely.

That comes from Troy.
Not from Troy come not to whisper him,
Bringing a Trumpet to awake his reate.
To set his fence on the attention best,
And then to speake.

Speak frankly as the winds.
It is not of Agenasent’s keeping hours.
That thou shalt know Troyan he is a wise.
In rankes Achilles, mift or now be cropt,
Or fheeding bred a Nurfery of like eel
To other balke vs all.
Neff. Well, and how?
Uly. This challenge that the gallant Hector fends,
However it is spred in general name,
Relates in purpose onely to Achilles.
Neff. The purpose is periphrasious even as substance,
Whose guffenfele litte characters flummus vp,
And in the publication make no braine,
But that Achilles were his braine as barren
As banks of Lybis, though (Apollo knows)
To dry enough, wil with great specie of judgement,
I, with celerity, finde Hector purpose
Pointing on him.
Uly. And wakke him to the answer, thinke you?
Neff. Yes, thinke no fmore; who may you eft oppofe
That can from Hector bring his Honor off,
If not Achilles: thought he be a fortfull Combate,
Yet in this triall, much opinion doth.
For here the Troyns twfte our deert repute
With their fwhile Pallas, and truft to me Phifer,
Our impation shall be odyly paund
In this wide action. For this fucciff
(Although particular) hall give a fanding
Of good or bad, unto the General:
And in fuch Indexes, although small prikes
To their fubfquent Volumes, there is fceene
The baby figure of the Syant-male.
Of things to come at large. It is fuppof'd,
He that meets Hector, illufes from our choifie
And choife being mutuall ade of all our foules,
Makes Merit her election, and doth Boyle
As were, from forth we all: a man difhued
One of our Vertus, who mifcarrying,
What bear from hence receyves the conquering part
To fteale a ftrong opinion to themfelves:
Which entertain'd, Limbes are in his instruments,
In no leffe working, then are Swords and Bowes
Directe by the Limbes.
Uly. Give pardon to my speech:
Therefore 'tis meet, Achilles meet not Hector:
Let vs (like Merchante) fhew our lowft Wares,
And fhame perfuance theyll felf: If not,
The better of the better yet to fhew,
Shall shew the better. Do not content,
That ever Hector and Achilles meete
For both our Honour, and our Shame in this,
Are dought with two strange Follower.
Neff. See them not with my old eyes: what are they?
Uly. What glory our Achilles fhares from Hector,
(Wee he not proud) we all shoulde waxe with him:
But he already is too infcient,
And we were better pritch in Afflicks Sonne,
Than in the pride and falt forme of his eyes
Should beftape Hector Nine. If he were foely,
Why then we did our maine opinion crauf
In taint of our buff man. No, make a Lofty,
And by device let blocke. As I draw
The farre to fight with Hector: Among our foles
Give him allowance as the worthier man,
That for that phyfick the great Mymion
Who broyles in lowd applause, and make him fall
His Creft, that powerfull then blew his hordes.
If the dull braunehle Hector come fitte off,
We'd steele him vp in voyces all he faile.
Troylus and Cressida.

Troilus. Nay but regard him well.

Achilles. Well, why I do so.

Troilus. But yet you look not well upon him: for who forsook every you take him to be a Man.

Achilles. I know that of you knows not himself.

Troilus. Therefore I bear thee.

Achilles. Lo, lo, lo, what an admirer of wit he veste his extremities haster than long. I have labored but his brain more than he has. But the less: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his stomach is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. Thus Lord (Achilles), Men who reads his wit in his belly, and his gaiter in his head, I tell you what I say of him.

Achilles. What's that?

Troilus. I say this.

Achilles. Nay, good.

Troilus. Has not so much wit.

Achilles. Nay, I must hold you.

Troilus. As will stop of eye of Helicon Needle whom hewes to fight.

Achilles. Peace to you.

Troilus. I would have grace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there, he, look you there.

Achilles. O thief damn'd! Curre, I shall.

Achilles. Will you fear your wit to a fool.

Troilus. No, I warrant you: for a fool will shame it.

Petilus. Good words.

Achilles. What's that?

Troilus. I had the vile Owle, go leasure me the care of the proclamation, and he rakes upon me.

Achilles. I ferre thee not.

Troilus. Well, go too, go too.

Achilles. I ferre here voluntary.

Troilus. Your fall for that was voluntary: Ais was here the voluntary, and you an under a Palme.

Troilus. I mean, a great deal of your wit too lies in your conscience, or else there be Liar. Helicon shall have a great catch, if the knacker ouither of your brains, yet were as good crackle a fife run with no kernel.

Achilles. What with me to Troilus?

Troilus. Their's Pius, and old Nestor, whose Wit was mostly ere their Grandfathers were more than their sons,yoke you like draft, Caen, and make you plough up the warre.

Achilles. What's that?

Troilus. Yes good, good, to Achilles, to Achilles.

Achilles. I shall cut out your tongue.

Troilus. There nor matter, I shall speak as much as thou afterwards.

Petilus. No more words.

Troilus. I will hold my peace when Achilles brooch bids me, shall I?

Achilles. There's for you Patroclus.

Petilus. I'll set my hand on Clotelese ere I come any more your Trout: I will keep where there is wit, and leave the faction of fools.

Petilus. A good advice.

Troilus. Marry this Sir is proclaimed through al our host.

Petilus. That Helicon by the side of the Sunne,

Will sit a Trumpet, twist our Tents and Troy

To morrow morning call some Knight to Arms,

That hath a Homer, and such a one that dare

Mature him not where 's his true Fairewell.

Achilles. What will you, that will not know him?

Achilles. I know not, as put to Lottery, other wise.

Helicon. O meaning you, I will go learn more of it. Excit.

Petilus. After to many hours, when, speeches spent

Then once against eyes. Nestor from the Greeks,

Deliver Helen, and all damage else.

(Ashours, loose of time, tranquility, expence,

Wounds, friends, and what else desire that is convenient.

In her digitation of this comragant Warre)

Shall be stroke off. Helicon, what say you to it.

Helicon. Though no man leaves leaves the Greeks then I,

As farse as seven myמתי-analytics.

There is no lady of more bitter bowels,

More selpfull, to fucke in the sense of Peace,

More ready to cry out, who knows what followers.

Then Helicon is the wound of peace is lucrative,

Surely scarce be, but modest Doubt is off'd.

The beacon of the wits a tent that sacrifices

To the bottom of the warre. Let Helicon go,

Since the first sword was drawne about this question,

Every ty of the fairest might many think and desire,

Hath bin as dear as Helicon is dear to us:

If we have left in ten cent of ours

To guard a thing not our pursuitor to us

(As far as our name) the vallor of one ten;

What merit's in that reason which denies

The yeilding of her vp.

Troy. Fie, fie, my brother,

Wedge you the wits and honour of a King

(As so great a dread father) in a Scale

Of common Ounces? Wil you with Counters summe

The past proportion of his infinite,

And ducker in a wise most worths with,

With spines and inches to diminutive,

As scarce and reason of the fair, of the name?

Helicon. No matter though you bite to sharp at reasons,

You are so empty of them, should not our Father

Bare the greatest way of his assay with reasons,

Because your speech hath none that tells him to.

Troy. You see for dreams & Numbers brother Priam.

You hunt your glories, with reason there are your reasons.

You know an enemy intends you harme,

You know a word imply'd is perillous,

And reason flies the obiect of all harme.

Who number then when Helicon beholds

A Grecian and his friend, if do so far

The very wings of reason to his heels:

Or like a Starre disport'd. Nay, if we take of Reason,

And flye like children Mercurie from Jove,

Let's that our gates and sleepe Manhood and Honor

Should have hard hearts, they would but for their thoughts

With this crannation: reason and respect,

Makes Lovers pale, and lullaby dead.

Helicon. Brother, fie is not worth

What the dog doth in the holding.

Troy. What's sought, but as it's valu'd?

Helicon. But value doth not in particular will,

It holds his estimate and dignity

As well, where't is precious of it thôi.

As in the prizer: 'Tis made Idolatrie,

To make the intercure greater then the God,

And the will doth that is inconvenient

To what infidiously is felt affects,

Without some usage of such affects,

Troy. I see to day a Wife, and my election

Is led on in the conduct of my Will.
Troylus and Cressida.

My Will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded Pylors twist the dangerous shores
Of Will, and Judgement. How may I avoide
(Though my will will suffice, what is elected)
The Will I chuse, there can no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firme by honour.
We turne not backe the Silkes ypon the Merchant
When we have shp’y’d them; nor the remaynder Vindus.
We do not throw in vnrepose fame
Because we now are full. It was thought more
Pars should do some vengeance on the Grecian,
Your breath of full content bell’d his Sylles.
The Seas and Windes (old Wranglers) took a Truce,
And did his ferience, he touch’d the Ports designated,
And for an old Aunt whom the Grecian held Captive,
He brought a Grecian Queen, whose youth & thriftiness
Wrinkles Apollon, and makes his face the morning.
Why keep we her? the Grecian keepes our Aunt?
Is she worth keeping? Why she is a Peale,
Whose price hath launch’d above a thousand Ships,
And turn’d Crown’d Kings to Merchants,
If you’ll acquit’t, twice welcome: Pari warat,
(As you may needs, for you all crue, Go, Go)
If you can content, he brought home Noble prize,
(As you may needs, for you all shp’y your hands,
And crue incomparable; why do you now
The issue of your proper Wifesomes rare,
And do a deed this Fortune never did?
Beget the effusion which you prize’d,
Richer then Sea and Sun? O Their most base!
That we have stolen what we do fear to keep.
But Theseus without a thing to stolne,
That in their Country did the disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our Native place.

Enter Caius with her harem about her ears.

Caius. Cry Troyans, cry.

Pars. What noise? what flame is this?

Troy. This our mad fellow, I do know her voyce.

Caius. Cry Troyans.

Heli. Iris Caius demands,

Caius. Cry Troyans cry; lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with Propheticke teares.

Heli. Peace, gentle peace.

Caius. Virgin, and Boyes; mid-age & wrinkled old,
Soft infancy, that nothing can but cry,
Add to this clamour: let us pay betimes
A moiety of the mafe of mee to come.

Cry Troyans cry, prostrate your eyes with teares,
Troy must not be, nor goody lull’d hand,
Our fire-brand Brother Pars burnes ws all.

Cry Troyans cry, a Helen and a woe;

Cry, cry, Troy burnes, or else Helen goe.

Ext. Heli. New youthfull Troylus, do not these he straies
Of dominions in our figure, work
Some touches of remorse? Or is your blood
So madly hot, that no discouer of reason,
Nor fear of bad laske is in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?

Troy. Why Brother Heli.

We may not shewe the sufferer of each act
Such, and no other then every dothe frame it;
Nor once deth; the courage of our minds
Because Caius’ mad, her braine sakes raptures
Cannot diffuse the goodnature of a quarrell,
Trosius and Credusa.

Is this in way of truth; ye see the life,
My bickety brethren, I proceed to you
In resolution to keep Helen free.

For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance,
Upon our crown and several dignities.

True. Why then you touch the life of our designe:
Were it not glory that we more affected,
Then the performance of our issuing spleen,
I would not with a drop of Trojan blood,
Spent more in her defence. But worthy Helen,
She is a theme of honour and renown,
A spurr to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
Whose present courage may be seen downe our foes,
And fame in time to come ecomic to us.

For I presume brave Hector would not looke
So rich advantage of a promised glory.
As foole upon the fore head of this action.
For the wide worlds revenue,

Hail! am I yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus,
I have a roaring challenge sent among it
The dull and fashions nobles of the Greeks,
Will strike amazement to their drowsie spirits,
I was aduentur'd their Great generall, and prent't
In emulation in the amie crete:
Thus I presume will watch and me.

Enter Terosites. How now Terosites? what is the Labyrinth of thy fear.
Shall the Elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me,
and I fail at him; a worthy satisfaction, would it
were otherwise: that I could beate him, whil's I he shall
beat me. So oste, I leaue to concure and raise Daubs, but
I fee too long of my fates full executions.
Then there's Achilles, fairest Enginer. If Troy be not taken till these two
vendemine it, the walls will stand till they fall of them-
elves. O thou great thunder-batter of Olympus, forget
that thou art Ioue the king of gods: and Mercury, looke
all the Serpentine craft of thy Cadmus, if thou takest
not that little little off thine own advantage that thou
have, which thou art so ignorant as I have knowes, is to
abundant fear, it will not in circumstamces deliver a
Flye from a Spider, without drawing the maiste Irons and
cutting the web: after this, the vengeance on the whole
Camp, or rather the bone-ach, for that thou knowes is the
curse dependant on those that waxe for a plaister, have
paid my prayers and duties, enue, say Amen. What ho?
my Lord Achilles?

Enter Patroclus.


Ther. If I could have remembered a gullie counterfeite,
thou wouldst not have aught of my contemplation,
but it is no matter, thy selfe upon thy selfe.
The common curse of mankinde, folly and ignorance be shyn in great
revenue, heauen blest thee from a Tutor, and Discipline
consonent and near the rate. Let styly bloud be thy direc determination
thy death, then if this that lies thee our waye thou art a
false couer, He be thine owne and owne upon the fire never
thowest any but Lassas, Arton. Where's Achilles?

Patr. What art thou dorsent, walk thou in prayer?

Ther. Is the heavenest heare me.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Terosites, my Lord.
Here comes Patroclus.

Ag. No Achilles with him? 

Puf. The Elephant hath lost his, but none for certain: His leggs are legs for necessity, not for flight.

Pat. Achilles bids me say he is much sorry: If any thing more then your sport and pleasure, Did move your greatness, and this noble State, To call upon him; he hopes it is no other, But for your health, and your digestion sake; An after Dinners breath.

Ag. Dearly you Patroclus: We are too well acquainted with these answers: Has his embon point winged thus out, with fortune, Cannot satisfy our apprehensions. Much attribute he hath, and much the reason, Why we attribute to him, yet all his vertues, Not vertuously of his owne part beheld, Doe in our eyes, begin to lose their glowe: Yes, and like faire Fruit in a vialdome dish, Are like to rot neath a greece and tell him. We came to speake with him; and you shall not finde, If you doe say, we think him more proud, And under honrie in selfe-admiration greater Then in the more of indignation more Then himselfe. Here rends the strong grannesse he purrs on, Disgrace the holy strength of your command: And vnder write in an obsequing kinde His humours predominance, yea watch His pettie lines, his eys, his flowers, as if The pallasie and whole carriage of this action Rode on his styde. Goe tell him this, and add, That if he must hold his price too much, Woe to none of him; but let him, like an Englishe soldier, Not be a little, he undeere this report. Bring action bitter, this cannot goe to waste: A Vomiting Dwarf, we doe allowance give, Before a living Vomiting, tell him so.

Pat. I shall, and bring his answer presently.

Ag. In second voyage weele not be satisfied, We come to speake with him; Differs enter you. Exit Differs.

Ach. What is he more then another?

Ag. No more then what he thinks he is.

Ach. Is he so much, that you not thinke, he thinks himself better man then I am?

Ag. No question.

Ach. Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?

Ag. No. Noble Achill, you are as strong as valiant, as wise, as noble, much more gentle, and altogether more vertuous.

Ach. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? Doth not what it is.

Ag. Your mindes is the clearest Achill, and your virtues the fairest; he that is proud, estes vp himselfe: Pride is his owne Glorie, his owne triumph, his owne Chronicle, and what eer praised he, but in the deeds, he cause of the deed.

Enter Differs.

Ach. I do have a proud man, as I hate the ingending of Troades.

Neff. Yet he knows himselfe is not strange.

Puf. Achilles with his men 

Ach. What is his excuse?

Puf. He doth stay on none, But carries on the streame of his discourse, Without obedience or respect of any,

In will peculiar, and in selfe admission.

Ach. Why will you not upon our faire request, Venteus his peace, and share the styre with us?

Puf. Things small as nothing, for requestes take only He makes important: poffert he is with greatness, And speaks not to himselfe, but with a pride That quarrels at self-breath. Imagin'd woe Holds in his blook other fancie, and her discourse, That twice his mentall and his active partes, Knowd of Achilles in common reason, And batters guilt it selfe; what should I say? He is so proud, that the death tokens of it, Cry no reason.

Ag. Let Achill goe to him.

Deare Lord, goe you and seate him in his Tent; 'Tis said he holds you well, and will be led At your request a little from himselfe.

Puf. O Agamemnon, let it not be so.

Woe be to the steps that Achill makes, When he should depart from Achilles, shall the proud Lord? That bastes his arrogance with his owne fear, And never suffer his master, Enter his thoughts: fane such as doe reprocule And ruminate himselfe, Shall he be worshippes, Of what we hold an Idol, more then thee? No, this three worthy and right valiant Lord, Must not in haste his Palme, nobly acuired, Nor by my will affability his merit.

As amply cited as Achilles in: by going to Achilles, That were to endur his fat already, pride, And add more Coles to Cancer when he burned With entertaining great Hypocrisy.

This L. goe to him: faster forbid.

And say in chander, Achill goe to him.

Neff. Of this it is well, he rubs the reine of him.

Ach. And how his silence drinks up this applause.

Neff. If I goe to him, with my armed hat, he puts him are the face.

Ag. Once, you shall not see.

Ach. And be proud with me, let phase his pride; let me goe to him.

Puf. Not for the world that hang upon our quarrel.

Ach. A pauryly misty fellow.

Neff. How he describes himselfe.

Ach. Can he not be desciples?

Puf. The roads chases Blacke.

Ach. Heeter his humours bloud.

Ach. He will be the Phyisian that should be the patient.

Ach. And all men were to my mindes.

Puf. Wit would be out of fashion.

Ach. A should not be vere it to, a should caste Swords first! shall pride carry it?

Neff. And twould, you'd carry halfe.

Puf. A would have ten shillers.

Ach. I will kneale him, he make him supple, he's not yet through warme.

Neff. Force him with praise, poure in, poure in his ambitious is dry.

Puf. My L. you neede too much on this dislike.

Neff. Our noble Generall, doe not doe so.

Bism. You must prepare to fight withoout Achilles.

Puf. Why, 'tis this naming of him deh him harme, Here is a man, but 'tis before his face, I will be silent.

Neff. Wherefore should you do? He
Troylus and Cressida.

He is not amorous, as Achilles is.

Phoebus, know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Achilles, a horrid dog, that hath pestered him with yis, would be he a Troylus?

Nef. What a vice were it in Achilles now—

Phoebus, if he were proud.

Diomedes, or courteous of praise.

Phoebus, I, or surly borne.

Diomedes, or strange, or sullen affected.

Phoebus, think the heavens, thou art of sweet composition;,

Praise him that got thee. The sun that gavest thee.

Praise be thy Tutor, and thy parts of nature.

Twice fain'd beyond, beyound and all eruption;

But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,

Let Mars make Eternity in twaine,

And give him halfe, for thy voluptuous,

Ball-bearing, with his addition yeilded.

To favonoric Ajax: I will not praise thy wilfullone,

Which like a boar, a pale, a flame confines.

Thy vapid and dilated parts: here's Nestor,

Infused by the Antiquity times.

He must he, he cannot but be wise.

But pass on: Fairer Nestor, were thy days.

As greene as Ajax, and your brains be temper'd,

You should not have the eminence of him,

But as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you Father?

Diomedes, I may good Sonne.

Diomedes, be call'd by him Lord Ajax.

Phoebus, there is no carryong here, the Mars Achilles,

Keeps thicker: praise it generally.

To call together all his state of warre,

Frenzied kings are come to Troy, tomorrow.

We must with all our might and power stand fast:

And here's a Lord, come Knights from East to West,

And call their flowers, Ajax shall cope the best.

Ag. Go we to Comitate, let Achilles sleepe;

Light Botes may-side twirly, though greater bukes draw sleepe.

Enter Panderus and a Serant.

Phoebus, friend, you pray a word: Do you not follow the young Lord Paris?

Ser. Sir, when he goes before me.

Phoebus. You depend upon him I mean?

Ser. Sir, I do depend upon the Lord.

Phoebus. You depend upon a noble Gentleman: I must needs praise him.

Ser. The Lord be praised.

Phoebus, you know me, doe you not?

Ser. Faith, sir, superficially.

Phoebus. Friend know no better. I am the Lord Pandarum.

Ser. I hope I shall know your honour better.

Phoebus. I doe desire it.

Ser. You are in the state of Grace?

Phoebus. Grace, not to friend, honor and Lordship are my gift: What Musick is this?

Ser. I doe but partly know fir it is Musick in parts.

Phoebus. Know you the Multiant.

Wholly fir.

Phoebus. Who play they too?

Ser. To the heares fir.

Phoebus. At what pleasure friend?

Ser. At one fir, and theirs that lose Musick.


Ser. Who shall I command fir?

Phoebus. Friend, we understand not one another; I am too courteously, and thou art too cunning. At whose request doe these men play?

Ser. That's too kind and sure fir. marry fir, at the request of Paris my Lord, the house in person; with him the most tall, Nestor, the heart and blood of beauty, sobs mistress, foule.


Ser. No fir, Helen, could you not finde out that by her attributes?

Phoebus. I should strive, fellow, that thou hast not seen the Lady Cressida. I come to speak without a word from the Prince Troylus: I will make a complemental assault upon him, for my business seeth.

Ser. Sudden but, there's a maded phrase indeede.

Enter Paris and Helen.

Phoebus. Fare thee well to you, my Lord, and to all this faire company; faire measures faire measures fairly guide them, especially to you faire Queene, faire thoughts be your faire pillow.

Helen. Deere L. you are full of faire words.

Phoebus. You speak your faire pleasure, faire Queene; faire Prince, here is good broken Musick.

Phoebus. You have broke it ozen, and by my life you shall make it whole againe, you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance.

Helen. He is full of harmony.

Phoebus. Truly, Lady no.

Helen. O fir.

Phoebus. Rude in sooth, in sooth very rude.

Paris. Well said my Lord: well, you say so in fits.

Phoebus. I have businesse to my Lord, my deere Queene, my Lord will you not safe me a word.

Helen. Nay, this shall not judge vs our, whore before you sing certainly.

Phoebus. Well faire Queene you are pleasant with me, but, marry that my Lord, my deere Lord, and most excellent friend your brother Troylus.

Helen. My Lord Pandarum, honey faire Queene.

Phoebus. Go too faire Queene, go to.

Helen. Commends himselfe most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bee out of our melody.

Phoebus. If you doe, our melancholy upon your head.

Helen. Sweet Queene, faire Queene, that's a faire Queene.

Helen. And to make a sweet Lady lad, is a lower offence.

Paris. Nay, that shall not taint your turne, that shall it not in truth be. 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.

Helen. My Lord Pandarum.

Phoebus. What faire my faire Queene, my very, very faire Queene?

Helen. What exploit's in hand, where fups he to night?

Helen. Nay but my Lord?

Phoebus. What faire my faire Queene? my cossen will fall out with you.

Helen. You must not know where he fups.

Phoebus. With my dipositor Cressida.

Phoebus. No, no, not such matter, you are wise, come your dipositor is cike.

Phoebus. Well, I lie make excuse.

Phoebus. I good my Lord, why should you say Cressida? no, your poore dipositor's cike.

Phoebus. I spie.
Troylus and Cressida.

Pan. You spie, what do you spie come, giueme an Instrument now sweete Queene.
Hel. Why this is hinders do they.
Fra. My Niece is horrible in love with a thing, you have sweete Queene.
Hel. She shall have it my Lord, if it be not my Lord.
Proc. Pend. Hear no, thende none of him, they two are twaine.
Hel. Falling in after falling out, may make them three.
Pan. Come, come, I beleue no more of this. Ie sing you a song now.
Hel. 1, if, prethee now by my youth sweete Lord thou hast a fine fore-head.
Pan. 1 you may you may.
Hel. Let thy song be: this sweet will undoe us all.
Oh Cupid, Cupid, Cupid.
Pan. Lucre! that is Tull's youth.
Pan. I good now Ioue, leue, no thing but loue.
Pan. In good tooth it begins to.

Lose love nothing but lose: all more:
For Oliver Teen,
Sweete Backe and doe:
The sheet confound us that is wound:
But better faith be sure:
These Luers cry, oh be they dee:
Tis that which forms the wound to kill,
Dart-rare oh ho, to ha ha be:
So strong then lines fly,
O be a white one ha ha ha,
O be green out for ha ha ha——hey ho.

Hel. In love's youth to the very top of the node.
He cares nothing but losses love, and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts begets hot deeds, and his deeds is love.
Pan. Is this the generation of love? Hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds, why are they the Vipers? Is love a generation of Vipers?
Sweete Lord, whose field in day?
Pan. 'Heller, Dishevelled, Helois, Anthea, and all the gallantry of Troy, I would faire have armed to day, but my Nell would not have it so.
How chance my brother Troylus was not?
Hel. He hangs the lippe at something; you know all.

Lust Pandars?
Pan. Nor thinke sweete Queene: Long to heare how they spend to day.
Yet you remember your brothers excusive?
Pan. To a hayre.
Pan. Farewell sweete Queene.
Pan. Command me to your Neece.
Pan. I will sweete Queene. Sound a revehte.
Pan. They're come from fieldes; let vs to Priam's hall.
To greete the Warrors, sweete Helen, I must now you,
To heare ynoyourslves. Hellen: his Rubborne Bakkers,
With them your white enamling fingers touch,
Shall more obey then to the edge of Needele,
Or force of Greelyth finewe: you shall doe more
Then all the Head Kings, dispare with greely Helen.
Hel. I'll make vs proud to be his terrant Paris:
Yes what he flull receiue awd in dutie.
Given vs more paine in beaute then we have
Yes overstepe our felie.
Sweete above thought I love thee. 

Enter Pandars and Troylus Man.
Pan. How now, where's thy Maister, at my Cousen Cressida?
Men, No fie, he stays for you to conduct him thither. Enter Troylus.
Pan. O here he comes: How now, how now?
Troy. Sirs walke off.
Pan. Have you seene my Cousin?
Troy. No Pandarne: I fink about her doen.
Like a strange fowlse upon the Sigan bankers.
Staying for waftage, O be thou my Charms,
And give me finkt transportans to thes fields,
Where I may walsow in the Lilly beds
Proposed for the deserter O gentle Pandarne,
From Cupid's shoulder plucks his painted wings,
And flye with me to Cressida.
Pan. Walk here tis Orchard, Ile bring her straitly.

Exit Pandarne.

Troy. I am giddy: expeditioon whishe me round,
The imaginary reith is so sweete,
That it enchants me: what will it be
When that the wavy rullers call indecde
Loose thence repose Nell? Death! I fink me
Sounding diffusion, or some joy too fine,
To fulfille potent, and too thirst in sweetneftes,
For the capacity of my ruder powers;
I fink it must, and I do thence besides,
That I shall loose distinguation in my long,
As doth a battale, when they charge on heapes.
The enemy flying.

Enter Pandarne.
Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straighth you must be withry now, the god doth blisse, & fetches her winde to shor, as if the were wired with a sprite: she fetch her it is the prettiest villaine, she treys his breath so flours as a new late Sparrue.

Exit Pandarne.

Troy. Even such a passion doth embrave my bodone,
My heart beaxes thicker then a fawneor pufle,
And all my powers doe their beawving loaftes.
Like wafte, lage at wauue wauue encowsting
The eye of his serfes.

Enter Pandarne and Cressida.
Pan. Come, come, what needest thou blisse?
Shames a baby; here she is now, Iawe the oathes now to her, that you have sworne to me. What are you gone a-gaine, you must be watcht ere you be made tame, must you? come your wayes, come your wayes, and you draw backward weele put you this: why do you not speake to her? Come draw this curtsaine, & let she see your picture.
Alas the day, how loathly are to offend day light and t'owere darke you'd close loone: So so, sob on, elle the mielte: how now, a kiffe in fett-sarme? build there Carpenter, the ayre is sweete. Nay, you shall fight your heart out ere I part you, The Paulion, as the Tercell, for all the Ducks in River: go too, go too.

Troy. You have bereft me of all words Lady.
Pan. Words play no deats: glute her deedes: but thence because you beel'd deeds too, you thee call your affinity in question what billing against? here is in winneft where the Parties interchanging sably. Come in, come in, let go get a fire?

Cress. Will you walk in my Lord?
Troy. O Cressida, how often have I wisht me this?
Cress. Within my Lord? the gods grant O my Lord.
Troy. What should they grant? what makes this pret-

Cress. More
Troylus and Cressida.

Cres. More drops then water, if my tears haue eyes.
Troy. Fearles makes diuels of Cherubins, they never see treuly.
Cres. Blinde fear, that seeing reason leads, finder safe footing, then blinde reason, fumbling without fear: to fear the worst, oft cures the worse.
Troy. Oh let my Lady apprehend no fear, In all Cupids Pageant there is pretended no monster.
Cres. Not nothing monstrons neither.
Troy. Nothing but our under takings, when we vow to weep seas, live in flore, et, rogues, tame Pygms, thinking it haider for our Muses to devote imputation enough, then for us to underset any difficultie impeded. This is the monstron fistie in your Lady, that the will is infinite, and the execution confounded: the design is boundless, and the act of time to limit.
Cres. They say all Layres vsere more performance than they are able, and yet preserve an ability that they never perform: vowinge more then the perfusion of tears, and discharging teares then the tenth part of one. They that have the voyce of Lycyons, and the act of Hares: are they not Monsters?
Troy. Are there such fact, such are not: Praise vs as we are talked, allow vs as we protest: our head shall bee bare till there crowne at: no preestion in restoration shall have a praise in prettice: wee will not name defect before his birth, and being borne his addition shall bee hume, few words to faire faith. Troylus shall be such to Cressid, as what music can say vsor, shall bee a mock for his truth; and what truth can speake truf, truf not then Troylus.
Cres. Will you walke in my Lord?
Enter Pandaris.
Pan. What blushing sill? have you not done talking yet?
Cres. Well Vuckle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.
Pan. I thank you for that: if my Lord get a Boy of you, you will give him me to true to my Lord, if he flinch, chide me for it.
Troy. You know now your hostages your Vuckles word and my owne faith.
Pan. Nay, I give you my word for her too: our kindred though they are long ere they are woode, they are constant being woone: they are Barres I can tell you, they'll fluche where they are throwne.
Cres. Boldnesse comes to mee now, and brings mee hearts: Prince Troylus, I heard you two and day, nor many weary months.
Troy. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?
Cres. Hard to doe mee woo: but I was won my Lord With the first glance, that enthrall parden you, If I confess much you will play the tyrant: I love you now, but not till now to much, But I might maister it, insteadi I see: My thoughts were like unbridled children grow, Too head-strong for their mother: feare we fools, Why issue I bloud: who shall be true to vs, When we are so unprefer to our fellows? But though I lost you well, I wood you not, And yet good faith I wills my selfe a man; Or that we women had mens priviledge, Of speaking first, Swear, but me hold my tongue, For in this rapture I shall faintly speake, The thing I shall repent: fee, for your silence, Comming in darbuckle, from my weaknesse drawes.
My foule of counsell from me, Stop my mouth, Troy, And shal, albeit weere Maideke, after thence, Pan. Pretty vsor.
Cres. My Lord, I doe beseech you pardon me, Two not my purpose thus to beg a kisse, I am abased; O Heauen, what hate I done! For this time will I wake me my Lord, Troy. Your leaue sweet Cressid, Pan. Leaue: and you take leaue till to morrow morning.
Cres. Pray you content you, Troy. What offends you Lady?
Troy. Sir, mine owne company.
Cres. You cannot thin your selfe.
Troy. Let me goe and try.
I have a kinde of selfe riches with you: But an unkinde selfe, that it selfe will leaue, To be anthoers foole. Where is my witt?
I would be gone: I speake I know not what. Troy. Well know they what they speake, that speaks to truely.
Cres. Perchance my Lord, I shewed more craft then love, And fell so soundly to a large inclination, To angle for your thoughts: but you are wise, Or else you have not: For to be wise and love, Exceeds mans might, that dwells with gods above, Troy. Or that I thought it could be in a woman As it can, I will presume in you, To feede for are her lampes and flames of love: To keep her: confondance in light and youth, Out-living beauties outward, with a stynke That doth renew feaster then blood increas, Or that perfwiation could but thus convince me, That my integritie and truth to you, Might be atfreinted with the match and weight Of such a unworthy-empire in love: How were I then vp-lit, but alas, I am as true, as truths simplicitie, And simplifie then the infinitie of truth.
Cres. In that Jhe warre with you.
Troy. O vertuous fight, Whoe with right warres whoe shall be most right? True swains in love, shall in the world to come Approve their truths by Troylus, when their times, Full of profect, of oath and big compare, Wants finenes, truth vs'd with iteration, As true as Heele, as plantage to the Moone: As Sume to day: As Turtle to her mate: As Iron to Aadamant: As Earth to th'Center: Yet after all comparions of truth, (As truths authentique author to be cited) As true as Troylus, shall cowne vp the Verfe, And vanquithe the numbers.
Cres. Prophet may you be, If I be false, or swere a haire from truth, When time is old and hath forgot a selfe: When water drops hue worne the Stones of Troy; And blinde oblivion foule love: & Cites vp; And mighte vs'd the character of stone is grant To dulle nothing, yet let memory, From false to false, among false Maides in love, Vpbrained my falsehood, when they are said as false, As Air, as Water, as Wind, as fanckle earth, As Pose to Limbe, as Wole to Heaters Cellie; Farth to the Blinde, or Stephadde to her Sonne, Yes, let them say, to dicke this heart of falsehood.
Troylus and Cressida.

As fife as Cressida.

Paris. Through a bargain made: let it be done, let it be done, let it be the wisest 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 to the worlds and after my name: call them all Panders: let all confit men be Troylouys, all false women Cressida, and all brokers between Panders: say, Amen.

Troy. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen.

Whereupon I will draw you a Chamber, which bed, because it shall not calke of your pitifull encounters, is to give away.

The Chamber and Pander, to put these to bed. Exeunt.

Enter Priam, Darius, Nestor, Agamemnon, Menelaus and Colchis. Florio.

Cal. Now Princes for the fertece I have done you, The advantage of the time prompts me aloud, To call for recovery: appear to your minds, That through the night it bears in things to love, I have abandon'd Troy, left my position, Incit'd Traitors name, expuls'd my selfe, From certaine and poffent concurrences, To doubtfull fortunes, quelling them from me all That time, acquaintance, currence and condition, Made same, and most familiar to my nature; And here to doe you fertece am become, As new into the world, strange, unacquainted, I doe beleev you, as in way of raffe, To give me now a little benefit: Out of those many registred in promises, Which you say, like to come in my behalfe. Again. What wouldst thou of vs Trojan? make demand?

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor. Yester day tooote: Troy holdes him very deere. Or have you (often have you, thankes therefore) Deliv'd my Cressida in right great exchange. Whom Troy with full deme? but this Antenor, I know my such a wretch in their affairs; That their negotiations all must flake, Wanting his maner and they will almoft, Give vs a Prince of blood, a Smith of Princes, In change of him. Let him be free great Princes, And be fandly buy my Daughter: and her presence, Shall quite frighte off all fertece I have done, In most accepted paine.

Agm. Let Daries bear him, And bring vs Cressida: Calam shall have What he requir'd of vs: good Florio,

Florio satisfie for this enterprize, With full kind word: if Ector will to morrow Be sauever in his challenge, Actae is ready. Exit. This shall I underset, and 'tis a burthen Well I am proud to be.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus in their Tent. Priam. Achilles standes at entrance of his Tent; Pless is our Generall to passe stranfely by him, As if he were forgot: and Princes all, Lay negligunt and looke regard upon him; I will come off, 'tis like heele question me.

What fuch voluptuous eyes are bent? why turn'd on him?

If ye, I have erection medicinal,

To vive between your strangeo fente and his pride,

Which his owne will shall have destit to drinke:

It may doe good, pride hath no other glasse

To shew it off, but pride for simple kisses.

Peede arrogace, and are the proud most free,

Again. We clec execute your purpose, and put on

A forme of stranfentie as we passe along,

So doe each Lord, and either great he him not;

Or else diftaunfully, which shall shoke him more,

Then if not looks on, I will lead the way.

Adub. What come the Generall to speake with me?

You know my minde, hee know no more against Troy.

Nes. What faies Adubus, would he ought with vs?

Agm. Would you my Lord ought with the Generall?

Nes. Nothing my Lord.

Adub. Good day, good day.

Men. How doe you? how doe you?

Nes. What doe the Cuckold Scorne me?

Nes. How now Parthenes?

Adub. Good morrow Actae?


Adub. Good morrow.

Actae. I, and good next day too. Exeunt.

Adub. What meanes these fellowes? know they not

Adubus?

Pus. They passe by strangely: they were too'd to bend

To send their smiles before them to Adubus:

To come as humbly as they vs'd to creepe to holy Alter.

Adub. What am I poor of late?

ists certaine, greates fente once faine out with fortune,

Mist fall out with most to: what the destin'd is,

He shall as faire reade in the eyes of others,

As seele in his owne fall: for men like butter-fliets,

Shew not their mealie wings, but to the Summer:

And not a man for being fimpily man,

Hath any honour; but honour of those honours

That are with-out him; as place, riches, and station

Prizes of accident, as oft as ser.

Which when they fall, as being slippery faders;

The love that fied on them or slippery too,

Doth one plucke downe another, and together

Dye in the fall. But 'tis not so with me;

Forest and I are friends, I doe enioy

At ample point, all that I did passe,

Save these men looks: who do me thinkes finde out

Something not worth in me such rich beholding,

As they have often gien. Here is Ulysses,

He interrupt his reading: how now Ulysses?

Ulyss. Now great Thetis Sowne.

Adub. What are you reading?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here

Writes me, that man, how drearily ever parted,

How much in finding, or without, or in,

Cannot make beef to have that which he hath;

Nor fletes not what he owes; but by releasement

As when his venue: thinging upon others,

Hearth them, and they retreat from heates againe

To the first giuer.

Adub. This is not strange Ulysses:

The beautie that is borne here in the face,

The bearer knowes nor, but commendes it selfe,

Not going from it selfe: but eye to eye oppos'd,
Troylus and Criseyde.

Salutes each other with each other's forme
For speculation turns not to his life,
Till it be haued, and is married there
Where it may see itselfe: this is no strange at all.

"If", I doe hereat it in the position,
It is familiar; but at the Author's drift.
Who in his circumstance, expressly proues
That no may be the Lord of any thing,
(Though in and & of him there is much confus'd,)
Till he communicate his parts to others;
Nor dost he of himselfe know them for ought.
Till he behold them formed in the appliance,
Where they are extended: who has an architectur'd
The voyage again, or a gate of Icle.
Fronting the Sunne, receiveth and renders backe
His figure, and his beaute. I was much rapt in this,
And apprehended here immediately.

The unknowne. Aue;

Heaven what a main is there? a very Horie,
That has he knowne, nor what. Nature, what things there
Most habitation regard, and desire in ite.
What things against must decree in the silence,
And doubt in worth now shall we see to morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw upon him.

Aue renown? O heavens, what some men doe,
While some men may do so.

How some men crepe in kilikin fortune hall,
While others play the Ides in other eyes.
How one man eates to another's pride,
While pride is felling in his wantonnest,
To see the Grecian Lords; why, even already,
They clap the jublie Aue, Aue, Aue,
As if his foote were on brasse Helen's breast,
And great Troy thinking.

Aue, I doe believe it:
For they part by me, as my sires doe by beggars,
Nothing gave to me good word, nor lookes;
What are my deedes forgot?

"If". Time hath (my Lord) a warrant as his backe,
Wherein he pass alone for oblivion.
A great sad monster of ingratitude;
Those scraps are good deads path,
What art thou become? As if they were made.
Forgin as soon as done: perseverance, decea my Lord.
Keepers honor bright, to have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a sudden male,
In monumental mocke, to take the infant way.
For honor travels in a straight to forrow,
Where one but gods a broad, keepe then the path
For education hath a thousand Sonnes,
That one by one pursuif; if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forth right,
Like to an entered Tyde, they all rush by,
And leave you howdmost?
Or like a gallant Herds false in strict rane,
Lye there for patronage to the abused, nere
One run and trampled on to what they doe in prest,
Though lest he then yours in part, much one-top yours.
For time is like a fashionfull Herde,
That lightly shakes his parson Gentily by hand,
And with his times out-firec, as he would dye.
Grapes in the common: the welcome ever smiles,
And farewells goes out fishing: o let not veneur becke
Removal for the thing it was: for because, wit,
High birth, vigor of bone, deceit in justice,
Lose, friendship, charity, are subject all

To enmous and colaminating fire:
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.
That all with one consent praise new borne goodes,
Though they are made and moulder of things past,
And goe to dust, that is a little guilt.
More laud then guilt overfed.

The present eye praise the present object,
Then shall not thou a greatest and complest man.
That all the Greeks begin to worship Aliar.
Since things in motion begin to catch the eye,
Then what not flies: the sky went out on thee,
And full it might, and yet it may againe,
If thou wouldst not encounter the selfe allure,
And cale thy sepulture in thy Tent.

Whole glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made enomous missions amongst the gods themselues,
And dree great Mars to faction.

Aue, Of this my princely,
I have these reasons.

"If". But gainst your prickele.
The reasons are more potent and heroicall:
'Tis knowne Achilles, but you are in love
With one Priam daughters.

Aue, Ha! knowne?

"If". Is that a wonder?
The prouincienc that's in a watchfull State,
Knowes almost every graine of Placer golds,
Catches buttoms in its incomprehensible deeps,
Keeps place with thought, and almost like the gods,
Doeth not vnblame in their dumber cradles:

Bease is a myrte (with whom relation)
Dull not neither (in the house of State),
Which hath an operation more divine,
Then breath or pen can give expasture to:
All the commerce that you have had with Troy,
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my Lord.
And better would it be Achilles much,
To throw downe Etopheles then Tadanua.
But it must giue yong Pallas now at home,
When Fame shall in her land found her trumpes,
And all the Grecian Girls shall tripping ring,
Great Etophelesriter did Achilles winne.
But our great Aue bravely beare downe him.
 Farewell my Lord: I saw your louter speake,
The foole fiddlest over the bag, that you should brake.

Pat. To this effect Achilles have I moudyou;
A woman impudent and mannish growne,
Is not more bold, than an effeminat man,
In time of action: I hard condemned for this.

They thank my little remotke to the wear.
And your great houre to me refinates you thus:
Sweeter, Oves your selfe and the weakc wanton Cupid
Shall from your necke unleafe his amorous fould,
And like a dew drop from the Lyous mane,
Be throw in vaine.

Aue. Shall Aue fight with Etopheles?

Pat. I, and perhaps receive much honor by him.

Aue. I feele my reputation is at stake,
My name is shewd willy guarded.

Pat. O then beware of:
Those wounds heale ill, that men doe giue themselves:
Obstution to doe what is necessary,
Seales a commission to a blanke of danger,
And danger like an auge falsly tailes
Even then when we are boldly in the same.

Aue. Go ye call 2 after this sweet Patroclus,
He send the fouls to Asis; and desye him
To see the Trojan Lords after the Combat
To fee, where vnaert'd: I have a womans longing,
A appetite that I am sick withall,
To see great Hector in the weedes of peace; Enter Thoris.
To talk with him, and to behold his villag,
Even to my full of view, A labour fad'd.
Ther. A wonder.
Ache. What?
Ther. Ache goes vp and downe the field, skying for himselfe.
Ache. How so?
Ther. Her must fightingly to morrow with Helen,
And is so prophetically proud of her valourous cudgelling,
that he rauies in saying nothing.
Ache. How can that be?
Ther. Why he slakes vp and downe like a Peacock, a
Fride and a hind; ruminates like an hatti, that hath no
Arithmetique but her braine, to set downe her reckoning;
it bites his lip with a politicall regard, as who should say,
there were wit in his head and two'd out; and so there is:
but it yses as coldly in him, as fire in a flint,
which will not shew without knocking. The mans vndone
for euer for if Hector break not his necke in the combat,
beast break his selfe in value-glory. He knowes
not mee: I faile, good morrow Ache: And he replies,
thanks Agamemnon. What thynke you of this man,
that takes mee for the Generall? Hee's grown a very
land-fish, languages, a monster: a plag of o- 
pinion, a man may weare it on both sides like a leather
Facade.
Ache. Thou must be my Ambassador to him Theris.
Ther. Who, i: why, heeche answer no body: he pro-
selues noanswering; speaking is for beggers: he weares
his tongue in a snare: I will put on his presence; let
Theris make his demands to me, you shall fee the Page-
ant of Ache.
Ache. To him Theris tell him, I humbly defece the
valiant Ache, to invite the most valorous Helen, to come
vnaert'd to my Tent, and to procure safe conduct for his
person, of the magnanimous and most illustrious, five or
seaven times honour'd Captaine General of the Grecian
Arms; Agamemnon.
Par. Ione blesse great Ache.
Ther. Hum.
Par. I come from the worthy Acheus.
Ther. Ha.
Par. Who most humbly defyes you to invite Helen
to his Tenty.
Ther. Hum.
Par. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.
Ther. Agamemnon.
Par. I as Lord.
Ther. Ha.
Par. What say you not?
Ther. God buy you with all my heart.
Par. Your answer vnd.
Ther. If to morrow be a faire day, by eleaven a clocke
it will goe one way or other; howoever, he shall pay for
me ere he has mee.
Par. Your answer vnd.
Ther. Fare you well with all my heart.
Ache. Why, but he is not in this tune, Is he?
Ther. No, but he's out a tune thes: what must he will
be in him when Hector has knockt out his brained, I know
not; but I am sure none, yntel the Fides. Ay go get his
frieues to make callings on.
Ache. Come, thou shalt bear a Letter to him
straight.
Ther. Let me carry another to his Hearse, for that's the
more capable creature.
Ache. My minde is troubled like a Fountain flit'd,
And I my selfe not the botome of it.
Ther. Woulde the Fountain of your minde were cleare
again, that I might water an Affe at it: I had rather be a
Ticke in a Sheeps, then such a valiant ignorance.

Enter as one more Acheus with a Torch, as another
Paras, Diodocus, Ambrose, Dimis, The Grecian with Tarchis.
Par. See hoa, who is that there?
Diphe. It is the Lord Acheus.
Ache. Is the Prince there in person?
Paris. Had I so good occasion to say long
As you Prince Paras, nothing but heavenly business,
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.
Dim. That's my minde too: good morrow Lord
Acheus.
Par. A valiant Grecian Acheus, take his hand,
Witness the proceede of your speech within;
You shall how Dimis in a whole weeke by dayes
Did haunt you in the Field.
Ache. Health to you valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce:
But when I meete you arm'd, as blashke defence,
A heart can thine, or courage execut.
Dim. The one and other Dimis embraces;
Our blouds are now in calme and so long health:
But when contention, and occasion meets,
By franchises; Ile play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuitt and policy.
Ache. And thou shalt burne a Lyon that will flye
With his face backward, in humaine gentle[nes]e:
Welcome to Troy; now by Acheus life,
Welcome indeede; by paris hand I sweare,
No man alive can louse in such a forst.
The thing he meanes to kill, more excellently.
Dimis. We sympathize, Ione let Acheus live
(If to my sword his fate be not the glory)
A thousand compleat courtes of the Sunne,
But in mine emulous honor let him dye:
With every ioynt a wound, and that to morrow.
Ache. We know each other well.
Dimis. We doe, and long to know each other worse.
This is the meff, desightful fit gentle greeting,
The nobleft hatefull lone, that e'er I heard of.
What businesse Lord fo early?
Ache. I was sent for to the kings but why, I know not.
Par. His purpose meetes you, it was to bring this Greek
To Calchas house, and there to render him,
For the espedited Ambrose, the Grecian Athysus;
Let his company; or if you please,
Hale there before vs, I atonally doe thinke
(Or rather call my thought a certaine knowledge).
My brother Troyis lodges there to night.
Route him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality whereof, I fear
We shall be much ciuelee.
Ache. That I affure you;
Troyis had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Then Athysus borne from Troy.

Par. There.
You bring me to you—and then you flout me too.
Cref. What have I brought you to do?
Pan. Has he, as also poor wrecks: a poor Chajbelia, hath not slept to night? would he not (a naughty man) let it sleep? in bug-besee take him. 
Out KNobby.
Cref. Did you tell me? would he were knock'd in his head. Who's that at door? good Vuckle pue and ter.
My Lord, come you again into my Chamber. You smile and mock me, as if I meant niggardly.
Pan. Hark, ha.
Cref. Come, you are declar'd, I think of no such thing. How earnestly they knock? pray you come in. Knock, I would not for both Trojans have you come here. Exeunt.
Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you be dredge the door? how now, what's the matter?
Ent. Good morrow Lord, good morrow.
Pan. Who's your Lord? (Enters) by my truth I knew you not: what newes with you so early?
Ent. Is not Prince Trojus here?
Pan. Here! what should he do here?
Ent. Come he is here, my Lord, do not deny him: It doth import him much to speake with me.
Pan. Is he here say you? it is more than I know, I be sworn. For my own part, I came in last: what should he do here?
Ent. Who say then? Come, come, you do him wrong: ere you were: you be too true to him, to be false to him: Do not you know of him, but yet goe fetch him hither, goe.

Enter Trojus.

Trojus. How now, what's the matter?
Ent. My Lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is for such a there is at hand,
Pan. Your brother, and Daphnis,
The Grecian Dromis, and our Author,
Deliver'd to you, and for him faith with,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to Dromis hand
The Lady Cressida.

Pan. How now, is it concluded so?
Ent. By Prason, and the general state of Trojus,
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.
Trojus. How my stances and stances mock me;
I will goe meete them, and my Lord Enters,
We meet by chance, you did not finde me here,
Ent. Good, good, my Lord, the secrets of nature
Have not more gift in taunt and stile.

Enter Pandarum and Cressida.

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got but lost: the distill take Author's, the young Prince will goe mad: a plague vpon Author's: I would they had brook'd the neck.
Cref. How now? what's the matter? who was here?
Pan. Ah, ha!
Cref. Why sigh thou so profoundly? what's my Lord gone? tell me sweet Vuckle, what's the matter?
Pan. Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above.
Cref. O the gods! what's the matter?
Pan. Pray thee come in: would thou hadst aere been borne, I know thou wouldst be his death.O poor Gentleman: a plague vpon Author's.
Good Vngle, I beseech you, on my knees, I beseech you what's the matter?

Thou must be gone, Vngle, thou must be gone;
chou art chang'd for A triangular, thou must to thy Father,
and he gone from Troy. I shall be his death: I shall be his bane, he cannot bear it.

O you immortal gods! I will not go.

Thou must.

Thou must.

I will see Vngle; I have forgot my Father:
I now no touch of confaguntee:
No kin, no love, no blood, no soule, no seere me,
As the sweet Troy: O your gods shone!

Make Cressida name the very crown of falsehood?
I fear the name Troy is time, once and death,
Do to this body what extremity you can;
But the strong base and building of my love,
Is the very Center of the earth,
Drawing all things to it. I will go on and weep.

Pom. Dooe, doee.

Tears my bright beaute, and scratch my prais'd cheeckes,
Crack my eare, voice with fobs, and break my heart
With disdaining Troy. I will not goe from Troy.

Enter Pariss, Trojans, and Dido.

Par. It is great morning, and the hour prefix
Other delivery to this valiant Greecke
Comes fall upon: good my brother Troy,
Tell you the Lady what she is to do,
And haft her to the purpose.

Troy. Walk in her house:
She bring her to the Grecian prettily,
And to his hand, when I deliuer her,
Think an Altar, and thy brother Troy
A Priest, there offering to his heart.

Par. I know what is to be,
And would, as I shall pittie, I could helpe.

Pleaze you walk in, my Lords.

Enter Perides and Cressida.

Par. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?
The griefe is line, full perfect that I saft,
And no lees in a soule so strong
As that which enuith: How can I moderate it?
If I could temperise with my affections,
Or bew me a weaker and colder pallat,
The like similitud could I give my griefe:
My love admits no qualifying croffe,
No more my griefe, in such a precious love.

Pom. Here, here, here, he comes a sweet duck.

Cres. O Troy, Troy, Troy!

Par. What a pair of spectacles is here? let me embrace too, as he goodly saying is: O heart, heart,
youngest, what didst thou without breaking? where be answers again? because thou canst not easily make thy selfe by friendship, nor by speaking; there was never a true sate; let vs call away nothing, for we may have to have neede of such a Veil: we see it, we see it, how now Lamps?

Troy. Cres. Ione there is: to strange a pustule;
That the blest goe, as angry with my fancie:
Most bright in a soule, then the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their Deities: take thee from me.

Cres. Haue the gods couet?
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:

But I can tell what in each grace of theirs,

There lurks a still and dumb-defaceful dullness

That springs from some cunningly; but my Lord be not tempted.

Crep. Do you think I will?

Troy. No; but something, may be done that we will not:

And sometimes we see doubts so doubtless,

When we can tempt the frailty of our powers,

Presuming on the changeable forces.

Enter a Gentleman.

Jhes. Nay, good my Lord?

Troy. Come hither, and let us part.

Paris within. Brother Troylus?

Troy. God brother come you hither,

And bring a Letter and the Grecian with you.

Crep. My Lord, will you be true?

Enter. Who is there? It is my voice, my fault?

Whites others fill with craft for great opinion,

I, with great truth, catch more simplicity.

WhilI' goe with cunning guard their copper crowns,

With truth and plainness, I doe use none bare:

Enter the Greeks.

Feste not nor truth: the most of all my wit

Is plain and true, there's all the reach of it.

Welcome in Diomed, here is the Lady

Which for Antenor, we declare you.

At the port (Lord) He gave her to thy hand,

And by the way preserved thee what fits.

Prep. Her face; and by my toil, fair Greece.

If I have stood at mercy of my Sword,

Crep. And thy life shall be as safe

As Priam is in Diomed.

Diom. Then Lady Creusa,

So please you, sweet the names of this Prince expresse,

The last in your eyes, lieuen in your cheeks,

Blesses your faire village, and to Diomed

You shall be welcome, and command him wholly.

Troy. Or so command, thou do not vice me curiously.

To blame the fall of my petition now set.

I praise her. Tell the Lord of Greece:

She is as faire to bearing heart a fairer,

As thou wouldest be to en'd her servit.

That charge she of her well, even for my charge.

For by the dreadful time, (though do not,

Though the great bulk), Achilles be thy guard

He cut's the throat.

Dios. Oh be not mou'd Prince Troylus,

Let me be priviledg'd by my face and message,

To be a speaker free? when I am base,

He answer to my suit: and know my Lord;

He nothing doth of charge, to be en se worth;

She shall be priz'd but that you say, let be let

He swears, it is in my spirit and honor, no.

Troy. Come to the Port, I shall take this Diomed,

This bane, shall off this head;

Lady give me your hand, and we walk;

To our own fellow band, we must needs take

Sound Trumpet.

Par. Harke, Harke Troylus.

Troy. How have we spent this morning,

The Prince must thinks me tardy and tedious,

That were to ride before him in the field.

Par. To Troylus, come, come, to attend with him.

Enter.

Div. Let us make a fair bright.

Ent. Yes, with a bright room f thats scalricie

Let me address to send on Heleb the beaks:

The glory of our Troy, doth this day lye.

On his faire word, and singe Chemulie.

Enter. Ajax awak'ed, Pales, Parthaces, Agamemnon,

Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, Calestis, etc.

Agam. Here are thon in appointment fresh and faire,

Anticipating time. With starting courage,

Give the Trumpet a loud note to Troy

Thou dreadfull, Ajax, that the appointed sire

May pierce the head of the great Combinant,

And hold him better.

Ajax. Thou, Trumpet, then, is my purr;

Now crack the drum, and split thy brazen pipe:

Blow will none till thy phlegm this clear:

Oft tell the echo of our Ajax aloud.

Come, stretch thy cheek, and let thy eyes spots blends;

Thou blowest for Heleb.

Pyl. No Trumpet answers.

Ajax. This is but early day.

Agam. Is not young Diomed with Calchas daughter?

Herc. To thee, I ken the manner of his gate,

Hercules on the toe: that spirit of his

Inpiration lifts him from the earth.

Agam. Is this the Lady Creusa?

Div. Even she.

Nest. Most dearly welcome to the Grecian, sweete

Lady.

Nest. Our Generall doth intreate, you with a kisse

Ulyss. Yet the kindness is but particular: were better the were left in general.

Nest. And very counsellor: he begins, so much

for Nest.

Ajax. He take that winter from your lips faire Lady

Affer bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissting once.

Pyl. But that's no argument for kissting now.

For this people, Paris in his hardiment.

Pyl. Oh deadly gall, and shame of all our teares.

For which we loose our heads, to gild his bottoms.

Pyl. The first was Menelaus kisse, this muse.

Patriotus kisst you.

Men. Othn is trim.

Pyl. Paris and I kisse enmeore for him.

Men. He have my kisse first, Lady, by your leave.

Crep. In kissting do you render or receive.

Pyl. Both take and gue.

Crep. He make my match to live.

The kisse you take is better then you give; therefore no kisse.

Men. He give you bere, he give you three for one.

Crep. You are an odd man, give one, or give none.

Men. An odd man, Lady, every man is odd.

Crep. No, Paris is not; you know its true.

The three you give, and he is even with you.

Men. You filip me a stile head.

Crep. No, let be sworn.

Pyl. It were no match, your nose against his horse.

May I twicst Lady beg a kisse of you?

Crep. You may.

Diff. I doe desire it.

Crep. Why beggethst thou?

Pyl. Why then for Paris sake, give me a kisse.

When Helen is a maid againe, and his

Crep. I am your debtor, claim he when't is due.
Troylus and Cressida

Did in great liben thus transtume him to me.  

A. They are in action.  

Ag. Now Alax hold chine owne.  

Tro. Hell, thou sleepe'st, awake thee.  

A. His blowe'ss are wel disposed there Alax, tripped.  

D. You must to more.  

Off. Princes enough, to please you.  

Ag. I am not warmes yet, let vs fight againe.  

D. As Hellor please.  

Hell. Why then will I no more:  

Thus art great Lord, my Fathers sisters Sonne:  

A coven german to great Priamus fede;  

The obligation of our blood forthis.  

A certain emulation twixt vs twaine:  

Were thy connection, Grecian and Troian so;  

That thou couldst say, this hand is Grecian all,  

And this is Troian; the frenesi of the Legge,  

All Grecian, and this all Troy: my Mothers blood  

Runs on the Dexter cheeke, and this finiter  

Bloods in thy father: by fate multiplier,  

Thou shouldst not beare from me a Grecian member  

Wherein my sword had not impresse made  

Of the ranke field: but the last gods gainst,  

That any drop thou borrow't from thy mother,  

My sacred Aunt, though by my moste Sword  

Be deliverd. Let me embrace thee Alax  

By him that thunders, thou last noble Armes  

Heller would have them fall upon him thus,  

Coxen, all honor to thee.  

A. I thank thee Heller:  

Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:  

I came to kill thee Coxen, and bear hence  

A great addition, earned in thy death.  

Hell. No Nepomus to inartible,  

On whose bright crest, fame with her loved it (O yes)  

Cries, This is he; could it promisse to himself,  

A thought of adder honor, come from Heller.  

A. There is experience here from both the fideles,  

What further you will do?  

Hell. Wee, answer we it:  

The issue in embracement: A. farewell.  

A. If I might in entertain'd: I finde success,  

As feald I have the chance; I would desire  

My famous cousin to our Grecian Troian.  

D. Alax, this Agamemnon with, and great Achilleus  

Both long to see you; and the valiant Heller.  

Hell. Achilleus, call my brother Trojan to me:  

And signifie this looking interview  

To the expecters of our Trojan part:  

Defend them home. Give me thy hand, my Cousin  

I will goe with thee, and see your Knights.  

Enter Agamemnon and the rest.  

A. Great Agamemnon comes to meete vs here.  

Hell. The worthif of them, tell me name by name:  

But for Achilleus, mine owne searcing eyes  

Shall finde him by his large and portly fine.  

A. Worthy of Armes: as welcome as to one  

That would be rid of such an enemie.  

But that's no welcome: vnderstand more clear  

What's past, and what's to come; it strew'd with hakes  

And formelesse ruine of obligation  

But in this instant moment, faith and truth,  

Stood purely from all hollow bias drawing:  

Bid thee with most distin integritie,  

From heart of very heart, great Heller welcome.  

Hell. I thank thee most imperious Agamemnon.  

A. My
Troylus and Cressida.

Act 1st. Scene 1st. Lord of Troy, to you.

Mess. Let me confess my Princely brothers, welcome bishop.

Hei. Who shall I answer?

Entr. The Noble Menelaus.

Hei. O, my Lord! by Mars, his great thanks, Mockenot that I afect your Oath. Your goddess wife sworn for by Pruss Gunei She's well, but bad me not commend her to you.

Mess. Name her, if you may, she's a deadly Thane.

Hei. O pardon, I offend.

Nef. I have (bou gallant Troyan) famine thee of the Labouring for death, make cruel way. Through ranks of Grecian youths; but I have seen thee As hot as Perseus, qu're the Phrygian Seed, And see thee forming for settled and to conquer, When thou hast hung thy advanced sword, thy eye, Not letting it decline, on the declining.

That I have laid into my standers by. Loe Jupiter, is yonder, dealing life. And I have seen thee wipe, and take thy breath. When that a ring of Grecians have hem'd thee in, Like an Olympic wrestling, this base I see, But this thy countenance (hill looks in thee). I never saw in the day, I knew thy Grand'mire, And once fought with him; he was a good man, But by great Mars, the Cophine of ye all, Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee.

And (worthy Warriors) welcome to our Tents.

Entr. Tis the old Nefis.

Hei. Let me embrace thee good old Chronicle, That had so long walk'd hand in hand with time. Morn returnest Nefis, I am glad to embrace thee.

Nef. I would my arms could match thee in contention As they contend with thee in courteous.

Hei. I would they could.

Nef. Had by this white beard I'd fight with thee to morrow. Well, welcome, welcome, I have seen thee.

Pff. I wonder now I see under Capelland, When we have here his sake and pillar by y. Hei. I know your favour Lord Pff has well. Ah sir, there's many a Grecian and Trojan dead. Since first I saw you in the house, and Dismissed. In Ilion, on your Grecian embasure. Pff. Sir, I foresaw you then what would ensue. My prophecies is but half his journey yet. For yonder walls that certify your Towne, Yond Towers, whose wanton tops do bush the clouds, Must kife their owne feet.

Hei. I must not believe you: They that stand yet; and modestly I think, The fall of every Phrygian stone will cist. A drop of Grecian blood at the end crownes all, And that old common Arbiter, Time, Will one day end it.

Pff. So to him we lente is.

Moff gentle, and most valiant Hei, welcome.

After the Generall, I beseech you next To Feast with me, and see me at my Tent.

Hei. I shall forfode thee Lord Pff, thou.

Now Hei have fed mine eyes on thee, I have with exact view perused thee Hei, And quoted son of a wild beast.

Hei. Is this Hei?

Hei. I am Hei.

Hei. Stand faire, I pray thee, let me looke on thee.

Hei. Behold thy fill.

Hel. Nay, I issue done already.

Hei. Thou art so brief, I will the second time.

I would buy thee, view thee, limb be limb, But there's more in me then thou understand it.

Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

Hei. I tell thee, thou hast in which part of his body Shall I destroy him? Whether there, or there, or there, That I may give the local wound a name, And make distinct the very breaches, where.-ou.

Hei. The Great spirit bjw. Answer me heaven.

Hei. It would differ in the Right Gods, proud man, To answer such a question: Stand again;

Think ill to cheat my life to pleasanly, As to determine in wise conjecture Where thou wilt hit me dead.

Hei. I tell thee yes.

Hei. Wast thou the Oracle to tell me so,

I did not see thee: hence forth guard thee well,

For he not ill there, nor there, nor there, But by the forge that flamed Mars his helme, It kill thee every where, yes, or and or. You wise Grecians, pardon me this blunder;

His insolence draws folly from my lips,

But he endows deeds to match these words, Or may I never.

Alex. Doth thou chuse thee Cofius

And ye Achilles, let these threats alone

Till accident, or purpose bring you root.

You may every day enough of Hei.

If you have non-sense. The general state I feare.

Can they interest you to be odd with him.

Hei. I pray you let us see you in the field,

We have had pelting Wares since you refuse'd

The Grecians sae.

Hei. Doth thou interest me Hei

Tomorrow do I meet thee fell as death,

To night, all Friends.

Hei. Thy hand upon that match.

Alex. First, all you Pecers of Greece go to my Tent,

There in the full commence you: Afterwards,

As Hei last day, and your bounties shall

Conceive together, generally interest him,

Beau proud and the Tabern. Let the Trumpets blow,

That this great Souldier may his welcome know. Exit

Troy. My Lord Ulysses, tell me I beseech you,

In what place of the field doth Calchas keep's

Ulyss. As Menelaus Tent, most Princely Troyes,

There Dismant doth fault with him to night,

Whose he looks on heaven, nor on earth,

But guess 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 thee thither?

Pff. You shall command me sir.

As gentle tell me, of what Honour was

This Cressida in Troy, had she the honours there

That wales her silence?

Troy. Of, sir, to such as boasting shew their faces,

A mean is due: will you walk on my Lord.

She was beloved, the youth she is, and death;

But still sweet Lute is food for Fortunes tooth. Exit

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Hei. He heat his blood with Grecian wine to night.
Troylus and Cressida

Which with my Cen牵引 he go to morrow.
Troylus, leaveth Penthis to the right:
Pat. Here comes Therese. Enter Therese.
Troilus. How now, thou cow of Envy?
Thou ruddy batch of Nature, what's the news?
Ther. Why should I lodge in what thine heart, and I
deed so much as answer thee? Here's a letter for thee.
Troilus. From whom, Pragewhese?
Pat. Why thou full dilly of Podder, from Troy.
Troilus. Who keeps the Tent now?
Ther. The Surgeons, before the Patients wound.
Pat. Well said admittance, and who needs these tricks?
Ther. Pray thee be silent, I profess not by thy tale,
but thou art thought to be Achilles' male Varion.
Pat. Mule Varion? What's that?
Ther. Why his majestic Horse, now he the terror
of all the Scythian, gout-gripping Raporries, Catarases,
Leads a great ship t'back, Lethargies, cold Palp, and,
the like, take and take again, such precipitous discour-
tances.
Pat. Why thou dost monstrous box of a man thou,
what mean'st thou to curse thus?
Ther. Do I curst thee?
Pat. Why, no, thou runnest but, thou seest indi-
cringible Courage.
Ther. Not why are thou so exasperate, thou idle,
immortal skinner of Slayd fike; thou greenest Saracen
clip for a fore eye, thou fallest of a Prodigious purse thou.
Ther. All how the poor world is perish'd with such water-flies,
diminutious of Nature.
Pat. Out gall.
Ther. Finch Egges.
Ask. My sweet Parrock, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to morrow's battle:
Here's a Letter from Queen Hecuba,
A token from her daughter, may fare Love,
Both taking me, and praying me to keep,
An Oath that I have sworn. I will not break it,
Fall Greeks, false Fame, hoar or gay boy,
My master eyes here; this he obey.
Came, come Therese, help to trim my Tent,
This night in banqueting stuff all be spent.
Away Parrock.
Exeunt.
Ther. With too much blood, and too little Brain, these
men may run mad, but it with too much brain, and too
little blood, they doe lie aenter of madmen. Here's
Asmemoria, an honest fellow enough, and one that loves
Quallitie, but he has no too much Brain nor care-was:
and, the greedy Infatuation of Jupiter there his Brother,
the Bull, the primary Star, and oblique memonial of
Cuckold's, activity shewing borne in a skaining, haunging
at his Brothers legge, to what some but that he is, should
be nailed with nails, and molested forced with wit turne
him to; in an Age be nothing, he is both Age and
Age to an Age were nothing, he is both Age and Age:
to be a Dogge, a Mule, a Cat, a Kicke, a Fonde, a Lu-
and, an Owl, a Parrock, as a Herring, without a Roe,
I would not care: but to be a Master, I would confine
by my Destinie. Ask me not what I would be, I were
not to turne; for I was not to be the Slave of a Lassan,
I were not to Muttering. How dry, spirituals and fles.
Enter Teseus, Ajax. Enter Ajax. Teseus. Phege, No-

Teseus. By the Greek, we pass Estilos.

Ther. We go wrong, we go wrong.
Teseus. No under his, thence where we see the light.
Hell, I trouble you.

Ajax. Nay, is not a whit.

Enter Achille.

Achille. Here comes himselfe to guide you?

Ajax. Welcome brave Hell, welcome Princes all.

Ajax. Achille. So now faire Prince of Troy, I bid goodnight,

Ajax. Achille. Commends the guard to rend on you.

Hell. Thanks, and goodnight to the Greeks.

Men. Goodnight my Lord.

Hell. Goodnight sweet Lord Amphitryon.

Teseus. Sweet draughts: sweet quoth-a? sweet pinke, sweet lore.

Ajax. Goodnight and welcom, both at once, to those
that go, or tarry.

Men. Goodnight.

Ajax. Old Neflos terrifies, and you too Dimos.

Keep Hell company an hour, or two.

Dia. I cannot Lord, I hate importune busines.

The tide whereof is now, goodnight great Hell.

Hell. Give me your hand.

Ajax. Follow his Torchlight goes to Chalca Tent.

He keeps you company.

Troy. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hell. And to good night.

Ajax. Come, come, enter my Tent.

Enter Hell. Teseus. That some Dimos a full-hearted Rogue, a

moit quailou Knees; I will no more truss him when he
tears, then will I a Serpent when he hisses: he will spend
his mouth & promises, like Brasiler the Hound; but when
he performs, Alarummers forestall it, that is prodigious,
there will come some changes: the Sonne borrowers of
the Moon when Dimos keeps his word. I will rather
leave to see Hell, then do to dogue him they say, he
keeps a Trojan Durb, and vies the Traitor Chalca
his Tent. Else—-Nothing but Lectereste! All
incontinent Varies.

Enter Dimos.

Dia. What are you up here at night?

Claus. Who cals?

Dia. Dimos, Clau. Do you know her Daughter?

Claus. She comes to you.

Enter Troylus and Phege.

Dia. Stand where the Torch may not discover you.

Enter Cressida.

Troylus. Cressida comes forth to him.

Dia. How now my charge?

Cressid. Now my sweet gardian harke a word with you.

Troy. Yes, in familiar?

Dia. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And my man may finde her, if he can take her
life: she is not noted.

Dia. Will you remember?

Claus. Remember? Yes.

Dia. Nay, but doe then, and let your minde be cou-
pled with your words.

Ther. What should she remember?

Dia. Who is it?

Cressid. Sweete honey Greek temptes me no more to folly,

Ther. Roguary.

Dia. Nay then.

Cressid. He tell you what?

Dia. Fo, fo, come tell me, you are a far worse.

Cressid. In faith I cannot say what you have me do.

Ther. A lying trick, to be stretchly open.

Dia. What did you swear you would believe her?

Cressid. I prehende do not hold me to mine oath,

Bid me do not any thing that but such sweet Greek.

Dia. Good.
Troylus and Cressida.

Dis. Good night.
Trey. Hold patience.
Ulf. How now Troian?
Cref. Diomed.
Dis. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.
Trey. Thy better must.
Cref. Harke one word in your ear.
Trey. O plague and madriff.
Vlst. You are muced Prince, let us depart, I pray you,
Left your displeasure should enlarge it selfe
To wratfull tears: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly: I believe you goe.
Behold, I pray you.
Vlst. Nay, good my Lord goe off:
You know to great distraction: come my Lord?
Trey. I pray thee stay.
Vlst. You have not patience, come.
Trey. I pray you stay? by hell and hell torment.
I will not speak a word.
Dis. And go good night.
Cref. Nay, but you part in anger.
Trey. Doth that grieue thee? O withered truth!
Ulf. Why, how now Lord?
Trey. By Io, I will be patient.
Cref. Garden? why Grecke?
Dis. Po, po, adieu, you palter.
Cref. In faith I do not: come hither once again.
Vlst. You shake my Lord at anything: will you goe?
you will break out.
Trey. She stokes his cheeks.
Vlst. Come, come.
Trey. Nay stay, by Io I will not speak a word.
There is betwixt my will, and all offences,
A guard of patience: fly a little while.
Tbr. How the diuell Luxury with his fat rumpe and
potato finger, tickles these together: syxe lechery, syxe,
Dis. But will you then.
Cref. If faith I will be: I will not trust me else.
Dis. Give me some token for the surety of it.
Cref. Ile fetch your one.
Vlst. You have swore patience.
Trey. Fear me not swear Lord.
I will not be my selfe, nor have cognition
Of what I feel: I am all patience.
Enter Cressid.
Cref. Here Diomed, keepest this Sleeue.
Trey. O beautie! where is thy Faith?
Vlst. My Lord,
Trey. I will by patient, outwards I will.
Cref. You look to that Sleeue? behold it well,
He louted me: I fellow wench: gives it again.
Dis. What's this?
Dis. I that.
Cref. O all you gods! 0 prettie, prettie pledge
Thy Mather now les thinking in his bed
Othene and me, and fighers, and takes my Cloene,
And gives memoriall dainty kisses to it;
As I kill off.
Vlst. Nay, do not snatch it from me.
Cref. He that takes this, takes my heart withall.
Dis. I had your heart before, this follows it.
Trey. I did swear patience.
Cref. You shall not have it Diomed: faith you shall not:
I'll give you something else.
Dis. I will have this: whores was it?
Cref. It is no matter.
Dis. Come tell me whore it was?
Cref. 'Twas one that lould me better then you will.
But now you have it, take it.
Dis. Whose was it?
Cref. By all Diomed waiting women good:
And by her selfe, I will not tell you whore.
Dis. To morrow will I wear it on my Helme,
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.
Trey. Wreteth the diuell, and won't he on thy borne.
It should be challeng'd.
Cref. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past and yet it is not:
I will not keep my word.
Vlst. Why the farewell.
Trey. Then that mock Diomed again.
Cref. You shall not goe: one cannot speak a word,
But it bas it flats you.
Dis. I do not like this fooling.
Tbr. Nor by Pluto: but that that looks not me, pleases me not.
Dis. What shall I come? the house.
Cref. I come: O Io! doe, come: I shall be plagued.
Dis. Fast well till then.
Vlst. Good night: I pity thee come:
Troylus farewell: one eye yet lookes on thee;
But with my heart, the other eye, doth see.
Ah poor our fate! this fault in us I finde:
The error of our eye, directeth our minde.
What error leads, must err: O then conclude,
Minde'seue'd by eyes, are full of turpitude.
Tbr. A prose of strength the could not publish more;
Vyletffe the fay, my minde is now turn'd whore.
Vlst. Al's done my Lord.
Dis. It is.
Vlst. Why stay we then?
Trey. To make a recordation to my sole.
Of every syllable that here was spoke;
But I'll tell how these two did coyt;
Shall I not levy, in publishing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart:
An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth instert that tell of eyes and ears;
As it those organs have deception us functions,
Creted only to calumniate.
Was Cressid here?
Vlst. At last I cannot swor Troian.
Dis. She was not false.
Vlst. Most sure she was.
Dis. Why my negation hath no taste of madroncle?
Tbr. Not mind my Lord: Cressida was here but now.
Dis. Let us not be belied for womanhood:
Think we had mothers? it does not give advantage
To stibborne Critics, apt without a shame
For deprisuation, to square the general sex.
By Cressida role. Rather thinck this not Cressida.
Vlst. What hath she done Prince, that can soyle our
mothers?
Dis. Nothing at all, vyletffe that this were she.
Vlst. Will be swagger himselfe out on's owne eyes?
Tbr. This the? no, this is Diomed Cressida:
If beautie haue a soule, this is not she.
If soules guide vowez, if vowez are sanctimonie;
If sanctimonie be the gods delight;
If there be rule in visit at sole;
Then this is not false: O madness of discourse!
That cause lets up, with, and against thy sole.
By soule authority: where reason can resolu;
Without purgation, and sole abominat all reason.
Without resolu. This is, and is not Crefeld;
Within my soule, you doth condone a fight;
Of this strange nature, that a thing impercepte,
Divides more wider than the skin and earth:
And yet the sparcious breaths of this division,
Admits no Orfeex for a point of sole;
As Arachnids broken webbe to enter;
Infringe, infringe! strong as Pinter's gates;
Crefeld is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven;
Infringe, infringe, strong as heaven it sole:
The bonds of heaven are flipp'd, dissolv'd, and looted;
And with another knot flipp'd finger.
The fissions of her faith, sets of her lone;
The fragments, eraps, the bits, and greatness reliquets;
Of her o're-caten faith, are bound to Diamald.

Voll. May worthy Troylus be half attached,
With that which here his passion doth express:
Troy. I Grecce; and that shall be divulged well;
In Curare, paid as Mars his heart.
Infrnge, infringe! never did young man fancy
With to cenral, and so fixes a sole.
Harke Greek: as much I doe Crefelds lone;
So much by weight, hate I her Diamald;
That sleeve is none, that here beares in his helme;
Were it a Cante composed by Patanor skill;
My sword should bite it: Not the deadfull spore,
Which Shimmer doe the Hurricane call,
Confounding in madde by the slyghtte Fene,
Shall dazzlie with more clamour Neptunes rare
In his gelanc; then shall my prompte sword,
Fallowing on Diamald.

Troy. Heele tizzle is for his conception,
Troy. O Crefeld! O fals Crefeld, false, false, false.
Let all vrockth hand by thy Bained name,
And theye seeme glorious.
Voll. O containe thy sole:
Your passion draws eares bither.

Athen. I have beene seeking you this houre my Lord;
Hee by this is aming him in Troy.
Athen. Go to yeur Guard, haste to conduct you home;
Troy. Have with you Prince: my courteous Lord adieu;
Farewell resolved face; and Diamald.

Troy. Hee being you to the Green.
Troy. Welcome Troylus, Atenel, and Orfeex.

Troy. Would I could meete that rogue Diamald, I would close like a Laren: I would bode;
Parustra will give me anything for the intelligence of
his where? The Parrot will not doe more for an Almond;
than be for commundement drabs. Lecherly, lecherly.
Ward and lecherly, nothing eft holds fation. A burning
duell take them.

Enter Heere and Andromache.

Athen. Whence was your Lord so much vagantly temper'd;
To stop his rage against alemmon?
Vasare, vasare, and doe not fight today.
Heere. You trouble me to offend you: get you gone.
By the everlasting gods, Ile goe.
And, my dreams will fare prove ominous to the day.
Hee. No more I say.

Enter Cypredda.
Caff. Where is my brother Heere? I say.
Athen. Here stand, and boldly in intent;
Confere with me in loud and decrete petition;
Peruse we him on knees: For I hate decamp.
Of bloody turbulence: and this whole night
Ith nothing beene but shapes, and forms of slaughter.
Caff. O, 'tis true.
Hee. Ho! bid my Trumpet sound.
Caff. No notes of battle, for the heavens, sweet brother.
Hee. Began I say: the gods have heard me swear.
Caff. The gods are desirous to hate and persecute vowez;
They are polluted offings, more abhorred;
Then spurned Livers in the sacrifice.
And, O be perfused, do not count it holy,
To hurt by being tuff: it is as lawfull:
For we would could give much to do violent theses,
And rob in the beaffle of charitie.
Caff. It is the purpose that makes strong the vowe;
But vowez to every purpose must not hold;
Vasare sweet Heere.
Hee. Hold you still? I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate.
Life every man holds deere, but the deere man
Holds honor farre more precious, deere then life.

Enter Troylus.

How now young man? mean't thou to fight to day?
Athen. Cypredda, call my father to peruse.

Hee. No dishonor Troylus; doth thy harsline youth.
I am to day'sh'vaine of Chalitiria.
Let grow thy Sinews till their knots be strong;
And time not yet the brushes of the warre.
Vasare thee, goe: and doubt thou not brave bove.
Hee bidden to day, for thee, me, and me, Troy.
Troy. Brother you have a wise of mercy in you;
Which better fits a Lyon, then a man.
Hee. What vice is that? good Troylus chide me for.
Troy. When many times the captive Grecian fails;
Even in the fame and wife of thy faire Swoit:
You bid them rise, and I.
Hee. O this faire play.
Troy. For thy sake of all the gods.
Let'sleave the Hermit Pitty with our Mothers:
And when we have our Armses buckled on.
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,
Send them to ruthless warre, reine them from ruth.
Hee. This falfe, vie.
Troy. Heere, then his warres.
Hee. Troylus, I would not have you fight to day.
Troy. Who should with-hold me?
Not when I have the west hand of Mars,
Becking with fierce triumphant my retire;
Not Priam, and Hecuba on knees:
Their eyes are-galled with recourse of tears;
Nor you my brother, with your true sword draws
Opp'd to hinder me, should stop my way;
But by my right.

Enter Priam and Cypredda.
Caff. Lay hold upon him Priam; hold him fast;
He is thy crutch; now if thou loose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee.
Troilus and Cressida.

Enter Thersites in execration.

Ters. Now they are clapper-clawing one another, I do see look on: that dissimulating abominable villain Dido, has got that same Jarque, doting, foolish young woman; Petreus, therefore in his Helm: I would that I could see them meet; that same young Trojan as she loves the whole there, might lend that Greekish, whore, villain, with the Sirens, back to the dissimulating luxurious daughter of a loose-hearted, O! 'tis other side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals; that false old Montague, dry cheele,Нефор, and that same dog-like Puffor is not proud worth a Blackberry. They set me up in pitie, that mournful curse Ajax, against that dogge of as bad a kinde, Achilles. And now is the curse Ajax powder then the curse Achilles, and will not arise to day. Whereupon, the Grecians began to prostrate barbarism; and policy grows into an ill opinion.

Enter Diomed and Troilus.

Troy. Fly not; for shoul'dst thou take the River Sistis, I would drown after.

Diom. Thou dost me miscall retire;
I do not fly, but adventurous case
Withdraw from the odde of multitude
Have at thee.

Troy. Hold thy where Grecian: now for thy where
Troian: Now the Sirene, now the Sirene.

Enter Heleus.

Heleus. What art thou Greek? art thou for Heleus March?
Are thou of blood and honour?

Thers. No, no; I am a rascal to a seaman tainting knave
A very filthy rogue.

Heleus. I do beleaue thee, blue.

Thers. God a mercy, that thou wilt beleue me; but a plague breake thy necke— for frightening me; what's become of the wenching rogues? I think they have swallowed one another. I would laugh at that miracle—yet in a sport, because of selle: I beleue them.

Enter Diomed, and Serjeants.

Diom. Go, go, my serjeants, take thou Troilus Horse:
Plead the faire Steede to my Lady Cressia;
Pillow, commend my licence to her beauty;
Tell her, I have chastifyd the amorous Trojan;
And am her Knight by proof.

Ser. I goe my Lord. Enter Agamemnon.

Agy. Renew, renew, the fierce Pylades
Haue bene downe Messes; ballest Margaret
Hath Dares prisoner,

And haste Calchas-wife waiving his beame,
Upon the pairwise course of the Kings:
Epistophus and Cedrus, Pallas is Elaine;
A sophrone, and Thras deadly hurt;
Parthola one or Elaine, and Palmes
Save butt and bruised; the dreadfull Saggtryt
Appeal our numbers, hate we Dismay
To re-enforcement, or we perish all.

Enter Nestor.

Nest. Go, go, my Lord, Pechus body to Achilles;
And bid the stale-pakd Ajax arm for flames;
There is a thousand Heles in the field;
Now here he fights on Calthe his Horse,
And there lacke workes, and he there a flame,
And there they flye or dye, like scaled fowles.
Troylus and Cressida.

Before the belching Whale; then is he yonder,
And there the fuming Greeks, rise for his edge,
Fall downe before him, like the mowers forrash;
Here, and in every where, he leantes and takes;
Desperate to obtaine appight.
That what he will he does, and does to much,
That proofe is call'd impossibility.

Enter Villiers.

Vill. Oh, courage, courage, Prince; great Achilles

Achilles, weeping, surging, rowing vengeance;

That euident, handle, hacking and chips, come to him;
And formes at mouth, and he armes, and at it:

Roaring for Troylus; who both done to day,
Mad and famishike execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himselfe,
With such a carelesse force, and forcefull care,
As if that locke in very sight of cunning, had him win.

Enter Aux.

Aux. Troylus, shew thy head. Exit.

Dio. 1, there, there.

Nef. So, so, we draw together. Exit.

Enter Achilles.

Achilles. Where is this Hector?

Come, come, thou boy-quereller, thow thy face:

Know what is to meete Achilles angry.
Hector, what's Hector? I will none but Hector. Exit.

Enter Aux.

Aux. Troylus, shew thy head. Exit.

Dio. Troylus, I say, what's Troylus?

Achilles. What should it be?

Dio. I would correct him.

Aux. Were I the General,

Thou shouldst have my office,

That correction:

Troylus, I say, what's Troylus?

Enter Troylus.

Troylus. Oh traitious Dio! vani!

Turne thy false face thou traitor,

And pay thy life thou owne me for my horse.

Dio. Ha, ha! thou traitor.

Aux. If thou wilt.

Dio. He is my prince, I will not loose upon,

Troylus. Come you, you coggie Grecke, haue at you both.

Exit Troylus.

Enter Hector.

Hell. Yes, Troylus! O well fought my yongest Brother.

Achilles. Now doe I see thee; have at thee Hector.

Hell. Paus, if thou wilt.

Achilles. I doe disdain thy curtsey, proud Troylus;

Be happy that my armes are out of use;
My rest and negligence befriends thee now,
But thou unkind heart of me against;
Till when, goe seek thy fortune.

Hell. Fare thee well:

I would have beene much more a frether man,
Had I expected sheepe from my brother?

Enter Troylus.

Troylus. Ajax hath taken a horse; shall it be

Nothy the flame of yonder glorious heauen,

He shall not carry him; IJe be too slow,

Or bring him off: Faze here me what I say:

I wrauke nor, thought thou end my life to day.

Enter Aux in Armour.

Hell, Stand, and thou Grecke,

Thou art a goodly markes:

No! wilt thou not I like thy armour well,

Ile thine it, and verlocke the nuts all.

But Ile be master of it: wilt thou not be still abide?

Why then flye on, Ile hunt thee for thy hide.

Enter Achilles with Myrmidons.

Achilles. Come hither about me you my Myrmidons:

Marke what I say; attend me where I wheele;

Strike not a fooke, but keepe your face in breath;

And when I shall the blindly Hector found,

Empale him with your weapons round about;

In selleet manner execute your arme.

Follow me first, and my proceedings eye;

It is decreed, Hector the great multy e.

Enter Troylus, Myrmidons, and Paris.

Paris. The Cuckold and the Cuckold maker are at it:

now bull, now dogge, lowe; Paris lowe: now my double bend'd i'parrow; lowe Paris, lowe: she bull has the game: ware hones ho?

Exit Paris and Myrmidons.

Enter Baffard.

Baffard. Take flame and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Baffard. A Baffard, Sonne of Priamo.

Ther. I am a Baffard too, I love Baffard, I am a Baffard bego, Baffard inducted, Baffard in mind, Baffard in valour, in every chung illegitimate: one Brave will not bite another, and wherefore should one Baffard? take heed, the quarel's most omonious to the Sonne of a whose right for a whose, he tempts judgement: safest well Baffard.

Baffard. The diuell takes the coward.

Enter Helen.

Hell. Most puffed come to faire without,

Thy goodly armour thus hath witt thy life,
Now is my dais wont done; I take good breath:
Reef Sword, thou haist thy fill of blood and death,

Enter Achilles and his Myrmidons.

Achilles. Lookie Hector how the Sunne begins to set;

How every night comes breathing up his head,

Even with the wall and waking of the Sunne.

To close the day vp, Hectors life is done.

Hell. I am vanard, I do see this vantage Greece.

Achilles. Strike fellowes, strike, this is the man Yecke.

So illion fall thou; now Troy diuerte diuerte.

Here lies thy heart, thy finowes, and thy bone.

On Mirdamoc, crye you all a maine,

Achilles hath the mighty Helen slaine.

Herce, a retreat upon our Greecian part.

Gree. The Trojan Trumpeters sounds the like my Lord.

Achilles. The dragon wing of night overspreads the earth.

As she and the Armies separate?

My halle for sword, that frankly would have fed,

Pins'd with this dainty bed; thus goest to bed.

Come, yse his body to my horses rale:

Along the field, I will the Trojan rale.

Sound Retreat.

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Myrmidons, Nestor, Diomed, and the rest marching.

Nestor. Harke, harke, what shou'd is that?

Troylus and Cressida.

Dis. The bruit is, Helen's flame, and by Achilles.
As. If it be so, yet bring it let it be.
Great Helen was a man as good as he.
Aeg. March patiently along; let one be tent
To pray Achilles for us at our Trent,
If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our starry wars are ended.

Enter Eneas, Paris, Antenor and Driphus.

E. Stand hcone yet are we murtherers of the field,
Ne'er goe home; here flame we out the night.

Enter Troilus.

T. Troilus is slain.

A. Achilles is the gods forbidd.

T. He's dead and at the murtherers Horace taille,
In beastly sort, drag'd through the shamefull field,
Frowne on you heauen, effect your rage with speed.
Six gods up your thrones, and smite at Troy.
I say at once, let your bridegrooms be merry,
And linger not our sure destrucon on.

E. My Lord, you doe discomfort all the Host.

T. Troy, You understand meanes, that shall me tell to:
I doe not speakes of flight, or fear of death,
But dare all imnention that gods and men,
Addresse their dangers in. Helen is gone:
Who shall tell Priam so? or Hecuba?
Let him that will a sreecoulue eye be call'd,
Goe in to Troy, and say ther, Helen's dead:
There is a word will Priam turne to stone,
Make well, and Nidos of the maidens and women;
Conceal flames of the youth; and in a word,
Scare Troy out of it Selfe. But march away,
Helen is dead: there is no more to say.

Stay yet: you write abominable Tents,
Thus proudly plught upon our Phrygian plaines:
Let Titan rise as early as he dare:
Ile through, and through you & thou great sma coward:
No space of Earth shall hinder our two hates,
He haunts thee, like a wicked conscience still,
That meaneth yellow fruit as frendest thoughts.
Strike a free march to Troy, with comfort goe:
Hope of revenge, shall hide our inward woe.

Enter Paulus.

P. But heare you? heare you?

T. Hence breaker, lackey, gnomny and flame
Purlling thy life, and live eye with thy name.

E. A goodly medicine for mine skingbones: oh world,
world, world! this is the poore a gene despised: Oh traitours and bawdes; how earnestly are you let a worke, and how ill requited? why should our indenter be so defiled, and the performance so brutish? What Verse for it? what influence for it? let me see.

Full merrily the humble Bee doth ring,
Till he hath left his honey, and his flying.
And being once labord in armed tale,
Sweete honey, and sweete notes together fail.
Good cndarets in the field, set this in our painted cloathes;
As many as be here of Panders hall,
Your eyes halle out, weep out at Pander's fall,
Or if you cannot wepe, yet glue some groanes;
Though not for me, yet for your skingbones;
Bithen and sistres of the bold done trade,
Some two months hence, my will shalll here be made:
It should be now, but that my face is this;
Some called Goose of Wintrefetter would hisse:
Till then, Ie sweete, and seek about for eales;
And at that time beseech you my difficles.

FINIS.
The Tragedy of Coriolanus:

Aflat Primus. Seena Prima.

Enter a Company of Munition Citizens, with Staves, Clubs, and other weapons.

1. Cit. Why, we proceed any further, hear me speake. All. Speake, speake.
2. Cit. You are all resolvd rather to dye then to famish?
All. Resolvd, resolvd.
1. Cit. If you know, Caius Martius is chief enemy to the people.
All. We know it, we know it.
1. Cit. Let us kill him, and we'll have Corne as our own prize. Is't a Verdite?
All. No more talking on't, let it be done, away away.
2. Cit. One word, good Citizens.
3. Cit. We are accused of poore Citizens, the Patrians good; what Authority suffers one, would releve vs. If they would yield vs but the superficiality while it were wholsome, wee might queas they relev'd vs humanely: But they think we are too deere, the lesions that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an instrument to particularize their abundance, our sufferance is a gain to them. Let vs reengeance this with our Pikes, ere we become Rakes. For the Gods know, I speake this in Heaven for Bread, not in thirst for Revenge.
2. Cit. Would you proceed espacially against Caius Martius?
All. Against him first: He's a dog to the Commonwealth.
1. Cit. Consider you what Servitie he's done for his Country?
2. Cit. Very well, and could bee content to give him good report for's, but that he pays himself with beeing proud.
All. Nay, but speak not maliciously.
1. Cit. I say unto you, he what hath done Famoislie, he did it to that end; though those credulous men can be content to say it was for his Country, she did it to please his Mother, and to be fandly proud, which he is, even to the dismate of his virtues.
2. Cit. What he cannot help in his Nature, you account a Vice in him: You must in no way lay he is correet.
3. Cit. If I must not, I need he barren of Accusations he hath faults (with surpleis) to tire in repetition.

What flower are these? The other sides a City is taken: why say we praying here? To the Capitol.
All. Come, come.
The Tragedy of Coriolanus.

Thou Rascal, that art worst in blood to run, 
Lead'st first to win some vantage, 
But make you ready your frite bats and clubs, 
Rome, and her Rats, are at the point of battle, 
The one must have halfe.

Enter Caius Martinius.

Hayle, Noble Martius.

Mar. Thanks. What's the matter you disaffection rogues 
That rubbing the poorer Itch of your Opinion, 
Make your iudges scabs.

2. Caius. We have ever your good word,

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will flatter 
Beneath abhorring. What would you have, you Curces, 
That like of Peace, nor Warre? The one affrighted, 
The other makes you proud. He that trulls to you, 
Where he should find you Lyons, finds you Hares; 
Where Foxes, Geese you are: No—that no, 
Then is the coale of fire upon the Ice.

Or Halifton in the Sun. Your Virtue is, 
To make him worthy, whose office suffusbes him, 
And curst that Justice did it. Who defences Greatness, 
Defers your Haste, and your Affiliations are 
A Kinder Appetite; who defers most that 
Which would encrease his quiet. He that depends 
Upon your favours, swims with tides of Icace, 
And hews downe Oakes, with pith. Hang yently ye, 
With every Minute you do change a Mine, 
And call him Noble, that was now your Haste; 
Him while, that was your Garland. What's the matter, 
That in the several places of the Eire, 
You cry against the Noble Senate, who 
(under the Gods) keep you in awe, which else 
Would feed on one another? What's their seeking?

Mar. For Casue in their owne rates, whereof they say 
The One is well star'd:

Caius. Hang em: they say they 
They fitt by theirs fret, and pretence to know 
What's done in the Capitol: Who's like to life, 
Who threes, & who declines: Side actions, & give out 
Conceitual Marriages, making parties strong, 
And fighting thus in double, and not in their fighting, 
Below the ground. They say they're grace enough, 
Would the Nobility lay aside their ruth, 
And let use vie the Sword? I'd make a Quarrie 
With thousands of these quarter'd haues, as high 
As I could pick my Lance.

Mar. Nay these are almost thoroughly perswaded, 
Pугt through abundantly they lacke discretion 
Yet are they pasting Cowardly. But I beleefe you, 
What says the other Troope?

Mar. They are disfouled: Hang em.

They said they were an hungry, sight forth Proverbs, 
That Hunger broke stone walls: that dogges must eate. 
That meat was made for mouths: that the gods fust not 
Come for the Richmen only: With these threars, 
They vented their Complaintings, which being answer'd, 
And a petition granted them, a strange one, 
To break the heart of generosity, 
And make bold power looks pale, they threw their caps 
As they would hang them on the horns of a' Moore, 
Shewing their Emulation.

Mar. What is granted them?

Mar. Five Tributes to defend their vulgar wilderome 
Of their owne choice. One's Antick Bravery, 
Sixtane Volumes, and I know not, Sdeath,
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

The rabble should have first entre to the City
Ere to presuym'd with meg it will in dme
Win upon power, and throw forth greater Theames
For instructions giving.

Men. This is strange.
Mar. Go get you home you Fragment.
Enter a Mefengee hably.
Mes. Where's Caus Martius?
Mar. Here: what's the matter?
Mes. The news is fit, the Volscies are in Armes.
Mar. I am glad on's, then we shall ha means to vent
Our mutile superflity. See our best Elders.

Enter Sevianus Veviatus, Armian Brism Communion, Tusia Lartius, and other Senates.

1. Sen. Martius 'tis true, that you have lately told vs,
The Volscies are in Armes.
Mar. They haie a Leader,
Tullius Auffidius that will put you too't.
I came in enuying his Nobilitie:
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would with me one ley.
Com. You have fought togerher?
Mar. Were haie to halfe the world by the ears, & he
Upon my partie, I de reveult to make
Onely my warres with him. He is a Lion
That I am proud to hunte.

1. Sen. Then worthy Martius,
Armsed upon Communion to these Vwarres.
Com. It is your former promife,
2. Sen. Sit it.
And I am constant: *Tues. Lueites, then
Shalt fee me once more strike at Tullis face
What shall thou flife? Stand't out?
Tr. No Caus Martius.
He leane upon one Cutch, and flight with tother,
Ere they behind this Business.

Men. Oh true bred.
Sen. Your Company to th' Capitol, where I know
Our great Friends attend vs.
Tr. Lead you out: Follow Communion, we must follow
you, right worthy you Priority.
Com. Noble Martius.
Sen. Hence to your homes: be gone!
Mar. Nay let them follow,
The Volscies have much Corne: take their Rats thither,
To graue their Commers. Wordshipfull Martius,
Your valour puts well forth: Pray follow. Exeunt.

Citizens feale away. Plaints Similitews.
Sewn. Was ever man so proud as this Martius?
Bru. He has no equal.
Sewn. When we were chosen Tribunes for the people,
Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes.
Sewn. Nay, but his caunts.
Bru. Being mour'd, he will not spare to gird the Gods,
Sewn. Bemocke the modest Boone.
Bru. The present Warres deuoure him, he is growne
Too proud to be forswain.
Sewn. Such a Nature, tuckled with good faceffe, dif-
daines the shadow which he treads on at moone, but do
wonder: his inuience can brooke to be commanded un-
der Communion?
Bru. Fame, at the which he Syria,
In whom already he's well graced, cannot
Better be hold, than more attain'd then by

A place below the firft: for what militaries
Shall be the Generals fault, though he performe
To th'vtnof a man, and giddy entute
Will then cry out of Martius: Oh, if he
Had borne the busineffe.
Sewn. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion that so flickes on Martius, shall
Of his demetics rob Communion.
Bru. Come: haie all Communion Honors are to Martius
Though Martius can'd them not: and all his faults
To Martius shall be Honors, though indeed
In ought he merit not.
Sewn. Let's hence, and heart
How the dispatch is made, and in what fashion
More then his singularitie, he goes
Upon this present Action.

Bru. Let's along.

Enter Tullius Auffidius with Senators of Coriolanus.

1. Sen. So, your opinion is Affidius,
That they of Rome are enuerd in our Counsail,
And know how we proceed,
Aff. Is it not yours?
What euer have bin thought one in this State
That could be brought to badly end, ere Rome
Hadh circumentiation: 'tis not four days gone
Since I heard thereof, these are the words, I think
I have the Letter here: yes here it is;
They have prefet a Power, but it is not knowne
Whether for East or West: the Dearth is great,
The people Mutilious: And it is rumour'd,
Commune, Martius your old Enemy
(Who is of Rome worse hated then of you)
And That Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
Their three leade on this Preparacion
Whether 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you:
Consider of it.

1. Sen. Our Armie's in the Field:
We never yet made doubte but Rome was ready
To answer vs.
Aff. Nor did you think it fully,
To keepe your great pretences vas'y'd, till when
They needs must shew themselves, which in the bating
It seem'd appear'd to Rome. By the dicenion,
We shall be instructed in our armes, which was
To take in many Towers, ere (almost) Rome
Should know we were a-foot.

2. Sen. Noble Affidius,
Take your Communion, hye you to your Bands,
Let vs alone to guard Coriolus.
If they see downe before's: for the remote
Bring vp your Army: but (I thinke) you'll finde
It'll not be prepar'd for vs.
Ass. O doubt not that,
I speake from Certainties. Nay more,
Some parcels of their power are forth already;
And only hitherward, I leave your Honors.
If we, and Caus Martius chance to meete,
Tis favore between vs, we shall ever strike
Till one can do no more.
Aff. The Gods assist you.
Ass. And keepe yourHonors safe.
1. Sen. Farewell;
Ass. Farewell.
Aff. Farewell.
Enter Voltemond and Ursula, mother and wife to Aulnay.

They set them down on two low stools and seats.

Voltemond. I pray you, daughter, sing, or express your desire in a more comfortable sort; if my Sonne were my Husband, I should feel no greater joy in that absence wherein he was not by me. Then in the embracements of his Bed, where he would show most love, when yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only Sonne of my womb, when youth with comeliness pluck'd all glee his way; when for a day of Kings entertain'd, a Mother should not tell him an hour from her beholdning. I considering how Honour would become such a person, that it was no better then Picture-like to hang by his wall, if renown made it not firme, was pleas'd to let him seek deeper, where he was like to extend fame. Too cruel Warre I sent him, from whence he return'd, his brows bound with Oxe. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at full hearing he was a Man-child, then now in first feeling he had proven himself a man.

Aulnay. But hie had himself in the Sufferful Madison, how then?

Voltemond. Then his good report should have bene my Sonne, I therein would have found it; have me with profit, had I a dozen fans each in my house like, and none laced more; then this house, and my good Madison; I had rather had eleven dyes nobly for their Country, then one voluptuously ferret out of Action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Aulnay. Lady Madison come to visit you, daughter.

Voltemond. Befrees you give me leave to retire my selve.

Dove. Indeed you shall not:

Me thinks, I hear a hither your Husband's Drumme: See him plucke Antinules downe by the hair:

(As children from a Bear) The Peter shuffling him:

Me thinks I see him flipp'd thus, and call'd thus,

Come on you Cowards, you were got in fare

Though you were born in Rome this bloody brow

With his mail'd hand, then whipping, forth he goes

Like to a Harke, man, that task'd to move

Or all, or I know his lyre.

Peter. His bloody Brow? Oh Jupiter, no blood,

Voltemond. Away you Furies; I must more become a man:

Then gets his Trophie, the brads of Hymen:

When he did kickle Hades, I had not doulier

Then Heracles' forehead, when it spurted blood

At Grecian sword: Controvversy tell Padre

We are fit to bid her welcome.

Exit Gent.

Dove. Heavens blest my Lord from fell Antinules.

Voltemond. Heir best Antinules head below his knee,

And tread on his neck.

Enter Padre and a Gentlewoman,

Voltemond. My Ladies both good day to you,

Voltemond. Sweet Padre,

Dove. I am glad to see your Ladyship:

How do you both? I see you manifest house-keeper.

What are you finding here? A fine sport in good faith.

How does your little Sonne?

Peter. I thank your Ladyship: Well good Madison.

Voltemond. He had rather fee the sword, and hear a Drum,

then looke upon his Schoolmaster.

Voltemond. And my word the Fathers Sonne: I swear he 's a very pretty boy. A boy, I look'd upon him a Thursday half an house together; he 's such a condit'd cour-

tenance. I saw him run after a gilded Butterfly, & when he catch'd it, he let it go againe; and after it again, and after and after he comes, and vp against catch it again: or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how twas, he did do for his teeth, and tear it. Oh, I warrant he had mummick'd it.

Voltemond. One of the Fathers morals.

Voltemond. Indeed, it is a Noble child.

Peter. A Crakke Madison.

Voltemond. Come, lay aside your chitterly, I must have you play the idle Huile with me this afternoon.

Peter. No (good Padre) I will not out of doors.

Voltemond. She总量, she总量.

Peter. Indeed no, by your patience; I lie not over the threshold, till my Lord return from the Wares.

Voltemond. You, you confine your selfe most varietably:

Come, you must go visit the good Lady, that lies in,

Peter. I will with her speedily: and visit her with my prayers: but I cannot go thither.

Voltemond. Why I pray you,

Peter. 'Tis not to face labour, nor that I want love.

Voltemond. You would be another Penelope; yet they say, all the yarck she spins in Phenix absence, did but fill Apollo's full of Mort, could your Cambrie were teneable as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pitie. Come you shall go with vs.

Peter. No good Padre, pardon me, indeed I will not.

Voltemond. In truth it go with me, and I tell you an excellent news of your Husband.

Peter. Oh good Madison there can be none yet.

Voltemond. Verily I do not with you there came verses from him last night.

Peter. Indeed, Padre.

Voltemond. I saw he is true: I heard a Senator speake: Thus he is to the Volckes have an Army forth, against wha;

Commandest the Generall is gone, with one part of our Romanes power. Your Lord, and Titus Larace, are set down before their City Caractere, they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it breece Wares. This is true unmine Honor, and I pray go with vs.

Peter. Give me excuse good Madison, I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Voltemond. Let her alone Lady, as she is now:

She will but disfrace our better mirth.

Padre. In troth I think she would:

Fare you well then. Come good sweet Ladie,

Prythee Padre turne thy solemnness out a door,

And go along with vs.

Peter. No.

As a word Padre; Indeed I must not,

I with you much mirth.

Voltemond. Well, then farewell.

Voltemond. Enter Martius, Titus Larace, with Drumme and Criers, with Captains and Soldiers, as before the City Caractere, to them.

Martius. Yonder comes News:

A Wager they have met.

Lad. His horie to yours, go.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lad. Agreed.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

MAR. Say but our General met the Enemy?

MEN. They lie en view, but have not spoke as yet.

LUC. So, the good Horse is mine.

MAR. I'll buy him of you.

LUC. No, I'll not, for I'm a Glum: lend him you, I will for a hundred hundred: summon the Town.

MAR. How have the Sentinels the Arms?

MEN. Within this mile and halfe.

MAR. Then shall we hear the Lutum, and they Ours.

Now Mars, if they may make us quicker in works,
That we with smouldering swords may march from hence,
To help our fielded friends. Come, blow thy blith.

They sound a Parley: Enter two Senators with officers on
the watch of Coriolanus.

Sen. Auffidius, is he within your Wall?

LUC. No, nor a man that fears you left then he,
That's softer than a little:

Heart, our Drums
Are bringing forth our youth: We'll break our Walls
Rather than they shall pound us up on our Gates.
Which yet seme flue, we have but pin'd with Rubies,
They're open of themelutes. Harke you, farre off.

Alarum. There is Auffidius. Lift what wark he makes
Amongst your cloven Armies.

MAR. Oh they scarce it.

LUC. Their noise is our instruction. Ladders hoa.

Enter the Army of the Volcans.

MAR. They fear not, but force forth their City.
Now put your Shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proofs then shields.
A dace brave Tivus,
They do dide all so much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me best with wrath. Come on my fellows.
He that returns, let he takne for a Peter,
And he shall feel my edge.

Alarum on the Romans are beat among their Trenches.

Enter Marcius / Corning.

MAR. All the consation of the South right on you,
You Shanes of Rome: you Heard of byes and Plagues
Plaiter of your 's; that you may be abor'd,
Farther then they, and one into another.
Against the Winters a mile: you spotles of Geese,
That bare the arrows of men, how have you run
From Santes, that Aps would bear;Plus and Hell.
All hurr behinde, backes red, and faces pale
With playnes and argued fears, med and charge home,
Or by the fires of heates, let leave the Free,
And make my Wares on you: Looko too: Come on,
If you stand fast, we'll beat them to their Wires,
As they vs to our Trenches followes.

Another Alarum, and Marcius forms them to

so, now the gates are open, now prove good Seconds,
This for the followers Fortune, widow them,
Not for the flyers: Mark me, and do the like.

Enter the Citi.

SOL. Foole-harding, not I.

SOL. Nor I.

SOL. See they have shut him in.

Alarum continues.

All. To th' top I warrant him. Enter Tiun Larins.

Tit. What is become of Marcius?

All. Slaine (Sir) double slaine.

SOL. Following the flyers at the very heels,

With them he enters: who upon the sodaine
Clap to their Gates, he is himself alone,
To answer all the City.

LUC. Oh Noble Fellow!

Who sensibly out-dares his fence-sell Sword,
And when he bowes, stand up: Thou art left Marcius,
A Carabund intire: as big as thou art.
Wear not to rich a Jewell. Thou wast not a Sonnder
Foes to Corneus, nor as fierce as terrible
Onely in strokes, but with thy grim lookes,
The Thunder-like percussion of thy sounds
Thou mad'st thine enemies flake, as if the World
Were Penetous, and did stamce.

Enter Marcius, bleeded and humbled by the Enemy.

SOL. Looke Sir,

LUC. O'tis Marcius.

Let's set him off, or make some more alike.

They fight, and all en ther City.

Enter certaine Romans with fiddles.

Rom. This will I carry to Rome.

Rom. And I this.

Rom. A Murrain on't, I took this for Bluer exoent.

Alarum continues still a farre off.

Enter Marcius, and Times on a Trumpeter.

Marcius here these mowers, that do prize their hours
At a crack'd December: Cymborins, Lute on Spoons,
Iron of a Doit, Dablers that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them. Triple base Glums,
Ere yet the fight be done, packe up, downe with them.
And harke, what says the General makes: To him
There is the man of my foules here, Auffidius,
Piercing our Romans: Then Valiant Times take
Convenient Numbers to make good the City.
Whiff't I with those that have the spirit, will haste
To helpente Ceminius.

LUC. Worthy Sir, thou bleed'st,

Thy exceding-luck is too violent.

For a second course of Fight.

MAR. Sir, prati my not;

My works hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well:
The blood dross, is rather Physicall
Then dangerous to me. To Auffidius thus, I will appease
LUC. Now the faire Godselfe Fortune, (and fight)
Fall deep in love with Thee, and heark her charming
Misguide thy Opposes Swords, Bold Gentlemen:
Proprity be thy Page.

MAR. Thy Friend no lesse,

Then chose the place highest: So farewell.

LUC. Thou wast well Marcius.

Go sound thy Trumpets in the Marketh place,
Call thither all the Officers the Towne,
Where they shall know one mind. Away,

Enter Companies as at the watch in our soldiers.

Cym. Brease you my friends, well fought, we are come
Like Romans, neither too rich in our hands,

Nor Cowardly in reture: Believe me Sirs,
We shall be charg'd againe. Whiles we have scooke
By Interims and coutning glants, we have heard
The Charges of our Friends. The Roman Gods,
Leans his facegrace, as we with our owne,
That both our powers, with finding Forces encountring,
May give you thankfull San Abbos. Thy Nemes?

Enter a Messanger.

MEN. The Citizens of Corneus have yelded,

And giv'n to Larins and to Marcius Battaille:

[Page 3]
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

I saw our party to their Trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Thou hast spake, true truth,
Me thinkes thou speakest it not well. How long is't since?
Meth. About an hour, my lord.

Com. It is not a mile, but clay we heard their drummers,
How could you then in a mile confound an hour,
And bring the News so late?

Meth. Spies of the Curius,
Held me in chase, that I was for to whistle.
Three or four miles about, else had I.

Halie and twenty brought my report.

Enter Marsius.

Com. Who's in传送?
That does appear he was Fled to O'God,
He has the flame of Marsius; and I have
Beat time to them this.

Meth. Come, I too late.

Com. The Shepherd, knows not the Thunder fix'd a Taber,
More then I know the sound of Marsius Tongue.
From every manner man.

Meth. Come, I too late.

Com. If you come not in the blood of others,
But ministered by your own.

Meth. Oh, let me clip ye
In Armes as found, as when you would't in heart;
As merry, as when our Nuptial day was done,
And Tapsers burnt to Bedworth.

Com. Flower of Warriors, how it's with Titus Latinus.

Meth. As with a man buffeted about.

Com. Condemning some to death, and some to exile,
Running him, or pitying, chreasting th'other;

Holding Curius in the name of Rome,

Even like a fawning Grey-hound in the Leash,
To let him clip as will.

Com. Where is that Slave?
Which told me they had beene to your Trenches?
Where is he? Call him master.

Meth. Let him alone,
He did informe the truth; but for our Gentlemen,
The common eil (a plague, Tribunes for them)
The Minstrels are beam'd the Car, as they did judge.
From Rachi's worst then they.

Com. But how, prouly, d'ye do?

Meth. Will she tame them by me, I do not think.
Where is the enemy? Are you Lords in the Field?

If not, why come you here, if you are so?

Com. Marsius, we have at diffaance fought.

And did recruse to win our purposes.

Meth. How lies their Bastile? Know you on the Side
They have plac'd their men of trick?

Com. As I guesse Marsius,
Their Bandit's ways are the Antithent.

Of these best suit? Or these, Antithent.

Their very hearts of Hope.

Meth. I do beseech you,
By all the Bastilles where in we have fought,
By the Blood we have shed together,
By the Yeovas we have made.

To endure Friends, that you directly Etame
Against Antithent, and his Antithent.

And that you not delay the present (but
Filling the air with Swords averse) and Dares,

We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish,

You were conducted to a gentle Bath,
And Balm's applied to you, yet dare I never
Dare your asking, take your choice of those
That best can assay your action.

Meth. There are they
That most are willing, if any pitch be here,
(As it were time to doubt, I had lose this painting)

Where you see me smar'd, if any seare
Lent him heron, then an ill report:

If any think, brave death out-wights bad life,
And that his Countries decreed them himselfe;

Let him alone: Or so many so minded,

Waste thus to express his disposition,

And follow Marsius.

They shall find, and wage their swords, take him up in their

Arms, and call up their Capt's.
Oh me alone, make you a sword of me:
If these sixues be not outward, which of you
But is four? Powels? None of you, but is

Unable to bear against the great Antithent.

A Shield, as hard as his. A certaine number
(Though thanks to all, mott'fled from all):

The rell shall bear the battle in some other fight:

(As cause will be obey'd) please you to March,

And four shall quickly draw out my Command.

Which men are best inclined.

Com. March on my Fellowes:

Make good this attestation, and you shall

Dine in all, with ye.

Exeunt.

Titus Marsius, having set a guard upon Coriolanus, going with

Drum and Trumpe toward Commodus, and Caius Mar-

tius, enters with a Lictorous, other Scenioues, and a Sceni.

Lect. So let the Ports be guarded; keep your Daries
As I have set them downe. If I do send, dispatch
Those Centuries to our aay, the reft will sente
For a short holding, if we loose the Field,

We cannot keep the Towne.

Lect. Fare not our care Sirs.

Lect. Hence; and shut your gates upon's:

Our Guides come, to the Roman Camp conduct us. Exit

Alarum, as in Battallce.

Enter Marsius and Antithent at several doors.

Meth. Let fight with none but thee, for I do haue thee

Write then a Promotre-broke.

Antithent. We have alve:

Not Affricke owes a Serpent Laffopere

More than thy Fame and Envy: Fix thy foor.

Meth. Let the first Battyle dye the others Slave,

And the Gods doone him after.

Antithent. If I three Affricke, hollow me like a Hare.

Meth. Within these three hours Titus

Alone I fought in thy Coriolans valtus,

And made what workes I pleased: Tis not my blood,

Wherein thou feell me mast, for thy Revenge

Wrench vp thy power to this highest.

Aff. Wilt thou the Helles,

That was the whip of thy bragg'd Progeny:

Then should't I not happe me here.

Here they fight, and curteune Powels come in the aye of

Aff. Marsius fights till they be driven in breathes.

Officious and not valiant, you have shat'd me.

In your condemned Seconds.

Flourish.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Flourish. Actus primus. A Retreat is sounded. Enter at one Doore Corinthus, with the Remains: As another Doore Martius, with his Arms in a Scarf.

Com. I prithee tell them there's no more of this thy deces. Wou'th not be done thy deeds: but he report it, Where Senators shall mingle toares with exclains, Where great Patricians shall attend, and shrou'd, Thou shouldst admire: where Ladies shall be frighted, And gladly quak'd, hear more: where the dull Tribunes, That with theuffle Plebeians hate thine Honor, Shall stay against their hearts. We thank thee the Gods, Our Rome hath such a Soldier:

Yet can't I then be a Morrell of this F feast, Having fully din'd before.

Enter Tullus with his Power, from the Percent:

Tullus Lucius. Oh General:

Here is the Steed, wee the Captagon: Hadst thou beheld—

Martius. Pray now, no more:

My Mother, who has a Character re-cord of her Blood, When she do's pray for me, givest me: I have done as you have done, that's what I can, Indue as you have been, that's for my Country: He that's but in his good will, Hath o'er his mine Ach.

Com. You shall not be the Grane of your defending, Rome must know the value of her owne:

There a Concealment worse then a Thief, Nor shall a Traducem say, To hide your doings, and to silence that, Which to the spire, and top of prayers vonch'd, Would become but modest: therefore I beseech you, In figure of what you are, not to reward What you have done, before our Armie hear me.

Martius. I have some Wounds upon them, and they smart To have themselves remember.

Com. Should they not:

Well might they feel gainst ingratitude, And rend them selves with death: of all the Horses, Whereof we have 'em good, and good there of all, The Treasure in this field architected, and Ciste, We render you the Tenth, to be ta'en forth, Before the common distribution,

As your only choyce:

Martius. I thank you General:

But cannot make my heart content to take A Brbe, roa the Sword: I doe refuse it, And stand upon my common part with those,

That have beheld the doing:

A long flourish. They all cry, Martius, Martius, cast up their Cope and Laurens: Corinthus and Lucius stand bare.

Martius. May these same Instruments, which you prophane, Never shou'd more: when Drums and Trumpets shall Thy field prove fataters, let Courts and Cities be Made all of sally face'd sooth:

When Steele grows loth, as the Parthian Silke,

Let him be made an Outrider for the Warses:

No more I say, for that I have not wait'd

My Name that bids, or fyl'd some debile Wretch,

Which without mine, is smalle else have done,

You shou'd me forth in acclamation hyperbolical,

As if I had my little should be dieted

In prayers, face't with Eys,

Com. Too modest are you:

More cruel to your good report, then grateful To vs, that giv'e you truly: by your patience, I'gains't you felle you be incensed, we're put you

(like one that means his proper harms) in Mantacles,

Then reason falsly with you: Therefore be it knowne,

As to vs, to all the World, That Cassius Martius

Weares this Warses Rakend: in tockes of the which,

My Noble Steed, knowne to the Camps, I give him,

With all his trim belonging: and from this time,

For which he did before Corioles, call him,

With all th'applause and Clamore of the Hosts,

Marcus Corius Coriolanus. Bear th'addition Nobly enter.

Flourish. Trumpets sound, and Drums.

Obsoles. Stare at Cassius Coriolanus,

Martius. I will goe wash:

And when my Face is faire, you shal perceive

Whether I blush, or no: how best, I thank you,

I shal be to hide your Steed, and at all times

To vender creft you're good Addition;

To the fatigue of my power,

Com. So, to our Tent:

Where we are, doe reopose us, we will write

To Rome of our success: you Titus Lucius

Mull to Corioles backe, send vs to Rome

The brief, with whom we may articulate,

For their own good, and ours.

Lucius. I shall, my Lord.

Martius. The Gods begin to mocke me:

I that now refus'd moff Prince ly gifts,

Am bound so pegge of my Lord General,

Com. Talk't, 'tis yours: what's it?

Martius. I sometime lay here in Corinthus,

At a poor man hands: he vettled me kindly,

He cry'd to me: I saw him Prisoner:

But then Auffidans was within my view,

And Wrath o'er-whelm'd my pitie: I requesst you

To give my poore Holf freedome.

Com. Oh well begg'd:

Were he the Butcher of my Sonne, he should

To be free, is as the Winde: deliuer him, Timi.

Lucius. Martius, his Name.

Martius. By Jupiter forget:

I am weare, yes, my memory is tyr'd:

Have we no Wine here?

Com. Goe we to our Tent:

The blood upon your Unige dryes, 'tis time

It should be lookt too: come.

Exeunt.

A flourish. Cornets. Enter Tullus Auffidans blind, with two or three Soldiers.

Auffid. The Towne is ta'ne,

Sends. Twill be deliver'd backe on good Condition.

Auffid. Condition?

I would I were a Roman, for I cannot,

Being a Volc, be he that I am. Condition,

What good Condition can a Trea'tie finde

I'p part that is at mercy? lust times, Martius,

I have fought with thee; so often lust thou best me;

And would't doe so, I think, shou'd we encounter
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

As often as we eate. By the Elements.
If eare againe I meet him bare to beard,
He's mine, or I am lie; Mine Emulation
Fie! not that Honor's in his hand. For where
I thought to crush him in an equal Force,
True Sword to Sword: I lattice at him some way,
Or Wrath, or Craft may get him.

Ad. He's the duell.

Auff, brother, though not to subdue my valor poisond,
With onely suf'ring, blame him by him: for him
Shall flye out of it tell, no liege nor sanctuariy,
Being naked, sickle, nor Phane, nor Capitoll,
The Prayers of Priests, nor times of sacrifice.
Embrace not all of Fury, shall lift up
Their rotten deciun, and Cushion gainst
My hate to Martius. Where I finde him, were it
At home, upon my Brothers guard, even there
Against the hospitable Canon, would I
With my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to th'Citi,
Learn how his held, and what they are that must
Be Holstges for Rome,

Sum. Will not you go?

Auff. I am attendent at the Cypress ground. I pray you
'Tis South the City Made bring us word thither
How the world goes; what is the pace of it.
I may picture on my journey.

Sum. I shall drif.

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 prayse of the people, for they love not Martius.

Sic. Nature teaches Beasts to know their Friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the Wolfe love?

Brut. The Lambe.

Men. Linen said you, as the hungry Plebeians would
the Nobles Martius.

Brut. He's a Lambe indeed, that bears like a Beare.

Men. He's a Beare indeed, that lives like a Lambe.

You two are old men, tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Brut. Well ask.

Men. In what enormity is Martius poore in, that you
two hate not in abundance?

Brut. He's poore in no one fault, but for'd withall.

Sic. Especially in Pride.

Brut. And stopping all others in bostling.

Men. This is strange now: Do you know, how
you are cenfused here in the City, do you?

Brut. Why do we see we cenfused?

Men. Because you talk of Pride now, will you not
be angry?

Brut. Why, it is unpardonable; for a great deed of Patience;
Give your dispositions the rein, and be angry at your
pleasures (as the leaf) if you take it as a pleasure to you, in
being to you blame Martius for being proud.

Men. We do it not alone.

Brut. What then is it?

Men. Why then you should discourse a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, selfe Magistrates (alias Fools) as you in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are knowne well enough too.

Men. I am knowne to be a humorous Patriotisme, and one that looses a cup of hot Wine, with not a drop of slaying
Tiber in's: Said to be something imperfect, in favouring
the first complaints, haughty and Tindale-sly, upon,
unjust motion: One, that converses more with the
Robe, of the night, then with the forehead of the morning.
What I think, I utter, and spend my mallice in my breath.
Meeting two such Weales men as you are (I cannot call you Lierguffii) if the drinke you give me, touch my Pati
sulphurly, I make a crooked face at it, I can say, your
Worships have deluded you matter well. When I finde
the Affair in compound, with the Master pax of your fylles
bables. And though I must be content to breake with them,
that say you are untrust able men, ye yet deadly,
that tell you have good faces, if you see this in the Map
of my Microcosm, follows it that I am knowne well enough too?

Brut. Come come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither mee, your selves, nor any thing: you are ambitious, for poor knaves capses and
legges: you wear out a good wholesome Forenoon, in
hearing a cause between an Ordeyne wife, and a Doctor-
deller, and then reconstitute the Contrivansa of the three pence
to a second day of Audience. When you are hearing a
matter betwene party and party, if you chance to be
pitch'd with the Collarke, you make faces like Manners,
say vp the bloodie Flagge against all Patients, and
in roaring for a Chamber pot, dismis the Contrivants.
breathing; the more intangled by your hearing: All the
peace you make in them: Caufe, is calling both the parties
Knaves. You are a payre of strange ones.

Brut. Come, come, you are well underfoot to be a
perfecter gyber for the Table, then a necessary Bencher
in the Capitol.

Men. Our very Priestes must become blockers, if they
shall encounter such ridiculous Subjectes as you are, when
you speake bell into the purpose. It is not worth the
wagging of your Beards, and your Beards defence nor honourable
to a grace, as to handle a Bitches Cushion, or to
be intomb'd in an Affes Packe-daddie; yet you must be
saying, Martius is proud: who in a cheap scoffam, it
writs all your predecesers, since Carthaginian, though yet,
he adventure some of the best of men were heretickes in hang-
men. Godden to your Worships, more of your com-
tation would infect my Braine, being the Hearnden of the
Beastly Plebeians. I will be bold to take my leave of you.

Brut. and Sic.

Exit.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Vatelia.

How now (my as faire as Noble) Ladies, and the Moone were thee Earthly, no Noble: whither doe you follow your Eyes to fair?

Volumn. Honorable, Mourn,i your Boy Maruus approaches: for the love of louse it's gone.

Menen. Ha? Maruus coming home?

Volumn. I worthy Menen, and with most prosperous approbation.

Menen. Take my Cappe Tiptop, and I thank thee; hoo, Maruus coming home?


Volumn. Look, here's a Letter from him, the Statc hath another, his Wife another, and (I think) there's one at home for you.

Menen. I will make my very hooke reele to night:

A Letter for me?

Virg. Yes certaine, there's a Letter for you, I saw't.

Menen. A Letter for me? it gives me an Estate of seven yeares health, in which time, I will make a Lippe at the Physician. The most soueraine Precept ion in Galen is but Empetrifikopie; and to this Preceptiation, of no better result than a H oft-brench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded?

Virg. Oh no, no.

Volumn. Oh, he is wounded, I thank the Gods for't.

Menen. So doe I too, if it be not too much: brings a victorie in his Pocket, the wounds become him.

Volumn. Oh, his Brows: Menen, he comes the third time home with the Oaken Garland.

Menen. Ha! he's dischapor'd: Anfus nobly soundly.

Volumn. Tis my Patience writes, they fought together, but Anfus got off.

Menen. And was time for him too, he warrant him there: and he had lay'd by him, I would not have be to fiddlour'd, for all the Chiefes in Caroll, and the Gold that's in them. Is the Senect pettifl of this?

Volumn. Good Ladies let's goe. Yes, yes, yes: the Senate ha's Letters from the General, wherein he gives my Sonne the whole Name of the Wase: he hath in this alien out-done his former deeds doubly.

Valer. In todt, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Menen. Wondrous: I'll warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Virg. The Gods grant them true.

Menen. True? how wise.

Virg. He be wiser, they are true: where is hee wounded, God fayre your good Worf ships? Maruus is coming home: hee he's more caufe to be proud: where is he wounded?

Volumn. Ith's Shouder, and Ith's left Arme: there will be large Circumstancs to shew the People, when hee shall stand for his place: he receiv'd in the open field of Tarentum four wounds in body.

Menen. One in't Neck, and two in't Thigh, there's nine that I know.

Volumn. Hee had, before this last Expedition, twenty five Wounds upon him.

Menen. Now it's twenty seven: carry gaff was an Enemies Grant. Hey-ack the Trumpet's.

A flourish, and flourish.

Volumn. These are the Vipers of Maruus:

Before him, hee carryes Noysie:

And behind him, hee leaves Testes:

Death, that darke Spirit, in's nerue Arme doth ly,

Whose darke Power, declines, and then monstyre.

A Senet. Trumpet's sound.

Enter Camillus the General, and Titus Lavinus: be-

cause them Coriolanus, crowned with oakes Garland, with Captaines and Saul.

deed, and a Herald.

Herald. Know Rome, that all alone Maruus did fight.

Within Coriolan's Gates; where he hath abode,

With Fame, a Name to Maruus Caus.

Thee in honor follows Maruus Caus Coriolanus.

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus.

Sound. Flourish.

All. Welcome to Rome: renowned Coriolanus.

Coriol. No more of this, I do offend my heart prey no more.

Com. Look, Sir, your Mother.

Coriol. Oh! you have, I know, petition'd all the Gods for my provision. 

Virg. Nay, my good Souldiers, vp:

My gentle Maruus, worthy Caus;

And by deed-achieuing, Honor newly nam'd,

What is it (Coriolanus) must I call thee?

But oh, my Wife.

Coriol. My gracious silence, ha'yle:

Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come Coffins home,

That wept't to see me triumph? Ah my dear,

Such eyes the Widows in Caroll, were,

And Mothers that治理 Sons.


Com. And are ye yet? Oh my sweet: Lady, pardon,

Volumn. I know not where to turne.

Oh welcome home: and welcome General,

And y'are welcome all.

Menen. A hundred thousand Welcomes:

I could weep, and I could laugh,

I am light, and beauteous: welcome;

A Carfe begin at very root on's heart,

That is not glad to see thee,

Your are three, that Rome should do on;

Yet by the faith of men, we have

Some old Cole trees here at home,

That will not be stript to your Ralliifs,

Yet welcome Waters;

Wee call a Needle, but a Needle;

And the faults of fools, but folly.

Com. Euer right.

Coriol. Mourn'mus, euer, euer.

Herald. Give way there, and goe on;

Coriol. Your Hand, and yours?

Ere in our owne house I doe shade my Hea'ds.

The good Patricians must be efted,

From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,

But with them, change of Honor.

Volumn. I have heard,

To fee inherited my very Wifhts,

And the Buildings of my Fancie:

Only there's one thing wanting,

Which (I doubt not) but our Rome

Will call upon thee.

Com. Know, good Mother, I had rather be their servant in my way,

Then iway with them in theirs.

Com. Oh, to the Capitol, 

Flourish, Connex.

Exeunt in State, as before.
Enter Brutus and Sciensus.

Bru. All tongues speake of him, and the bleared figs Are speeched to see him. Yout prating Murse Into a raptur lets her Baby cry,
While the chais him: the Kitchen Makers pinnis Her tiketh Lock-kest: boun her scythe necks,
Clamoring the Walls to cry him;
Stalls, Bakkes, Windows, are smoth'd up,
Leades fell'd, and Ridges blown'd
With variable Complexions: all agreeing
In enamelface to see him; cold-th'nowne Flaminias
Due ploff among the popular Trauer, and puffle
To winne a vulgaratten: our way'd Dames
Confirm the Warre of White and Darmeske
In their nicely gawled Cheakes, roth wanton spoyle
Of Phoebus burning Killers: such a poorer,
As if that whatsoever God, who leads him,
Were slyly crept into his humane powers,
And gave him gracefull power.
Sci. In the sudaine, I warrant him Consul.
Bru. Then our Office may, during his power, goe sleepe.
Sci. He cannot temp ratey transport his Honors,
From where he should begin and, but will
Lete that he hath wonne.
Bru. In that there's comfort.
Sci. Doubt not,
The Commoners, for whom we stand, but they
Vpon their ancient mallice, will forget
With the least cause, shee their new Honors,
Which that he will give them, make I as little question,
As he is proud to do.
Bru. I heard him swear,
We ther to stand for Consull, never would he
Appear at the Place, nor on him put
The Naples Veure of Humilitie,
Nor shew—[a manner is] his Wounds
Tout: People, begge their binkynge Breaths.
Sci. 'Tis right.
Bru. It was his word:
Oh he would miffe it, rather then carry it,
But by the forse of the Gentry to him,
And the desire of the Nobles.
Sci. I with no better, then hauve him hold that purpooke,
And to put it in execution.
Bru. 'Tis most like he will.
Sci. It shall be to him then, as our good wills:
A sure detraction.
Bru. So it must fall out,
To him, or our Authoritie, for an end,
We must suppge the People, in what hatred
He fell hath told them, that to power he would
Have made them Mules, silent their Pledgers,
And disproprorried their Freedomes: holding them,
In humane Athion, and Capacitie,
Of no more Soule, nor fitness for the World,
Then Camnels in their Warre, who have their Prouand
Onely for bearing Burthenes, and late blows
For binkynge under them.
Sci. This (as you say) suggested,
At some time, when his lowning Infolence
Shall teach the People, which time shall not want,
If he be put upon, and that's as easie,
As to set Dogges on Sheepe, will be his fire
The Tragedy of Coriolanus.

To gratify his Noble service, that hath
Thus stood for his Country. Therefore please you,
Most reverend and grave Elders, to define
The present Consul, and last General,
In our well-end eued Succesors to report
A little of that worthy Works performed
By Martius Curtius Coriolanus: whom
We meet here, both to thank, and to remember,
With Honors like himselfe.

Sen. Speaks, good Cominius:
Leave nothing out too lengthy, and make us think
Rather our flares desolat for requital,
Then we to stretch it out. Matters of People,
We doe request your kindest cares, and after
Your lasting motion toward the common Body,
To yeeld what paffes here.

Sen. We are committed upon a pleasing Treatie, and
have hearts inclinable to honor and advance the Thame
of our Affemblie,
Brutus. Which the rather we shall be brief to doe, if
he remember a kinder value of the People, then he hath
hitherto priz'd them so.

Men. That's off, that's off. I would you rather had
been silent: Plead you to heare Cominius speakes?
Brutus. Most willingly: but yet my Caution was
more prompt then the rebuke you giue it.

Men. Heloizes your People, but eye him not to be
their Bed-fellow: Worthy Cominius speakes.
Coriolanus refutes, and offers to singe.
Nay, keep your place.

Sen. Sit Coriolanus: never frame to heare
What you have Noble done.
Coriol. Your Honors pardon:
I had rather have my Wounds to bate againe,
Then heare how you give them.

Bra. Sir, I hope my words dis-Bench'd you not?
Cor. Nor Sir: yet off,
When blowes have made me flay, I feel from words.
You forsooth not, therefore but not: your People,
I lose them as they weigh.

Men. Prey now sit downe.
Coriol. I had rather have one stretch my Head the Sun,
When the Alarum were struck, than idly sit
To heare my Nothing moniter'd. 

Exit Coriolanus.

Men. Masters of the People,
Your multiplying Scape, how can he flatter?
That's throstled to one good one, where you now see
He had rather venture all his Limbes for Honor,
Then on one Ease to heare it. Proceed Cominius.

Com. I shall lacke voyce: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be wrote'sd feebly: it is held,
That Valour is the chiefest Venus,
And most dignifies the hauers: if it be,
The man I speake of, cannot in the World
Be finely counter-poy'sd. At sixeene yeares,
When Tergunt made a Head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the marke of others: our then Dictator,
Whom with all praise I phonnet, saw him fight,
When with his Amazon shot he drooke
The brested Lopes before him: he refresh'd
An o'repectful Roman, and 's Contuls view
Slew three Opposers: Tergunt felte he met,
And stroke him on his Knee: in that dayes tracts,
When he might not the Woman in the Scene,
He proud'd best man 's Field, and for his need
Was brownt-bound with the Oak. His Pupil age...
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Enter seven or eight Citizens.

1. Cit. Once if he do require our voyces, wee ought nor to deny him.

2. Cit. We may Sir if we will.

3. Cit. We have power in our several to do it; but it is a power that we have no power to do: For, if he shew vs his wounds, and tell vs his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them: So if he tel vs his noble deeds, we must also tell him our Noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous, and the multitude to be ingratefull, were to make a Monsterr of the multitude; of which, we being members, should bring our felicet to be monstrous members.

4. Cit. And to make vs no better thought of a little help will ferre: For once we stood up about the Corne, he wouldnt sticke nor so call vs the many-headed Multitude.

5. Cit. We have beene call'd so many, not that our heads are some brown on some blacke, some Abram, some bald; but that our wits are fo diversely Couer'd; and truly I think, all our wits were to fine out of one Scull, they would flye Earl, Well, North, South, and their content of one direct way, should be at once to all the points of the Compass.

6. Cit. Think ye for Which way do you judge my wits would flye.

7. Cit. Nay your wits will not so soon out as another man's will, 'tis strongly wadg'd up in a blocke-head: but if it were at liberty, I would like Southward.

8. Cit. Why that way?

9. Cit. Toloole it selfe in a Fogge, where being three parts melted away with rosen Dewes, the fourth would returne for Conscience sake, to help to get thee a Wife.

10. Cit. You are never without your tricks, you may, you may.

11. Cit. Are you all resolv'd to give your voyces? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it, I say. If he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter Coriolas in a gowne of Humility, with a staffe.

Here be some, and in the Gowne of humility, marke his behaviour: we are not to stay altogether, but to come by him where he stands, by one, by twos, & by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars, wherein enter one of vs is a single Honor, in giving him our owne voices with our owne tongue, therefore follow me, and I direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content.

Men. Oh Sir, you are not right, have you not knowne

The worthy man have done?

Cori. What mean I say, I pray Sir?

Plague upon't, I cannot brake if I am wrong. My tongue for a base scape. Looke Sir, my wounds, I got them in my Countries Service, when some certaine of your Brethren road'd, and cause

From the noise of our owne Drunckenes.

Men. Oh me the Gods, you must not speak of that, you must desire them to think upon you.

Cori. Thinke upon me! Hang'em, I would they would forget me, like the Verrines Which our Distincte loss by em.

Men. You must have all,

Ile leave you: Pray you speake to em, I pray you

In wholsome manner.

Enter three of the citizens.

Cori. Bid them wash their Faces, And keep their teeth cleane: So here comes a brace, You know the caufe (Sir) of my standing here.

3 Cit. We do Sir, tell vs what hath brought you too's.

Cori. Mine owne defert.

3 Cit. Your owne defert.

Cori. I, but mine owne defert.

3 Cit. How not your owne defert?

Cori. No Sir, 'twas never my desire yet to trouble the poore with begging.

3 Cit. You must think if we glue you any thing, we hope to gain you by.

Cori. Well then I pray, your price a'th'Conflit luphship.

1 Cit. The price is, to make it kindly.

Cori. Kindly Sir, I pray you, to have wounds to show you, which shall bee yours in private: your good voice Sir, what say you?

2 Cit. You shall ha't worthy Sir.

Cori. A match Sir, there's in all two worthie voyces begg'd I have your Almes, A diea.

3 Cit. But this is something odd.

2 Cit. And 'twill goe againe; but 'tis no matter.

Exeunt. Enter two other Citizens.

Cori. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices, that I may bee Conful, I have here the Cuthomrle Gowne.

1. You have defended Nobly of your Country, and you have not defended Nobly.

Cori. Your Pigmies.

1. You have bin a curtege to her enemies, you have bin a Rod to her Friends, you have not indeed loved the Common people.

Cori. You should account mee the more Vertuous, that I haue not bin common in my Love, I will firstrate my sweete Brother the people to earn a dearer estimation of them, 'tis a condition they account gentle: & if the wifedome of their choice, is rather to have my Hat, then my Heart, I will practice the infinishing nod, & be off to them most contrary, that is, I will counteract the bewitchement of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the defers: Therefore before I, you may be Conful.

2. We hope to finde you our friend: and therefore give you our voices heartily.

1. You have receaved many wounds for your Country.

Cori. I will not Seale your knowledge with shewing you. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no farther.

Bath. The Gods glue you joy Sir heartily.

Cori. Most sweete Voyces.

Better is it to dye, better to beurne,

Then cause the higher, which first we do deferne.

Why in this Woolish tongue should I stand here,

To begge of Hob and Dicke, that does appeare.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Their needlesse Vouches: Caius, home calls me too,
What Caïus doth in all things, should we do? too,
The Daunt of antique Time would dye vanitie,
And mountains of Error be too highly kept,
For Truth of disrespect, Rather then fool'd it, to,
Let the high Office, and the Honour go,
To one that would doe thus. I am base through, the
One part master'd, the other will I doe.

Enter two Citizens more.

Here come the Voyses,
Your Voyses for your Voyces: I have sought,
Watchd for your Voyces for your Voyses, hear
Of Wounds, two dozen odd {literals three fix
I have feare, and heard of for your Voyces,
I have done many thing, some lefe, some more,
Yost Voyces I indeed would be Consul.

1. Cit. He's done now Nobly, and cannot ge without
any honest man's Voyses.
2. Cit. Therefore let him be Consul: the Gods give him joy,
and make him good friend to the People.

All. Amen. Amen, God save thee, Noble Consul,
Cit. Worthy Voyces.

Enter Messenian, with Brutus and Scenius,
and so forth.

Mess. You have flood your Limitation,
And the Tribunes ened you with the Peoples Voyces,
Remains, in the Officall Markes inscribed,
You saw doe meet the Senate,
Cit. Is this done?
Scen. The Caïus of Request you have discharged;
The People doe submit you and are summon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Cit. Where at the Senate-house?
Scen. There, (Coriolanus)
Cit. May I change these Garments?
Scen. You may, sir.
Cit. That I have straight done, and knowing my selfe again,
Repayre to the Senate-house.

Mess. He keeps you company? Will you along?
Brut. We stay here for the People.
Scen. Fare you well.

Enter Coriolanus, and Messenian.
He is in now: and by his Locker, I think,
*Tis warme at his heart.
Brut. Within his proud heart he wore his humble Weed:
Will you diminish the People?

Scen. How now, my Master, have you chose this man?
1. Cit. He's our Voyces, Sir.
2. Cit. Amen, Sir: to my power unworthy notice,
He mock'd it, when he begg'd our Voyces.
3. Cit. Certainly, he flowed, vs down-right,
4. Cit. No, his kind of speech, he did not mock vs,
5. Cit. Not one among vs, saw your selfe, but sayes
He vs was scornefully: he should have shew'd vs.
His Marks of Merit, Wounds receiv'd for our Country.
Scen. Why to he did, I am famer, I.
4. Cit. He so said hee bad Wounds,
Which he could shew in private,
And with his Heart, thus wanting it in forme,
I wold be Consul, sayes he a good Caïus,
But by your Voyces, will not to permit me.
Your Voyces therefore, when we guarantied that,
Here was, I thank you for your Voyces, thank you.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Brut. I spare you not: Say, were any to you: How youngly he began to abuse his Country, And then he did change, and what flocks by springings of The Noble Houses o' th' Mission: from whence came That Augus Martius, Numa's Daughters Sonne: Who after great Hotitus here was King, Of the same House Pulcin and Quintus were, That our bell Water, brought by Coudius hither, And Nobly named, so twice being Centur, Was his great Ancesters.

Sevus. One thus descended, That bash'd his well in his person wrought, To be set high in place, we did command To your enmemories: but you have found, Skaling his present bearing with his past, That here's your fixed constancy, and awake Your fadd'man approbation.

Brut. Say you're not had don't, (Harp on that hill) but by our putting on: And pretend, when you have drawn your numbers, Repair o' th' Capitol.

All. We will for almost all repent in their election, Except Pseudium.

Brut. Let them go on:
This Must have been better put in hazard,
Then lay pale doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature, he fell in rage
With their refall, both subject and answer
In the vantage of his anger.

Sevus. Toth' Capitol, come:
We will be there before the fireame o' th' People:
And this shall issue, as partly 'is, their own,
Which we have gooden onward, Exeunt.

Actus Tertius.

Coryn. Enter Coriolanus, Masanius, all the Gentry,
Communis, Titus Latinius, and other Senators.

Corin. Caelius Asculapius then had made new head.

Latinius. He had my Lord, and that it was which eas'd
Our twiter Composition.

Corin. So than the Voices stand but as a fist,
Readie when time shall prompt them, to make roade
Upon's againe.

Com. They are worse (Lord Corinéd) so,
That they shall hardly in our ages fee.
Their Banners want againe.

Corin. Saw you Asculapius?

Latinius. On sledge he came to me, and did curse
Against the Voices, for they had so wildly
Yeasted the Towne: he is returned to Antium,
Corin. Spoke he of me?

Latinius. He did, my Lord.
Corin. How? what?

Latinius. How often he had met you Sword to Sword:
That of all things upon the Earth, he hated
Your person most: That he would partake his fortunes
To overthrow him, to be might
Be call'd your Vanquisher.

Corin. At Antium lives he?

Latinius. At Antium.

Corin. I wish I had a caufe to seeke him there,
To oppose his hated fully, Welcome home,

Enter Senators and Tribunes.

Behold these are the Tribunes of the People,
The Tongues o' th' Common Mouth. I do despise them:

For they doe pranke them in Authentic,
Against all Noble interference.

Sevus. Paffe no further.

Corin. Ha! what is that?

Brut. It will be dangerous to go on—No further.

Corin. What makes this change?

Men. The Master?

Corin. Ha! be not past'd the Noble, and the Common

Brut. Commit it, so.

Corin. Have I had Childrens Voyces?

Senat. Tribunes, give way, he shall roth' Market place.

Brut. The People are incens'd agenst him.

Sevus. Stop, or all will fall in broyle.

Corin. Are these your Hird?

Men. They are worse.

Corin. Must these have Voyces, that can yeild them now,
And first declare their thoughts? what are your Offices?
You being their Mouths, why rule you not their Teeth?
Have you not serv'd them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Corin. It is a pow'r'd thing, and grows by Plot,
To over the will of the Nobility:
Suffice't, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be ruled.

Brut. Call's not a Plot:
The People cry you macker them: and of late,
When Corin was given them grate, you repined;
Scandal the Suppliants: for the People, call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, flota to Nobleness,
Corin. Why this was knowne before,

Brut. Not to them all.

Corin. Have you inform'd them littence?

Brut. How? I informe them?

Com. You are like to doe such bonifie,

Brut. Not unlike each way so better yours,

Corin. Why then should I be Confus'd by good Clouds.
Let me defense so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow Tribune.

Sevus. You knew too much of that,
For which the People flire: if you will passe
To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit,
Or never be so Noble as a Confus;
Nor sooke with him for Tribune.

Men. Let's be calm.

Com. The People are abus'd: let on this paling
Becomes not Rome: nor hat's Corinéd
Defend'd this so dishonor'd Rub, laid false.
I'd plaine Way of his Merit.

Corin. Tell me of Corin: this was my speech,
And I will speak againe.

Men. Not now, not now.

Sevus. Not in this heat. Sir, now.
Corin. Now as I like, I will.

My Nobler friends, I crave their pardon.
For the mutable make-fented Mynde,
Let them regard me, as I do not fatter,
And therein behold themselves. I say againe,
In soothing them, we nourish'd gainst our Senate.
The Cockite of Rebellion, Infolence, Sedition,
Which we our selves have plowed for, now'd, & scatter'd
Be mingling them with vs, the honest'd Number,
Who lack not Virtue, no, nor Power, but that
Which they have given to Beggers.

Men. Well, we more.

Sevus. No more words we be earely you.

Corin. How? no more?
As for my Country, I have shed my blood, Not fearing outward force: So shall my Lungs Come words still their decays against those Messengers Which we dislike should Tatter us, yet taught The very way to catch them. 

Brut. You speak a piece of people, as if you were a God, To punish: Not a man of their Injurious;

Cor. Twice we see the people know it.

Marc. What, what, his Cholera?

Cor. Cholera? Were I as patient as the midnight slyer;

By long, would I be my mind.

Sen. ict is a mind that shall remain a poison
Where it is: not poison for any further.

Cor. Shall remian?

Hestre you this Trition of the Ministrans? Make you
His absolute Shall?

Cor. Tis from the Cannon;

Marc. Shall? Outread! but must yowrie Petirizens: why
You graze, but were as leffe Senators, have you thus
Gispen Hids beere to choose an office,

That with his peremptory Shall, being but
The borne, and nostle o'th Monstors, wantet not spirit
To say, heu! thou! your Currax in a ditch,
And make your Church his? If I have power,
Then vale your Ignorance: I none, awake
Your dangerous Light; If you are Leard,
Be not as common Fools; if you are out,
Let them have Cushtions by you. You are Plebeians,
If theye Senators: and they are no lffe,
When both your voices blended, the great selfe
Moft pallates theirs. They choose their Magistrates,
And such a one as he, who putts his Shall,
His popular Shall, against a grater Bench
Then enter found in Greece. By Leone himselfe,
Ere make the Console of thee, and my Soule asks
To know, when two Authoritie are vp,
Neither Supreme, How came Confusion
May enter in the gap of Both, and take
The one by the other.

Cor. Well, on to th' Market place.

Cor. Who ever gave those Counsell, no give forth
The Conne sith Storehouse grate as swa sitt
Some time in Greece.

Marc. Well, well, no move of that.

Cor. Though there the people had more absolute power
I say they notified the publick disordered, the ruin of the Senate,

Brut. Why shall the people gape
One that speaks thus, their voyage?

Cor. Tis give my Resolutions,
More worthier than their Voyages. They know the Conne
Was not of their Recurrence, refining well awhile;
They ne'er did service for', being profit to the Warr;
Even when the Nauile of the State was touch'd,
They would not thee. She Gates. This kind of Service
Did not declare Conne grate. Being 'till Warr;
There Mutinies and Rivallics, wherein they shew'd
Meet Valours, spoke not for them. Til' Accusation
Which they have oftentimes against the Senex,
All care vhange, could not be the Nation
Of our so hauile Donation. Well what then?
How shall this Bofome multipled, digests
The Senses Courtece? Let deeds expirée
What's like to their words. We did request it,
We are the greatest pole, and in true warre
They give us that demands. Thus we debace
The Nature of our Sence, and make the Rabbie

Call our Cares, Fears; which will in time
Break the Locket, which Sense, and bring in
The Crowes to peck the Eagles.

Marc. Come enough.

Brut. Enough, with outer minute,

Cor. No, take more.

What may be wrong, by, both Divine and human,
Scale what I end withal. This double worship,
Wherein part Does dissipate with cause, the other
Imbibe without all reason: where Genety, Title, wisdom
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of general Ignorance, it must omit
Real Necessities, and give way the wite
To voluntar Slightness. Purposes to bard'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore befech you,
You that will be less servile, then divers.
That lose the fundamental part of State
More then you discourse the change on: That preferre
A Noble life, before a Long, and Whil,
To inoomes a Body with a dangerous Physick.
That's faren of death without it: at once plucke out
The Multitudinous Tongue, let them not like
The sweet which is their poision. Your diuion
Mangles true judgement, and increases the State,
Of that Integrity which should become;
Not having the powr to do the good it would
For th' ill which doth controul.

Brut. Has said enough.

Marc. He's spoken like a Traitor, and shall answer
As Traitors do.

Cor. Thro' a wretch, daylight ore-whelme thee:
What should the people do with these bald Tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater Bench, in a Rebellion:
When what's not met, but what must be, was Law,
Then were they chosen: in one hour,
Let what is meet, be said it must be meet,
And throw their power th'chall.

Marc. Manifest Treson.

Marc. This a Confill? No.

Enter a Robb of Tribunes with the Adelites

Senex. Go call the people, in whose name my Selfe
Attach thee to a Traiborous Imagustor

A Doe to thy publick Weale. Obey I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence old Goat.

All. Well Sthny him.

Cor. Ag'd sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy Garments.


Enter a Robb of Tribunes with the Adelites

Marc. On both sides more respect.

Marc. Here's nice, that would take from you all your
power.

Marc. Seize him Adelites.

All. Downe with him, downe with him.

Cor. Weapons, weapons, weapons, weapons,

The tribunes, Tribunes, Tribunes, what ho?

Senex. Here's what, what, what, what ho?

Marc. What is shou't to be! I am out of Breath,
Conditions necessit, I cannot speake. You, Tribunes
To th' people: Tribunes patience: Speak good Senex,

Bb a

Senex.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Sc. 1. Hear me, People peace.
All. Let's here our Tribune: peace, speak, speak, speak.
Sc. You are at point to lose your Liberties.
Maurius would have all from you. Maurius.
Whom late you have nam'd for Conful.
Maur. Fie, fie, fie, this is the way to kindle, not to quench.
Sc. To unbend the City, and to lay all flat.
Maur. What is the City, but the People?
All. True, the People are the City.
Con. By the consent of all, we were established the Peuples Magistrates.
All. You to remain.
Maur. And in are like to die.
Con. This is the way to lay the City flat.
To bring the Roofs to the Foundation,
And burnes all, which yet difficulty rangeth
In heaps, and piles of Ruine.
Sc. This defences Death.
Con. Or let vs kill our Authoritie,
Or let vs lose our Births and Townes,
And by the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Maurius is worthy
Of prefent Death.
Sc. Therefore lay hold of him:
Bear him to the Rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction call him.
Con. Adles, Adles seize him.
Maur. Yield Maurius, yield.
Maur. Hear me one word, before you Tribunes,
Bear mee but a word.
Adles. Peace, peace.
Maur. Do you frame, truly your Countrie friend,
And reasonably proceed to what you would.
This violently redresse,
Brut. Sir, those cold ways,
That seeme like prudent helpers, are very poysonous,
Where the Difcase is violent.
Lay hands upon him.
Sc. And bear him to the Rock.
Con. No, he die here;
There's some among you have beheld me fighting,
Come trie upon your selves, what you have seen mee.
Maur. Downe with the Sword, Tribunes withdraw a while.
Brut. Lay hands upon him.
Maur. Help, Maurius, help; you that be noble, help him young and old.
All. Downe with him, downe with him. Exeunt.
Sc. In this Instance, the Tribunes, the Adles, and the People are best m.
Maur. God, get you to our House: be gone, away,
All. The ought elie.
Sext. Get you gone.
Con. Stand still, we have as many friends as enemies.
Maur. Shall it be put to that?
Sext. The Gods forbid.
I pritty noble friend, home to this House,
Leave us to cure that Caesar.
Maur. For'tis a Sore upon you,
Who cannot tend your felicity, bezech you.
Con. Come Sire, along with vs.
Maur. I would they were Barbarians, as they are,
Though in Rome list'rs to not Romans, as they are not,
Though called this: 'Tis called 'The Capital.
Be gone, but not your wishes into your Tongue,
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

To speak of Peace, or Warre, I talk of you, Why did you with me mildness? Would you have me Pate to my Nature? Rather say, I play The man I am.

Volume. Oh brave Sirs, I would have had you put your power well on Before you had worn it out.

Corin. Let go.

Vol. You might have beene enough the man you are, With beinge lesse to be so; I lefet was but The things of your dispositions, if You had not chuse d to make me, as we were dispos'd For they lack'd power to crosse you.

Corin. Let them hang.

Volume. I, and burne too, Enter Messiles with the Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have bin too rough, something too rough— you would returne, and mend it.

Sen. There's no remedie,

Valeifie by no doing, our good Citie
CLEANSE in the midst, and perish.

Volume. It may be countenanc'd;

I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a braine, that leads me to the God of Anger To better vantage.

Men. Well said, Noble woman:
Before he should thus scorne to th'heart, but that
The violent fit at time crave at a Phyisick For the whole State, I would put mine Armour on,
Which I can fearfully bear.

Men. What must I do?

Men. Return to th'Tribunes.

Corin. Well, what then? what then?

Men. Repent, what you have spoke.

Corin. For them, I must do it to the Gods, Must I then doe to them?

Volume. You are too absolute,

Though therein you can never be too Noble, But when extremes speak, I have heard you say, Honor and Policy, like violent friends,

This Warre do growe together; Grant that, and tell me In Peace, what each of them by th'other loose, That they combine not there?

Corin. Why tarce you this?

Volume. Because, that

Now it eyes you on to speake to th'people: Not by your owne infratation, nor by th'matter Which your heart promptes you, but with such words That are bat rooted in your Tongue; Though but Bills and Syllables Of no allowance, to your bollesmen trueth Now, this na more difflouence you at all, Then to take in a Towne with gentle words, Which elle would put you to your fortune, and The hazzard of much blood.

I would dispute with my Nature, where
My Fortunes and my Friends at stake, requir'd I should do in Honour. I am in this

Yours

Your
Your Wife, your Sonne: These Senators, the Nobles, And you, will rather fliew out generall Lovers, How you can frowne, then send a fawome upon 'em, For the inheritance of their loues, and safeguard Of what that want might mine.

Nobles. Noble Lady, Come goe with vs, speake false: you may false so, Not what is dangerous present, but the lose Of what is past.

Volumn. I pray thee now, my Sonne, Go see them, with this Bonnet in thy hand, And that bare having fireaet in her, Of thy sight. the hows for if such bonnetts produceth eloquence, and the eyes of thy ignorant Much more learned then the eare, waking thy head, Which often thus correcting thy stout heart, Now humble as the sippets Mulberry, That will not hold the handle: or say to them, Thou art their Soulland, and being bred in breeches, Half not the sport way, which thou doth confesse Were fit for thee to vie, as they to claymme, In asking their good loues, but thou with flame Thy false (for so much) hereafter heus to fare, As thou haft power and perfon.
Men. This but done, Even as the speakes, why their hearts were yours? For they have Hainde, being ask'd as free, As words to little purpose.
Volumn. By thine now, Go, and be mad: although I know thou badst rather Follow thine Enemy in a stile Gullie, Then fluster him in a Bower. Enter Cominitus.

Cominitus. I have beene thys Market place: and shr't his fit You make strong partie, or defend your felde By calme nails, or by abstinence all's in anger.
Men. Ondy faire speech.
Cominitus. I chaise, twill serve, if he can thereto frame his spirte,
Volumn. He must, and will.
By thee now say you will, and goe about it.
Mon. Must I goe now then my wish'd Sonne? Must I with my base Tongue guile to my Noble Heart A Lye, that it must hare well? I will doe.
Yet were there but this single Plot, to lose This Mould of Martius, think to dust should grind it, And throw againe the Wnde. Tokh Market place: You have put me now to such a pass, which never I shall discharge to life.
Cominitus. Come, come, wele prompt you.
Volumn. I pruyse you now sweet Son, as thou haft said My praisels made thee first a Soullander: so To have my praise for this, performe a parke Thou haft not done before.
Cominitus. Well, I must doe.
Away my disposition, and polse mee Some Harlots spirit: My throat of Warre be turn'd, Which quik't with my Drumme into a Pipe, Small as an Eunuch, or the Virgin voices. This lilies full a little: The fuddles of Harlots Tears in my cheeks, and Schoole-boys Tears take vp The Ghosts of my fights: A Beggars Tongue Make motion through my Lippe, and my Ashes' knees Who bow'd but in my Stirrup, bend like his That hackt rear'd an Almay. I will not doe, I shall forsake to houre mine owne trust,

And by my Bodies action, touch my Minde.
Volumn. At thy choice then:
To begge of thee, it is my more dis-honor; Then thou of them. Come all to mine, let Thy Mother rather feele thy Pride, then feare Thy dangerous Stoic Notícias: for I mockest death With a bigger heart as thou. Do as thou list, Thy Valiantesse was mine, thou sullck't it from me: But ove thy Pride thy felte,
Cominitus. Pray be content.
Mother, I am going to the Market place:
Chide me no more. Ie Mountebanks their Loues, Cooper their Hearts from them, and come home belo't
Of all the Trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Commit me to my Wife, it return Consull,
Or never truit to what my Tongue can do
Th'way of Flattery further.
Volumn. Do you will,
Com. Away, the Tribunes do attend you till your self
To answer mildly: for they are prepar'd
With Accusatons, as I hear more strong:
Then are you on ye vant.
Com. The wood is, Mildly. Pray you let vs go,
Let them accuse me by instruction: I
Will answer in mine Honor.
Men. 1, but mildly,
Cominitus. Well mildly be it then, Mildly.

Enter Scipio and Brutus.

Brutus. In this point charge him home, that he...
What's in his heart, and that is there which looks
With vio to break his neck.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Cominius, with others.

Steu. Well, here's the matter.

Cori. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Comi. I, as a Hollister, that fourth poorest peace
Will bear the Knave by th' Volume:

Th'hon' d'Goddes

Keep Rome in safety, and the Charters of Justice
Supplied with worthy men, and love amongst
Through our large Temples, with shawes of peace
And not our streets with Wires.

1 Ser. Amen, Amen.

Comi. A Noble wish.

Steu. Draw your speares ye people.

Edin. Lift to your Tribunes. Audience:

Peace I say.

Comi. Furtherly I say: Peace be here.

Steu. Shall I be charg'd no further then this present?

Comi. I do demand,
If you submit you to the peoples voices,
Allow their Officers, and are content
To suffer lawfull Centurie for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you.

Steu. I am Content.

Men. Lo Citizeenas, he fayes he is Content.
The whileles Service he's so done, confide: Thine
Upon the wounds his body bear, which flew
Like Grapes in th' holy Churchyard.

Cori. Scarches with Bitter, lacerates to more
Laughter only.

Men. Consider further:
That when he speaks not like a Citizen,
You finde him like a Soldier: do not take
His rougher Achions for malicious sounds:
But as I say, such he is a Soldier,
Rather then eny you.

Comi. Well, well, no more.

Cori. What is the matter,
That being past for Conspoll with full voyce:
I am so dombound, that the very house
You take it off again.

Sieu. Answer to ya.

Cori. Say then: 'tis true, I ought to

Sieu. We charge you, that you have contri'd to take
From Reniall secon'd Office, and to winde
Your selfe into a power tyrannical,
For which you are a Traitor to the people.

Cori. How? Traitor?

Men. Nay temperately your promise.

Cori. The fires 'chold lowest hell. Fondle in the people.

Sieu. Call me their Traitor, thou infamous Tribune.

Within their eyes fat two thousand deaths
In thy hands clutched: as much Millions in
Tyring tongues, both numbers. I would lay
Thou lyest not thee, with a voice as free,

As I do pray the Gods.

Sieu. Marry you this people?

Ad. To th' Rocke, to th' Rocke with him.

Steu. Peace:

We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have ta'en him do, and hear him speak.
The Tragedie of Coriollan.

Ede. The peoples Enemy is gone, it is gone.

Cori. Our enemy is banish'd, he is gone; Hoo, oo.

Sic. Go see him out at Gates, and follow him

As he hath followed you, with all delight.

Glisse him to his assent, let a guard

Attend wi'thout the City.

Cori. Come, come, let us see him out at gates, come.

Atius Quartus.

Enter Coriollanus, Calphurnia, Volumnius, Cominius, with the young Nobility of Rome.

Cori. Come, let us see our friend, a brief farewell to the beast.

With many beatings, beat me away. Nay, Mother,

Where is your ancient courage? You were va'd

To say, Extremities was the terror of spirits,

That common chances, Common men could bear

That when the Sea was calm, all Boats sail'd the

Shoon? Master-signior, to floating. Fortunes blow'd

When most broke home, being gende wounded, greats

A Noble cunning. You were va'd to load me

With Precepts that would make intinctible

The heart that could not.'m

Volumn. O heavens,! O heavens!

Cori. Nay, I prithee, my woman,

Val. Now the Red Pellewne strike all trades in Rome,

And Occupations perish.

Cori. What, what, what, what,

Shall be loud when I am back'd. Nay, Mother,

Refuse that Spirit, when you were vout to say,

If you had borne the Wife of Hiero.

Six of his labours would be done, and said

Your husband to much latter. Cominius,

Droop'd not. Adieu! Farewell my Wife, my Father,

To do well yet. Thou old and true Mentinus,

Thy tears are faster than a younger mast,

And rumorous to thine eyes. My (loneste) General,

I have seene the Scenes, and thou hall oft behold

Heart-hardening spectacles. Tell these sad women,

'Tis found to waste inebriate brokes.

As 'tis so laugh at'em, My Mother, you rot well

My hazards still have borne your face, and

Beaten not lightly, though I go alone.

Like to a lonely Dragon, that his Femme

Makes frown'd and talk'd of more then scene: you Sonne

Will or exceed the Common, or be caught

With cautious bars and prit"acht.

Volumn. My Chief Sonne,

Whether wilt thou go? Take good Cominius

With thee awhile. Determine on some course

More then a while exposure, so each chance

That this will way before thee.

Cori. O, the Gods

Cori. Ile follow thee a Moneth, dwell with thee

Where thou shalt rest, that thou mayst hear of vs,

And we of thee. So if the time shall forth

A strike for thy serene, we shall not send

O're the waft, were, to seek a single man,

And look for advantage, which doth ever coed

In absence of the sender.

Cori. Face ye well:

These hall yeares upon thee, and thou art too full

Of the wares and tires to go zone with one

That's yet tynd in trades, being me but out at gate,

Come to my sweet wife, my dearest Mother, and

My Friends of noble Touch: when I am forth,

Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you come:

While I remain about the ground, you shall

Hear me from all, and none of me ought

But what is like me formally.

Ment. That's worthyly

As any ear can heare. Come, let's not weep,

If I could shak off but one fester years

From these old arms and legges, by the good Gods

I'd with thee, every foot.

Volumn. Give me thy hand, come. Exeunt.

Enter the two Tribunes, Sceninius and Brutus, with the Edict.

Sic. Bid them all home, he's gone: & we'll no further.

The Nobility are vex'd, whom we have haited

In his behalf.

Brut. Now we hate the winde our power,

Let v's see him humber after it is done,

Then when it was a doiing.

Sic. Bid them home; say their great enemy is gone,

And they, stand in their ancient strength,

Brut. Did him home. Here comes his Mother.

Enter Coriollanus, Volumnia, and Calphurnia.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Brut. Why?

Sic. They say she's mad.

Brut. They have more noise of vs, keep us on your way.

Volumn. Oh, y'are well met.

Th'heered plagues of the Gods requit your love.

Sic. Peace, peace, be not to loud.

Volumn. If I that I could for weeping, you should hear,

Nay, and you shall hear some. Will you be gone?

Volumn. You shall stay too: I would I had the power

To say so to my Husband.

Sic. Are you mankind?

Volumn. I feele, is that a shame. Note but this fool,

Was not a man my Father? Had'nt thou Fortunis,

To banish him that strucke more blows for Rome

Then thou hast spoken words.

Sic. Oh blest! Heauen!

Volumn. Most Noble blows, then ever wife words.

And for Rome good, I tell thee what yet may goe:

Nay but thou shalt stay too: I would my Sonne

Were in Arabia, and thy Tribe before him,

His good Sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Volumn. What then? He's made an end of thy posterity.

Volumn. Ballards, and all.

Good man, the Wounds that he does bear for Rome!

Volumn. Come, come, peace.

Sic. I would he had continued to his Country

As he began, and not vnitie himselfe.

The Noble knot he made.

Brut. I would he had.

Volumn. I would he had? Twas you inscent the table.

Cars, that can judge as fitly of his worth,

As I can of those Mysteries which heaven

Will not have earths to know.

Brut. Pray let's go.

Volumn. Now pray for get you gone,

You have done a brave deed; Ere you go, hear this:

As farre as doth the Capitol exceede

The meanest house in Rome; to fear my Sonne

This
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

This Ladies Husband here; this (do you see)
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bra. Well, well, wee I leave you.

Savin. Why stay we to be baided
With one that wants her Wits.

Volumn. Take my Prayers with you.
I would the Gods had nothing else to do,
But to confine my Confesst. Could I meete 'em
But once a day, it would vnloge my heart
Of what lies heavy too.

Athen. You have told them home,
And by my truth you have cause: you! Sup with me.

Volumn. Angers my Meate. I hope upon my selfe,
And so shall Shame with Fasting: Come, let's go,
I hate this faint-pulling, and idly as I go,
In Anger, I answer: Come, come, come.

Exit. Per fili, fili,

Enter a Roman, and a Voice.

Rom. I know you well fili, and you know me: your name I think is Adrian.

Voice. It is so fili, truly I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman, and my Services are as you are,
against 'em, know you me yet.


Rom. The same fili.

Volumn. You had more Beard when I last saw you, but your Favour is well appear'd by your Tongue. What's the News in Rome? I have a Note from the Volcan to finde you out there. You have well fared mee a day's Journey.

Rom. There has beene in Rome strange Insurrections: The people, against the Seniors, Patricians, and Nobles.

Volumn. Hath bin; is it ended then? Our State thinks not so, they are in most warlike preparation, & hope to com upon them, in the brane of this day's business.

Rom. The maine blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame againe. For the Nobles receiue to heart, the Banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a wise apsychie: to take all power from the people, and to place from them their Tribunes for ever. This blace glowing I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Volumn. Coriolanus Banished?

Rom. Banished fili.

Volumn. The day serves well for them now, I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a mans Wife, is when she's false with her Husband. Your Noble Taullus Ausonius well appeares well in theire Wars, his great Opposet Coriolanus being now in no request of his country.

Volumn. He cannot choose I am most fortunes thus accidentally to encounter you. You have seduced my Bifinefle, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall between this and Supper, tell you most strange things from Rome: all tending to the good of their Adversaries. Have you an Army ready fili you?

Volumn. Away? Get you away.

Coriol. The least I had a better entertainment, in being Coriolanus. Enter second Roman, the 1st meets him.

2d. Whence are you sir? Is't the Porter his eyes in his hearth, that he gives entrance to such Companions? Please you get out.

Coriol. Away.

2d. Away? Get you away.

Coriol. Now this trouble some.

2d. Are you to brate? Helace you talk with almond

Enter a second Roman.

3d. What Fellowship is this?

1st. A strange one as ever look'd don. I cannot get him out of this house; Pray thee tell my Master to him.

3d. Whateuer you do, for now fellow? Pray you avoid this house.

Coriol. Let me be Fain, I will not hurt your Harth.

3d. What are you?

Coriol. A Gentleman.

3d. A most villainous one.

Coriol. True, so I am.

3d. Pray you, there Gentleman, take up some other skilful.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Enter two of the Servant men.

Tis'try'd, then in a word, I also am
Longer to live most of veerie: and preferne
My throat to thee, and to thy Ancient Malice:
Which not to cut, would fede thee but a Fool.

Enter Coriolanus.

Chirp! In the Canopy, and in the Canopy?

Coriol. No, I hope not thy Matter.

Sibyl. How far? Do you meddle with my Matter?

Coriol. It's as an honest Servant, then to meddle with
thy Matters? Thou part it, and part it, part it with thy tren-
cher: hence.

Enter a Servant with the Servants.

Coriol. Where is this Fellow?

Enter the Seventh.

Thou hast a Grim appearance, and thy Face
Bears a Command in't: Though thy Tackle come,
Thou art a Noble Vellum. What's thy name?

Coriol. Prepare thy brow to brown me! What's thy name?

Sibyl. I know thee not. Thy Name?

Coriol. My name is Caius Marius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and call the Volscian,
Great hurt and Mischiefe: thereto witness may
My Surname Coriolan. The painfull Service,
The extreme Danger, and the dropses of Blood
Shed for my thankfull Country, are required:
But that with this Surname, a good memorie
And witness, the Malice and Displeasure,
Which thou shouldst have borne, only that name remains.
The Cruelty and Liney of the people,
Permitted by our dreadfull Nobles, who
Have all forbode me, hath deat it the rest:
And suffer'd thee to be of joyce of Slaves to be.
Hope's out of Rome. Now this extremity,
I hast brought me thy Harsh, not out of Hope
(My life to) to use my life: for I
In death's death, of all the Men in this World,
I would have would'd thee. But in more time.
To be full girt of thine my Brothers
Stand I before thee here: When thou hast had
A heart of revenge in thee, that wilt revenge
Those ownes particular wrongs, and stop those maines
Of thy fear: thro through thy Country, speed thee straight
And make my misery tenure thy turns: So visit,
That my revengeful Servants may prove
As Benefactors. For I will fight
Against my Comraille Country, with the Spicenn
Of all the Vnder Friends. But it to be,
Thou darst not this, and that to prove more Fortunes

Enter Men in the Canopy.

Here's a strange alteration?

1. By my hand, I had thought to have broken him with a cudgel and yet my mind gave me, his clothes made a false report of him.

2. What an Arme he has, he turn'd me about with his finger and his thumbs, as one would set up a Top.

3. Nay, I knew by his face that there was some thing in him. He had a kind of face that I could not tell
The Tragedy of Coriolanus.

cell how to tarne it.
1. He had fain looking as it were, would I were hang'd
2. But I thought there were more in him then I could think.
3. So did I, I'll be sworn: He's simply the most man
4. I'll ft your world.
5. I think he is, but a greater souldier then he.
You wot one.
6. Who my Master?
7. Nay, it's no matter for that.
8. Worth his on him.
9. Nay nor for than but it take him to be the greatest
Could do.

Faith noo you, one cannot tell how to say that for:
the Defence of a Towne, our Generall is excellent.
10. I and for an assault too.
Enter the third Senvmen.
11. Oh, Saches, I can tell you News. News you Raffels
13. I would not be a Roman of all Nations, I had as
live be a condemn'd man.
Beth. Wherefore? Wherefore?
14. Why here he's that was wont to thwacke our Generall,
Caesar Martius
15. Why do you say, thwacke out Generall?
16. I do not say thwacke out Generall, but he was al-
ways good mough for it.
17. Come we are fellows and friends: he was ever too
hard for him. There he then him maffo himselfe.
18. He was too hard for him directly. to play the Thoth
on't be before Coriolanus, he fouct him, and most him like a
Carabino.
19. And he had bin Cannibale glum, he might have
boyled and eaten him too.
But none of thy Neveurs.
20. Why he is for made on here within, as if he were
Son and Heire to Mars, set at upper end o'd Table. No
question ask him by any of the Senators, but they stand
bald before him. Our Generall himselfe makes a Milites
of him, Sanchifies himselfe with his hand, and turns vp the
white o' th' eye to his Discontent. But the bottome of the
News is, our Generall in our middle, but one halfe of
what he was yesterday. For the other he's halfe, by the
intreacy and grante of the whole Table. He'll go he
fayres, and hole the Porte of Rome Gates by they're.
He will move all downe before him, and haue his passage
past'd.
21. And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.
22. And he will do't, for look you sir, he has as many
Friends as Enemies which Friends as it were, duft
not (look you sir) they themselves (as we term it) his
Friends, which he's in Directitude.
23. Directitude? What's that?
24. But when they flie all for in, his Credit vp againe, and
the man in blood, they will out of their Bureoughes (like
Comites after Rainy) and well all with him.
25. But when goes this forward?
26. To morrow, to day, presently, you shall have the
Drum brooke vp this afternoon: 'Tis as it were a parcel
of their Fruit, and to be excit'd ere they wire their lips,
27. Why then we shall have a 10rning World againe:
This peace is nothing, but to ruff Ironscreafe Taylor,
and breed Ballad-makers.

The Worthy Tribunes.
1. Let me have Warre say I, it exceed peace as fai-
2. er as day do's night: it's finfly working, audible, and full
3. of Yeats. Peace, is a very Apothey, their un
4. des, sleep, intemible, a gette of more ballad. Chil-
5. dren, then warrs a deftroyer of men.
6. This, and as warrs in some Lor, may be saide
7. to be a Ruinthe, so it cannot be denied, but peace is a
8. great maker of Cuckolds.
9. I land if men hate one another.
10. Reason because they make no ends, one another.
The Warrs for my money. I hope to see Romans as
11. cheep se Volcianists. They are riving, they are riving.
12. Both. In, in, in, in.
13. Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius and Brutus.
Sicinius. weir not of him, neither need we feast him.
Hercules are tame, the present peace,
And quietness of the people, which before,
We're in wild heurry. Here do we make his Friends.
But, that the world goes well: which rather had,
Though they should suffer by'ts, behold
Different numbers pestling streets, then see
Our Tribunes going in them streets, and going.
About their Judgments friendly.

Enter Mess. Sicinius. Brutus. We fleed too: time's good, Is this Morning?
Sicinius. This he, this he: O he is grew up a kind of late.
Haille Sir.
Messe. Haille to you both.
Sicinius. Your Coriolanus is not much mut, but with his
Friends the Commonwealth doth stand, and the would
do, were they more angry at it.
Messe. All's well, and might have been much better,
If he could have temporiz'd.
Sicinius. What is he, hurry you.
Messe. Nay, he's nothing.
His Mother and his wife, have nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

All. The Gods prefer you both.
Sicinius. Godden our Neighbours.
Brutus. Godden to you all: goodmen to you all.
1. Our kinsmen, our wives, and children, in our laces,
Are bound to pray for you both.
Sicinius. Lie, and peace.
Brutus. Farewell kind Neighbours.
We wish Coriolanus had lived as we did.
All. Now the Gods keep you.
Brutus. Farewell, farewell.

Enter Citizens.

Sicinius. This is a happier and more comely state,
Then when these fellowes ran about the streets,
Crying Confiition.


A Worthy Officer. I thank you, but Insanius,
Overcome with Pride, Ambition and all thinking,
Self-lying.
Sicinius. And affecting one sole Throne, without affix
Messe, I thank not.
Sicinius. We should by this to all our Lamentation,
If he had gone forth Confi, found he so.
Brutus. The Gods have well presented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still, without him.

Enter all.

Sicinius. To all the Tribunes.
There is a Slave within we have put in Prifon,
Reports the Voles with two greatfull Powers.
Are entered in the Roman Territories,
And with the deepest misfits of the Warrs,
Defray, what lies before 'em.
Messe. This our Appeal,
Who hearing of our Starvings Distraction,

Thrusts forth his horses againe into the world
Which were In-started when Martius stood for Rome,
The Tragedie of Coriolanus

And durst not once peere out;  
Caius, Caius when you speake of Marcius.  

You want a present, which can, and cannot, be.  
The Voices dare not speak with vs,  
Men. Cannot be?  
We have read it, that very well it can,  
And three examples of the like have beene,  
Within my Age. But resolute is the fellow,  
Before you punish him, where he heard this,  
Lastly you shall chance to whip your information,  
And best the Messenger, who finds beware  
Of what is to be feared.  
Stein. Tell me: I know this cannot be.  
Brut. Not possible.  
Enter a Messenger.  
Men. The Noble of the great estate are going  
All to the Senate-house; some present comming  
That turns their Commissions.  
Stein. 'Tis this Senate:  
Go whip him for the peoples eyes: His railing,  
Nothing but his report.  
Men. Yes worthy Sir,  
The Senate report is recorded, and more  
More fearefull it deliver'd.  
Stein. What more fearefull?  
Men. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,  
How probable it doth know, that Marcius  
Loyd's with Auffidius, leads a power against Rome.  
And voices Reuenge as fassionable, as betweene,  
The yng & eldest thing,  
Stein. This is most likely,  
Brut. Rais'd d'anye, that the weather for may with  
Good Marcius home againe.  
Stein. The very tricke out,  
Men. This is unlikely,  
He, and Auffidius can no more storne  
Then violate it Contrary.  
Enter Caius Martius.  
Men. Oh you have made good works.  
Caius. What newes? What newes?  
To melt the City Ledes upon your passages.  
To see your Wives dishonord to your Noses.  
Men. What's the newest, What's the newes?  
Caius. Your Temples burn'd in their Ciment, and  
Your Franchises, whereon you flood confin'd  
Into an Augurs house,  
Stein. Pray now, your newes:  
You have made faire worke: I care not: pray your newes,  
If Marcius should be lown'd with Volcanus.  
If he is their God, he leads them like a thing  
Made by some other Deity then Nature,  
That shes man Better: and they follow him  
Against vs. Brats, with no enfeebled Confidence,  
Then Boyes purving Summer Butter liquor,  
O. Butchers killing Fyres,  
Men. You have made good worke,  
You and your Aproon men: you, that flood so much  
Upon the voys of occupation, and  
The breath of Garlick-eaters.  
Men. He'll make your Rome about your ears.  
Men. He had made all Frauds downe Metello Priest.  
Youth have made faire worke,  
Brut. But is this true for?  
Men. And you're looke pale.  
Before you find it other. All the Regions  
Do amplying Rentors, and who resists  
Are mock'd for valiant Ignorance,  
And persifft contam Foes, who is't can blaine him?  
Your Enemies and hatr, finde something in him,  
Men. We are all undone, yuleffe.

The Noble marshall mercy.  
Com. Who shall ask it?  
The Tribunes cannot doo't for shame: the people  
Defend such pity of him, as the Wolf.  
Doers of the Shepherds: For his bels, Friends, if they  
Should shew to be good to Rome, they charge them, comma.  
As hostes should do that had defended his hate.  
And therein shew'd like Enemies.  
Men. 'Tis true, if the were putting to my house, the brand  
That should continue it, I hate not the face  
To ly, beethx you caste. You have made faire hands.  
You and your Gratvs, you have crafted faire.  
Com. You have brought  
A Trembling upon Rome, such as was never  
Sineas pebesch of helpe.  
Tri. Say not, we brough't.  
Men. How? How? What, we? We lovd him,  
But the Beasts, and Cowardly Nobles,  
Gave way vs to your Clurists, who did hoose  
Him out of the City.  
Com. But I fear  
They're arise him in againe. Tuilli Auffidius.  
The second name of men, obeys his points  
As if he were his Officer. Depravation,  
In all the Policy, Strength, and Defence  
That Rome can make against them.  
Enter a Troup of Citizen.  
Men. Here come the Clurists.  
And is Auffidius with him? You are they  
That made the Aside snowbollome, when you caft  
Your thinking, greats Caps in hosting  
At Coriolanie Exile, Now he's comming.  
And not a slave upon a Sou'diers head  
Which will not prostitute, As many Coxcombes  
As they threw Caps vp, will he tumble downe,  
And pay you for your voyses, 'Tis no matire,  
If he could bear vs all into one caule,  
We have defend't it.  
Omer. Faith, we hear fearefull Newes.  
Caius. For mine own parte,  
When I said banish him, I said twas pitty.  

And so did I.  
And so did I: and to say the truth, so did very many of vs, that we did we did for the bell, and though we willingly confessed to his Banishment, yet it was against our will.  
Com. Y're goodly things, you Voyces.  
Men. You have made good worke  
You and your cry, Shall's to the Capitol?  
Com. Oh, what eile?  
Excuse me.  
Stein. Go Makctis get you home, be not dissaid,  
These are a Side, that would be glad to have  
This true, which they so fete to feare. Go home,  
And thow no signe of feare.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

1. Cor. The Gods be good to us: Come Mutter let's home, I fear we were th wrong, when we banished him.

2. Cor. So did we, But come, let's home. Exit Cor. Bru. I do not like this News.

Enter. Not 1. \[Brutus. Let's to the Capitol, would half my wealth Would buy this for a lyce.\]

Enter. Not 2. \[Brutus. Stay let's go.\]

Enter Antarbus with his Lieutenant.

Aes. Do they still fly to the Roman? \[Ant. I do not know what the people's in him.\]

Lici. You know not what the people's in him, but your soldiers vie him at the gate, and the people.

Theit talk at table, and their thanks as cold, and you are darkened in this action Sir, Burn by your owne.

And. I cannot help it now. \[Ant. Yet I will Sir, (I mean for you particular) you had not joyn'd in Comission with him; but either have borne The action of your fife, or else to him, he left it to foly.

And. I understand thee well, and be thou sure When he shall come to him, he knows not What he can urge against him, although it comes, And so he shanks, and is no less apparent To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly, And how he is good husband dry for the Vatican State, Fights Dragon-like, and does all in the same As doth his Sword, ye he hath undone That which fiend breaketh his neck, or hazard mine, Where ere we come to our account.

Lici. Sir, I believe you, think you he'll carry Rome? \[And. All places yields to him ere he is downe, And the Nobility of Rome are his. The Senators and Parricures lose him too: The Tribunes are no Soldiers, and their people Will be as rash in the pease, as hearty To expell him thence. I think he beel be to Rome As the Aispra to the Fin, who takes it By sovereignty of Nature. First, he was a Noble servant to them, but he could not Carry his Honors even: whether was Pridie Which out of daily Fortune euer rains The happy man; whether deere of judgement, To sake in the disposing of those chances Which he was Lord of; whether Nature, Nor take other then one thing, not mourning From his Care to his Cultivation but commanding peace Even with the same authority and garbe, As he controll'd the warre. But one of these (As he hath spares of them all) not all, For I dare to fave him, made him hard, So lather, and so bristled, but he's a Merit To much it in the vie time: So our Virtue, Lie in the interpretation of the time, And power it to self must commendable, Hath not a Tombe to euidy as a Chaire Fisstoll when it both done, One fire does out one fire; one Naile, one Naile; Rights by rights louter, strengths by strengths do fail.
The Tragedy of Coriolanus.

He was not taken well, he had not dined,
The Venus vnfilt, our blood is cold, and then
We poynt you on the Morning, are vnap.
To glos or to forgive, but when we have thins
Their Pipers, and these Countesse of our blood
With Wine and Feeding, we haue adplayers Seales
Then in our Priest-like Fashions, therefore Ile watch him
Till be be diered to my request,
And then Ile dier on him.

Bar. You know the very rode into his kindnesse,
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good fortune, that ye proue him,
Speed how it will. I shall ete long, have no alledge
Of my breakesse.

Com. Hewethere he is.

Stir. No.

Com. I tell you, he does it in Gold, his eye
Red as a Turkish burnes Rome: and his Insy
The Gater to his pitty. I kneel'd before him,
I was very faint he laid Rites down and diyed me
Thus with his speech the hand. Whate he would do
He lert in writing after it: what he would not,
Bound with an Oath to yeeld his conditions:
So that all hope is vain, vntelle his Noble Mother,
And his wife, (as I doe) I meant to solace him
For mercie to his Countey: therefore he's hence,
And with our fate intristers hait them on.

Exit.

Enter Stenius to the Prince or Gurnard.

War. Stay, wheres are you.

Gurnard, Stand, and go back.

Bar. You guard like men, its well. But by your leave,
I am an Officer of State, & come to speak with Coriolanus.

From whence?

Men. From Rome.

You may not passe, you must returne: our General
Will no more here from hence.
2 You'll hear your Rome embattell'd with fire, before
You'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my Friends,
If you have heard your General take of Rome,
And of his Friends there, it is Lott's to Blankets,
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Memnon,
Be it so, go back: the versets of your name,
Is not here paffable.

Men. I tell thee Fellow,
The Generall is my Lover: I have borne
The books of his good AEs, whence men have read
His Fame vnpo'telld, happily amplified:
For I have earl'd my Friends,
(Of whom he's cheere') with all the fines that vertisy
Would not with lapling suffer: Nay, sometimes,
Like to a Boulie upon a subtle ground
I haue tumbl'd past the throw; and in his praise
Have (almo't) lapp'd the Leaflinge. Therefore Fellow,
I must have legue to pace.

1 Faithful, if you had told as many lies in his behalfe,
as you have vterted words in yours ownes, you shold not passe here: no, though it were as vertuous to dye, as to live chauffer. Therefore go backe.

Mem. Prince fellow: remember my name is Memnon,
Always ready for the party of your Generall.

How foureary you have bin his Lier, as you say you have, I am one that telling true under him, must say you cannot passe. Therefore go backe.

Mem. He's he dierd can't thorough me: For I would not
speak with him, till after dinner.

1 You are a Roman, are you?
not from another: Let your General do his worke. For you, see that you are long; and your mistery enceste with your age. I sry to you, as I sryd to, Away. Exit.

A Noble Fellow charg'd him.

The worthy Fellow is our General; He's the Rock, The Oak, not to be winde-shaken. Exit Corin.

Corin. We will to the walls of Rome to narrow Set downe our Host. My partner in this Action, You must report to the Valiant Lords, how plainly I have borne this Business.

A. Only they shall you have respected, Stopt your ears against the general reuse of Rome: Never admittid a privit whisper, nor not with such friends That thought them fure of you.

Corin. This last act the Man, Whom with a crack'd heart I sent to Rome, Lou'd not, about the measure of a Father, Nay godded me indeed. Their latest refuge Was to send him: for whole old Louis I have (Though I shew'd more to him) once more offer'd The last Conditions which they desired; And cannot now accept, to grace him, That thought he could do more: A very little These yielded to, First Embassies, and Suites, Not from the State, nor private friends there: Will I lend ear to; To what end is this? Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow In the same time 'tis made, will I not.

Corin. This is Virgils, Johnnias, Valerias, sung Martius, with Aeneas.

My wife comes formost, then the honourd mould Wherein this Trunk was fram'd, and in her hand The Grandchild to her blood, But our effect on, All bond and privilege of Nature breaks;

Let the Venetians be Offistate. What is that Certifie worth? Or these Duties eyes, Which can make Gods forsworne? I sry, and am not

Of hunger earth then others: my Mother bowes, As olympus to a Moile hill shold.

In prosecution Nad and my young Boy

Hath an Aspet of intersection, which

Great Nature cries, Deny not, Let the Voices Plough Rome, and narrow Italy, He sry

Be such a Soverain to obey Injustice; but stand

And if a man were a Author of himself, &e know no other kin

Virgils My Lord and Husband.

Corin. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Virg. The sorrow that delivers us no changed, Makes you think for.

Corin. Like a Dell! A Dell now; I hate forgot my part, And I am out, even to a full Dignity. Best of my Friends, Forgive my Tyranny: but do not say, For that forgive our Romans. O a knife Long as my Exile, sweet as my Revenge! Now by the lesseons Queene of Heavens, that kisse I carrid from thee dearte, and my true Lippes

Hath Virgil's it cre face. You God, I pray,

And the most noble Mother of the world

Leane violente: Smite my kneel with thy earth,

Of thy deep crue, more impressive thou

Then that of common Sonoines.

Pol. Or stand up blest!

Whil't I with no suffer CuthIon then the Flint

I kneel before thee, and inproperly

Shew duty as mitaken, all this while,

Kneels.

Corin. What's this! your knees to me? To your Corrected Some?

Pol. Then let the Publick on the hungry beach

Fill up the Stares: Then, let the mutinous winde

Strike the proud Cedars' gainst the fiery Sun:

Mundring Impossible to make

What cannot be, flight works:

Pol. Thou art my Warroir, I hope to frame thee:

Do you know this Lady?

Corin. The Goddes of Soldiers:

With the content of suprime Lune, informe

My thoughts with Nebigenes, that thou mayst prove

To flame wunderable, and sticke th' Worries

Like a great Sea make standing every flaye,

Lest thou thee out that eye there.

Pol. Your knee, Sirah.

Corin. That's my brave Boy,

Pol. Then he, your wife, this Lady, and my self,

Are Sutors to you.

Corin. I beseech you peace!

Or if you ask, remember this before;

The thing I have forsworne to graine, may never

Be held by you denied. Do not bid me

Dismiss my Soldiers, or capitulate

Against our Neigbour, or enemie:

Wherein I tarne a general, Deive not call me

My Ropes and Reunions, with your colder reason;

Pol. 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 take,

That if you fail in our request, the blame

May lying upon your hardnesse, therefore hear us.

Corin. Antidids, and you Voices marke, for we'll

Hear no more from Rome in private. Your request?

Pol. Should we be silent & not speak, our Raiment

And face of Bodies would bewray what life

We have lost since thy Exile. Think with thy selfe,

How much more infortune all lying women

Are we come hither: since that thy flight, which should

Make our eyes flow with joy; hearts dance with comforts,

Constrains them weep, and shewe with fear & sorrow,

Making the Mother, wife, and Child in thee,

The Sonne, the Husband, and the Father seeing

His Countries decay on; and to puree we

Thine enmixies most capital: Thou canst tell vs

Our prayers to the Gods, which is a comfort

That all but we enjoy. For how can we?

Alas how can we, for our Country pray?

Where to we are bound, together with thy victory's

Where to we are bound: Alas, we must looke

The Country our deere Nurfe, or else thy perfom

Our comfort in the Country. We must finde

An evident Calamity, though we had

Our wish, which fate should win. For either thou

Must as a ForraineReceipt be led

With Miracles through our streets, or else

Triumphantly create on thy Countries ruine,
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

And beare the Palme, for hating brayely stid
Thy Wife and Childrens blood: For my selfe, Sonne,
I purpose not to waite on Fortune, till
These waures determine: If I cannot peruse thee,
Rush to the wylde and wronge those parts,
Then doe the end of ooure; when first shall no sooner
March to affright thy Country, than to tredde
(True too, thou shalt not) on thy mothers wombe
That brought thee to this world.

Verg. I am mine, that brought you forth this boy,
To keep your name living to time.

To, A bell not tredd on me: I goe away,
Till I am bigger, but then let fight.

Corin. Not of a womanes tenderesse to be,
Requires not Childes, not womenes face to see:
I have fare too long.

Fulen. Nay, go not from vs thus:
Let me ask, that our request did tend
To use the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Voices whom you ferre, you might commend vs
As poysonous of your Honour. No, our base
Is that you rencounter them: While the Voices
May say, this mercy we have show'd the Romans,
This we receiv'd, and each in either side.
Give the All-hale to thee, and cry Be lost
For making vp this peace. Thou knowst it (great Sonne)
The end of waures uncertain: but this certain,
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby seape, is such a name
Whole reputation will be dog'd with Curfes:
Whole Chronicle thus writ, the man was Noble,
But with his left Attemp, he wip'd it out:
Deftoy'd his Country, and his name remains
To thunfeeing Age, aborda'd. Speak to me Son.
Thou hast afflicted the fine Brains of Honore,
To imitate the graces of the Gods
To teare with Thunder the wide Cheeks a'h Ayre,
And yet to change thy Sulphure with a Boute
That should but raise an Oakle. Why do'st not speake?
Thinkst thou it Honorable for a Nobleman
Still to remember wrongs? Daughters, speake you:
He cares not for your weeping, speake thou Boy,
Perhaps thy childrenesse will move him more
Then can our Reasons. There's no man in the world
More bound to his Mother, yet hence he let's me prate
Like one at Stockes. Thou hast never in thy life
Sown'd thy deere Mother any currend,
When the poore Hero fond of so small brood,
Has cliv'd thee to the waures: and safelde home
Loden with Honor. Say my Requests visitt,
And spare me backe: But if it be not to
Thou art not honest, and the Gods will please thee
That thou restrain't from me the Duty, which
To a Moother part belongeth. He turns away
Down Ladiess: & shame him with him without knees
To his fun-name Coriolanus longs more pride
Then pity to our Prayers. Downe: an end,
This is the last. So, we will home to Rome,
And dye among our Neighbours: Nay, behold's,
This Boy that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneelles, and holds vp hands for fellowship,
Doe's reason our Petition with more strength
Then shou'd half to deny. Come, let vs go:
This Fellow had a Volcan to his Mother:
His Wife is in Coriolas, and his Child
Like him by chance: yet goe vs our dispatch:

I am bosome till our City be safe, & then Ile speake a little
Hold her by the hond, thou slave.

Corin. O Mother, Mother!
What have you done? Behold, the Heavens do ope,
The Gods looke down, and this unnatural Scene
They laugh at. Oh my Mother, Mother: Oh!
You have wonne a happy Victory to Rome,
But for your Sonne, believe it. Oh believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him perswaid,
If not most mortallly: But let it come
Accession, though I cannot make true Waure,
Ye frame convenience desire. Now good Accession,
Were you in my stead, would you have heard
A Mother call'd or granted leafe Accession?

Aft. I was moost withall.

Corin. I dare be sworn you were:
And for, it is no little thing to make
Mne eyes to sweep compassion. But (good sort)
What piece you'raw make, advise me: For my part,
He to Rome, I heare of you, and pray you
Stand to me in this crisi, Oh Moother Wife
Aft. I am glad thou haft fer thy mercy, & thy Honor
At difference in thee; Out of that ile workes
My selfe a former Fortune.

Corin. I by and by; But we will drinke together:
And you shall bear
A better wasse backe than words, which we
On like conditions, will have Countes-undertak.
Come enter with vs: Ladies you defere
To have a Temple build you: All the Swords
In Italy, and her Conquerate Armes
Could not haue made this peace.

Enter Messer and Senators.

Mess. See you not Coin's Capitol, you'd corner
Sten. Why what of that?
Mess. If it be possible for you to displaite it with your
little finger, there is some hope the Ladies of Rome, espe-
cially his Mother, may persuade with him. But I say, there
is no hope't; our threats are fentenced, and they vpon
execution.
Sten. It's possible, that so short a time can alter the
condition of a man.
Mess. There is difference between a Grub & a But-
terfly, yet your Butterfly was a Grub: this Mother, is
grown from Man to Dragon: He has wings, he's more
then a creeping thing.
Sten. He loves his Mother dearly.
Mess. So did he mee; and hene no more remembers his
Mother now then an eighte yeares old houfe. This tis-
taffle of his face, forres ripes Grapes. When he walkes, he
moues like an Engine, and the ground shaketh before his
Traying. He is able to pierce a Coffen with his eye, T老龄
like a hound, and he burnes is a Batterie. He fits in his State,
as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids bee done
is finisht with his bidding. He wants nothing of a God but
Eternity, and a Heauen to Thron in.

Sten. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Mess. I paint him in the Character. Mark what mercy
his Mother shall bring from him: There is no more mercy
in him, then there is milk in a male Tyger, that
shall our poor City finde; and this is long of you.
Sten. The Gods be good vnto vs.

Mess. No, in such a case the Gods will not bee good
unto us. When we have done with him, we respecte not them:
and he returning to breake our necks, they respecte not us.

Enter a Messifier.
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

We must proceed as we do finde the People.

1. Cons. The People will remaine victorius, whilist I stay you there's difference: but the fall of either makes the Survivor byre of all.

Aux. I know it:

And my present to strike at him, admits
A good construction. I trait'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine Honor for his truth; who being so heighten'd,
He warr'd his new Plant with dews of Flattery,
Seducing to my Friends, and to this end,
He bore his Nature, never knowne before;
But to be rough, unwaytable, and free,

2. Cons. Sir, his Beutie stee.

When he did stand for Coriollus, which he lost
By lacke of Aspoing.

Aux. That I would have spoket:

Being banished, he came into my Harth,
Prentend'd to my knife his Throat: I took him,
Made him loose the rage of my decay.
The Sunne, for recouer of your thrones,

3. Cons. Almost as point to enter.

Aux. Sir, we have all great cause to give great thanks.

4. Cons. Weet meet them, and holpe the Enter.

Sen. Behold our Patrons, the life of Rome:

Call all your Tribes together, praise the Gods,
And make triumphant fires, flame Flowers before them:

vee the noble that Vanish'd Aterius;

Repels him, with the welcome of his Mother:

Enter Welcome Ladies, welcome.

All. Welcome Ladies, welcome.

Enter Tribun's & Affidains with Attendants.

Enter Tribun & Affidains with Attendants.

Deliver them this Paper, shewing read it.

Bid them repayre to Westminster place, where I

Even in them, and in the Commons ears

Will vouch the truth of him. I accuse:

The City Ports by this hath enter'd, and

Intend appear before the People, hoping

To purge himselfe with words. Dispatch.

Enter 3 or 4 confidants of Affidains faction.

Mood Welcome.

Mood Welcome.

1. Cons. How is it with our Generall?

Aux. Even so, as with a man by his owne Alme's im-

pay'd, and with his Charity fitter.

2. Cons. Mood Noble Sir, if you doe holde the same intent

Wherin you woulde vs parties: We will declare you

Of your great danger.

Aux. Sir, I cannot tell,
The Tragedie of Coriolanus.

Cæs. Hail, Lords, I am return'd your Soldier: No more infected with my Country's sole Than when I parted hence but still habituating Vnder your great Command: You see to know, That happily I have attaqued, and With bloody passage led your Wares, even to The gates of Rome: Our Spoiles we have brought home, Both more than counterpoize a full third part The charges of the Action: We have made peace With no less Honour to the Antiquities Than shame to th'Romains: And we here deliver Subscribed by Caesar, Confabs, and Patricians, Together with the Seal a' th' Senator, what We have compounded on.

Cæs. Read it not Noble Lords, But tell the Traitor in the highest degree He hath abused your Powers.

Cæs. Traitor? How now?

Anf. I Traitor, Martius.

Cæs. Martius?

Anf. I Martius, Cæsar Martius: Do thou thinke 
He grace tile with that Robbery, they holme name Coriolanus in Cori et? 
You Lords and Heads a' th' State, peradventure 
He ha's brassy'd you businesse, and given vp 
For certaine drops of Salt, your City Rome: 
I say your City to his Wife and Mother, 
Breaking his Oaths and Resolution, like 
A twist of rotten Silke, never admitting 
Confabule a' th' ware: But at his Nurse's tears 
He whin'd and roar'd away your Victory, 
That Pages blufh'd at him, and men of heart 
Look'd wonderfull each at other.

Cæs. Heath'ly thou Mer?

Anf. Name not the God, thou boy of Teares. 
Cæs. He?

Anf. No more.

Cæs. Measureless Lyar, thou hast made my heart 
Too great for what contains it: Boy! Oi Slave, 
Pardon me Lords, 'tis the first time that ever I was forc'd to confess. Your judgments my great Lords Must give this Cæsar the Lyre: and his owne Notion, 
Who weares my stripes impript upon him, that Must bear my beating to his Graue, shall bine 
To thrull the Lyre unto him.

1 Lord. Peace both, and hear me speake. 
Cæs. Come to peace, Volces men and lads, 
Staine all your edges on me. Boy, fell Hound: 
If you have wit your Anneles true, 'tis there, 
That like an Eagle in a Dole-coat, I

Anf. flatter'd your Volcanis in Cori et.

Cæs. Alone I did it, Boy. 
Anf. Why Noble Lords, 
Will you be put in minde of his blinde Fortune, 
Which was your shame, by this unholy Braggart? 
For your owne eyes, and cares?

Anf. Cæs. Let him dye for't.

Cæs. All People. Tease him to pieces, do it presently. 
He killed my Sonne, my daughter, he killed my Conife 
Marius, he killed my Father.

3 Lord. Peace ho! no courage, peace: 
The man is Noble, and his Fame falls in 
This Orbe o' th' earth: His last offenses to us 
Shall haue Indecent hearing. Stand Auffidius, 
And trouble not the peace.

Cæs. O that I had him, with six Auffidius, or more: 
His Tribe, to vie my lawfull Sword.

Anf. Infolent Villaine.

Draw both the Conspirators, and kille Marius, who 
faileth, Auffidius stand on him.

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Anf. My Noble Masters, hear 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 Swoods.

Anf. My Lords, 
When you shall know (as in this Rage 
Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger 
Which this man did owne you, you'll rejoyce 
That he is thus cut off. Please it your Honours 
To call me to your Senate, I'll deliver, 
My felic my loyal Servant, or endure 
Your harshest Condemn.

1 Lord. Beare from hence his body, 
And mourn for him. Let him be regard'd 
As the most Noble Corne, that ever Herald 
Did follow to his Vtie.

2 Lord. His owne impatience, 
Takes from Auffidius a great part of blame: 
Let's make the Bell oft.

Anf. My Rage is gone, 
And I am druке with sorrow. Take him vp: 
Help the e's th' cheefe Souldiers, ile be one, 
Beate thou the Drummeth that it speake meeoff: 
Traile thy fleette Pikes. Though in this City hee 
Hath widowerd and vschilled many a one, 
Which to this hour bewail the Injuries, 
Yet he shall haue a Noble Memory. Affit.

Exeunt bearing the Body of Martius. Affit.

FINIS.
The Lamentable Tragedy of Titus Andronicus.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Flourish. Enter the Tribunes and Senators left. And then enter Saturninus and his Followers at one door, and Babinus and his Followers at the other, with Drum & Colours.

Saturninus,
Oble Patricians, Patrons of my Right, Defend the honour of my Cause with Arms. And Countrymen, my loving Followers, Please your Successive Title with your Swords.

I was the first born Sonne, that was the last That wore the Imperiall Diadem of Rome: Then let my Fathers Honours live in me, Nor wrong mine Age with this indignity.

Babinus, Romans, Friends, Followers, Fanourers of my Right:
If you Babinus, Coffers Sonne, Were gracious in the eyes of Rebell Rome, Keep then this puglaise to the Capitol: And suffer not dishonour to approach Th'Imperiall Seat to Verity: confecrate To Justice, Continence, and Nobility: But let Defeat in pure Election shine. And Romans, fight for Freedom in your Choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus alse with the Crowne.

Princes, that issue by factions, and by Friends, Ambitiously for Rule and Empery:
Know, that the people of Rome for whom we stand A speciall Party, haste by Common voice
In Election for the Roman Empire
Chosen Andronicus, Sir-named Babinus,
For many good and great defeats to Rome.

A Noble man, a brave Warrior,
Lives not this day within the City Walls.

He by the Senate is accosted. Home:
From very Warses against the Barbarous Gothers,
That with his Sonnes (terror to our Foes)
Hath yeald a Nation strong, train'd vp in Armes.

Ten years are spent, since first he undertooke
This Cause of Rome, and chastised with Armes
Our Enemies pride. Five times he hath return'd Bleeding to Rome; bearing his Valiant Sonnes
In Coffins from the Field.

And now at last, laden with Honours Spoyles,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Reserved Titus, flourish in Armes.

Let vs intrest, by Honour of his Name,
Whom (worthy) you would have now succeede,
And in the Capitol and Senate right,
Whom you pretend to Honour and Adore,
That you withdrew you, and shate your Strength,
Dissimile your Followers, and as Sutes should,
Please your Delets in Peace and Humbleneffe.

Saturninus, How say the Tribunes speakes,
To calm my thoughts.

Babinus. Marcus Andronicus, so I do assie
In thy vertue and Integrity:
And so I loue and Honor thee, and thine,
The Noble Brother Titus, and his Sonnes,
And Her (to whom my thoughts are humbled all)
Gracious Lomia, Roman rich Ornament,
That I will here dissimile my loving Friends:
And to my Fortunes, and the Peoples Favours,
Commit my Cause in balance to be weigh'd.

Exeunt

Saturninus, Friends, that have beene
Thus forward to my Right.
I thank you all, and hence Dissimile you all,
And to the Loue and Favours of my Countrye.
Commit my Selfe, my Person, and the Cause:
Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kindle to thee.
Open the Gates, and I'll be in.

Babinus. Tribunes, and me, a Poor Competitor.
Flourish. They goe up into the Senate house.

Enter a Captain.

Cap. Romans make way: the good Andronicus,
Patron of Virtue, Rome's best Champion,
Successefull in the Battallles 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 Trumpets: And then enter two of Titus Sonnes,
After them, two men bearing a Coffin covered with blackes, then two other Sonnes. After them, Titus Andronicus, and his Tamara the Queens of Gothet, also two Sonnes Chiron and Demetrius, with a Person the Advers, and others, as many as can be. They set downe the Coffin, and Titus speaks.

The Tragedy of Titus Andronicus.

I see at the Bark that hath discharged his fraught,
Returns with precious loading to the Bay,
From whence at first the weight did her Anchorage:
Commeth Andromachus bound with Lawrell bowes,
To salute his Country with his tears.

Tears of true joy for his return to Rome,
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Standing gracious to the Right that we intend.
Romanies, a full and twenty Valiant Sonnes,
Half of the number that King Romus had.

Behold the power of their last home,
With burial amongst their Ancestral.
Here Gothes have given me Leaue to smeth my Sword:
Then take it, and take it of thine own.

Why set it in the bloody and avenged yet.
To humour on the dreadful flower of Stik?
Make way to lay them by their Brethren.

When they saw the Temple.
There grieve in silence as the dead are wont:
And sleep in peace, blame in your Countries wars;
Of rav'd and recep'd of my joyes,
Sweet Cell of vertue and Noblesse.
How many Sonnes of mine hath thou in hope;
That those will never render to me more?

Lu. Give me the proudst prisoner of the Gothes,
That we may hew his bones, and on a pule
All manner serviles sacrifice his flesh:
Before this earthly prison of their bones.
That so the shadows be not vanisht,
Nor we disturb'd with prodiges on earth.

Tit. I gave him you, the Nobility that surviv'd,
The eldest Son of this distrest Queen.
Stay Romanies Beethen, gracious Conquerors,
Victorious Titus, rise the tears I shed,
A Mother's tears in passion for her Sonne;
And if thy Sonnes were ever deere to thee,
Oh think of mine Sonne to be as deere to mee.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome.
To beautifie thy Triumph, and returne
Captive on thee, and thy Romanie yoke.
But must thy Sonnes be slaughter'd in the streets,
For Valiant doings in their Countries cause?
O ff to fight for King and Common-wealth,
Went pity in thine, is it in thine:
And Andromachus, and the Treasure Rome with blood.
Which those shall see the nature of the Gods?
Draw nearer then in being mercifull,
Sweet mercy is Nobilities true badge.
Thrice Noble Titus, spare my first born Sonne.

Tit. Patience, your Father Madam, and pardon me.
These are the Brethern, whom you Gothes beheld
Alive and dead, and for their Brethren slain,
Religionly they ask a sacrifice:
To this your Sonne is mock'd, and die he must,
Tappeth their groaning shadows that are gone.
Luc. Away with him, and make a fire bright,
And with our Swords upon a pile of wood,
Let's hear the last thymes till they be clean consum'd.

Exits Sonnes with Alarbus.

TAM. O cruel, unchristian piety,
Chi. Was ever Seythia half so barous a
BEN. Oppose me Seythia to ambitious Rome,
What should I then this robe, and trouble you, 
Be chained with proclamations to day, 
To borrow ye such rule, receive my life, 
And set abred new buthistes for you all. 
Rome I am like by thy Soul, that forty yeares, 
And my Countrye, strength, successe, 
And buried them twelue Velleius Sones, 
Knighthed in field, done manfully in Armes, 
In sight and Service of their Noble Country: 
Gave me a staffe of Honour for mine age. 
But not a sceptre to control the world, 
Vnright he held it, Lord, that held it fast, 

Saw. Thankes Noble Time, Father of my life, 
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts. 
Vntill that the leg of Yspeakable Defer, 
Romans forget your Feciel to me. 

Tri. Now Madam are you prisoner to an Emperour, 
To him that for you Honour and your State, 
Will you we Nobly and your followers, 
A grandly Lady, trust me of the Hue, 
That I would devise, were I to devise a new. 

Cleare vp faire Queene that cloudy countenence, 
Though chance of warr

Hath wrought this change of warr, 
I thou com to be made a famine in Rome; 
Princely shall be thy stage every way. 
Rest on my word, and let not discontent, 
Daunt all your hopes: Madam he comforts you, 
Can make your Greater then the Queene of Gerges? 

Luc. Not I my Lord, is true Nobility, 
Warrant these words in Princely encrene. 

Saw. Thankes sweete Lucretia, Romanice vs goe: 
Ranfoulleth hence we set our Prisoners free. 
Proclaime our Honors Lords with Triumphe and Drum. 
Bass. Lord Time by your leaves, this Maid is mine. 
Tri. How fit are you in earnest then my Lord? 
Bass. I Noble Time, and restud 8 withall, 
To doe my feate this reason, and this right. 

Saw. Summorum, is our Roman Justice, 
This Prince in Justice caneth but his owne. 
Luc. And that he will and shall, if Lucius live. 

Tri. Trayers assaut, where is the Empourers Guard? 
Treson my Lord, Lucretia is surpris'd. 

Saw. Surpris'd, by whom? 
Bass. By him that unjustly may 
Beare his Brother, from all the world away. 
Murt. Brothers helpe to conveye her hence away, 
And with my Sword he keeps this doore faste. 
Tri. Follow my Lord, and he woulde bring her backe, 
Murt. My Lord you passe not hence. 
Tri. What villain Boy, be't me my way in Rome? 
Murt. Help Lucius helpe. 
He killeth him. 

Luc. My Lord you are vnjust, and more then, 
In wrongfull quarrel, you have blaming your face. 
Tri. Nor thou, nor he are any foyntes of mine, 
My Sones would die for to distinguish me. 
Trayer reft Lucius to the Empourer. 
Luc. Dead if you will, but not to be his wife, 
That is another lawfull promitt Lucus.

Enter astro, the Empourer with Tamora and her two sons, and Aaron the Mover.

Empe. No Time, no, the Empourer needs her not, 
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy slyces; 
Ilke truif by Leisur him that mocks me once. 
Thee never, nor thy Trayerous haughty foyntes, 
Confederates all, that to distinguish me. 
Was none in Rome to make a Halle 
But Saturene? Fall well Andronicus. 
Agree these foyntes, with that proud bragge of childe, 
That said'A. I beg't the Empourer at thy hands. 

Tri. O monstrosity, what reproachful words are these? 
Saw. But goe thy wyes, goe giue that chaffing peace. 
To him that promisses for her with his Sword: 
A Vallyant fone in law thou that enjoyes; 
One, fit to bandy with thy Lawfelf Sonnes.
The Tragedy of Titus Andronicus.

Title Page

Touffle in the Commonwealth of Rome.

1. These words are Rasrs to my wounded hart.
2. And therefore, Dolously, Tituss, Queene of Goethes, That like the fairest lilies among the Nymphs, Dost ever shine the Gallantst Dames of Rome, If thou be pleas'd with this my fauande choise, Behold, I choose thee Tituss for my Bride, And will Cresse thee Empresse of Rome.
3. Speake Queene of Goethes dost thou appeard my choise? And here I swears by all the Romainse Gods, Sith Priest and Holy-water are to recee, And Tituss borne to Bright, and every thing, In readines for Hymenau's hand, I will not returne the streets of Rome, Or clime my Palace, fell from forth this place, I hape eld out my bride along with me, Time, and here in Eight of heaven to Rome I swears, If Sevastien advance the Queane of Goethes, She will a hand-maid be to his desires, A loving Nurse, a Mother to his youth.
4. Amen. And faire Queene, Panthes Lords, accompany Your Noble Emperor and his lovely Bride, Send by the lieutenants for Prince Serinna, The Whole rich some having Fortune Conquered, There shall we Confess our Spousal rights, If Sevastien advance the Queane of Goethes, She will a hand-maid be to his desires, A loving Nurse, a Mother to his youth.
5. Amen. I am not bid to write upon this Bride, Time when we're thou was to walk alone, Dishonoured thus and Challenge of wrongs?

Enter Marcus and Tituss Sonus.

6. O Tituss! O Tituss! O Tituss! Look what thou hast done! In such a quarrel, shine a Vertuous tower.
7. Tis. No foolish Tributary, no! No faire of mine, Not thou, not these Confereates in the deed, That hath dishonoured all our Family, Vaworthy brother, and vnworthy Sonnes.
8. Les. But vs give him burthal at becomes.
9. Gis. My name forbids our Brethren.
10. Tis. Traitors away, he's still not in this Tombe.
11. This Monument, when richinde years hath flood, Which I have wasd and re-edified.
12. Heere none but Boldens, and Rome, Sena'tors, Repose in Fane: None safely shine in braves, Buried him where you can, he comes not here.
13. Mar. My Lord, this is impety in you, My Nephew Marcus doth des, need for him, He must be buried with his brethren.
15. And shall, or him we will accompany.
16. Tis. And shall! What villain was it, to make that word? Thus some speakers.
17. He that would vouch in any place but here.
18. Tis. What would you bury him in my delight?
19. Mar. No Noble Tituss but interest of thee.
20. To pardon Marcus, and to bury him.
21. Mar. Marcus, even thou byt stroke upon my Conti, And with these Boyes mine Honour thou hast wounded, My foes I do rebate you every one.
22. So trouble me no more, but get you gone. Sonnus. He is rash in his selfe, let vs withdraw.
24. Tis. Thing and the Sonnes, beggers.
25. Mar. Brother, for in this name doth nature pleas'd,
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus

Were gracious in those Princely eyes of thine,
Then heare me speake indifferently for all:
And at my fute (sweet) pardon what is past.
Say, What Madam, be dishonoure openly,
And batly put it vp without revenge?
TAM. Not to my Lord,
The Gods of Rome for-fend,
I should be Author to dishonoure.
But on mine honour I, I understand
For good Lord Titus innocence in all:
Whole fury not dissembl'd speaks his griefs:
Then at my fute looke gravely on him,
Looke not so noble a friend on waine suppose,
Nor with fowre looks affright his gentle heart,
My Lord, behold me, be wonne at it,
Difsemble all your griefes and discontentes,
You are but newly planted in your throne,
Least then the people, and Patriots too,
Upon a just suruey take Titus part,
And so suspant and tempering grace,
Which Rome repents to be a hainous sinne.
Yield as interest, and then let me alone:
He finde a day to afffect them all,
And see their faction, and their familie;
The cruel Euther, and his traitorous froome,
To whom I used for my deare fones life.
And make them know what's to let a Queene,
Kneele in the streets, and beg for grace in vain.
Come, come, sweet Emperour, (come Andronicus)
Take vp this good old man, and cheere the heart,
That dies in trempht of thy angry frowne.

King. Rise Titus, rise,
My Emperours hath prussed.

TAM. I thank you, my Maistrie,
And heer my Lord.
These words, these looks,
Infuse new life in me.
TAM. Titus, I am incorporata in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must afffect the Emperour for his good.
This day all quarrels die Andronicus,
And let it be mine honour good my Lord,
That I have reconciled your friends and you:
For you Prince Rustion, I have paid
My word and promisse to the Emperour,
That you will be more milde and tractable.
And feare not Lords:
And you Lausania,
By my aduise all humbled on your knees,
You shall take pardon of his Maiestie,
Sec. We doe,
And bow to heaven, and to his Highnes,
That what we did, was mildly, as we might,
Tending our firstes hounour and owne.

Mer. That on my honours here I do protest.
King. A way, and take not, trouble vs more.

Sweet Emperour, we must all be friends,
The Tribun and his Nephews kneele for grace,
I will not be denied, sweet heart looke back.

King. MARCA.
For thy sake and thy brothers here,
And as my loving Timour's interest,
I doe remit these young mens hyainous faults.
Stand vp: Lausania, though you left me like a churlie,
I found a friend, and fue as death I swore,
I would not part a Batchellour from the Fire.
Come, the Emperours Court can feast two Brides,
You are my guest Lausania, and your friends:
This day shall be a Loene-day tomorrow.
Tur. Tomorrow and it please your Majestie,
To hunt the Pounter and the Hart with me,
With horse and hound,
Weele give your Grace Beaues.

Sater. Be it to Timour, and Gramercy to. Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Flourish. Enter Aaron alone.

AARON. Now climbst thou, Tamora Olympian toppe,
Safe out of Fortunes frown, and ills aloft,
Secure of Thunders cracke or lightning flat.
Advanc'd about pale eneues threatening reach.
As when the golden Sunne fulteres the moone,
And hauing girt the Ocean with his beames,
Gallopes the Zodiacke in his glittering coach,
And one looks the highest piercing hills.
So Tamora:
Upon her wit doth earthly honour waite,
And vertue floopes and trembles at her frown.
Then Aaron arm thy hart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy Emperall Miftris,
And mount her pitch, whose thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fettered in amorous chibes,
And badder bound to Aaron charming eyes,
Then is Promeath'i steed to Ganias.
Away with riball weedes, and idle thoughts,
I will be bright and shine in Peace and Gold.
To waite upon this new made Emperer.
To waite said it To wanton with this Queene,
This Goddesse, this Semiramis, this Queene,
This Syren, that will charme Rome with her song,
And see his shipwrecke, and his Common weale.
Hello, what forme is this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius bearing.

DEM. Chiron thy yeares want wis, why thy want edge
And manners to intend where I am gread;
And may for ought thou know't affected be.

CH. Demetrius, thou don't ouer-weare in all,
And so in this, to bear me downe with braves,
Tis not the difference of a yeare or two
Makes me little gracious, or thee more fortunate:
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
To fence, and to defend my Miftris grace,
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lausania's love.

AARON. Chirbe, chirs, these lovers will not keep the peace.

DEM. Why Boy, although our mother (made of) fool
Gave you a dashing Rapiere by your side,
Are you so desperate growne to threat your friends?
Go on: have your Lath glided within your fathet,
Till you know better how to handle it.

CH. Meane while swit, with the little skill I have,
Full well know what persue too much I dare.

DEM. I Boy, grow ye so brave,
They draw.

AARON. Why now Lords?
So near the Emperours Palace dare you draw.

And
And maintain such a quarrel openly?  
Full well I woe, the ground of all this grudge.  
I would not for a million of Gold,  
The cause were known to them it most concerns.  
Nor would your noble mother for much more  
Be so dishonour'd in the Court of Rome:  
For shame put vp.  

Dem. Not I, till I have restitution  
My sapience in his bosom, and withall  
Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat,  
That he might breathe in my dishonour here.  
Chi. For that I am prepar'd, and full resolv'd,  
Poulpe spoketh Coward,  
That thousand with thy tongue,  
And with thy weapon nothing dares perform.  
Arms. A way I say.  

Now by the Gods that walk and Gothes adore  
This pretty brawl will end in all:  
Why Lords, and think ye not how dangerous  
It is to set upon a Princess's sight:  
What is Lavinia then become so loose?  
Or be seen to degenerate?  
That for her loose such quarrels may be brought,  
Without constraint, Injustice, or revenge:  
Young Lords beware, and think the Emperor know.  
This d Corso ground, the mischief would not please.  
Chi. I care not, know he and all the world,  
I lose Lavinia more than all the world.  

Dem. Youngling,  
Learn to make some manner chose,  
Lavinia is shine elder brothers hope.  
Arms. Why are ye still? Or know ye not in Rome,  
How famous and impatient they be,  
And cannot brooke competitors in love?  
I tell you Lords, you doe but plot your deaths,  
By this devise.  

Chi. Arise, a thousand deaths would I propose,  
To achieve her whom I doe love.  
Arms. To achieve her, how?  

Dem. Why, shall I think it so strange?  
She is a woman, therefore she may be wood,  
She is a woman, therefore she may be wone,  
She is Lavinia therefore must be lourd.  
What man, more water glidest by the Mill,  
Then wast the Miller of, and easie it is  
Of late to steal a flute we know:  
Though Bofisnow be the Emperour's brother,  
Better then he have women Palus's badge.  
Arms, I, and as good as Saturnus may.  

Dem. Then why should he dispare that knowes to  
With woods, faire woods, and liberty;  
What shall the full of an hundred doe,  
And borne her cleanly by the Keepers nose?  
Arms. Why then it seemes some certaine fashion or so  
Would feste your turns.  

Chi. I so the turne were sev'd.  

Dem. Arise then shall hit hit.  

Arms. Would you but had hit it too,  
Then should not we be titl'd with this ado  
Why harke you, harke you, and are you such foolees,  
To square for this? Would it offend you then?  

Chi. Faith not me.  

Arms. Nor me, so I were not.  

Arms. For shame be so kind, & wise, for that you say:  
This pleacie, and first scene must doe  
That you effect, and so must you resolve,
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

Demetrius. Chiron we hunt not we, with hope not hatred.
But hope to please a dainty Doe to ground,

Enter Aaron.

Aaron. He that had wit would thinke th' had I none.
To buy so much Gold under a Tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him that thinke of me to abjourn,
Know that th' Gold must come in strange mane,
Which causeth effectually, will begin
A very excellent piece of villany:
And to repose sweet Gold for their intent,
That have their Almes out of the Empresse Chest.

Enter Tamora and the Moors.

Tamora. My lovely Aaron,
Wherefore lookst thou sad,
When every thing doth make a Glorious birth?
The Birds chank meadow on every bath,
The Snake lies roll'd in the cherefull Sunne,
The green leaves quiter, with the cooling wind,
And makes a sweller fleawon on the ground:
Ves'eth their sweare th' blade, or ask let se,
And what is the barking Echo much the Hounds,
Replying fitted to the well tun'd Horses,
If a double hunt were heard at oone,
Let vs sit downe, and make their yelping noyse,
And after consil, such as was suppose.
The wounding, Prince and Duke doth enejoy'd,
When with a happy forme they were surpris'd,
And curst and with a Constillie keeping Curs.
We may each frethred in the others arms,
(Oar paillons done,) poisteth a Golden Anniver,
Whiles Hounds and Horses, and sweet Melodies Birds
Be vs vs, as a Nautics Song
Of Lullabies, to bring her Baby asleep.

Aaron. Madame,
Though Venus govern our de flights,
Saturn is Dominator over mine:
What signifies my deadly blinding eye,
My silence, and my Cloudy Melancholy,
My Fiece of Woe full, that now wintre,
Even as an Adder when the durt wroule
To doe some fatal execution?
For no Madam, there are no Venerial signs,
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood, and revenge, are Hammering in my head.
Haste Tamora, the Empresse of my Soule,
Which neere hopes more heauen, there refts in thee.
This is the day of Doome for Baffianus,
His Parion must lose his tongue to day,
Thy Sonnes make Pillage of her Chastity,
And wouth their hands in Baffianus Blood.
Shall then this Letter, take it with me pray there,
And give the King this fatall plotted Scrowle,
Now question me no more, we are efted,
Here comes a parcel of our hopefull Booty,
Which dreadst not yeer their lives destruction.

Enter Baffianus and Lavinia.

Baffianus. Ah my sweetest Lavinia,
Sweetest to me then life.

Lavinia. No more great Empresse, Baffianus comes,
Be courte with him, and let noe fech thy Sonnes
To backe thy quarrell what so ever they be.
Baffianus. Whom these we heere?
Romes Royall Empresse.

Volumniath of our well becominge troope?
Or is it Dian habituated like her,
What hath she abandond her holy Grove,
To see the generall Hyming in this Passe?

Tamora. Sawte controler of our private flaps,
Hath the power, that to do I Dian had,
Thy Temples should be plantd presently,
With Horses, it was Attaez and the Hounds
Should drue upon his new transformed Hipple,
Vainly fitteth at them.

Lavi. Under your patience gentle Empresse,
This thought you have a goodly gift in Hyming,
And to be doubted, that your Mew and you
Are flaged forth to try experiments,
You held your husband from his Hounds to day,
Th' pity they should tickle him for a Song.
Baffianus. Release me O Queene your favour in Cowlage,
Dath make your Honour of this boughs Blue.

Spotted, drest, and shon n the diadome,
Why are you requestfull from all your traines?
Dismonted from your Snow-white goodly Steed,
And wandered hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied with a barbadoes.
If foule deicide had not conducted you?

Lavi. And being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my Noble Lord, be rated,
For Sautcheke, I pray you let us hence,
And let it joy her Rauen colourd boat,
This valley fixt the aeropole yesting well.
Baffianus. The King my brother fhall sometime notice of this,
Lavi, for their flaps have made him noted long.
Good King, to be so mightily abused.

Tamora. Why I have patience to endure all this?

Enter Chlorus and Demetrius.

Demetrius. How now dear Souaigne,
And our gracious Mother,
Why dost thy Highness looke so pale and wan?

Tamora. Have I not reason thinkes you to look pale,
These two blue tie me hither to this place,
A barren, destitute vale you see it is,
The Trees though Sonner, yet forlorn and lean,
Ore-come with Merle, and palefull Myntelos,
Heree never fine the Summe, heree nothing breeds,
Valette the nightly Owe, or rauall Rauen,
And when they firstd me this abordred pin,
They tolled me heere at dead time of the night,
A thousand Fiends, a thousand hissing Snake,
Ten thousand twelling Todes, as many Vechins,
Would make such fiercefull and confusd cries,
As any mortall body hearing it,
Should straitt fall ing, or die die suddenly.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But strait they told me they would bind me heere,
Vup the body at a dismal rye,
And leave me to this miserable death.
And then they culld me foul Adulteresse,
Lacustious Goth, and all the bitterest tearmes,
That ever care did heare to such effect,
And had you not by wondrouses fortune come,
This vengeance could we had they executed:
Revenge it, as you love your Mothers life,
Or be ye not henceforth calld my children.

Demetrius. This is a wimmell I am thy Sonne, bid him.
Chiron. And this for me,
Strooke home to show my strenght,

Lavi. I come Sannerate my Barbaryous Tauer.

																																																																																								
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

For no name fits thy nature but thy own.

Tam. Give me thy poyned hand, I shall know my boyet.

Your Mothers hand shall right your Mothers wrong.

Dame. Most madam, this is more belongs to her,

Fifth threat's the Cane, then after burn the stair.

This Milites upon her chariety,

Vpomeai, no Nuptiall your bridalize.

And with that painted hope, beates your Mightiness.

And shall this carry this unto her grave?

Chri. And if the doc.

I would I were an Eunuch.

Drag here her husband, to some secret place,

And make his head, his Alake, to our right.

Tam. But when he have the bony we desire.

Let not this Wapfe our line vs both to diving.

Chri. I warrant you madam I will make that sure.

Come hither now performe we will enjoy,

That nere prefixed honesty of yours.

Lumi. Oh Tamora, thou art a woman face.

Tam. I will not hear her speake away with her.

Lumi. Sweet Lords intercet her hear me but a word.

Damen. Lienst face Madam, let it be your glory.

To see her tears, but her heart to them,

At verteling flint to drops of raine.

Lumi. When did the Tigers young-ones, one the dam?

O dare not leacre her sweat, the caught is thee,

The wile of their owne owne fowl is in their nets.

Oh be to me though thy hard heart faie no,

Nothing to kind but something pitifull.

Tam. I know not what it means, away with her.

Lumi. Oh lest me teach thee for my Fathers sake,

That gentle life when wele might have shone thee

Be not obstrute, open thy deafe ears.

Tam. Had it shou'd in person not offended me,

Even for his sake am I pestifile.

Remember Boyes I power'd forth tears in vaile.

To fare your brother from the sacrifice,

But fierce Ambition would not relent.

Therefore away with her, and with her as you will,

The world to her, the better lon'd of me.

Lumi. Oh Tamora,

Be call'd a gentle Queene,

And with thine owne hands kill me in this place.

For'tis not life that I have beg'd to long.

Poore, I was fam'd, when Daffantes dy'd.

Tam. What beg'd thou then? fond woman let me go?

Lumi. 'Tis present death I beg, and one thing more.

That womanhood gonets my tongue to tell.

Oh keep me from their work then killing hurt,

And tumble me into hands torned pieces.

Whose more must my heart behind my body.

Doth this, and be a chaasable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my moste Sonnes of their fee,

No less than ratifie their luff on thee.
Or wanting strength to doe thee so much good,
May be pluckt into the swallowing wombe,
Of this deepes pit, poor Baisumnes graue:
I have no strength to plucke thee to the brink.
Mart. Nor I no strength to clime without thy help.
Quin. Thy hand once more, I will not lose againe,
Till thou art here aloof, or I below,
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee. 
Both fall in.

Enter the Emperor. Aaron the Moore.

Satr. Along with me, I see what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leap't into.
Say, who art thou that lastly didst defend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?
Mar. The unhappie some of old Andronicus,
Brought hither in a most unlucky house,
To finde thy brother Baisumnes dead.
Satr. My brother dead? I know he died at last,
He and his Lady both are at the Lodge
Upon the North side of this pleasant Chase,
Tis not an hour since I left him there.
Caius. We know not where you left him all alone,
But out alas, here was we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, Andronicus and Lucius, 

Tam. Where is my Lord the King?
King. Here is Tamora, though grief with killing grief.
Tam. Where is thy brother Baisumnes?
King. Now to the bottom do I shooe my wound,
Poor Baisumnes here lies murdered.
Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
The compleat of this timefull Tragedy,
And wonder greatly that man's face can fold,
In pleasing fittest such murderous Tyranny.

She gives him Saturnus a letter.

Saturnus reads the letter.

And if thee might to murther him hastily,
Sweet heart from Baisumnes's, tis we meane,
Doe thou so much as dig the grave for him,
Then know it our meaning, lucky for thy reward.
Among the Nestes at the Elder tree,
Which ever bournes the mouth of that same pit:
Where we desire to bury Baisumnes.
Doe this and parче to your loving friends.

King. Oh Tamora, was ever heart like thee?
This is the pit, and this the Elder tree,
Looke first if you can finde the hunte man eate,
That should have murtherd Baisumnes here.
Aaron. My gracious Lord here is the bag of Gold.
King. Two of thy people, fell Curs of bloody kind
Have here bereft my brother of his life:
Stragly from the pit unto the prison,
There let them bide untill we have desir'd
Some sincer heart of sorerting paine for them.
Tam. What are they in this pit,
Oh wondrous thing!
How easily murder is discovered
Tar. High Emperor, upon my feele knee,
I bring this bone, with tears, not lightly knock'd
That this fell fault of my sacrifed Sonnes,
Accused if the faults be proud in them.
King. Ifst be proud? ife see it apperant,

Who found this letter? Tamora was it you?
Tamora. Andronicus himselfe did take it up.
Tar. I did my Lord,
Yet let me be their bale.
For by my fathers everest Tombe I now
They shall be ready at your Hightness will,
To answer their suffisance with their lives.
King. Thou shalt not bale them, see thou follow me:
Some bring the murthered body, some the murtherers,
Let them not speake a word, the guide is plaine,
For by my fote, were there worse and then death,
That end upon them shold be executed.
Tam. Andronicus I will entertain the King,
Fear not thy Sonnes, they shall do well enough.
Tar. Come Lucius come,
Stay not to talk with them.

Enter the Empresse Sonnes, with Lucius, her hands cut off and her tongue cut out, and van fis.

Done. So now goe tell and if thy tongue can speake,
Who was that cutthy thy tongue and manith thee.
Chi. Write downe thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,
And if thy blunders will let thee play the Slave.
Dem. See how with signes and tokens she can scowle.
Chi. Go home,
Call for sweet water, wash thy hands.
Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash.
And God's be leave her to her silent wakings,
Chi. And were my mind, I should have hang'd my fece,
Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.

Car. Enter Marcus from hunting to Lucania.

Who is this, my Niece that flies away to hunt?
Caius a word, where is your husband?
If I do dreamt would all my wealth would wake me;
If I do wake, some Planet stroke me downe,
That I mayumber in remembrance deep.
Speake gentle Niece, what favourable mind,
Hath lost, and how, and made me beesty hire
Of those two branches, those sweet Ornament.
Who are cracking this house? Kings have taught to sleep in,
And might not gaine to great shoppinge,
As halfe thy Loue: Why dost thou speake to me?
Alas, a Caimson river of warme blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain flood with wire,
Both rise and fall between thy Rofed lips,
Comming and going with thy longe breath.
But foretome Terence hath declar'd thee,
And left thou shouldst detect them, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn't away thy face for shame,
And now with standing all this loffe of blood,
As from a Conduit with their slippine Spouts,
Yet do thy cheeks looks red as Thamus face,
Blushing to be encountered with a Cloud
Shall I speake for thee? Shall I by thy eye?
Oh that I knew thy hart, and knew the best
That might raise at him to ease my mind:
Sorrow concealest, like an Owen stop,
Dost burn the heart to Cinders where it is.
False Shakespeare the but left her tongue,
And in a redous Sampler towe her mindes,
But lonely Niece that means is cut from thee,
A crafster Terence hath thou met withally
And he hath cut these pretie fingers off,

That
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

That could have better served then Philomela,
Oh had the monster seen those Lily hands,
Tremble like Aspen leaves upon a Lute,
And make the falken stringes delight to kill them,
He would not then have toucht them for his life.
Or had he heard the heavenly Harmony,
When that sweet tongue hath made it,
He would haue dropt his kist and fell asleep,
As Phoenix to the Thracian Poets treee.
Come, let us goe, and make thy father blindle,
For such a fighte will blindle a fathers eye.
One houres time will drowne the fragrant meades,
What will whole months of tears thy Fathers eyes?
Doe not draw backe, for we will mowe with thee:
Oh could our mourning ease thy misery.

Actus Terius.

Enter the Judges and Senators with Titus two sonsnes bouned,
Suffrings as the Steepe at the place of execution, and Titus going
before them.

Ti. Hear me graue fathers, noble Tribunes stay,
For pitty of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept:
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrell freed,
For all the freyly nights that I haue wak'd,
And for thee bitter teares, which now you see,
Filling the aged wrinkles in my checkers,
Be pitifull to my condemned Sonnes.
Who's foules is not corrupt as is thought:
For two and twenty years I never wept,
Because they die in honors lisyng bed.
Andronicus hath done, and the Judges passe by him.
For thee, Tribunes, in the dust I write
My harts deepest languish, and my foules sad teares.
Let my fare be such as theeh drie apperte.
My swords sweet blood, will make it shame and blush:
O earth, I will be friend to thee more with raine
That shall diffird from these two ancient runnes,
As ye were Axial April shall with all his flowers.
In swaines dropt by thee still, in Winter with warme teares,
As thee the swawn, and keep in the snow,
And keep enireall spring time on thy face,
So thou refueth to drinke my deare foules blood.

Enter Lucius, with his weapon drawn.

Oh reverent Tribunes, oh gentle aged men,
Vanhin ye foules generall the doome of death,
And let me stay (that never went before)
My yeares are now prescing Draconice.
Lu. Oh noble father, you lament in vaine,
The Tribunes hear not, no man is by,
And you recount your foures to a rone.
Ti. Ah Lucius for thy brothers let me plead,
Grave Tribunes, once more I intreat of you.
Lu. My gracious Lord, to Tribune hears ye speake
Ti. Why is it no matter man if they did haue
They would not make me so, if they did haue
They would not pity me.
Therefore I tell my fouresse booteles to the stones.
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

Expecting ever when some envious surge,
Will in his brimish bowl be swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone:
Here stands my other son, a base man,
And heere my brother weeping over my head.
But that which giveth me the grettest paine,
Is deere Lucius, deere then my soule.
I had but seene thy picture in this plight,
It would have madded me. What shall I doe?
Now I behold thy lively body:
Thinkst thou haft no hand to wipe away thy tears?
Nor tongue to tell me who hath murdred thee?
Thy husband is dead, and for his death
Thy brothers are condemn’d, and dead by this.
Looke Marcus, ah Lavinia looke on her,
When I did name her brothers then fresh teares
Stood on her cheekes, as doth the hony dew,
Upon a gatherd Lillie almost whitered.

Marc. Perchance she weepes because they kill’d her husband,
Perchance because she knows him innocent.

T. If they did kill thy husband then be joyful,
Because the law hath done revenge on them.
No, no, they would not doe to finde a deede,
Witness the sorrow that their fathers makes.

Gentle Lavinia let me kisse thy lips,
Or make some sighes how I may do thee easy:
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou and I sit round above a Fountaine,
Looking all down wards to behold our cheeks.
How they are flame’d in misdeames, yet do not cry
With myrtyl flame left on them by a flood:
And in the Fountaine shall we gaze along,
Till the freshest be taken from this clearense,
And made a brine pit with our bitter teares?
Or shall we cut away our hands like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumbathe fumes
Passe the remainder of our basefull days?
What shall we doe? Let vs that have our tongues
Plot some deuil of further miseries.
To make vs wondred at in time to come.

L. Sweet Father cease your teares, for at your grief.
See how my wretched sisters sob and weeps.

Marc. Patience deere Neece, good Titus die thine eyes.

T. Ah Marcus, Marcus, Brother well I weep,
Thy napkin cannot drinke a teares mine,
For those poor man hath drown’d it with thine owne.
L. Ah Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

T. Marke Marcus marke, I understand her signes,
Hast fite a tongue to speake, now shall we say
That to her brother which I said to thee,
His Napkin with hireteares all bewet,
Can do no justice on her sorrowfull cheekes.
Oh what a timbree of woe is this
As faire from helpeas Limbo is from hells.

Enter Aaron and Mercia above.

Merc. Titus Andronicus, my Lord the Emperor,
Sends this to you, that if thou love thy soules,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thy feile old Tita,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the Kinge for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy soules alive,
And that shall be the ransom for their soul.

T. Oh gracious Emperor, oh gentle Marcus,
Did ever Ruten fingel so like a Larkie,
That gues sweet tyninges of the Sunne uprised?
With all my heart, I leafe the Emperor my hand,
Good Aaron with thee help me to chop it off?

Luc. Stay Father, for that noble hand of thine,
That hath throned downe so many enemies,
Shall not be lost; my hand will servie the same,
My youth can better spare my blood then you,
And therefore mine shall save my brothers lives.

Marc. Which of you hands hath not defende Rome,
And saved the bloody Battellse,
Writing destruction on the enemies Castles?
Oh none of both but are of high destiers,
My hand hath bin but idle, yet it serve.

To ransome my two nephews from their death,
Then have I kept it too worthy end.

Merc. Nay come agree, whole hand shall go along
For feare they die before their pardon come.

Marc. My hand shall goe.

Luc. By heaven it shall not goe.

T. This figure no more, such withered hearts as these
Are meelee for plucking vp, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet Father, if I shall be thought thy sonne,
Let me remove my brothers both from death.

Marc. And for our fathers sake, and mothers care,
Now let me slue a brothes luste to thee.

T. Agree betweene you, I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then Ie goe fetch an Axe.

Marc. But I will we the Axe.

T. Come hither Aaron, Ie deceleste them both,
Lend me thy hand, and I will gusie thee mine.

Merc. If that be call’d decease, I will be honest,
And neuer wilt it Ile decease me to:
But Ile decease you in another sort,
And thus you foure shall haue an houre passe.

He cuts off Titus hand.

Enter Lucius and Mercia again.

T. Now lay you fisticke, what shall we do, is dispatch?

Good Aaron give his Maister me hand,
Tell him it was a hand that warded him
From thounsand dangers: bid him bury it:
More hath is merited: That let it haue.
As for the mones, I lay I account of them,
As jewels purchase at an eafe price,
And yet deere too, because I bought mine owne.

Aaron. I goe Andronicus, and for thy hand,
Looke by and by to haue thy soules with thee;
Their heads I meane: Oh how this villainy
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it.
Let foules doe good, and faire men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soule blacke in his face.

T. O heere I lift this one hand vp to heaven,
And bow this shotle soule to the earth,
If any power pistles wretched teares,
To that I calle: what wilt thou kneele with me?
Doest thou deere heart, for heavens shall hear our prayers,
Or with our sighs weele breath the winke downe,
And flaine the Sun with fogge as fonatine clouds;
When they do hug him in their melting bozomes.

Marc. Oh brother speake with possiblitie,
And do not break into these deep extreames.

T. Is not my sorrow depe, hauing no botome?

Merc. Then
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

Then be my passions bottomlese with them.

**Mar.** But yet let reason gouern thee thy lament.

**Titus.** If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into lims could I binde my woes:
When men doth wepe, doth rest the earth or flow?
If the winder rage, doth not the sea waue mad,
Threatning the welkin with his big-sweone face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coife?
I am the sea. Hark how her lights doe roll:
Shew is the weeping welkin, I the earth;
Then melf my sea to mowe with her fighes:
Then melf my earth with her continuall tears;
Become a deluge: overfowled and drown'd:
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard melf I vomit them:
Then give me leave, for loosers will have leave,
To cale their blemishes with their bitter tongues.

Exit a messenger with two heads and a hand.

**Mell.** Worthy Andronicus, ill at thou repaid,
For that good hand thou lent the Emperor:
Here are the heads of thy two noble fowers.
And here thy hand in gnes to live for bacons.
Thy griefes, their spots. Thy resolution mooke,
That woe is me to thinke upon thy woes,
More then remembrance of my fathers death.

**Mar.** Now set hot Arnae coole in Capelle,
And be my heart an eau-burning bell:
These miseries are more then may be borne.
To wepe with them that wepe, doth ease some deames,
But sorrow floued as, is double death.

**Luc.** All that this fight should make to deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrink there:
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to brooke.

**Mar.** Alas poore hart that kisse is comfortlesse,
As frozen water to a fayned snake.

**Titus.** When this will this fearfuall stoumber have an end?

**Mar.** Now farewell thirteen Andronicus,
Thou dost not number, see thy two for heads,
Thy wittles hands, thy mangled daughter here:
Thy other battifh fowers with this deere fight,
Streake pale and bloodelesse, and thy brother L.,
Euen like a flonie Image, cold and numme.
Al now no more will I controlo my griefes,
Rent off thy fitter hair, thy other hand
Crouning with thy teeth, and be this dimall fight
The closing yp of our most wretched eyes:
Now is a time to storne, why art thou still?

**Titus.** Ha, ha, ha,

**Mar.** Why dost thou laugh? it liis not with this house.

**Titus.** Why I hate not another teare to thred:
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would victre upon my warty eyes,
And make them blinde with tributarie teares,
Then which way shall I finde Resiences Cate?
For these two heads doe seeme to speak to me,
And threatme, I shall never come to bliffe,
Till all these mischieves be returned againe,
Even in their threats that have committed them.
Come let me see what thake I have to doe,
You breaste people, circule me about,
That I may came me to each one of you,
And sweare into my foules to right your wrongs.
The vow is made, com Brother take a head,
And in this hand the other will I bear.
And Luania thou shalt be employd in these things:
Bear me my hand sweet wench betweene thy teeth:
As for thee boy, goe get thee from my sight,
Then turn to the graces and thou must not stay
He to the Glarem, and raise an army there,
And if you lose me, as I think you doe,
Let's kiffe and part, for we have much to doe.

**Luc.**

**Luc.** Farewell Andronicus my noble Father:
The wofull man that ever liue'd in Rome:
Farewell proud Rome, till Lucius come againe,
Heues his pledges dearer then his life:
Farewell Luania my noble sister,
O wou'd thou were as thou to fore haue bene,
But now, not Lucius nor Luania liues,
But in oblation and hartfull griefes;
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs,
And make proud Saturnus and his Emperors
By at the gates like Persiam and his Quene's.
Now will I to the Gread and raise a power,
To being shorne Rome and Saturnus.

**Lucius.**

**Lucius.** Enter Androclides, Marcellus, Luania, and the Bess.

**Bess.** So, so, new frie, and looke you cast no more
Then will preverue till so much strength is vs.
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.

**Marcellus.** Vnitk that forrow, weedeth thene:
Thy Neece and If, poore Creatures want our hands,
And cannot passionate our tenfold griefe,
With fowled Armes, This poore right hand of mine,
Is left to stranage upon my breast.
Who when my hart all mad with mytif,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thumpke is downe,
Thou Map of woe, that thus doth talk in sigettes,
When thy poore hart beares without ragions beating,
Thou cannot drinke in this to make it full:
Wound it with fighting sigettes, kill it with groanes:
Or get some little knife betwene thy teeth,
And inst against thy hart make thou a hole,
That all the teares that thy poore eyes let fall
May run into that faine, and fowking in,
Drowne the lamenting fatalities, In Sea like teares.

**Mar.** By brother sp. teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands yppon her tender life.

**An.** How now! Has sorrow made thee doate already?

**An.** Why Marcellus, no man should be mad but i:
What violent hands can she lay on her life:
Ah wherefore dost thou verge the name of hands,
To bid, Let sie, falle twice are.
How Troy was burnte, and he made miserable
O handle not the shame, to takle of hands,
Left we remember full that we have none,
Fie, fie, how Frankely I square my talke
As if we should forget we had no hands:
If Marcellus did not name the word of hands,
Come, lets fall too, and gentle girls eat this,
Here is no drinke? Eache Marcellus what the fairest,
I can interpret all her matr'd sigettes,
She faires, she drinks no other drinke but teares
Breath'd with her sorrow, meth'd yppon her cheeks.
The Tragedy of Titus Andronicus.

43

Speechless complainers, I will hear thy thoughts,
In thy dumb actio, will I be as perfect
As begging Hermits in their holy prayers.
Thou shalt not forgive nor hold thy rumpus to heaven,
Nor whine, nor moan, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But if (of the) will wretsh an Alphabet,
And by full practice learn to know thy meaning.

\[\text{Mare.} \]
Good grandfathers leave their bitter deeper lamentes,
Make my aunt mercy, with some pleasing tale.

\[\text{Mare.} \]
Alas, the tender boy in passion mad,
Doth scarce to see his grandfathers hemes she.

\[\text{Mare.} \]
Peace tender Speilung, thus are made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.

\[\text{Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.} \]
What dost thou strike at Marcus with knife?

\[\text{Mare.} \]
At that that I have killed my Lord, a fly.

\[\text{Mare.} \]
Out on the murderer! thou kill my hart,
Mine eyes closed with view of Titania,
A deed of death done on the innocent.

\[\text{Mare.} \]
Comes not Titus brother: get thee gone,
I see thou art not for my company.

\[\text{Mare.} \]
Alas (my Lord) I have but kill'd a fly.

\[\text{Mare.} \]
But? how is it that not a father and another?

\[\text{Mare.} \]
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And box lamenting doings in the eye,
Poor barren Expire,
That with his prety buying melody,
Comes here to make vs merry,
And thou hast kill'd him.

\[\text{Mare.} \]
Pardon me sir,
It was a blacke illbeseed Expedite,
Like to the Empresse Moore, therefore I kill'd him.

\[\text{Mare.} \]
O, O, O,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a Charissable deed:
Give me thy knife, I will inuile on him,
Plattering my lines, as if it were the Moore,
Come hither purposely to pay for me.

\[\text{Mare.} \]
For thy sake, and those for Timotea: Ah sire,
Yet I think we are not brought too low,
But that betweene vs, vs can kill a fly,
That comes in likeness of a Cola-blacke Moore,
Stab, alas noore man, grieves to see me angre on him,
Her takest false shadowes, for true substances.

\[\text{Mare.} \]
Come, take away: Latinius, goe with me,
Ile to thy clofete, and goe read with thee
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old,
Come by, and goe with me, thy fights is young,
And thou shalt read, when mine begin to dazell...

Actus Quartus.

Enter young Lucius and Lavinia nowrning after him, and
the Bay files from her with his broder under his arme.

\[\text{Mare.} \]
Help! Helpe Grandfather help, my Aunt Lavinia,
Folloues me everywhere I know not why.
Good Vacle! Marcus seac hows with this come,
Alas sweet Aunt, I know not what you mean.

\[\text{Mare.} \]
Stand by me Lucius, do not freste thy aunt.

\[\text{Tito.} \]
She loues thee boy too well to doe thee harme.

\[\text{Tito.} \]
I when my father was in Rome the did,

\[\text{Mare.} \]
What means my Neece Lavinia by these figures?

\[\text{Tito.} \]
Farest not Latinius, somewhat doth she mean.

\[\text{Mare.} \]
See Lavinia see, how much she makes of thee.

\[\text{Mare.} \]
Some whether she have been thee goe with her,
Ah boy, Carcinius with more care.

\[\text{Mare.} \]
Read to her sonnes, then she hath read to thee,
Sweet Poetry, and Tullies Oration.

\[\text{Mare.} \]
Canst thou not geffe wherefore she fillies thee thus?

\[\text{Boy.} \]
My Lord I know not, I cannot geffe,

\[\text{Mare.} \]
Vainely (some fit or frentice do pollies her)
For I have heard my Grandfather say full oft,
Extremes of griefes would make men mad.

\[\text{Mare.} \]
And I have read that Hercole of Troy,
Ran mad through forrow, that made me to frese,
Although my Lord, I know my noble Aunt,
Loves me as dearest as my mother did,
And would not buinry fight my youth,
Which made me downe to throw my books, and file
Causes perhaps, but pardon me sweet Aunt,
And Madam, if my Neece Marcus goe,
I will most willingly attend your Ladyship.

\[\text{Mare.} \]
Ah, how now Lavinia, Marcus, what means this?
Some booke there is that the delights to see,
Which is it little thee? Open them boy,
But thou art deeper read and better skilful,
Come and take choyle of all my Library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
Reveal the damned contrivers of this deed.

\[\text{Mare.} \]
What booke?

\[\text{Boy.} \]
Why lifts she vp her armes in sequance thus?

\[\text{Mare.} \]
I think she means that ther was more then one
Confederate in the first, I more there was:
Or else to heauen the hesues them to reutage.

\[\text{Ti.} \]
Latinius what booke is that the refeth to?

\[\text{Boy.} \]
Grandfathers Ovidus Metamorphosis,
My mother gave it me.

\[\text{Mare.} \]
For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps she calleth it from among the rest.

\[\text{Ti.} \]
Soft, here she turns the leaves,
Help her, what would the finde I Lavinia shall I read?

\[\text{Mare.} \]
This is the tragicall tale of Philomela,
And trauses of Teiresias creation and his rape,
And rape I frese was root of thine annoy.

\[\text{Mare.} \]
See brother fie, note how the quotes the leaues

\[\text{Ti.} \]
Lavinia, wert thou thus surprizd sweet girlie,
Rashly and wrong'd as Philemon was?

\[\text{Boy.} \]
For'd in the nublethe, yeff, and glomey woods?
See, fee! such a place there is where we did bane,
(O had we neuer neuer hunted there)

\[\text{Mare.} \]
Parent'd by that the Poet here describesthe,
By nature made for murtherers and for rapes.

\[\text{Mare.} \]
O why should nature build to foules a den,

\[\text{Ti.} \]
Vainely the Gods delight in tragedies

\[\text{Mare.} \]
Give figures sweet girlie, for here are none but friends

\[\text{Mare.} \]
What Romaine Lord it was durst do the deed?

\[\text{Mare.} \]
Or flunkst not Saturnus, re Tarquin effis,
That left the Campe to finn in Latinius bed.

\[\text{Mare.} \]
Sit downe sweet Neece, brother sit downe for mee,

\[\text{Mare.} \]
Appolo, Piter, Io, or Mercury,
Informe me that I may this reason finde.

My Lord looks here, lookes here Lavinia.

He writes his Name with his Harfe, and guides it
with feste and morne.

This fandie plot is plaines, guide if thou canst
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

This after me, I have wrung my name,
Without the help of any hand at all,
Curse be that hand that curst thy drift:
Write thou good Niece, and heere display at first,
What God will have discovered for revenge,
Heauen guide thy pen to print thy sorrowes plaines,
That we may know the Traitors and the truth.

She takes the Bundesliga, and guides it with her
stamps and writers.

Ti. Oh do ye read my Lord what the hath write?
Sinnur, Chiron, Demetrius.

Mer. What, what, the last full lines of Tame, Performers of this hal产值 bloodly deed?
Ti. Magni Dominatus pulis,
No less is this set of lines, Than those who would,
Mer. Oh calm then gentle Lord: Although I know
There is enough written upon this earth,
To hire a multitude in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to execrations,
My Lord kneele down with me.
Lumina kneele, And kneele sweet boy, the Roman Heifer hope,
And swear we with me, as with the woeful Feere
And father of that chafl, dishonoured Dame,
Lord Numa. Brunia, Is warred for Evermore sake,
That we will prosecute that good advice.
Merrall revenge upon their tyrannous Coshes,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.
Th. Tis fate enough, and you know how,
If you hunt the Beare-wilders, then beware
The Dam will wake, and flie the wunde you once,
She's with the Lyon deeply fell in league,
And falls him with the palfey on her boske,
And where she sleeps will she do what she list.
You are a young husteean, Marcus, let it alone:
And come, I will goe get a leaf of bristle,
And with a God of Griefe will write these words,
And lay it by the angry Northerne wind.
Will blow these lines like Sibbes letters abroad,
And where your lefson 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 these bad bound-men to the yoke of Rome,
Mer. I that's my boy, thy father hath fall off,
For his wagge, and all the country done the like.
Boy. And ye see to will, and I like.
Tu. Come goe with me into mine Aemorie,
Lucine. I lef thee, and whickall, my boy
Shall carry from me to the Empresse fumes,
Pretends that I intend to send them both,
Come ere, there's do the message, wilt thou not?
Boy. I, with my daggers in their bosom Greatlines:
Ti. No boy not, I lie each thee another course.
Lumina come, Marcus looke to my houte,
Lucins and Liee goo brest at the Court,
Imarity will we ir, and weele be waited on.
Exit.

Mer. O heemes: Can you hear a good man grooe
And not rete, or not compassion him?
Marcus attend him in his estate,
The hast more of sorrow in his heart,
Than fores-met marks upon his battered shield,
But yet so swift, that he will not renege,
Revenge the heauens for old Andronicus.
Exit
Enter I. Enr, Chiron, and Demetrius, at one door stand at another.
Their Majesties and another, with a bundle of
weapone, and severie wite upon them.
What hast he sent her?

Nurse. A ducat.

Aaron. Why then the false Duke Darius a joyfull site.

Nurse. A joyfull, ducat, blacke & rufous full fife,
Here is the base as loathsome as a toad,
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime,
The Emperess lends it, the boy hangs, the child,
And bids thee christen it with thy daggers point.
Aaron. Oft you wheres blacke to beke a huss?
Sweet blowes you, are you lesunous bl shoved face?
Dame. Villain what hath thou done?
Aaron. That which thou canst not vnder.
Chu. Thou hast vndone our mother.
Dame. And therein hellish dogge, thou hast vndone,
Woe to her chance, and shame her foolish choyce,
As though the off-spring of so fiald a smald.
Chu. It shall not sur.
Aaron. It shall not die.
Nurse. Aaron it must, the mother wills it so.
Aaron. What, must it Nurse? Then let no man but
Due execution on my flesh and blood.
Dame. He broach the Triptole on my Rapier point.
Nurse. If it be me, my sword will dispatch it.
Aaron. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels vp.
Stay murderer villains, will you kill your brethren?
Now by the burningトップ of the skies,
That flixe to brightly when this Day was got,
He lies upon my Sommers thrane point,
That toucheth this thy first borne name and heir,
I tell you ye younglings, not Enetuchus.
With all his threatening band of Tepani broode.
Nor great Atisius, nor the God of warre,
Shall cease this prey out of his fathers hands:
What, what ye mangle all your fathers boys.
Ye white-lim'd walls, ye Alle-iancie painted lignts,
Colr-blacks is dealed on another hue,
In that it cornes to bear another hue.
For all the water in the Ocean,
Can never turne the Swans blacke legs to white.
Although the same chem hourly in the flood:
Tell the Emperress from me, I am age.

Dame. Wilt thou betray the noble mission thus?
Aaron. My mission is my missions in my life,
The vigour, and the picture of my youth:
This before all the world do I tristre,
This mauger all the world will I keepe safe,
Or some of you the world will be.
Dame. By this my mother is for ever shall'd.
Chu. Rome will despise her for this foule escape.
Dame. The Emperour in his rage will doome her death.
Chu. I blush to thinke upon this ignominie.
Aaron. Why then is't pleaged by your beauty bears.
For than thou bear, but will betray with blushing
The clefes made and committ of the hurt:
Here a young Lad fram'd of another leare,
Looke how the blacke flake smiles upon the father;
As who should say, old Lad I am thine owne.
He is your brother Lords, felonely fed
Of that fife-blood that first gave life to you,
And from the womb where you weredeformed were;
He is incontinet, and come to lightes;
Nay he is your brother by the faire fide,
Although my fakle be stamped in his face.
Nurse. Aaron what shall I say unto the Emperesse?
Dame. Advise thee Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice.
Saus thou the child, so we may all be safe.
Aaron. Then sit we downe and let us all consult.
My foote and I will have the woude of you.
Keep them now take as pleasure of your faules.
Dame. How many women saw this child be of his?
Aaron. Why to brave Lords, when we are in league.
I am a Lambe: but if you brooke the Mares.
The chised Bore, the mountainie Lyonnese.
The Ocean swellts not to an Aaron formts:
But say againe how many saw the child be.
Nurse. Coranus, the midwife, and thy selfe,
And none else but the delivered Emperesse.
Aaron. The Emperesse, the Midwife, and your selfe,
Two may keepe countable, when the the woude's away.

Dame. Go to the Emperesse, tell her this I said.
He killed her.
Worke, worke, he cries a Piggie prepared to th' came.
Dame. What meanes it thou Aaron?
Wherefore didst thou this?
Aaron. O Lord fris, it's a deade of pollicie.
Shall the live to betray this guilt of o'ts.
A long rong'd bawdl to Godly? No Lords no;
And now he is knowne to you my bail l retire.
Not farre, one Minucius my Country-man;
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed,
His child is like to her, faire as ye are:
Goe packe with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell then both the circumstancs of all,
And how by this their Child be shall be adonc'd,
And be receivd for the Emperour's heyre,
And sublimed in the place of mine,
To celest this tempell whilc he in he Court,
And let the Emperour dandle him for his owne.
Harke ye Lords, ye fee I have gien your playfucks,
And you must needs below her himereall,
The fields are estere, and you are gallant Groomes:
This done, see thy take no longer daires.
But send the Midwife prudently to me.
The Midwife and the Nurse well made a way,
Then let the Ladies taste what they please.
Chu. Aaron I fees thou will not stuff the eye with fr
Dame. For this case of Tamius.
Croes, her lefe, and hers are highly bound to thee.
Enact.
Aaron. Now to the Gostes, as it were Swallow flie,
There to dispoce this treasure in mine arms,
And fiercely to greare the Emperesse friends:
Come on you thick-dipt-flute, he bears you hence,
For it is you that pass vs to our Buss:
He make you feed on berries; and on roses,
And feed on cards and why, and locke the Gostes.
And cabb in a Caise, and bring you vp.
To be a warior, and command a Campe.

Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius, and other gentlemen
with bernes, and Titus Cears the seruants with
Letters on the end of them.

Titus. Come Marcus, come, kinmen this is the day.
Sith Boy let me see your Archerie,
Look I see draw bowe enough, and his streight lastrate:
Terre Aforetact, be ye remembered Marcus.
She's gone, she's flixe: first take you to your toolee,
Your Cofens shall goe found the Ocean;
And cast your nets, surely you may find her in the Sea,
Yet there's as little success at Land.
No Pavia and Sympton, you must doe it,
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

Enter the Cleane with a basket; and two Pigeons in it.

Titus. Newes, newes, from heaven,

Marcus the poft is come.

Sirrah, what tidings have you any letters:

Shall I have lufanye, what sakes Jupiter?

Cleane. He the Chyrurgher, he fayes that he bad ra.

Ten them down againe, for the man must not be hang'd

till the next weeke.

Tit. But what saies Jupiter I ask thee.

Cleane. Alas sir, I know not Jupiter:

I never dranke with him in all my life.

Tit. Why villaine art thou not thou the Carrier?

Cleane. I of my Pigeons fyr, nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Cleane. From heaven? Alas sir, I never came there,

God forbid I should be so bold, to preffe to heaven in my

young days. Why am I going with my pigeons to the

Tribunsall Debs, to take vp a matter of brawle, between

my Vnde, and one of the Emperials men.

Mar. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for your

Oration, and let him deliver the Pigeons to the Emperor

from you.

Tit. Tell mee, can you deliver an Oration to the

Emperor with a Grace?

Cleane. Nay truly sir, I could never fay grace in all my

life.

Sirrah, come hither, make no more ado,

But give your Pigeons to the Emperor,

By me thou shalt have Justice at his hands.

Hold, hold, means, while he's money for thy charges.

Cry me pen and inke.

Sirrah, can you with a Grace deliver a Supplication?

Cleane. I sir.

Titus. Then here is a Supplication for you, and when you

come to him, at the first approach you must kneele,

then figne his ftoate, then deluer vp your Pigeons,

and then look for your reward. He be at hand sir, fee you do

it bravely.

Cleane. I warrant you sir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirrha haft thou a knife? Come let me see it,

Here he Marcus, told it in the Oration,

For thou hast made it like an humble Suppliant.

And when thou hast given it the Emperor,

Keep it in thy pocket, and tell me what he fayes.

Cleane. God be with you sir, I will.

Tit. Come Marcus let vs goe, Publius follow me.

Exeunt.

Enter Emperor and Empresse, and her two Sowes, the

Emperor brings the Arrows in his hand that Titus slue at him.

Sater. Why Lords,

What wrongs are thefe? was euer feme

An Emepror in Rome thus ouerborne,

Troubled, Confronted thus, and for the exent

Of all justice, &c. in fuch contempt?

My Lords you know the mightyfull Gods,

(How euer these disturbers of our peace

But in the peoples cares) there nought hath paft,

But even with law against the wildfull Sonses

Of old Andronicus. And what and if

His torowes have to ouer whosd his wits,

Shall we be thus affifted in his weake

His fit, his frenzie, and his bittrenefe

And now he writes to heaven for his redresse,

See, heeres to loue, and this to Mercury.
This to Apollo, this to the God of war, &c.

Sweet serowsels to fly about the streets of Rome.

What's this but Libelling against the Senate,
And blas'ning our Injustice away where?

A godly manum, is not my Lord?

As who would say, in Rome no justice were.

But if I live, I'll gaine excus.

Shall be no shelter, to these outrages.

Bale, and shall know, this Injustice were.

In Sabre-nous health, where men if they sleep.

Heel'll wake, as he is in fury still.

Cut off the ground it shall pror the sight here.

Tit. My gracious Lord, my lovely, Sabrine,

Lord of my life, Commander of my thoughts,

Calme thee, and baste the faults of Titus age.

The effects of sorrow for his valiant Sonnes,

Whose losst hark pester it him deeper, and fear'd his heart.

And rather compass his design'd plight,

Then prosecute the mearef of the bet.

For they are come, Why that it shall become.

High wis'd Titoome to gole with all:

But Titu, I have touch'd thee to the quick,

Thy life blood out: If Aarrow now be wife,

Then is all safe, the Anchor's in the Fort.

How now good fellow, wouldst thou speake with us?

Clem. Ye forsooth, and your Mistrefh ship be Emperor.

Tito, Emprée is I am, but yonder sit the Emperor.

Clem. This be; God & Saint Stephen give you good den,

I have brought you a Letter, &c. of Pigion here,

Tito. This Letter.

Sat. Go thee take him away, and hang him presently.

Clem. How much money must I have to do it?

Tit. Come sirrah you must be hang'd.

Clem. Hang'd be, my Lord, then I have brought up a neck to a faire end.

Sat. Delightful and intable wrongs,

Shall I endure this monstrous villany?

I know from whence this same deed proceeds.

May this be borne? As if th's traryuous Sonnes,

That dy'd by law for murder of our Brother,

Hue by my present beene butcher'd wrongfully.

Goe drage the villain hither by the hair.

Nor Age, nor Honour, shall shpe priviledige:

For this proud Mocke, he be thy flatterer now.

My fanta'se wretch, this shall helpe it to make me great,

In hope thy father will govern Rome and me.

Enter Nicosius Emillius.

Sat. What news with thee Emillius?

Emil. Arise my Lord, Rome never had more cause,

The Gothes have gather'd head, and with a power

Of high resolution, bent to the oppoyle.

They hater march amaine, under conde.

Of Lucius, some is old Andronicus.

Who threat's in course of this revenge to do

As much as ever Carolinum did,

King. It wallis Lucius, General of the Gothes.

These tyrans nip me, and bring the head

As flowers with frost, or grasses best downe with hurnes

I now begin to foresew to express,

To he the common people los (a much,

My self hath often heard them say,

(When I have walkd like a private man)

That Lucius his action was wrongfully,

And they have writ that Lucius were their Emperor.

Tit. Why should you fear? Is not our City strong?

King. But the Citizens inlove Lucius,

And will revolt from me, to force out him.

Tito. King, be thy thoughts Imperial like thy name.

Is the Sune dim'd, that Gions do thine in it?

The Eagle suffers little Birds to sing,

And is not careless, what they issue thereby.

Knowing that wile the shadow of his wings,

He can at pleasure fill them melodie.

Even so mayest thou, the giddy men of Rome,

Then choose thy spirit, for now thou Emperor,

I will enchain the old Andronicus.

With watchmores foreces, and yet more dangerous

Then better to fish, or how shall we soon.

When as the one is wounded with the bocius,

The other tossed with delicius foode.

King. But he will not treat his Sonne for us.

Tit. If I scape entreat him him, then he will,

For I can smooth and ill ease get care.

With golden promises, that were his heart.

Almost inseparable, his old cares deafe,

Yet should both care and heart obey my tongue.

Goe thou before to our Embassadour,

Say, that the Emperor requests a party.

Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting.

Em. Emillius do this message safely.

And let him in Hareage for his safety,

Bid him demand what pledge will plac his baie.

Emil. Your bidding shall I do effectually.

Tit. Now will I to this old Andronicus,

And temper him with all the Art I have,

To plac'd proud Lucius from the warlike Gothes.

And now suit's Emperor be little againe,

And bury all thy fear in my deuices.

Sat. Then goe successfull, and plead for him.

Enter Lucius Quintus.

Flourish. Enter Lucius with an Army of Gothes,

with Drum and Solitaires.

Luci. Approved Warriors, and my faithfull Friends,

I have receiv'd Letters from great Rome,

Whose signifies what hate they bear to their Emperor,

And how desirous of our fight they are.

Therefore great Lords, be as your lives witness,

Impenent and impatient of your wrongs,

And whereas Rome hath done you any justice,

Let him make trebel satisfaction.

Goths. Brave, and sprung from the Great Andronicus,

Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort.

Whose high exploits, and honourable Deeds,

Ingrateful Rome requites with foule contempt.

Delaid in, wees, fellow whos thou leadst,

Like finging Bees in hollow Sommers day,

Led by their Master to the flowered fields,

And be angred on cursed Timaus.

And as he faile, in we all with him.

Luci. Humbly thank thee, and I thank thee all,

But who comes here, led by a luffie Goth?

Enter a Goth bearing of Aazon with his child

in his armes.

Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troupes I stride,

to gaze upon a ruinous Monasterie,
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wafted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry, dying for a wall;
I made unto the top, when lo! I heard
The crying babe控noted with this discourse:
Peace, weariness, half me, and half thy Dam;
Did not thy heart bewray what it thou art?
Had nature lent thee, but thy Mothiers look;
Villain thou magpie, but be not an Emperor,
But where the Jalland Cow is both milk-white,
They never do beget a child, blacke and Calfe;
Peace, villainy, peace, even thus he rates the babe,
For I must beseech thee to save thy Goth,
Who, when he knowes thou art the Empresse, this babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy Mothiers sake.
With this, my weapon drawne I rush upon him,
Surprised him unlately, and brought him hither
To die, as thou art needful of the man.

Luc. Oh worthy Goth, this is the incarcare deuill,
That rodnd Andromach, of his good hand:
This is the Page, that pleseth the Empresse eye,
And here's the Jaft Fruit of his bustling care.
Say well, dost thou know whether wouldst thou have any
This growing image of thy friend-like face?
Why dost not speake? or what desire? Not a word?
A halter Souldiers hang him on this Tree,
And by his side his Princes of Baffandia.

Aro. Touch not the fust, it is of Royall blood.
Luc. Too like the Synke for ever being good.
First hang the Child, that he may see it spaire,
A fight to vex the Fathers foule within.

Aro. Hang me a Ladder. Lucius, take the Child;
And beare it from me to the Empresse;
If thou do this, I will shew thee wonderful things,
That highely may advantage thee to heare;
If thou wilt not, tell what may befall,
He speaks no more: but vengeance yet you all.

Luc. Say on, and if I please me which thou speakest,
Thy child shall live, and I will fee it now.

Aro. And if I please thee? why allure thee Lucius,
Will I come to thee, lest what I shall speak
For I must take of Murderers, Rapes, and Maslacer.
Acts of Blacke-nights, abominable Deeds,
Complaints of Mischiefe, Treason, Villinies
Ruthfull to heart, yet piously preformed,
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Wilt thou forswear to my Child shall live.
Luc. Tell on thy blade,
I say thy Child shall live

Aro. Swear that he shall live, and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear to, then I will begin.
Thou beleeved in God,
That grunted how could that be beare a oath?

Aro. Whorf. All, I do not, as I said, 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 have some carefull to obserue;
Therefore I vige thy oath, for that I know
As one holds by this, he hath faith in God,
And keepes the oath. which by that God he sweares,
To the, but vige him. therefore thou shalt now
By that same God, what God soe er it be
That thou assest, and lust in truce,
To face my Boy. to nourish and bring him up,
Ore else I will discover nought to thee.
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

But to torment you with my bitter tongue.

Luke. Sit in the mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter Emilia.

Goth. My Lord, there is a Messenger from Rome, Desirous to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him hence no more.

Welcome Emilia, what news from Rome? Lemu. Lord Lucius, and the Prince of the Goths, The Roman Emperor, graces you all by me, And for he understand you are in Armies, He cares a penny for your Fathers heads. Willing you to demand yourHollages, And they shall be immediately delivered.

Goth. What news of General? Lemu. Enter Emilia, let the Emperors grace his pledges

Vario my Father, and my Uncle Marcus, flourish.

And we will come; methinks it is.

Enter Tamora, and her two Sons Serenus, and Demetrius.

Tam. Thus in strange and sad Habitations, I will encounter with Andronicus,

And say, an Revenge, from below,

To true with him and right his hainous wrongs;

Knockea at his flutters, where they they are keepers,

To ruminate strange pieces of Revenge,

Tell him Revenge is come to boye with him,

And would be satisfied on his Enemies.

They speak, and Titus opens his study door.

Tit. Who doth molest my Contemplation,

Is't your triske to make me up the door,

That so my sad decrees may fly away,

And all my fluid be no effect?

You are deceived, see what I mean to do,

See here, in bloody lines I haste for down:

And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No more a word: how can I grace my talk,

Wanting a hand to give it a flush?

You hath the ends of time, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou didst know me,

Thou wouldst talk with me.

Tit. I am not mad, I know thee well enough,

Writest this wretched bump,

Writest these crimson lines,

Writest these Trenchers made by grief and care,

Writest the tynging day, and dauncing night,

Writest all sorrow, that I know thee well.

For our proud Empresse, Mighty Tamora;

Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know that thou art, I am not Tamora,

She is the Emperesse, and thy Friend,

I am revenge from this forsworn Kingdom,

To eat the gawning Vulture of the mind,

By working, wreakful revenge on my Fort;

Come down, and come to me in this world of light,

Confere with me of Murder and of Death,

There's not a hollow Can, or lurking place,

No Walk oblique, or Milly vale.

Where bloody Murder, or dev'ted Rape,

Can cough or fear, but I will find them out,

And in their ears tell them in my dreame name,

Revenge, which makes the tode offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge, and art thou a friend to me,

To be a torment to mine Enemies?

Tam. I am, therefore come down, and welcome me.

Tit. Doth some sure pacte ere I come to thee?

Lucy by the side where Rape and Murder stand,

Now give some sureance that thou art Revenge,

Stab them, or tear them ere they stirr the wheele,

And then I come and be thy Waggoneer,

And while I along with thee about the Globe,

Provide thee two proper Falches, as blacke as jet,

To make thy vengeall Wagon rest away,

And finde our Murder in their guilty cares,

And when thy Car is loaded with their heads,

I will dismount, and by the Waggon wheel,

Trot like a Serulle foote, as I am, dashing along,

Even from Ephesus sitting in the raft,

Until his very downfall in the sea,

And day by day Ie do this lusty task,

So thou destroy Rape and Murder there.

Tam. These are my Ministers, and come with me,

Tit. Art they thy Ministers, what are they call'd?

Can they they vengeance of such kind of men?

Tam. Good Lord how like the Empresse they are?

And you the Empresse: But we oddly can,

Have miserable and misfitting eyes,

Oh sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee,

And one armes embracement will content thee,

I will embrace thee in it by and by.

Tam. This evening with him, for his Lucre,

What ever I forget to feed his braine, hee fits,

Do you uphold, and maintain in your speech,

For now he freely takes me for Revenge,

And being Creations in this mad thoughts,

He make him stand for Lucre, his Sonne,

And with the Bankett, hold him sure,

He find some cunning prudence out of hand

To scatter and dispere the giddie Goths,

Or at the least make them his Enemies,

See here he comes, and I must play my theme.

Tit. Long time I have forborne, and all for thee,

Welcome dead Part to my worstful house,

Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too,

How like the Empresse and her Sonnes you are.

Well are you fitted, had you no but a Moore,

Could not all be afford you such a death?

For well I wote the Empresse never wags,

But in her company there is a Moore,

And would you represent our Queenes sight,

It were convenient you had such a death.

But welcome as you are, what shall we doe?

Tam. What wouldst thou have vado Andronicus?

Dem. Snowme a Murderer, Ie deal with him,

Chi. Show me a Villain that hath done a Rape,

And I am set to be reseng'd on him.

Tam. Show me a thong, and that have done thee wrong,

And I be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wickd streets of Rome,

And when thou find a man that's like thy selfe,

Good Murder stab him, here's a Murtherer.

Go to with him, and when it is thy hap

To finde another that is like to thee,

Good Rapine stab him, he is a Rapler.

Go to with them, and in ye Emperors Court,

There is a Queene attended by a Moore,

Well mayd they know her by thy owne proportion,

For wp and downe she doth resemble thee,

I pray thee doe on them some violent death,

They have bene violent to me and mine.
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

Oh Villains, Chirns, and Demetrias,
Here stands the spring whom you have made with mud,
This goodly Summer with your Winter mixt,
You kill her husband, and for that vile suit,
Two of her Brothers were condemning to death.
My hand cut off, and made an entry left,
Both her sweet Hands, her Tongue, and th' other dearer
Then Hands or tongue, her speckles Chastity,
Inhumane Tytanes, you constrain'd and for't
What would you say? If I should let you speak?
Villagers for shame you could not beg for grace.
Harke Wretches, how I mean to satisfy you,
This one hand yet is left, to cut your throats,
Whil's this Launia woe she her damps distill'd
The Bason that rechtes your guilty blood.
You know your Mother means to feast with me;
And calls her selfe Fasting, and think's she mad;
Harke Villains, I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and dust, I make a Pafey,
And of the Pafis a Coffin I will rear;
And make two Pafis of your Alexander Heads,
And bid that temper your valiant Blood,
Like to the earth it will bow her increase.
This is the Feast, that I have bid her to,
And this the Banquet she shall furthe, on.
For worse then I bid you to my Daughter,
And worse then Pтвер, I will be stercy'd,
And now prepare your thoughts: Launia, come,
Receive the blood, and when that they are dead,
Let me give grind their Bones to powder small,
And with this basest Liqueur temper it,
And in that Pafis let her viles Hands be bate;
Come, come, he crys one officion,
To make this Bason, which I with might awake,
More terme and bloody then the Centaurs Peate;
He eate their hearts.
So now bring them in, for I will play the Cooke,
And let them ready, gainst their Mother comes.

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and the Goblets.

Luc. Vnckle Marcus, since it is my Fathers minde
That I repair to Rome, I am content.
Glyt. And ours with thine befall, what Fortune will.
Luc. Good Vnckle take you in this barbarous Meets,
This Rousent Tiger, this secured deull,
Let him receive no sufferance, better him,
Till he be brought vane the Empoerous face,
Fortestimony of her foul proceedings,
And fee the Ambush of our Friends be strong,
Here the Emparoer means no good to us.
Arun. Some deull whisper cusses in my ear,
And prompt me that my tongue may viter for th's.
The Venemus Maller of my dwelling heart,
Luc. Away Inhumanise Dogge, Valhallowd gaze,
Sirs, helpes our Vnckle, to cousey him in,
Fluerflis,
The Trumpets shew the Emparoer is at hand.

Sound Trumpets. Enter Emparoer and Empresse, with Tribunes and others.

Ser. What hath the Firemount more Sains then one?
Luc. What bootes it thee to call thy selfe a Sonne &
Mar. Rome Emparoer & nephewe break the peace.
These quarrels must be quietly debated
The Peate is ready which the careful Titu.
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

Hath ordained to an Honourable end,
For Peace, for Love, for League, and good to Rome:
Please you therefore draw me and take your places.

Sat. Maro we will.

Tit. Welcome my gracious Lord,
Welcome dread Queen,
Welcome ye Warlike Goths, welcome Lucius,
And welcome all although the cheer be poor,
I will fill you bounteous, please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus spiteful? And what is this to Andronicus? I will.

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well.

To entertain your Highness, and your Empresse.

Tit. We are beholding to you good Andronicus.

Tit. And if your Highness knew my heart, you were:
My Lord the Emperor resolute me this,
Was it well done of all Antonio?
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was so fair, white, and deforme.

Sat. What hast done, unnatural and vnkinde?

Tit. Kille her for whom my tears haue made me blind.
I am as wofull as Pitying was,
And have a thousand times more cause then he.

Sat. What was the raunke who did the deed.

Tit. Whil your grace please you eat,
Will please your Highness feed?

Tit. Why thou slaine thine only Daughter?

Tit. Not I, 'twas Clarion and Demetrius.

They rauish'd her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did all this wrong,

Sat. Go fetch them thither now presently.

Tit. Why there they are, in that Pie,
Whereof their mother daily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that the heresie hath breed.

Tis true, 'tis true, 'tis true, with my knifes sharpe point.

Hath done the Empresse.

Sat. Die franticke wretch, for this accendt deed.

Luc. Can the Sondres eye, behold his Father bleed?

Mar. You and they, men, people and Sons of Rome,
By spores seuer'd like a flight of Poulie,
Sustained by windes and high tempestuous guls:
Oh let me teach you how to knit againe.

This taughte, Come, into one munuall these,
Their broken limbs againe into one body.

Celb. Let Rome herselfe be bane unto herself.
And flame with mightie kingdoms curse not,
Like a solemne and desperate caffeway,
Does flamefull execution on her life.

But if my fleeting signes and chaps of leaves,
Grace sinless of true experience
Cannot induce you to attend my words,
Speake Rome's deere friend, as 'eft our Ancestor.
The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus.

Luc. Thankes gentle Romans, may I gouern me fo,
To heale Romes harmes, and wipe away her woe.
But gentle people, giue me wryme a while.
For Nature puts me to a heayie task:
Stand all afoote, but Vincile draw you near,
To find obsequious tears upon this Trunkie:
Oh take this warme kisse on thy pale cold lips,
That is for as well drops upon thy bloode-faint face,
The last true Duties of thy Noble Sonne.

Mar. Teare for tearre, and louing kisses for kisse,
Thy Brother Marcus tenders on thy Lips:
O were the fame of these that I should pay
Cameirlesse, and infinite, yet would I pay them.

Luc. Come hither Boy, come, come, and learn of vs
To mete in showres; thy Grandfier lou'd thee well:
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee;
Sung thee allepie, his Louing Befrew thy Pillow;
Many a master bath he told to thee,
Messes, and agreeing with thine Infancie:
In that respect then, like a louing Childe,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender Spring,
Because kinde Nature doth require it for
Friends, should associate Friends in Greere and Wo.
Bid him farewels, commit him to the Grave,
Do him that kindnesse, and take issue of him.

Boy. O Grandfier, Grandfier, even with all my heart
Would I were Dead, so you did live againe.
O Lord, I cannot speake to him for weeping,
My teares will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

Rom. You sad Androicius, hau'e done with woe,
Gite sentence on this execrable Wretch,
That hath beene breeder of these dire events.

Luc. See him brod deep in earth, and famish him:
There let him stand, and rave, and cry for foode.
If any one releues, or pistles him,
For the offence, he dyes. This is our donee:
Some stay, to see him fastned in the earth.

Arm. O why should wrath be more, & Fury dumber?
I am no Baby, I wish mens Prayers
I should repeat the Ends I have done.
Ten thousand worse, then ever yet I did,
Would I performe if I might have my will:
If one good Deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very Soule.

Lucius. Some louing Friends conuey the Emp, hence,
And giue him burial in his Fathers grave.
My Father, and Lavinia, shall forthwith
Be cloed in our Households Monument.
As for that heynous Tyger Tamora,
No Funerall Rite, nor man in mornfull Weeds;
No mornfull bell shall ring her Buriall,
But throw her tooth to Beefs and Birds of prey
Her life was Bead-like, and destitute of pity,
And being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done on Aarons that danno Moore,
From whom, our heavy happest had their beginning.
Then afterwards, to Order well the State,
That like Euenus, may we're it Rainie.

FINIS.

The prologue to Cymbeline and Coriolanus.
THE TRAGEDIKE OF
ROMEO and JULIET.

Admus Primus. Secna Prima.

Enter Sampson and Gregory with Swords and Bucklers,
of the House of Capulets.

Sampson. A my word we'll not carry coales.
Greg. No, for then we should be Galliars.
Samp. I mean, if we be in choler, we'll draw,
Greg. I. While you live, draw your necke out
of th' Collars,
Samp. I strike quickly, being mou'd.
Greg. But thou art not quickly mou'd to strike.
Samp. A dog of the house of Mounetraguer, moves me.
Greg. To move, is to stir; and to be valiant, is to stand;
Therefore if thou set mou'd, thou sauest away.
Samp. A dogge of that house shall move me to stand,
I will take the wall of any Man or Maid of Mounetraguer.
Greg. That shewes that a weake base, for the weak
keel goes to the wall.
Samp. True, and therefore women being the weaker
Veables, are euer thufli to the wall: therefore I will push
Mounetraguer men from the wall, and shuft his Maidens to the
wall.

Greg. The Quarrell is betweene our Masters, and vs.
Samp. 'Tis all one, I will draw my taffe against: when
I haue fought with the man, I will bee civil with the
Maids, and com out their heads.
Greg. The heads of the Maids,
Samp. I the heads of the Maids, or their Maiden-heads,
Take it in what fince thou wilt.
Greg. They mu't take it hearty, that feele it.
Samp. Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand;
And knowesome I am a pritty piece of ste."f.
Greg. 'Tis well then art no fife: If thou hadst bit, thou
hadst beene poore John. Draw thy Tootel, here comes of the
Houfe of the C Capulettes,

Enter two other Seruants.
Samp. My nacked weapon is our quarre, I wil buck thee
Samp. Fear me not.
Greg. No mery: I fear thee.
Samp. Let vs take the Lawe of our sides, lett them begin,
Greg. I will bowen as I passe by, & lett the take it as they list.
Samp. Nay, as they date, I will bite my Thumb at them,
which is a desparate to them, if they bear it.
Greg. Do you bite your Thumbs at vs fir? 
Samp. Do I bite my Thumbs, fir?
Greg. Do you bite your Thumbs at vs, fir?
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

Cankred with peace, to part your Cankred hate,
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall lay the livery in tears.
For this time all the blood of the Capulets
You Capulets shall go along with me,
And Morn and night you shall be thus bound,
To know our Fathers pleasure in this case.
To old Frey's town, on our common estate place.
Once more on painted death, all men depart.

Merc. Who let this mischiefe quarrel now break up?

Speake Nephew, were you by, when it began?
Bem. Here were the feruants of your sonne,
And yourse close fighting ere't did approach,
I drew to part them in the infant came.
The fiesty Tibalt, with his sword prepar'd,
Which as he breathed defiance to my eyees,
He wrong about his head, and cut the windes,
Who notting hurt withal, shot him in stomme.
While we were entering th'elds and bowers,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part.
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

Grief. O where is Romeo, saw you him to day?
Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.
Bem. Madam, an hour before the worships Sun
Peed forth the golden window of the Ealf,
A troubled mind drave me to walke abroad,
Where vnderneath the ground the vxe of Scasumour,
That Westward roofeth from this Ciry side?
So earily walking did I see your Sonne:
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,
And fled into the course of the wood,
I measuring his affections by my owne,
Which then most sought, when most might not be found:
Being one too many by my weary fells,
Put forth my temper not pursuing his
And gladly thun'd, who gladly fled from me.

Mourn. Many a morrow hath he there beene seene,
With teares augmenting the fresh mornings daw,
Adding to cloudes, more cloudie with his deeper lightes,
But all to soone as the all-cheering Sunne,
Should in the farred Ealf begin to draw.
The shadie Curtains from Anchored bed,
Away from light, flees home my heavy Sonne,
And priase in his Chamber pennes himselfe,
Shuts vp his windows, locks every daw-light out,
And makes himselfe an artificial night.
Blacke and postevans with this humour provest,
Vile good counsell may the cause remove.
Bem. My Noble Vnle, do you know the cause?
Mourn. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.
Bem. Have you important'd him by any meanes?
Mourn. Both by my selfe and many others friends,
But he his owne affections confeder,
Is to high art [I will not say how true],
But to himselfe so secret and so close,
So faire from founding and discovery.
As is the bud but with insistent woundes,
Ere he can spread his favorr eyes on the eye.
Or dedicate his beauty to the same. 

Mourn. I would thou werst be happy by thy stay,
To heare true rhymes. Come Mabmon let's away. 

Enter Bemotions.

Bem. See where he comes, so please you whip aside,
He know his gresness, or be much deduce.

Mourn. I would thou were as happy by thy stay,
To heare true rhymes. Come Mabmon let's away. 

Enter Bemotions.

Rome. Is the day so young?
Bem. But now breakes nine.

Rome. Ay, and, I fear it is past prime.
Was that my Father that went hence to talk?
Bem. It was, what time I saw them, 'twas nine.

Rome. Not having that, which having, makes them short.
Bem. In love.

Rome. Out

Rome. Of love.

Rome. Out of her favour where I am in love.
Bem. Alas that love to gentle in his view.
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proofo.
Rome. Alas that love, whose view is mistled still,
Should without eyes, see pathways to his will.
Where shall we due? O me, what fray was here?
Yes tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.
Why the, O brawling love, O loving hate.
O anything, of nothing first created.
Obezie light, by nature, th'ernion.
Mischiefe Chaos of welling tomes.
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sickle health.
Still walking sleep, that is not what it is.
This love feels, that feels no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?
Bem. No, Cezar, I rather weep.

Rome. Good heart, at what?

Bem. At thy good hearts oppression.
Rome. Why such is love's truest resolution.
Grieves of mine own heaue beastie in my breast,
Which thou wilt propagate to haue it present.
With more of thine, this tear that thou hast showne.
Both doth raise more griefs, to too much of mine owne.
Loure, is a smoke made with the fire of fights,
Being pur'd, a fire sparkling in Lovere's eyes,
Being vex, a sea nourished with burning teares.
What is it else? madness, most distress.
A chocking gall, and a preserning weest.
Farewell my Coze.

Bem. Soft, I will goe along.
And if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rome. Tell me in saddest, who is that you love?
Bem. What shall I groane and tell thee?
Bem. Groane, why no? but sadly tell me who.

Rome. A sickle man in sadness makes his will:
A wordfull wish'd, a one that is so ill.
In sadnese Coze, I do love a woman.

Bem. Sayd I do not, saw you, you love'd.
Bem. A right good markte man, and thee a faire I love.

Bem. A right faire markte, faire Coze, I thonnet hit.

Rome. Well in that hit you misit, steel not be hit.

With Cupids arrow, she hath Diatt. wit,
And in strong proofes of chastity well arm'd.
From lustes weake childest Bow, she lies unarm'd.
Sheer will not flay the frite of plainest tamaris.
Nor bid th'encounter of affliing eyes.
Not open her lap to Saintic-finding Gold.
O she is rich in beauty, only poor.
That when the dyes with beauty dies her faire.

Rome. Then thehe hath sware, that she will still love thee.

Rome. She hath, and in that swearing make large with thee.

Rome. She hath, and in that swearing make large with thee.
For beauty Rome will, with her beauty,
Ours beauty off from all pottentie.
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

She is too faire, too wilde, too sly, too faire,
To merit buffle by making me daunger.

To her who was too fau, to her who was too fair,
And in that row.

Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be told me, for to think of her.

Rom. O teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes.

Examine other beauties.

As I was in the way to call thee (exquisite) in question more.

These happy maske that I have made, Ladies, brownes.

Black, pure with their minds, they hide the faire.

Her that is broken blind, cannot forget.

The precious treasure of his eyes, sight was.

Shew me a Militesse that is passing faire.

What doth her beauty's sight but a note, whole

Where I may read who pass that passing faire.

For well thee canst not teach me to foret,

Ben. I pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

Enter Capulet, Comitie, Paris, and the Clunes.

Cap. Montague is bound as well as I,

In penalty alike, and is not hard to think of.

For men too old at wee, to keep the peace.

Paris. Of honourable reckoning are you both,

And part in this deed, and all the rest.

But now my Lord, what say you to my face?

Cap. But saying o're what I have said before.

My child is yet a stranger in the world.

She is but as the age of fourteen years.

Let a more summer with in their pride,

And we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Paris. Younger then she is, are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon made are those so early made.

Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she,

She's the hopefull Lady of my earth.

But with her gentle Paris, get her heart,

My will to her content, is but a part.

And there agree, within her scope of choice,

Lyes my content, and faire according voice.

This night I hold an old accoutred feast,

Whereunto I have invited many a guest,

Sigh, as 1 love, and you among the store.

One must, most welcome makes my merry number.

At my poor house, looke to behold this night,

Earth-treading faires, that make dark heaven light,

Such comfort as do lusty young men feel,

When well apparel'd April on the heede.

Olimping Winter treads, with such delight.

Among, rec'st Pernell finds that you this night.

Inherits at his house, there all, all e.

And like her most, whose mirth most shall be.

Which one more vie, of many, mine being one,

May stand in number, though in reckoning none.

Come, gone may goe forth, trudge about,

Though faire Paris, find these persons there,

Whole names are written there, and to them say,

My soule and welcome, on their pleasure stay. Exit.

Ser. Find them out whose names are written there, heere it is written, that the Shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the Tayler with his Huf, the Fisker with his Penfild, and the Painter with his Nets. But I am forced to find those persons whose names are with, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ (if I must to the learned) in good time.

Enter Benvoli, and Romeo.

Ben. True man, one fire burns out another's burning,

One page is ended by another's anguish.

Tune giddie, and be holpe by backward cutting:

One despairing grieve, whose with another's anguish.

Take shoue some new infection to the eye,

And the rank poxion of the old will die.

Rom. Your Plantain leaves is excellent for that.

Ben. For what I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more then a mad man is.

Shoe up in prison, kept without my food.

Whipt and contemned in a Godden good fellow.

Ser. Godgigoden, I pray for can you read?

Rom. I mine own fortune in my mistress.

Ser. Perhaps you have learn'd it without a book.

But I pray you can read anything you see?

Rom. If I know the Letters and the Language.

Ser. Ye say honestly, tell you meter.

Rom. Stay fellow, I can be read.

He reads the Letter.

Elizabet Harris, and his wife and daughter: County Airse,

Take therefore, and his beautiful sisters: The Lady widow of Uerino,

T Vermont, Vermont, and his lovely Nieces: Mercuier, and his

brother Valentine: mine own Capulet his wife and daughter.

Ser. Take your Niece Rosalina, Lisie Sperando, &c. to be

Comel Yulet: Luise and the lovely Helene.

A faire elegy, who the should they come.

Ser. Wip.

Rom. Whither? to supper?

Ser. To out house.

Rom. Who's house?

Ser. My Master's.

Rom. Indeed I should have asked you that before.

Ser. Now I tell you without asking. My master is the

great rich Capulet and if you be out of the house of

Montague I pray come and suffice a cup of wine. Rest

you merry.

Exit.

At this same ancient Feast of Capulets

Sits at the faire Rosalina, whom thereof so fewes:

With all the adored Beauties of Verona:

Go thither and with unrestrained eye,

Compare her face with some that I shall show,

And I will make thee thine by Swan a Crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye

Maintaines such a flood, then turne tears to fire:

And these who often drunk did never die,

Transparent Heretics be burnt for liers.

One faire then my love: the self-same Sun

Nest so much, since first the world began.

Bee. That, you saw her faire, nought else being by,

Her selfe pos'd with her selfe in either eye:

But in that Christell scales, let there he waist,

Your Ladies lose against the other Maid.

That I will throw you, flaming at this Feast,

And she shee flameth still, well, that now flames best.

Rom. He goes along with such fight to be inflame,

But to reclosse in splendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulet 1 wife and Nurse.

Nurse. Nurse who's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now by my Maidens, at twelve yeares old

I had her come, what Lamb: what Lady birds, God forbid,


Juliet. How now, who calls?

Nurse. Your Mother.

Juliet. Madam I am here, what is your will?

Nurse. This is the matter: Nurse give leave awhile, we

must
must take in tetter. Nurse come hack again; I have remembred me, thou is here our counsell. Thou knowest my daughter's a plagues age.

Nurse. Faith I can tell her age unto an hour.

Wife. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I lie fourteen of my teeth,
And yet to my teene be'pet spoken,
Thou hast but fourteene, thee's not fourteen.

How long is it now to Luann's term?

Wife. A certain time and odd days.

Nurse. Euen or odd, of all dates in the yeare come
Luann is nine, and if she be fourteen, Sulaue & the
God rest all Christen foules, were of an age. Well Sulaue
is with God, she was too good for me. But as I said, on Luann's
nine, if she be fourteen, I shall the mate,
I remember it well. Thus since the Earth-quake in the
eleven yeares, and she was went dey never shall forget it,
of all the dates of the yeare, upon that day: for I had then
laid Wrome-wood to my Dugge sitting in the Sunne under
the Dovehouse wall, my Lord and you were then at
Brant, by the doo bare a braine. But as I said, when it
didst the Wrome-wood on the apple of my Dugge,
such as I know, very few, for to teach and fall down with
the Dugge, Shake quoth the Dovehouse, 'twas no
need to lay me there a trudge; and since that time it
is a yeare, for then the could stand alone, by both
roode the could have runne & waded all about for even
the day before the broke her brow, & then my Husband
God be with his foule, was a merrie man, took up the
Child, quoth she, dreef thou fall upon thy face? thou
will fall backward when thou best more wit, wilt thou
not twice? And by my holy-dam, the pretty wretch she
cried: and said: I to thee now how I left thine, I
unlawful and I have thine, not twenty, and thirty thou
mayest, and said, I

Old Lu. If good of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes Madam, yet I cannot chaste but laugh, to
think it should loose crying, & say I: and yet I warrant
it had upon it, a bungus as big as a young Cockle in the
house. A perishing knock, and it ended bitterly. Ye quoth
my husband, I will upon thy face, thou wilt fall back-
ward when thou comest to rage; wilt thou not twice? I
thoeld and said, I.

Nurse. And thus thou too, I pray thee Nurse, say I.

Old Lu. Peace have done. God scarce too his grace
thou with the prettiest Bake that is as a mut, and I might
have thee then married once, I have my wife.

Nurse. Marry that marry is the very theme
I came to talk of, tell me daughters Luann,
How stands thy disposition to be Married?

Juliet. It is a question that I dream not of.

Nurse. An home, were not thy, Nurse, I would
have thee a Baker with a mare.

Old Lu. Weil thine of marriage now, younger then you
Here to Paris, Ladies of quality,
Are made already Mothers, By my count
I was, my Mother, match upon these years
And thus I was a Maid, this then in birth.

Nurse. A man young Lady, Lady, such a man as all
the world, Why, here's a man of wax.

Old Lu. Paris in Summer hath not such a Flower.

Nurse. Nay bee's a flower, infatth a very flower.

Old Lu. What say you, can you lose the Gentleman?

Nurse. This might you shall behold him at our feast.

Read ere the volume of young Paris face,
And find delight, and where with Beautys pen
Examine every inward beautie,
And for how one another lends content.

What observe'd in this faire volume lies,
And what written in the Margins of his eyes.
This precious book in Luann's eyes shew the glore,
That in gold clas'd in Lockes in the Golden story.
So shall you dare all that he doth partly,
By having him, making his feele no feele.

Nurse. No less, why bigger? women grown by men.

Old Lu. Speak briefely, can you like of Paris love?

Old Lu. It be looks to like, it looking like mone.

But no more deeps will I endaste mine eye,
Then your content gives strength to make fye.

Enter a Servant man.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, upper tent'd wp, you
see, my young Lady ask for, the Nurse carfully in the Pat-
tery, and everything in exacite I. I should hence to wait, I
be the hall you follow right.

Exit.

Page. We follow thee, Juliet, the Countesse follow.

Nurse. Goe gentle, seem happy, as happy as happy, I

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio with saw or face
after the Mager, I wish-hearers.

Rome. What shall this speech be spoke for our excuse.
Or shall we on without Apologie

Ben. The gate in is out of such proficicie,
Weele have us with, hood winkle with a skarfe,
Bearing a Tartans painted Bow of Ith.
Sharing the Ladies like a Crowne keeper.
But let them mine free vs by what they will,
Weele measure them a Measure and be gone.

Rom. Give me a Torch, I am not for this ambling,
Being hurstily I will bear the light.

Merc. Nay gentle Romeo, we must have you dance,

Rom. Not I believe me, you have dancings fibres
With nimble soles, I have a foale of Lead.
So fallske to the ground, I cannot move.

Ott. You have a Louer, bowter Copples wings,
And share with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore expresed with his flith,
To share with his light fether, and to bound.
I cannot bound a pitch above dill were,
Under leaves heavy burden do I sink.

Hera. And to fixe him in should you bursten love,
Too great oppression for a tender child.

Rom. Is too slender a thing it is too rough,
Too rude, too boylerious, and it pricks like thorne.

Ott. If thou, too rough with you, they rough with love,
Prickle for pricking, and you bear love down,
Give me a Cafe to put my visage in,
A Vidor for a Vidor, what care I

What curious eye doth quote deformities
Here are the Betehebrews shall be forth for me.

Ben. Come knockes and enter, and no sooner in,
But every man beaketh him to his legs.

Rom. A Torch for me, I see no wandering heart of light
Tickle the fencelle rushes with their heels:
For I am prosper'd by a Grundry Phrase,
He be a Candle-holder and looke on,
The game was never so faire, and I am done.

Merc. Tut.
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

[Scene: A ballroom]

**Enter** the Capulets and Montagues, with their retinue.

**Cap.** Welcome, Gentlemen, 
Ladies that have their toes
Vieplagued with Cornes, walk about with you:
Ah my Mistresses, which of you all
Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,
She he sware hath Cornes: am I come near ye now?
Welcome Gentlemen, I have aene the day
That I have wore a Vidor, and could tell
A whispering tale in a faire Ladys ear
Such as would please: his gone, his gone, his gone,
You are welcome Gentlemen, come Mushists play,
**Musists:** and the dance.

A Hall Hall, gives reaume, and通风it Girles,
More light you houses, and turne the Tables vp.
And quench the fire, the Room is growne too hot.
Ah sirrah, this vndooks for space comes well:
Nay sir, nay sir, good Con, **Cap,**
For you and I are past our Dancing days:
How long, till now these left your hell? and I.
Were in a Mistke.

**Cap.** Berly thirty yeares.

**Cap.** What man? 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much,
'Tis since the Nuptiall of Lucrece.
Come Penteoell as qickely as it will,
Some five and twenty yeares, and then we Mistke.

**Cap.** 'Tis more, 'tis more, his Sonne is elder for:
His Sonne is thirty.

**Cap.** Will you tell me that?
His Sonne was but a Ward two yeare agoe.

**Rom.** What Ladie is that which doth nott take the hand
Of your Knight?

**Sr.** I know not sir.

**Rom.** O the dothes, the Torchses, the dothes.
Tis the great day, the feast of the night,
As rich Trewel in an Athiopse earre:
Beauty too rich for view, too rare too desire.
So flieses a Snowy Dovee troping with Crows,
As yonder Ladie oer her fellows toyses:
The measure done, he watcht her piece of hand,
And touching her, makest blest thy rude hand.

**Rom.** Nay, what? if you are dumb, I will weare the lead.
Or let you see, wherein this flicker
Up to the Cares, come we burne day and night.

**Rome.** Nay that is not so.

**Rom.** I meanes sir, I delay.
We waft our lights in vain, lights, lights, by day.
Take our good meaning, for our Judgement first.

**Rom.** And we mean to well ingoing to this Maske,
But its no wit to go.

**Rom.** Why may one asks?

**Rom.** I dreames a dreame to night.

**Rom.** And so did I.

**Rom.** What was yours?

**Rom.** That dreames oftens lyes.

**Rom.** In bed a sleep while they do dreameth thinges true.

**Rom.** Then I see Queene Mab hath bene with you:
She is the Fairies Midwife, & she cometh in the shape no bigger
Then Agat-stone, on the fore-finger of an Alderman,
Drawne with a seele of little.common, on mens nooses as
They lie asleep, he Wagoner Spakes made of long Spinners
Legs: the Comed of the wings of Grashoppers, her
Tracks of the smallest Spiders web, her coulers of
The Moonshine, wary Beames, her Whip of Crickers bone,
The Laff of Phlium, her Wagg, a small gray-coated
Gu, not half so bigge as a round little Worne, prickd
From the Laize-finger of a man. Her Charies is an empty
Habitt, made by the Livery Squirell or old Grub, time
Out a mind, the Fairies Coach-makers & in this state the
Gallopes night by night, through Louers braine & then
They dream of Loues. On Courtiers knees, that dreames on
Cutties face: oly Lawyers finger, who fraughts dream on
Ecus, our Ladies lips, who freake on kiffes dream, which
Off the angry Mab with blisters plagues, because their
Breath with Sweet meats tainted are. Sometime the gallop
Of a Courtiers note, & then dreames he of sucking
Our Embles sometime she with that note telle, tickling
A Pasions note as a lutes allepepe, then he dreames of
Another Benitez. Sometime the direme oly a Stoulers
Note, & then dreames he of cutting Forranle throates, or
Breaches, Ambuscados, Spanish Blades: Of Healths fine
Fadone deepes, and then anon drums in his eares, at which
He flares and wakkes and being thus frighted, sweares a
Prayer or two & sleepes against he is the very Mab that
Pass the mares of Horses in the night: & bakes the Bells
Locks in foule illustre haires, which once entangled, much
Misfortune bodies,

This is the hag, when Maides lie on their backs,
That preflles them, and leaves them first to beatre,
Making them women of good carriage:

This is the: 

**Rom.** Peace, peace, Peace, Peace, to nothing.

**Rom.** True, I talk of dreames:
Which are the children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing, but vain phantasie.
Whische is thin of substance as the styre,
And more incontinent then the wind, who winos
Even new the frozen bosome of the North:
And being angerd, poures away from thence,
Turning his side to the dew dropping South.

**Rom.** This wind you talk of blowes vs from our feathers,
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

**Rom.** I fear too early, my mind is frights,
Some consequence yet hanging in the staires.
Did my heart lose till now, fair vesture is lost,
For I ne'er saw true Beauty till this night.
Tib. This by his voice should be a Mournous.
Fetch me my Rapiers Boy, what dares the face
Come hither counter'd with an antique face,
To fleer and frown at our Solomizers.
Now by the Roke and Honour of my kin,
To take him dead I hold it nor a sin.
Cap. Why how now kinman.
Wherefore frown you so?
Tib. Vace this is a Mournous, our foe:
A Villaine that is hitter come i' pight.
To frown at our Solomizers this night.
Cap. Young Romeus is?
Tib. Tis he, that Villaine Romeus.
Cap. Consent thee gentle Cos, let him alone,
A beames him like a portly Gentleman:
And to thy truth, Veune brags of him,
To be a vertuous and well govern'd youth.
I would not for the wealth of all the round
Here in my house do him disparagement;
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will, the which if thou respeke,
Shew a faire presence, and put of these frowns,
An ill befitting semblance for a Feudi.
Tib. It fits when such a Villaine is a guest,
He not endure him.
Cap. He shall be endur'd,
What goodness boy, I say he shall go too,
And the Master here or you go too,
Yeole not endure him, God shall mend my soule,
Yeole, make a Mainline among the Guests:
You will set cocke a hoop, yeole be the man.
Tib. Why Vincen's tis a shame.
Cap. Go too, go too,
You see a fawcy Boy, hit so indeed?
This tricke may chance to feath you, I know what,
You must contrary me, marry 'tis time.
Well said my heart, you are a Prince,
Be quiet, or more light, more light for shame,
Hie me you quiet, what, charity my heart.
Tib. Patience performe, with virtuous Choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different speaking;
I will withdraw, but this torment shall.
Now seeming sweet, consent to bitter gall.
Rom. If a prophanhe with my unworthy hand,
This holy shrine, the gentle sin this,
My lips to blushing Pilgrims did ready stand,
To smooth that rough tough, with a tender kisse.
Ind. Good Pilgrime,
You do wrong your hand too much,
Which matterly devotion shewes in this,
For Saints have hands, that Pilgrims hands do touch,
And to palmes, is holy Palmers kisse.
Rom. Have not Saints lips, and holy Palmes too?
Ind. I Pilgrimage, lips that they must vise in prayer,
Rom. O then desre Saint, let lips do what hands do,
They pray, grant thou least faith tume to dispair.
Ind. Saints do not move,
Though grate for prayers take.
Rom. Then move not while my prayers effect I take;
Then from my lips, by thine my sin is purged.
Ind. Then haste my lips the slit that they have tooke,
Rom. Sin from my lips? O treuful praise sweetly urg'd
Give me my sin again.
Ind. You flie by d'a boker.
The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.

Vnto the white spawnd wondring eyes
Of mortalls that fall backe to gaze on him,
When hee besides the faire puting Cloudes,
And steal the bosome of the ayre.

Inf. O Romeo, Iuliet, wherefore art thou such a spawnder?

Denys the Father and relifie thy name;
Or if thou wilt not, hee but overcome my Loue,
And Ile no longer be a Copie.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speake at this?

Inf. In this thy name that is my Enemy:
Thou art thy selfe, though not a Mauretique,
What a Mauretique it is nor good nor base,
Nor name, nor face, I doe fame other name,
Belonging to a man.

What? in a names that which we call a Rebe,
By any other word would shew as sweeter,
So Romos would, were he not Romes call'd,
Retaine that desire perfection which he owes,
Without that title Romes, doth thy name,
And for thy name which is no part of thee,
Take all my loue.

Rom. I take thee at thy word;
Call me but Loue, and Ile be new baptiz'd,
Feme forese thou never will be Romes.

Inf. What art thou then, that thou bestridest in night
So sumblum on my counsell?

Rom. By a name,
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name deare Saint, is hateful to my selfe,
Because it is an Enemy to thee,
Hast it written, I would tear the word.

Inf. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of thy tongues vtering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not Romes, and a Mauretique?

Rom. Neither faire Maid, if either thee dislike.
Inf. How canst thou hither,
Tell me, and wherefore?
The Orchard walls are high, and hard to clime,
And the place death, confounding whoe shews art,
If any of my kinmen shew thee here,
Rom. With Loues light wings
Did I take perch thefe Walls,
For long I mist could not hold Loue out,
And what Loue can do, that doest Loue attempt:
Therefore thy kinmen are no flop to me.

Inf. If they do fee thee, they will murder thee.
Rom. Alacke these lies more perill in thine eie,
Then twenty of their swords, looke thou but sweete,
And I am proud against their enemity.

Inf. I would not for the world they saw thee here.
Rom. I have nightes cloakES to hide me from their eyes
And but thou lost me, let them finde me here,
My life were better ended by their hate,
Then death proued wounding of thy Loue.

Inf. By whose direction foundrst thou out this place?
Rom. By Loue that first did proue me to enquire,
He lent me counsell, and I lent him eyes
I am no Pylor, yet went thou as far
As that wall-shore-walketh with the farther Sea,
I should adventure for such Marchandise.

Inf. Thou knowest the make of nightes is on my face,
Elle would a Maiden blithe beares my checke,
For that which thou hast heard me speake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, denie,
What I have spake, but farewell Complement,
Deepest thou Loue? I know thou wilt lay 1,
The Tragedie of Rome and Juliet

And I will take thy word, yet if thou sweare it,
Thou mayst pronounse it as Loues per industies
They say Loues is the gentlest of Men.
If thou sweare Loue, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou thinke I am too quickly wroune,
He beowne and be pertie, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt wroune: But else not for the world.

In truth saide, Montague, I am too fond:
And therefore thou mayest shine my behaviour light,
But ruff me Gentleman. If I proue more true,
Then those that hate joying to be strange,
I should have been more strange, I must confesse,
But that thou proue it ere I was ware.
My true Loues passion, therefore pardon me,
And not impeare this yeoulding to light Loue,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder Moon I vow,
That tips with suller all these Fruite cree tops.

Int. O sweare not by the Moon, the inconstant Moone,
That changeth in her circled Orb;
And thy Loue prove like wise variable.

Int. What shall I sweare by?

Int. Do not sweare at all:
Oft thou wilt sweare by thy gracious selfe,
Which is the God of my Idolatry,
And he beleue thee.

Rom. May heares desire Loue.

Int. Well do not sweare, although I joy in thee:
I have no joy of this contract to night,
It is too rash, too vnbuilded, too sudden.
Too like the lightning which doth cause to be
One, one can say, it lightens, Sweete good night.

This bud of Loue by Summeres opening breaths,
May prove a beauteous Flower when next we meetes:
Goodnight, goodnight, as sweete repose and rest,
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast.

Rom. O wilt thou leave me to visitied sleep?
Int. What dost thou fear to sleepe this night?

Rom. Why change of thy Loues faithfull vow for mine.

Int. I euer the mine before thou didst request it:

Rom. And yet I should bee as true again.

Int. Wouldst thou withdrawt wilt,

Rom. For what purpose Loue?

Int. But to be frank and giue it thee again,
And yet I wish but for the thing I have,
My bounty is as boundless as the Sea,
My Loue as deep, the more I give to thee
The more I have, for both are infinite;
I heare some woiles within deare Loue adue

Rom. A good report, heere.

Int. O beleeued, it is as true:
Stay but slittle, I will come again.

Rom. O blest blest night, I am afeard

In feeling in this is but a dreame,
Thus flattering sweete to be falshand.

Rom. These words deare Romes,
And goodnight indeed,
If thou thy bent of Loue be Honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, and me word to morrow,
By that I procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt performe the rest,
And all my fortunes at thy Loue I lay,
And follow thee my Lord throughout the world.

Rom. Within: Madam.

Rom. O blest blest night, I am afeard

Leg. In feeling in this is but a dreame,
Thus flattering sweete to be falshand.

Rom. These words deare Romes,
And goodnight indeed,
If thou thy bent of Loue be Honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, and me word to morrow,
By that I procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt performe the rest,
And all my fortunes at thy Loue I lay,
And follow thee my Lord throughout the world.

Rom. Within: Madam.

Rom. Or thy night, and let me to my griefe,
To morrow will I sende.

Rom. So thrive thy soule.

Ent. A thousand times will I wepe thy losse,
To lureseth Taffell gentle backe againe,
Bondege is heartie, and may not speake alone,
Elfe would I teare the Capse where Rehio lies,
And make her syrie tongue more heartie then

Rom. It is my soule that calleth upon my name.

Leg. To lureseth Taffell gentle backe againe,

Ent. A thousand times will I wepe thy losse,
To lureseth Taffell gentle backe againe,
Bondege is heartie, and may not speake alone,
Elfe would I teare the Capse where Rehio lies,
And make her syrie tonge more heartie then

Rom. It is my soule that calleth upon my name.

Leg. To lureseth Taffell gentle backe againe,

Ent. A thousand times will I wepe thy losse,
To lureseth Taffell gentle backe againe,
Bondege is heartie, and may not speake alone,
Elfe would I teare the Capse where Rehio lies,
And make her syrie tonge more heartie then

Rom. It is my soule that calleth upon my name.

Leg. To lureseth Taffell gentle backe againe,

Ent. A thousand times will I wepe thy losse,
To lureseth Taffell gentle backe againe,
Bondege is heartie, and may not speake alone,
Elfe would I teare the Capse where Rehio lies,
And make her syrie tonge more heartie then

Rom. It is my soule that calleth upon my name.

Leg. To lureseth Taffell gentle backe againe,

Ent. A thousand times will I wepe thy losse,
To lureseth Taffell gentle backe againe,
Bondege is heartie, and may not speake alone,
Elfe would I teare the Capse where Rehio lies,
And make her syrie tonge more heartie then

Rom. It is my soule that calleth upon my name.

Leg. To lureseth Taffell gentle backe againe,

Ent. A thousand times will I wepe thy losse,
To lureseth Taffell gentle backe againe,
Bondege is heartie, and may not speake alone,
Elfe would I teare the Capse where Rehio lies,
And make her syrie tonge more heartie then

Rom. It is my soule that calleth upon my name.

Leg. To lureseth Taffell gentle backe againe,

Ent. A thousand times will I wepe thy losse,
To lureseth Taffell gentle backe againe,
Bondege is heartie, and may not speake alone,
Elfe would I teare the Capse where Rehio lies,
And make her syrie tonge more heartie then

Rom. It is my soule that calleth upon my name.

Leg. To lureseth Taffell gentle backe againe,
Enter Romeo.
Within the infant rind of this weak flower,
Poyson hast residence, and medicine power:
For this being sinn’d, with that part cures each part,
Being equal sexes all forces with the heart.
Two such opposed Kings engange them still,
In man as well as Heavens, grace and rude will:
And where the worser is predominant,
Full faine the Canker death sheers vp that Plant.
Romeo, Good morrow Father.
Fri. By your leave.
What early tongue is sweetest in the earth?
Young Sond, it argues a discomphorted head,
So faine to bid good morrow to thy bed;
Care keps his watch in every old mans eye,
And where Care lodges, sleep will never lie:
But where wakful youth with vaulted braine
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleepe doth reign:
Therefore thy selfe in this dull affaire,
Thou art as wroth with some dissemblance:
Or if not so, then here I hit it right.
Our Romeo hath not beene listned to night.
Romeo. That child is true, the fatterest yet was mine.
Fri. God pardon then, thou hast no fault in thee.
Romeo. With Rofoline, my ghostly Father? No,
I have forgot that name, and that name, woe.
Fri. That’s my good Son, but where hast thou bin then?
Romeo. I tell thee, here thou aske me at my auge:
I have beene feasting with mine enimies,
Where on a sudden mine hart wound me,
That’s by me wounded, both our remedies
Within thy helpes and holy philisicks:
I bear no hatred, blest man for loe.
My intercession likewised heels my foe.
Fri. Be praine good Son, rest homely in thy self,
Riding confession, drinks but drining self.
Romeo. Then plainly know my hearts desire Love is yet,
On the faire daughter of rich Capecet:
As shine on her, so hers is set on mine.
And all combind, face what thou must combine
By holy marriage: when and where and how,
When, euer we woode, and make exchange of vow;
He tell thee as we passe, but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry vs to day.
Fri. Holy S. Venancio, what is a change of heare?
Is Rofoline that thou didst Lose to desire
So faine forsook? young Lome then lies
Not only in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Fri. Maria, what a解读 of hate
Hath cause thy fallow cheeks for Rofoline?
How much salt water throwne away in wate,
Now, not to feste Lose that it doth not cal.
The Son not yet thy fighes, from heaven cleares,
Thy old grones yet not ringing in my shamefull time;
To here upon thy cheek the blain didst fit.

Of an old teare that is not wafli off yet,
If eere thou wait thy selfe, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rofoline,
And art thou chang’d? pronouncing this sentence there.
Women may fell when there’s no strength in men.
Romeo. Thou didst it me off for loving Rofoline.
Fri. For doing not for losing papil mine.
Romeo. And bad it me bury Lome.
Fri. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.
Romeo. I pray thee childe me not, her I Lose now
Doth grace for grace, and Lome for Lome allow.
The other did not so.
Fri. O this knew well,
Thy Lome did read by rote, that could not spell.
But come young wasters, come goe with me,
In one respect, he thy assistant be;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turne your hoste should racier to pure Lome.
Romeo. Let vs hence, I stand on sudden halt.
Fri. Wildly and slow, they rumble that run fast.

Enter Battinio and Mercutio.
Merc. Where the deule should this Rome be? came he not home to night?
Ben. Not to his Fathers; I spake with his man.
Merc. Why that same pale harted wench, that Rofoline extemns him to, that he will fire run mad.
Ben. Tibold, the handman to old Capecet, hath sent a Letter to his Fathers house.
Merc. A challenge on my life.
Ben. Rome will answere it.
Merc. Any man that can write, may answere a Letter.
Ben. Nay, he will answere the Letters Master how he dares, that is dares.
Merc. Alas poor Rome, he is already dead (hal’d) with a white wenches blacke eye, tunned through the ear with a Lome song, the very prime of his heart, clef with the blind Bowe-boyes but-thast, and is he a man to encounter?
Tibold. Why what is Tibold?
Merc. More then Prince of Cates. Oh hee’s the Courious Captain of Complements: he fights as you say prickfenge, keeps time, distance, and proportion, he refle his minutum, one, two, and the third in your before the very butcher of a flock baten, a Dullish a Dullish Gentleman of the very fift honse of the first and second causer: sh the immortal Pasado, the Punto reueres, the Hay.
Ben. The what?
Merc. The Pox of such antique lifting affecting phantacies, these new tuners of scene: I lea a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whore. Why is this a loathable thing? &c. and that we should be thus afflicted with the strage flies, these fashion Mongers, these pardon-me’s, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench, O their bones, their bones.

Enter Romeo.
Merc. Without his Rest, like a dryed Hering, O flesh, flesh, how art thou falsified? Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura to his Lady, was a kitchen wench, marry she had a better Lome to frame her: eido a dowski, Chliparta a Cipite, Helen and Here, wildings and Harline: This a gray eire to me, but not to the purpose.
Signor Romeo, Ben new, there’s a French slutation to you.
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

Nur. What is your sister's name? What man are you?
Rome. One Gentlewoman.
Nur. By my troth it is said, for himselfe to, for quites.
Rome. Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find
the young Romeo?
Nur. I pray you, sir, you are the noblest Gentleman.
Rome. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older
when you have found him, then he was when you sought
him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a wife.
Nur. Of the fay well.
Rome. Ye is the worst well,
Very well tooke: Isaac, wisely, wisely.
Nur. If you be he fris,
I define some confidence with you.
Rome. She will entice him to some Supper.
Nur. A hand, a hand, a hand. So ho.
Rome. What hast thou found?
Nur. No Hare fris, none, yet this is a Lay in the Lenten pit,
that is something stale and hoarse ere it be spent.
An old Hare horse, and an old Hare hoarse is very good
in Kent.
But a Hare that is hoarse is too much for a score, when it
hoarse ere it be spent.
Rome. Will you come to your Fathers? Weeke to dinner
the day.
Nur. I will follow you.
Rome. Farewell ancient Lady.
Nur. Farewell Lady, Lady.
Exit. Mercedea, Pseudoc.
Nur. I pray you, sir, what favacie Merchant was this
that was so full of his ornerie?
Rome. A Gentleman Nurse, that losses to heart himselfe
take, and will speak more in a minute, then he will hand
me in a Monat.
Nur. And a speake any thing against me. I take him
downe, and a were lutter than he is, and twenty lutter larks,
and if I cannot. I finde the silk that shall, a fowke have,
I am none of his fowke, I am none of his fowke, and
and thou must find by tooe and lutter every house to vit
me at his pleasure.
Nur. I saw no man ye. sir; ye at his pleasure: if I had, my
weapon should quickly have beene out. I warrant you, I
dare draw a stafone as another man, if I see occasion
in a deare quarter, and the law on my side.
Nur. Now afore God, I amo vex, that every part about
me quieres, skinny knave: pray you sit a words: and as
I told you, your young lady bid me enquire you out what
the bid me say, I will keep to my side: but first let me
tell ye, if ye should lead her in a fowke paradise, as they
say, it were a very faire kind of behaviour, as they say:
for the Gentlewoman is young & therefore, if you should
deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be
offered to any Gentlewoman, and very weake dealing.
Nur. Nurse commend me to thy Lady and Middrife, I
protest unto thee.
Nur. Good heare, and ye I will tell her as much:
Lord, Lord she be a joyfull woman.
Rome. What wilt thou tell her Nurse? thou dost not
make me.
Nur. I will tell her sir, that you do protest, which is
take it, is a Gentleman-like offer. (afternoon)
Rome. Bid her deale some token to come to shrift this
And there she shall at Frier Laurence Cell
Befriued and married here: this is for thy paire.
Nur. No true for a penny.
Rome. Go too, I say you shall.
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

Nur. This afternoone fit well the shall be there.
Nur. And shall that good Nurse behind the Abbey wall,
Within this house my man shall with thet, 
And bring thee Cords made like a tuckled stire.
Which to the high top gallant of my joy,
Must be my consoy in the secret night.
Nur. Farewell, my trowe is thel they other paines;
Farewell, commend me thine Nurse.
Nur. Now God in heauen bleasse thine backe you fit,
Rom. What failt thou thine clem Nurse?
Nur. Is your man secret, did you mere heare this two 
May keepe countell putting one away.
Rom. Willst thou trew this my man as true as steel?
Nur. We'll, my hoff Nurse is this hoo man.
Rom. Lord, when was it a little prating thing. 
There is a Noble man in Towne one Paris, that 
With faire knight a board but the good soule had to leaue a fee Teade, a very 
Teade as fee him; I anger her sometymes, and tell her the 
Paris is the proper man, but Ile warrant you, when I say to, 
Three looks as pale as my clout in the verie world.
Doth not Rome and Rome begin both with letter T?
Rom. 1 Nurse, what of that? Both with an R.
Nur. A moeker that's the dogs-name. R. is for thete,
I know it begins with some other letter, and fire hath the 
pretend feltenstion of it, of you and Rosermay, that it 
Would do you good to heare it.
Rom. Commend me to thy Lady.
Nur. I. thousand times, Peter.
Nur. Before and space.

Enter Nurse and Peter.

Int. The clock did breake nine, when I did send the Nurse, 
To seize an hour for thei promised to returne, 
Perchance she cannot heare the plot that's not so:
On she is lame, Loues Hieruall should be thoughts, 
Which ten times faster glides then the Sunnes beams,
Driving backes shadows out hower howing his,
Therefore do nimble Pistois's Deyes draw Lone,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid's wings:
New is the Sun upon the hightest hill 
Of this daies journey, and from nine till twelve, 
I three long hours, yet she is no come.
Had the affectation so warme youthfull blood,
She would be as swift in motion as a ball,
My words would hang her to my sweete Loue,
And his to me, but old folkes,
Many faine as they were dead,
Vvandied,flow,heeny, and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse.

O God, the comes, Oh ho, Nurse what newes?
Heach thou met with him? Feed thy man away.

Nur. Peter say he the gare.
Int. Now good sweet Nurse?
O Lord, why lookest thou sad?

Nur. Though newes, be sad, yet tell them merrily,
If good thou shal not the musicke of sweet newes,
By playing it to me, with hoo flowers a face,

Nur. I am a wearey, give me leave awhile,
Fay how my bones ake, when a laue base I had.

Int. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy newes:
Nay come I pray thee speake, good good Nurse speake.
Nur. Tell what hast thou not say a while?
Do not you fee that I am out of breath?

Nur. How art thou out of breath, when thou haft breath 
To say to me, that thou art out of breath?
The exacle that thou dost in this delay,

Is longer then the tale thou doost excuse.
Is thy newes good or bad? Is were to that,
Say either, and I lay the circumsfance.
Let me be satisfied, if good or bad?
Nur. Well, you have made a simple choice, you know 
no how to chuse a man: Rome, no in thine heart.
Is better then any mans, yet his legs excels all men, 
for a hand, and a face, and a body, though they be not 
be talkers, yet they are past compare he wone the flower of euerfesse, 
but Ile warrant him as gentle a Lambbe as thy 
waits wench, frome God, What hate you dide at home?
Int. Noo: but all this I did I know before
What fates he of our marriage get what of that?
Nur. Lord how my head ake, what a head paines?
It beares as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My backe and a tother side to my backe, my backe.
Bethrow your heart for sending me about 
To catch my death with laming up and downe.

Int. 1. If this I am at my gait that thou art so well.
Sweet sweet, sweet Nurse, tell me what fates my Loue?
Nur. Your Loue fayes like an honest Gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handomous
And I warrant a veracious, where is your Mother?

Int. Where is my Mother?
Why she is within, where should she be?
How ooly thou repilt?
Your Loue fayes like an honest Gentleman:
Where is your Mother?

Nur. O Gods, Lady deare,
Are you go housewifery come vp Irow,
Is this the Poulkis for my sking bones?
Henceoward do you make your mesages your felt?

Int. 1. Here's such a voice, come what fates Rome?
Nur. Have you get leave to go to thriste day?

Int. I have.
Nur. Then high you hence to Friar Lawrence Cell,
There flate a Husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the vanton blood vp in your cheeks,
There be in Scarlet straightly at any newes:
He you to Church, I must an other way,
To steech a Ladder by the which your Lone,
Myst clinde a birds nest Soone when it is darke.
I am the drudge, and toile in your delights,
But you shall bear the burthen feote at night.
Go lie to dinner, lie you to the Cell.

Int. I lie to high Fortune, hooセル Nurse, fairewell, Extens.

Enter Friar and Rome.

Fri. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after houses, with sorrow chide vs not.
Rom. Amen, amen, but come what sorrow can,
It cannot consumine the exchange of lay,
That one short minute gives me in the sight:
Do thou but clohe our hands with holy words,
Then Loue, dooming death do what he dare,
Its enouge, I may but call her mine.

Fri. Thee violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die like fire and powder;
Which as they flisse consume.
The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his owne delisious, 
And in the taste confounds the appeities.
Therefore Loue moderately, long Loue doth noth,
Too swift of harte as tardy as to slow.

Enter Nurse.

Int. Here comes the Lady: Oh to light a foot
Will here ware out the overfating fume,
A Louer may bestride the Gollions,
That ydes in the watson's squadron.
And yet not fall, to sight is vanity.

Ed. Good cane to my good Cane,
When Rome shall change, the D箕sier for v's both.

Sai. At much to him, else in his thanks too much.

Sai. Ah but the measure of the wye,
She may be like me, and that she may be more.

Tablion is shes sweetest with thy breath,
That not gboun syrge, with rich muscles in thy eye.

Wollol the image of a gin in heine that both.

Receive in either, by this deere encounter.

Sai. Conseis mere rich is matter then in words,
Beggs of his fabric, nor of ornament.
They are but beggers that can't come their worth,
But my true love is grown to such time as shall,
I cannot find vp some of halfe my wealth.

Fri. Come, come, with me, we will make short workes,
For your leases, you shall not stay alone.

Th' holy Church incorporate two in one.

Enter Mercutio, Romeo, and men.

Ben. Pray thou good Mercutio, let me see,
The day is hot, the Capulet abroad.

And if we meet, we shall not stage a brace, and for now these hot days ye, is the mad blood flaring.

Merc. Thou art like one of these fellows, that when he enters the confines of a Tavern, clasps me his Sword upon the Table, and says, God send me need of each other and by the operation of the furtive Cup, driveth him on the Drawr, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Merc. Come, come, thou art but a lacky in thy mood, as any in Itali; and some taken to be moodie, and some moodes to be mood.

Ben. And what too?

Merc. Nay, and these two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other' shou, why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a baste more, or a baste less in his beard, then thou hast it, wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason, but because thou hast half eye, what eye, but such an eye, would spie out such a quarrell 2 dry head as is full of quartes, as an egg is full of meats, and yet thy head hath braten as adult as an egg for quarrelling thou wilt quarrel'd with a man for crying in the street, because he hath waxed thy Dog that hath lain a sleep in the Sun, till thou not fall out with a Tailor for wearing his new Doublet before the meeting, and another, for spryng his new Fones with old Riband, and yet thou wilt. I trow, me from quarrelling?

Ben. And were gopt to quarrell as thou art, my man should buy the Face-shippe of my life, for an house and a quarter.

 Merc. The Fes-suple be a simple.

 Ben. By my head be the Capulet.

 Merc. Pity my hole I care not.

Thou. Follow me clothe, for I will speake to them.

Gentlemen, stay, and don't a word with one of you. Here. And bid me one word with one of a couple it with something make it a word and abou't.

Thou. You shall find me apt enough to that fir, and you will give me occasion.

Merc. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Thou. Mercutio shou comfort thee with Romeo.
The Tragedie of Rome and Iuliet

I hauie it, and found it to your Hauen.

This Gentleman the Princes seere Alie,
My very Friend hath got his mostfull harte,
In my behalfe, my reputation staines't.
With Tybalt's haunter, Tybalt that is no hone.
Hath beene me Cousin, O Sweete Iuliet,
Thy beauty hath made me enamor'd,
And in my temper stowen Valente's eche.

Enter Benvolio.

Ben. O Rome, Rome, my Lord Mercutio's he staine,
That Gallant spirit hath alight'd the Cloudes,
Which too vnitely here did come the earth.
Rome, This dais blacke Fate, on no daies dought depend,
This bat begins, the weathers must end.

Enter Tybalt.

Ben. This is the Furies Tybalt backe againe.
Away to heaven reprieve Clute Lentiie,
And fire and furie, be my conduct now.
Now Tybalt take the Villaine backe againe,
That latter thou gait't me, for Mercutio tooke
Is but a little way aboute our heads,
Stay for thine to keep him companye:
Either thou or I, or both must doe with him.

Tis, Then wretched Boy that did assaist him here,
Shall with him hence.

Rome. This shall determine that.

Ben. Rome, away be gone!
The Citizens are vp, and Tybalt flaine,
Stand not amist, the Prince will Doome thee death
If thou art taken hence, be gone, away.

Rome. O I am Fortunes fools.
Ben. Why dost thou stay?

Enter Citizens.

Citi. Which way ran he that kild Mercutio?
Tybalt that Mur'derer, which way ran he be?
Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

Citi. Vp go with me:
I charge thee in the Princes names obey,
Enter Prince, old Buckmeate, Capulet, their Wivern and all.

Prin. Where are the vile beginnings of this fray?
Ben. O Noble Prince, I can discover all
The vnlucke Manners of this fatal brat:
There lies the man flaine by young Rome,
Thatly thy kinman brane Mercutio.

Cap. 1r. Tybalt, my Cousin? O my Brothers Child,
O Prince, O Cousin, Husband, O the blood is spild
Of my deere kinman, Prince as thou are true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of Mercutio.
O Cousin, Cousin,
Prin. Benvolio, who began this fray?

Ben. Tybalt here flaine, whom Rome's hand did flay,
Rome that spoke him faire, and bid him be thinking
How since the Quarrel was, and we should withall
Your high displesse for all this wittered,
With gentle breath, calm looke, knees bumble bow'd
Could not take truce with the vnsly spleene
Of Tybalt deare to peace, but that he Ticks
With Pencings fierce as bold, Mercutio's breed,
Who all at his, terme deadly points to point,
And with a Martiall forme, and on his handbesse
Cold death aside, and with the other fends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity

Records it: Rome be cries alond,
Honour Friends, faire yeas part, and witter then his sengre.
His ague, beare downe their faltal points
And stwist them ruthes, underneath whole arme,
An enographers from Tybalt, hit the life
Of shote Mercutio, and then Tybalt Red.
Barby and by come backe to Rome,
Who had now newly entertained Revenge,
And now he goe like lightning, for ere I
Could draw to part them, was shot Tybalt flaine:
And as he fell, did Rome's waste and flier.
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

Cap. 1r. He is a kinsman to the Mountaines,
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true:
Sure twenty of them fought in the blacke shirtie,
And all thes twenty could not kill one life.
I beg for succour, which thou Prince must give
Rome aee Tybalt, Rome, Rome is most true.

Prin. Rome, Rome flew him, Rome flew Mercutio,
Who now the price of his desire blood doth owe.

Cap. 2r. Rome, Rome, he is Mercutio Friend,
His fault concludes, but what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And for that offfeence,
Immeditely we doe exil him hence:
I have an interell by our hearts proceeding:
My blood for your rude braves doth lie a bleeding,
But I am one you with from a fine,
That you shall all repent the losse of mine.
It will be holy to pleasings and excuses,
Nor tears, nor prayers shall purchase our abuses.
Therefore vic none, let Rome hence in peace,
Elie when he is found, that hour is his last,
Bear from this body, and attend on will:
Mercy not Murder, pardoning those that kill.

Enter Iuliet alone.

Iul. Gallip space, you ffier footed Feedes,
Towards Pardew lodging, such a Wagnerer
As Phoebus would whipp you to the wall,
And bring in Clowdie night immediately.
Spread thy close Curtaine Louse-preforming night,
That run-y ws eyes may wincke, and Rome
Leape to these armes, wantake of and vulture,
Louse can let to doe their Amorous sights,
And be thee owne Beauteouser if Louse he blind,
It bea agrees with nighte come civil night,
Thou fairest fered Maron all in blacke,
And bearme me how to lose a winning match,
Plaid for a pare of Flameless Maidenhoods,
Hood my vntarn't blood being in my Cheeke,
With the Blarke maske, in the Orange Louse grow bold,
Think't true Louse called simple modesty.

Come nighte, come Rome, come thou day in nighte,
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of nighte,
Whiter then snow, when the Bruce's backe:
Come gentle nighte, come fatting blackbrow'd nighte,
Give me my Rome, and when thou fall die,
Take him and cut him out in little starres,
And he will make the Face of heauen to fine,
That all the world will be in Louse with nighte,
And pay no worship to the Garish Sun.
O I have bought the Manton of a Louse,
Birmece possesse't, and though I am fold,
Nor ye enjoy'd, it serios in this day.
As it is night before Rome Pethulli,
To an impatient child that hast new robes
And may not wear them, O here comes my Nurse:

Enter Nurse with cords,

And she brings newes and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquent;

Nurse. What newes, what news, what news, what news?

Are the Cords that Rome was bid, thee fetch?

Nurse. If, the Cords.

Inf. Ay me, what news?

Why dost thou wring thy hands?

Nurse. A weakly, he's dead, he's dead,

When and where, he was, we are undone.

Alack the day, he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead.

Inf. Can heanen be so envious?

Nurse. Rome can,

Though heaven can not; O Rome, Rome,

Who ever would have thought it, Rome?

Jul. What dainti art thou so that dost torment methus?

That dost torment methus?

This torture should be cost in dimmell hell,

With Rome's flame himfelfe, say thou but, but,

And that bare vowe I shall perform more.

Then the death-daring eye of Cockatrice,

I am not to thee be that too un.

Or these eyes strong, that makes thee answers I:

That be flame fury, For if not, no;

Belief sounds determine of my weale or wo.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,

God keep the maker, here on his hands be the

A pious Coze, a pious Coze,

Pale, pale as ashes, all blood with in blood,

All in gore blood, I grounded at the fight.

Inf. O break my heart,

Pore Bouchout breake at once,

To make my eyes, perke looke on libertie.

Vie earth to earth, and motion here,

And thou and Rome preface on heacie beere.

Nurse. O Tybalt, O Tybalt, the best Friend I had;

O cursed Tybalt, honest Gentleman,

That ever I should see thee dead.

Inf. What sorrow is this that blowes so contrary?

Is Rome saughting and is Tybalt dead?

My desett Coze, and my deseet Lord;

Then deathfull Trumpet sound the generall doom:

For who is fit that those two are gone?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone; and Rome banished,

Rome that killed him, he is banished.

Inf. O God!

Did Rome's hand take Tybalt's blood
It did, it did, alas the day it did.

Nurse. O fierce heart, hid with a flowing face.

Inf. Did ever Dragon keep to faire a Castle?

Beautiful Tybalt, how Angelical

Ravenous Duke-feather'd Raven,

Wolful-frowning Lame:

Disdainful substance of Dummell show:

But opposit to what they tell'dly leem'd

A dimitte Saint, on Honourable Villain.

Nurse. What was his name to die in hell,

When thou didst blow the spirit of a dead

To mortal paradise of such sweet flesh

Was ever spoke containing such vile matter?

So fairely burn'd? O that deceit should dwell

In such a gorgeous Palace.

Nurse. There's no truth, no faith, no bond by men,

All perishing, all lost, all undone, all disordered,

Almighty, what man is, what man is,

Ah where's my man? give me some Aquavitae?

Their griefs, their woes, their sorrowes may I taste?

Shame come to Rome.

Inf. Bitter'd be thy tongue.

For such a wretch, he was not born to thrive.

Vipon his brow, flame is abrod to fit;

For 'tis a shame that nature may be Crown'd

Sole Monarch of the wittysfull earth:

O what a beast was I to chide him.

Nurse. Will you speake well of him,

This kild your Coze?

Inf. Shall I speake ill of him that is my husband?

Ah poor my Lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,

When I thy three hours wife have mangled it.

But wherefore Villain didst thou kill my Coze?

That Villain Coze would have kild my husband;

Backe fool with these, backe to your native spring,

Your tributarie drops belong to woe,

Which you mistaking offer up to joy.

My husband liues that Tybalt would have slaine,

And Tybalt dead that would have slaine my husband.

Is all this comfort, wherefore cease I then?

Some words there was work'd for Tybalt's death.

Thus murder'd me, I would forget he is a,

But oh, it preffes to my memory,

Like damned guilty sicles to sinners minds,

Tybalt is kild and Rome banished.

That banished, that one word ben slaine,

Hath slaine ten thousand Tybalt's Tybalt's death

Was wof enough if it had not en'd there,

Or if wof no delights in fellowship,

And needly be rankt with other preffes,

Why followed not when the said Tybalt's death,

Thy Father, or thy Mother, may or both,

Which true lamentation might have moud,

But with a rare-savit following Tybalt's death

Rome was banished to speake that word,

Is Father, Mothers, Tybalt, Rome, Juliet,

All slaine, all dead; Rome is banished,

There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,

In that word's death, no words can that woe found.

Where is my Father and my Mother Juliet?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's Coze;

Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Inf. With they his wounds with tears moisten that be spent

When their airs are dried for Rome's banishment.

Take vp those Cordes, I promise you are beguil'd,

Both your and I for Rome is cruel

He made you for abait way to my bed,

But I a Maid, a Maiden widdow'd,

Come Cord, come Nurse, he to my wedding bed,

And death not Rome, take my Maiden head.

Inf. He to your Chamber, he find Rome,

To comfort you, I wot well where he is:

Harkey yeas: Rome will be here at night,

He to him, he is hid at Lawrence Cell.

Inf. O find him, glue this Ring to my true Knight,

And bid him come, to take his last farewell.

Exit.

Enter Friar and Rome.

Fri. Rome come forth,

Come forth thou fearfull man,

Affliction is erader'd of thy parts:

And thou art wedded to calamity,

Fayth what newes?
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

Then did he find that he spake,
Then did he find that he spake,
And fell upon the ground, as I doe now,
Thou wilt be taken, fly a while, stand vp,
Nor shall you know me again.

Rome. Let me come in,
Rome. Let me come in,
Thou shalt fall into so deep an O.
Rome, Nurse.

Fri. A drear and blacke word death, to banishment,
This is death mercy, and most death it is true.
Rome. A drear and blacke word death, to banishment,
Thou shalt fall into so deep an O. 

Fri. Thou art a wretched drear man.
Fri. Thou art a wretched drear man.
Why should you fall into so deep an O.
Rom, Nurse.

Fri. Thou art a wretched drear man.
Fri. Thou art a wretched drear man.
Why should you fall into so deep an O.
Rom, Nurse.

Fri. Thou art a wretched drear man.
Fri. Thou art a wretched drear man.
Why should you fall into so deep an O.
Rom, Nurse.

Fri. Thou art a wretched drear man.
Fri. Thou art a wretched drear man.
Why should you fall into so deep an O.
Rom, Nurse.

Fri. Thou art a wretched drear man.
Fri. Thou art a wretched drear man.
Why should you fall into so deep an O.
Rom, Nurse.

Fri. Thou art a wretched drear man.
Fri. Thou art a wretched drear man.
Why should you fall into so deep an O.
Rom, Nurse.

Fri. Thou art a wretched drear man.
Fri. Thou art a wretched drear man.
Why should you fall into so deep an O.
Rom, Nurse.

Fri. Thou art a wretched drear man.
Fri. Thou art a wretched drear man.
Why should you fall into so deep an O.
Rom, Nurse.

Fri. Thou art a wretched drear man.
Fri. Thou art a wretched drear man.
Why should you fall into so deep an O.
Rom, Nurse.

Fri. Thou art a wretched drear man.
Fri. Thou art a wretched drear man.
Why should you fall into so deep an O.
Rom, Nurse.

Fri. Thou art a wretched drear man.
Fri. Thou art a wretched drear man.
Why should you fall into so deep an O.
Rom, Nurse.

Fri. Thou art a wretched drear man.
Fri. Thou art a wretched drear man.
Why should you fall into so deep an O.
Rom, Nurse.

Fri. Thou art a wretched drear man.
Fri. Thou art a wretched drear man.
Why should you fall into so deep an O.
Rom, Nurse.

Fri. Thou art a wretched drear man.
Fri. Thou art a wretched drear man.
Why should you fall into so deep an O.
Rom, Nurse.

Fri. Thou art a wretched drear man.
Fri. Thou art a wretched drear man.
Why should you fall into so deep an O.
Rom, Nurse.

Fri. Thou art a wretched drear man.
Fri. Thou art a wretched drear man.
Why should you fall into so deep an O.
Rom, Nurse.

Fri. Thou art a wretched drear man.
Fri. Thou art a wretched drear man.
Why should you fall into so deep an O.
Rom, Nurse.

Fri. Thou art a wretched drear man.
Fri. Thou art a wretched drear man.
Why should you fall into so deep an O.
Rom, Nurse.

Fri. Thou art a wretched drear man.
Fri. Thou art a wretched drear man.
Why should you fall into so deep an O.
Rom, Nurse.

Fri. Thou art a wretched drear man.
Fri. Thou art a wretched drear man.
Why should you fall into so deep an O.
Rom, Nurse.

Fri. Thou art a wretched drear man.
Fri. Thou art a wretched drear man.
Why should you fall into so deep an O.
Rom, Nurse.

Fri. Thou art a wretched drear man.
Fri. Thou art a wretched drear man.
Why should you fall into so deep an O.
Rom, Nurse.

Fri. Thou art a wretched drear man.
Fri. Thou art a wretched drear man.
Why should you fall into so deep an O.
Rom, Nurse.

Fri. Thou art a wretched drear man.
Fri. Thou art a wretched drear man.
Why should you fall into so deep an O.
Rom, Nurse.

Fri. Thou art a wretched drear man.
Fri. Thou art a wretched drear man.
Why should you fall into so deep an O.
Since birth, and heaven and earth, all things do move.
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst love.
He, he, thou seem'st to thy sister, thy sée, thy will,
Which like a Vixen shouldst do to all.
And seek none in that thou wilt.
Which should bedeck thee, all thy love, thy wise,
Thy Noble shape, is a bane of woe,
Disfiguring from the view of a man,
If he love thee, he would have no heart to sing.
Therefore, let me give thee joy, and be wise,
Men have in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skilful Souldiers flaxen,
Is to set a fire by thine owne ignorance,
And then that ignorance, from thine owne defense.
What rowe she make thee, thy Juliet is there.
For whose dear sake, take thou well but lately dead.
There art about happy, Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou art not in, there are thou happy.
The law that threatened death became thy Friend,
And turn'd it to ease, there art thou happy.
A pack of telling sapes upon thy back is,
Happier is Courts here in her bell array,
But like a millioned and fallen night,
Thou pinnest in thy Fortune and thy Love,
Take heed, take heed, for such is the miserable.
Go get thee to thy love as was decreed,
And be in her Chamber, hence and comfort her.
But look there thou may not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Montague,
Where thou shalt live till we can raise a time
To blazze your marriage, reconcile your Friends,
Begin pardon of thy Prince, and call thee backe,
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy.
Thou must weep in thine lamentation,
Go before Nurse, commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt to die.

Rom. O Lord, I could have laid thin here all night,
To have good counsel to what learning is!
My Lord, I tell thee, thou wilt not come.
Nurse. Do so, and bid my Sweete prepare to chide.
Rom. There, fire ring, fire, I bid thee give you fire.
Nurse. Hee you make halfe, it is now five very late.
Rom. How well my comfort is return'd by this.
Fri. Go hence.
Goodnight, and here stands all your fate:
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day dissip'd from hence.
Solome in Montague, lie not out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time,
Every good night to you, that chances here;
Give me thy hand, this last, farewell, goodnight.
Rom. But that sloye, I say, shall call on me,
It were a grace to briefe to part with thee,
Farewell.

Enter old Capulet, his Wife and Paris.

Cap. Things have gone out far too unlucky.
Tis the word of time to mome our Daughter,
Looke, the Lord, let her kiss thee Tybalt, dearly.
And so did. Well, we were borne to die.
Tis very late, she's not come down to night.
I promise you all for your company.

I would have bin a bed an houre ago.

Par. The time of we, allowed to you to us,
Madam goodnight, commend me to your Daughter.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make the gentleman tender.
Of my Childs I love; I think she the night shall.
In all respect by me: may more, I doubt not.
Wife, go to her ere you go to bed,
Acquit her here, of my some Paris, I love.

Par. Monday my Lord.

Cap. Monday, hail! well Wrenday is too soon.
A Thursday let it be. Thursday tell her,
She shall be married to this Noble Earl:
Will you be ready? you like this hat?
Weeke keeps no great shape, a friend on two,
For harke you, Tybalt being slain too late,
It may be thought we held him carefully.
Being our kinman, if we retell much,
Therefore well have done half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Paris. My Lord,
I would that Thursday were to morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone, a Thursday, be it then:
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her wife, against this wedding day.
Farewell my Lord, light to my Chamber in,
At night I am late, that we may call it early by and by.

Entry: Romeo and Juliet die.

Int. With thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
Int. It was the Nightingale, and not the Lark,
That pin'd the fearless hollow of thine ear,
Nightly she sing's on yond Pomgranet tree,
Believe me, love, it was the Nightingale.

Rom. It was the Lark's the Herald of the Morn;
No Nightingale, she scarce was conscious breakes,
Sorts in the morning Cloysters in yondre East.

Nights Candles are burnt out, and second day
Stands tip to on the mithre Mountains tops,
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Int. Your light is not day-light, I know it is:
It is some Meteor that the Sun doth show,
The Earth is to this night a Torch, besides,
And light thee on thy way to Divinitie.

Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone,
Rom. Let me be cape, let me be put to death,
I am content, thou wilt have it so.
I say you gray is not the mornings eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cintius brow,
Not that is not I alike whose quiet do rest,
The vaulty heaven, too high above our heads,
I have more care to stay, then will to go;
Come death and welcome, Juliet wills it so.

How ill my soul, lets talk, is it not day?

Int. It is, it is, hie hence be gone away;
It is the Lark that sing's fount out of tune,
Straining harsh Discord, and unpleasing Sharpes,
Some say the Lark makes sweete Divinitie,
This doth not for the diuidest vs.
Some say, the Lark's still loathed Tood change eyes,
O now I would they had chang'd voyces too.
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

Since arms from arms that voice doth vs affray,
Hunting thee here, with Hunt's up to the day,
O now be gone, more light and light the greeves may
Enter Madam and Nurse.

Nur. Madam.

Rom. More light & light now stark & dark our wores

Enter Madam and Nurse.

Nur. Madam.

Rom. Nurse.

Nur. You, Lady Moutiers is coming to your chamber,
The day is broke, he very, Joyce about.

Rom. Then window let day in and let light out.

Enter Farewell, weare, a wive, and he deended.

Int. Art thou gone for Lou, lord, say them I, and
I must be here from there every day in the hours;
For in a minute there are many days,
O by this time I shall be much in your own.
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewell.

Int. I will omit no opportune,
That may cony my greetings Lou, o thee.

Int. O thought not we shall ever meet again.

Rom. I doubt not, and all these woes shall fume
For future difficulties in our time to come.

Intet. O God! I haue an ill Dying soule,
Me thinkest I see thee now, thou art so love,
As one dead in the bottom of a Tomb,
Either my eye-light failes or thou lookt so pale.

Rom. And trust me Lou, let me to do you.
Dissipate all the blood of your love.

Intet. O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle,
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him?
That is renowned for faith, be fickle Fortune:
For then I hope thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him backe.

Enter Nurse.

Nur. Ho Daughter, are you vp?

Intet. Who is that calls? is it my Lady Mother?
Is the day downe so late, or vp so early?
What vacecento'd caste procures her hatter?

Intet. Why how now Intet?

Madam I am not well.

Nur. But more weeping for your Cozins death?
What will thou wish him from his grave with tears?
And if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live:
Therefore have done, some griefes stirrues much of Loue,
But much of griefes, slayes him some want of win.

Intet. Yet let me weep, for such a feeling losse.

Nur. So shall you see the losse, but not the Friend
Which you weep for.

Intet. Feeling to the losse,
I cannot chafe but easie weep the Friend.

La. Well Nurse, thou weep not too much for his death,
As that the Villaines wills was slau'd for his witt.

Intet. What Villain is Madam?

Madam, that same Villiane. Louer.

Intet. Villiane and be, be many Milest affurder
God pardon, I doe with all my heart
And yet no man like he STYLE doth move my heart.

Intet. That is because the Tituror lives.

Intet. Madam from the reach of these my hands
Would now but I might wepe my Cozins death.

Nur. We will have wepeance for it, ease of not,
Then wepe no more I tend to once in Moneta,
Where that fame banke the Run-up are doth line,
Shall give him such an vacecento'd dram
That be shall soone keep ye late complayn
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfyed.

Intet. Indeed I never shall be satisfyed.

With Rome till I behold him. Dead
Is my poor hear so for a kinman went:
Madam, if you could find out but a man, and would you
To beare a poysion, I would remepest, or fight still.
That Romeo should upon receiuer thereof, fell too.

Some fleer inquiet. O how my heart is broke.

Intet. To write the Loue I bore my Cozins
Upon his body that hath ta'll her'd him.

O Mr. Find thou the meanes, and I find such a man,
But now let I tell thee all these Gistes:

Intet. And joye comes well, in such a needy times.
What are they, beleeue thy Lady this night
I will not make me there a go full Rioche.

Intet. Well, well, what has a careful Father Child?

One who to put thee from thy business, 
Hath forced out a golden day of joy.

Intet. Madam in happy time, what day with it.

Intet. Marty my Child, is the next Thursday morning.

The gallant, young, and Noble Gentlemans,
The Country Parke at Saint Peter Church, for O God,
Shall happily make the joyfull Bride and Groom.

Intet. Now by Saint Peter Church, and Parke.

He shall do as much as thou a carefull Riche,

Intet. I wonder at this baf, that I must west.

Intet. Here comes your Father, tell him to your selfe,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

Cap. Where the Sances, the earth doth diggle the dew
But for the Sonner of my Brothers Sonner,
It raises downwight.


Intet. Eames are bowering in one halfe body.

Thou counterfaits Barke, a stea Wind.

For still thy eyes, which I may call the Sian.

Do esbe and how with teares, the Barke thy body is.

Saying it this if want, the winde thy fighter.

Who is going with the teares and they with them,

Without a golden clapt, with two or.
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church:
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green sickle-cutter, catcall, out you baggage,
You tallow face.

Lady. Sir, sir, what are you mad?

Juliet. Good father, I beseech you, press not on my knees
Hear me with patience, but to speak a word.

Fa. Hang thee young baggage, disobedient wretch,
I tell thee what, get thee to Church a Friday,
Or never after looke me in the face.

Speake not, answer not, do not answere me.
My fingers itch, wife; we scarce thought that blest
That God had left us but this only Child.
But now I see this one is not too much,
And that we have an hundred in being here;
Out on her Hilding.

Nurse. God in heaven bless her,
You are too blame my Lord, and all her kins.

Friar. And why my Lady wisdome hold thy tongue,
Good Pauen, sinister with your golfego.

Nurse. I speak no treason,
Father, O God in good, may not one speake?

Fa. Peace you rumbling fool,
Wither your greetsin ore a golipps bowels.
For here we need it not.

L. You are too hot.

Fa. God's bread, it makes me mad:
Day, night, house, side, time, work, play,
Alone in company, full of my late bath bun
To have my march, and having now pronounced
A Gentleman of Noble Parentage,
Offaire Damess, Youthfull, and Nobly Allied,
Suit as they say with Honourable part
Propotion as they thought wore with a man,
And then to have a wretched pair foliage,
A whining manner, joces Fortune renders,
To answer, Ile not weel, I cannot loue,
I am too young, I pray you pardon me.
But, and you will not weel, Ile not pardon you,
Graze where you will, you shall not haue with me:
Looke too, think on it, do not vie to set.
Thursday is near, lay hand on heart, deare.
And you be mine, I give you to my Friend:
And you be not hang, beggarly, die in the streets,
For by my soule, I have acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:
Tryst too, by thinking you, Ile not be forsworne.

Friar. Is there no wire still on the facade?
That they may to the bedchamber of my grife?
I sweer my Mother caflame me not away,
Delay this marriage, a month, a weeke,
Or if you do not, make the Bridal bed,
In that same Moniment where Tybalt lies.

Miss. Take not to me, or Ie not speak a word,
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.
Exit.

Friar. O God!
O Nurse, how shall this be prevented?
My Husband is on earth, my faith in heaven,
How shall that faith secure againe to earth,
Violenle she labe my foot from heaven,
By leaving earth? Comfort me, countaine me;
Hake, allake, shut heauen should prattle strange emens.
Vpon so fold a stubb in my selfe.
What faith thou haft thou not a word of toy?

Some comfort Nurse.

Nurse. Faith here it is,

Romeo is banished, and all the world to nothing,
That he dare not come backe to challenge you:
Or if he do, he must be by stealth.

Fa. Since the cafe so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the Country,
O him's a Loste Gentleman:
Romans a dish-clout to him: an Eagle Madam
Hath not wrong the, so quielle, so faire an eye
As Paris hath, he throw my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your firft or it did not,
Your first is dead, or as good as he were,
As living here and you no vie of him.

Juliet. Spakest thou from thy heart?

Nurse. And from my soule too,
Or else befriue them both.

Juliet. What?

Friar. Well, thou hast comforted me now to much,
Goin, and tell my Lady I am gone.
Hating displeased my father, to Lawrence Cellamt,
To make confession, and to be absolv'd,
Nurse. Marry I will, and this is wisely done.

Friar. Ancient damaste, O my God, biddest wend?
It is more fit to wea with me thus forsworne,
Or to disparage my Lord with that same tongue
Which the bath prais'd him with above compare,
So many thousand times? Go Concellor,
Thou and my bohom cheseth shall be twice
He to the Frier to know his remedie.
If all else fail, my selfe have power to die.

Enter Friar and Concellor Paris.

Friar. On Thursday the time is very short.

Paris. My Father Capulet will haste it so,
And I am nothing now to slack his haft.

Friar. You say you do not know the Ladies mind?
Moneyn is the course, I like it not.

Paris. Immoderately the weepes for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk of Loue.
For Romeos sister in a howse of tears.
Now it, her Father counts it dangerous,
That she doth soh her sorrow so much away;
And in his wisdome, hafts our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears,
Whistheto much minded by her selfe alone,
May be put from the facade.
Now do you know the reason of this haft?

Friar. I would I knew not why it should be fowled.
Lookes far, here comes the Lady towards my Cell.

Enter Juliet.


Juliet. That may be so, when I may be a wife,

Paris. I hope me must be Loue, on Thursday next.

Juliet. Was it must be shall be.

Friar. That's a certaine tace.

Paris. Come you to make confession to this Friers?

Juliet. To answere that, I should confess to you.

Paris. Do not deny to him, that you love me.

Juliet. I will confesse to you that I love men.

Paris. So will I, an I am sure that you love me.

Juliet. I will do so, it will be of more price,

Begins spake behind your back, then to your face.

Paris. Poor soule, why face is now so busied with reverence.
The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet.

Ind. The tears have got small victors by that.
For it was bad enough, before their flight.
Par. Thou wrong'd art more than those who with that report,
Ind. That is no slander in which, is a truth,
And what I spoke, I speak it to your face.
Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slandered it.
Ind. It may be so, for I am not mine own,
Are you as lecher, noble Father now.
Or shall I come to you at evening Mass?
Fri. My licence issues me such daughter now.
My Lord you must intent the time alone.
Par. Godspeed: I should divine Deputation,
Ind. in Thursday early will I owse thee,
Till then adore, and keep this holy knife. Exit Paris.
Ind. O that the door, and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me, past hope, past grace, past hope.
Fri. O Ind. I, already know thy grief.
Ind. I scarce me past the compass of my wits:
I heart thou shalt, and nothing may procure it.
Or Thursday next be married to this Counte.
Ind. Tell me not Friar that thou hearst of this,
Valese thou tell anhow I may present it:
If my w. is done, thou canst give no helpe,
Do thou but call my resolution w. wise,
And with this knife I help to presently,
God leyd my heart, and Romeo, thou out hands,
And ere this hand by these to Romeo said:
Shall be the Label to another Deede,
Of my true heart with treacherous resolu,
Tune to another, this shall play them both:
Therefore out of thy long expec'tion time,
Give me some present counsell, or behold,
In every extremity and me, this bloody knife
Shall play the vmpere, arbitrating that,
Which the commission of my yeares and arts,
Could to no issue of true honour bring:
Be not so long to speak, I long to die,
If what thou speake it, speak not of remedy.
Fri. Hold Daughter, I doe (it is a kind of hope,
Which crosse as desperate an exaction.
As that is desperate which we would present,
Ind. Rather then to marry Counte Paris
Thou bast the strength of will to stay thy selfe,
Then is it likely thou wilt understand
A thing like death to chide away this flame.
That can? With death himselfe, to escape fro it:
And if thou dar'nt, I'll give thee remedie.
Ind. Oh bid mee scape, rather then marry Paris,
From of the Bastlements of any Tower,
Or walke in the mean wares, or dashing lurk
Where Serpents are: a chain may thronging Bears
Or hide me nightly in a Charnell house,
Occontered quite with dead men eating bones,
With richly thanks and yellow chartreusse:
Or bid mee go into a new made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his grave.
Things to do hear them told, have made me tremble,
And I will do it without fear or doubt.
To live an earnted wifes to my sweet Loue.
Fri. Hold then gos house be merrie, give content.
To marry Paris we end day is to morrow,
Tomorrow night look that thou be alone,
Let not thy Nurse lie with thee in the Chamber:
Take thou this Viall being then in bed,
And this distilling liquor drink thou off,
When presently through all thy veins shall run.
The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet.

This is saie should be, let me see the County. 
I marrie go I say, and fetch him hither. 
Now all the God, this sudden d duty 
Pric, 
All our whole Cactic is much bound to him, 
Inf, Nurse will you goe with me into my Cloister, 
To helpe me for such needfull ornaments, 
As you think fit to furnish me to morrow? 
Ms. No, not till Thursday, there's time enough. 
Fa. Go Nurse, go with her, 
Wende to Church to morrow. 

Enter Juliet and Nurse.

Ms. We shall be short in our provision, 
Tis now ere night. 
Fa. Tis, I will rise about, 
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee wife. 
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck her up, 
Let not to bed to night, let me alone: 
He play the busie wife for this once. What ho? 
Thou hast done this well, well will I waite on my selfe 
To Countesse Paris to prepare him vp. 
Against to morrow, my heart is wondrous light, 
Since this same wayward Gylest is reconcili'd. 

Enter Father and Nurse.

Inf. I those attires are bad, but gentle Nurse. 
I pray thee, leave me to my selfe to night: 
For I have need of many Orlions, 
To make the heavens to smile upon my flatte, 
Which well thou knowest is crofe and full of sin. 

Enter Mother.

Ms. What are you busie homed you my help? 
Inf. No, Madam, we have cull'd such necessaries 
As are behuntefull for our flatte to morrow: 
Soplie 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, 
In the to sudden businesse. 

Ms. Good night. 
Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need. 

Inf. Farewell: 
God knowes when we shall meete againe. 
I have a faire cold fairer thriues thorugh my veins: 
That almost freezes vp the heathe of Mine. 
He call them backe againe to comfort me. 
Nurse, what should the do here? 
My dillsome Scene, I needs must act alone: 
Come Viola, what if this mixture do not worse at all? 
Shall I be married then to morrow morning? 
No, no, this shall forbid it. Lie thither, 
What if it be a paysyon which the Frier 
Subltly hath ministr'd to have me dead, 
Leaf in this marriage he should be diis scorn'd: 
Because he married me before to Romeo? 
I fear it is, and yet me thinkes it should not, 
For he hath full borne tried a holy man. 
How, if when I am laid into the Tomb, 
I wake before the time that Romeo 
Come to redeem me? There's a fearful point. 
Shall I not then be filled in the Vault? 
To whose foule mouth no healthsome eyre breathes in, 
And there die strangling ere my Romeo comes. 
Or if I live, it is not very like, 
The horrible conceit of death and night, 
Together with the terror of the place, 
As in a Vault, an ancient receptacle, 

Where for these many hundred yeares the bones 
Of all my buried Antecessors are pack'd, 
Where bloody Tybalt yet but greenie erect, 
Lies feiting in his head, where as they say, 
At some hours in the night, spiritues report: 
Alacke, alacke, is it not like that? 
So early walking, what with laughing, what with singing, 
And flitske like Mandrakes come out of the earth, 
That living mortalls hearing them, run mad. 
Oh! I wake, shall I not be distraught, 
Unborred with all these huddled fears, 
And madly play with my forefathers joynts? 
And plucks the strangling Tybalt from his throw? 
And in this rage, with some great kinne bone, 
As (with a club) dash out our desperate braines. 
O look, me thinkes I see my Cozina Ghost, 
Seeking out Romeo that did slay his body 
Upon my Rapiers point: say Tybalt slay, 
Romeo, Romeo, here's my drinke: I drink to thee. 

Enter Lady of the house, and Nurse.

Lady. Hold, 
Take these kettles, and fetch more spices Nurse. 
Nurse. They call for Days and Quinces in the Paffrie. 

Enter old Capulet.

Cap. Come, flit, flit, flit, 
The second Cocke hath crowed, 
The Curlew Bell hath rang, 'tis three a clocke: 
Looke to the bakes master, good Angelica, 
Spare not for coth. 
Nurse. Go you Cozina, go, 
Get you to bed, faith you lye becke to morrow 
For this nights watching. 

Cap. No not a white, what? I have watche ere now 
All night for leffe saile, and beene becke 
Lu. I you have bin a Mouse-hunt in your time, 
But I will watche you from suche watching now. 

Enter Nurse.

Cap. A jealous hoo, a jealous hoo, 
Now fellow, what there? 

Enter three or foure with flits, and logs, and backets, 

Fri. Things for the Cooke sir, but I know not what. 

Cap. Make flit, make flit, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah Logs. 

Call Peter, he will shew thee where they are. 

Fel. I have a head fit, that will find out logs, 
And never trouble Peter for the matter. 

Cap. Make flit, make flit, hurrah, hurrah Logs, 

Thou shalt be loggerhead! good Father, go your way, 

Play Musicke.

The Countesse will be here with Muffecke straight, 
For fo he said he would, I heare him neere, 
Nurse, wife, what doth Nurse I say? 

Enter Nurse.

Go waken Infies, go and trim her vp, 
Be go and chat with Pars in mirth, make haft, 
Make haft, the Bridesgroom, he is come already: 
Make haft I say. 

Nor. Mistresse, what Mistresse? I was warrant her face, 

Why Lambe, why, Lady, do you fluggabed. 

Why Luce I say? Madam, sweet hearts why Bride? 

What a word! if you take your penwords now. 
Sleep for eewche, for the next night I warrant. 

The Countesse Paris hath set vp his reft, 
That you shall rest but little, God forgive me: 

Maries and Arnins how found is this a sleepe?
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

[Text continues with Shakespearean dialogue and poetic language, typical of the era, discussing themes of love, death, and the supernatural.]

But heauen keeps his part in eternall life;
The earth you forgot, was her promotion,
For twas your heauen she should be ador'd,
And wept when now, seeing she is ador'd.

Above the Cloudes, as high as Heaven it selfe,
O this in love, you lose your Child so ill,
That you can neuer see, that she is well.

She's not so well marred, that lives marred long,
But she's not well marred, that dies marred young.
Drie vp your teares, and sticke your Resemblance
On this faire Coaste, and as the cullome is,
And in her belty array, she bears to Church;
For though some Nature bids us all to lament,
Yet Nature teaches us Bitters to shewmen.

Fe. All things that we ordain'd Festivals,
Tunes from their office to blasse Funeral;
Our instruments to melancholy Bells,
Our wedding chesse, to a sad burial Fest:
Our Solomne Hymnes, on penl, Dryges change;
Our Bridal Flowers, for a buried Conyer;
And all things change them to the contrary.

Fe. Sir go yea in, and Madam, go with him,
And go for Paris, every one prepare
To follow this faire Coaste unto her grave;
The heavens do bow to you for some ill,
More no more, by erasing their high will, Exeunt.

Me. Hence we may put up our Plays, and be gone.
Me. Honest good Fellowes. Ah put vp put vp,
For well you know, this is a pittfull cafe,

Me. I by my troth, the cafe may be amended.

Enter Peter.

Pet. Musitions, oh Musitions,
Hearts cafe, hearts cafe,
O and you will haue me live play hearts cafe,
Me. Why hearts cafe;
Pet. O Musitions,
Because my heart is full of places, my heart is full.
Me. Not a dump we, 'his no time to play now.
Pet. You will not then?
Me. No.
Pet. I will then give it you fondly.
Me. What will you give vs?
Pet. No money on my faith, but the glecke.
I will give you the Mindrell.

Me. Then will I give you the Sensing creature,
Peter. Then will I lay the leuring Creatures Daggers
On you, and I will call no Crochets, let Re you, lie Fa you, do you note me?
Me. And you Re vs, and Fa vs, you Note vs.
3. Me. Pery you put vp your Daggers,
And put out your wit.
Then have at you with your wit.
Peter. I will drie beare you with an yron wit,
And put vp my yron Dagger,
And were me like men:
When gaping griefs the heart dote wound, then Musfick with her fisuer found.
Why fisuer found, why Musfick with her fisuer found,
what lay you Simon Cating?

Me. Mary sir, because fisuer hath a sweet sound.
Pet. Pratest, what say you High Reckers?

2. Me. I lay fisuer found, because Musitions found for fis.
Pet. Pratest to, what say you Lower Sound Peet? (see 3.)

Pet. O I lay you mercy, you are the Sijger.
I will lay for you, it is Musfick with her fisuer found,
The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.

Because Murtheres have noe gell for founding,
Then Murckie with her shilte found, with speedy help
Doh lend redcliffe.

End. What a pellicent kine is this fame?

Exe. Hang him huch, come wicide in hie, tattic for the Monteores and day dinner.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. If I may rust the slumbering truth of sleepes,
My dreams presage some joyfull newes at hand:
My bolostes lies lightly in his throne:
And all the next daie to wedlock'd spirits,
I dreamt my Lady images did round me dead,
Strange dreams that give a dead man leave to thinke,
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips.
That I redium and was an Emperour.
At how he now is lone it selfe possesse,
When lusts shadows are so rich in joy.

Enter Romeo's man.

News from Verona, how now Balbus?
Didst thou not bring me Letters from the Friar?
How doth my Lady? Is my Father well?
How doth my Lady Iuliet? That I take againe,
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Men. Then she is well and nothing can be ill.
Her body sleeps in Capulets Monastere,
And her immortal part with Angels true,
She laid her low in her kindred Vault,
And presently took Pott to tell it you:
Pardon me for bringing these ill newes,
Sine you didlait it for my office Sir.

End. Is it even so?

Then I denie you Sester.
Thou knowst well my lodging, get me inke and paper,
And hire Pott-Horses, I will hence to night.

Men. Then I denie you Sester.
Thank you, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou not Letters from the Friar?

Men. No my good Lord.

End. Matter: Get thee gone,
And bye those Horses, I'll be with thee straight,
Well I will lie with thee to night.

Less see post manes: O mischilde thou art twiss,
To enter in the thoughts of degrest men:
I do remember an Apothecaries,
And here abouts dwells, which late I noted
In rated weeds, with overwhelling briarues,
Culling of Simple, raggers were his looks,
Shape meath and wore him to the bones:
And in a neede flap a Tawtry's hang,
An Allegae Ruff, and other skins,
Of flipp'd fifites, and about his shulkes,
A beggarly account of emptie boxes,
Greene earthen pots, Bladders, and muffle seedes,
Remains of packthills, and old casks of Rosetale
Werre thinly fluttered to make up a shew.
Notting this penny, to my life I find.
An if a man did need a poignion now,
Whole sale is perfectt death in Iuliet,
Her plucks a Canitile wretch would fell it him.
O this fame thought did but fore-run my need,
And this fame neede man must fell it shew.
The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet.

And keep her at my Cell till Romeo come, Poor Isolde Coates, clos'd in a dead mans Tomb, 
Exit. 

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: 
Vnder yond young Trees lay thee all along, 
Holdings thy face close to the hollow ground, 
So sill no foot upon the Churches tread, 
Being loth, whiffring with diggings vp of Graces, 
But thou shalt have it: whiffring with me, 
As signall that thou hearest some thing approach, 
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee go. 

Par. I am almost afraid to stand alone 
Here in the Churcchipard, yet I must adventure. 

Par. Sweet Flower with flowers thy Bridal bed I shrow, 
O woe, thy Canopy is dull and tone! 
Which with sweet water nightly I will dewe, 
Nor wanting that, with tears defiled by mones, 
The obsequies that for thee will keep, 
Nightly Shall be, to throw thy grave, and wepe. 

Whiffring Boy 

The Boy gueses warning, something doth approach, 
What curtied foots waxers this wayes to night, 
To crost my obsequies, and true loyes right? 
What with a Torch! Muffle one night a while. 

Enter Romeo and Peter. 

Rom. Give me that Mattock, & the wretching Iron, 
Hold take this Letter, early in the morning 
See thou deliver it to my Lord and Father, 
Give me the light: wpon the life I charge thee, 
What ere thou hearest or feelest, hold all aloof, 
And do not interrupt me in my course. 
Why I defend into this bed of death, 
I partly to behold my Ladies face: 
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger, 
A Precious Ring: a Ring that I must vie, 
In deceased employment therefor hence be gone, 
But if thou feelest sooth, return to thee 
In what I further shull intend to do, 
By heaven I will ease thee joynt by joynt, 
And shrew this hungry Churchyard with thy limbs: 
The time, and my intents are, iustice wilder: 
More fierce and more irreconcilable, 
Then empty Tygers, or the roaring Sea. 

Pet. I will be gone for, and not trouble you. 

Rom. So that thou shoulde me friends: give them that, 
Lace and be prosperous, and farewell good fellow. 
Pet. For all this home, He hid me here about, 
His knaves I leave, and his men are there. 

Rom. Thou detestable wawe, thou wome of death, 
Gog'd with the dearest mortell of the earth: 
Thus I enforce thy rotten laws to open, 
And in delight, Ic cram them with more food. 
Par. This is that banishd haughtie Montague, 
That murdred my Loues Coze, with which grieve, 
It supped the faire Creature died, 
And here is come to doe some villianous frame 
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him. 
Stop thy whailehlood toyle, ye Montague! 
Can revengence be puried further then death? 
Confirmed traitore, I do apprehend thee, 
Obay and go with me, for thou must die, 

Rom. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither, 
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man, 
Five hence and iust me, think upon those gone, 
Let them all right thee. I believe thee Youth, 
Put not another hand on my head, 
By vigour me to suure. O be gone, 
By heauen I love thee better then my selfe, 
For I come hither str'd against my life. 
Stay not, be gone, and hereafter lay, 
A most mens mercy bid thee run away. 

Par. I do declare thy commiffion, 
And apprehend thee for a Felon here. 

Rome. Why thou prooke me? Then haste at thee Boy, 
Pet. O Lord they fight, I will go call the Watch. 
Pa. O I am flouting, thou be mercifull, 
Open the Tomb, lay me with Inlet, 
Rom. In faith I will, let me parte this face: 
Mervinina kinsman, Noble Connie Paris, 
What said my man, when his beneficed fould, 
Did not attend us as we rode? I think, 
He told me Paris should have married Inlet, 
Said he not so? Or do I dreamt it? 
Or am I mad, hearing them talk of Inlet, 
To think it was so. I give me thy hand, 
One, wrt with me in fowre misfortunes booke, 
He burne thee in a triumphant grave. 
A Grave: O swa, a Lanthorne, shughted Youth: 
For here lies Inlet, me her fountaine makes, 
This Vault a feeling prouince full of light, 
Death die thereby, a dead man interred, 
How oft when men are at the point of death, 
How oft when men are at the point of death, 
Have they beene merrie? Whiche then Keepers call, 
A lightning before death? Oh how may I, 
Call this a lightning? Omy Lout, my Wife, 
Death that hath lately the honey of thy breath, 
Hath had no powre yet upon thy Beautie: 
Thou art not conquised: Beauties enigne yet, 
Is Cynamon in thy lips, and thy checkes, 
And Deaths pale Flag is not advanced there. 
Tfles, lye thou thee in thy bloudy flute? 
O what more danger can I do to thee, 
Then wish that had that cut thy youth in twaine, 
To funder his that was thy enemie? 
Forgive me Conc. Ah dearer Inlet. 
Why art thou yet to saire? I will beleue, 
Shall I beleue, that unhappinall death is smorous? 
And thet the inebrabred Murther keeps, 
This here had like to be his Parwan? 
For fear of that, I still will play with thee. 
And never from this Palace of dyam night, 
Depart a gaine: come lie shott in my armes, 
Here's to thy health, where our soule tumbliss in. 

Rom. O peace apprised! 

The doors are quickers: Thus with a kisse I die. 
Depassagery here, here will I remaine, 
With Womens that are thy Chambermaids: O here 
Will I set vp my everlasttng rest, 
And make the yoke of undiscovered flares, 
From this world, with sickle of a broom. 
Eyes look, your last, 
Arms take your left embrasse, And lips, O you 
The doores of death, stale with a righteous kisse, 
A deleffe bargain to ingressing death: 
Come bitter conditt, come vnaughtfull guide, 
Thou desperat Pilot, now at once run on 
The bashing Rocks, thy Sea-folk were Barke: 
Here's to my Lout. O true Appotheosy.
The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet.

They die, they die. Thus with a kiss I die.

Enter Friar with Lamenters, Cries, and Spade.

Fri. St. Francis be my speed, how oft to night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves? Who's there?
Men. Here's one, a Friend, and one that knows you well.
Fri. Ruffe be upon you. Tell me good my Friend
What Torch is shed that vainly lends his light
To graves, and eyefful Stools? As I污come,
Is burnt in the Sepulcher Monument.
Men. It doth to holy sir,
And there's my Master, one that you lose.
Fri. Who is he?
Men. Romeo.
Fri. How long hath he bin there?
Men. Full half an hour.
Fri. Go with me to the Vault.
Men. I dare not sir.
My Master knows not but I am gone hence,
And fearfully all menscense with death,
If I did stay to look on his entomb,
Fri. Stay then, I'll go alone, fears come upon me,
O master, I am faint, I'll strike a thing.
Men. As I did sleepe under this young tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my Master fled away.
Fri. Peace, peace,
Alacke, alacke, what blood is this which stains
The fowy entrance of this Sepulcher?
What mean these Master Left, and gore Sedge
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?
Rom o, o, o pale, who bleed what Paris too?
And Britt in blood, Ah what an unkind house
Is guiltie of this lamentable chance?
The Lady dies.

Int. O comfortable Friar, where's my Lord?
I do remember well where I should be:
And there I stand, where is my Romeo?
Fri. I hear some noise, Lady come from that seat
Of death, contagion, and unatural sleepe,
A greater power then we can consider
Hath wrought on our intents, come, come away,
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead:
And Paris too, come I'll dispute of thee,
Amongst a sisterhood of Holy Nuns:
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming.
Come, go good lady, I dare no longer stay.

Int. Go get thee hence, for I will now away,
What's here? A cup close'd in my true loves hand?
Poyson! I see hast him his time to end
O dear, drink all and let no friendly drop,
To help me after I will kill thy lips,
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a secret sigh.
Thy lips are warme.

Enter Bay and Watch.

Watch. Is peace, and Bay, which way?
Fri. Yes noise.
Then Ibe briefs. O happy Dagger,
'Tis in thy shreese, there ruff and let me die Kite herefose.
Bay. This is the place,
Where the Torch doth burne
Whose head, their true defeat,
And then shall be general of your wonds,
And lead you even to death without time for beast,
And let my name be true to patience,
Bring forth the parties off action.
Fri. I am the greatest able to be brief,
Yet most observed as the time and place
Doth make against me of this direfull number:
And here I hand both to inspect and purge
My selfe contemn'd, and my selfe excus'd.

Fri. Thus say at once, what thou dost know in this?
Fri. I will be brief, for my course dare obserue
Is not so long as it is tedious to me.
Romeo there dead, was husband to that Juliet,
And the there dead, that's Romeo's faithful wife:
The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.

I married them; and their fholne marriage day
Was Tybalt Doomedday: whose wootemly death
Baffled the new-made Bridgestones from this Citty:
For whom (and not For Tybalt) I take this paine.
You, to remeare that signe of Creace from her,
Betroth'd to me and would have married her presse
To Cousin Paris. Then comes the to me,
And (with wise looks) did me deale some meanes
To rid her from this second Marriage,
Or in my Cell there would she kill her selfe.
Then gave I her (to Tuccio I by my Art)
A sleeping Potion, which to take the eas.
As it intend'd, for it wrought on her
The forme of death. Meanes time, I writ to Romeus,
That he should hither come, as this dyre night,
To helpe to take her from her bowndage slave,
Being the time the Parizes force should cease.
But he which bare my Letter, Peter John,
Was slay'd by accident, and yesternight
Return'd my Letter backes. Then all alone,
At the prehised hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindess vault,
Meaning to kepe her close by my Cell,
Till I conueniently could find to Romeus.
But when I came (some Minute ere the time
Other awakings) there were vntimely lay
The Noble Paris, and true Romeus died,
She wakes, and I intreated her come forthe,
And bespoke her wele of Heaven, with patience;
But then, a noyse did fearre me from the Tombe,
And she (too desperat) would not go with me,
But (as it seems) did violence on her selfe.
All this I know, and to the Marriages her Nurse is privy:
And is out of this misteryd by my fault;
Let my old life be facili'd, some houre before the time,
Vnto the rigour of tererell Law.

Prin. We still have knowne thee for a Holy man.
Wilt e's Romeus man? What can he say to this?

Exp. I brough't my Master newes of Iuliet death,
And then in poe he came from Montuito.
To this same place, to this same Monument.
This Letter he earli bid me move his Father,
And threaten'd me with death, going in the Vauls,
If I depart not, and left him there.

Prin. Give me the Letter, I will look on it.
Where is the Countrys Page that rais'd the Watch?
Sirs, what made your Master in this place?
Page. He came with flowers to shew his Ladies grave,
And bid me stand at noise, and so I did:
Amon comes one with light to ope the Tombe,
And by and by my Master shew on him,
And then I ran away to call the Watch.

Prin. This Letter doth make good the Friars words,
Their course of Loue, the tydings of her death:
And beere he writes, that he did buy a pyson
Of a poor Pothecarie, and therewithall
Came to this Vauls to dye, and lye with Iuliet.
Where be these Enemies? Capulet, Montague,
See what a scourge is laid upon your haunts,
That Heeren finds meanes to kill your joyes with Loue;
And I, for winking at your difordes too,
Have lost a brase of Kindness: All are punishd.

Cop. O Brother Montague, give me thy hand.
This is my Daughters inoynture, for no more
Can I demand.

Mourn. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her Statuse in pure Gold,
That whiles I vowe by that name is knowne,
There shall no figure as that Ever be set,
As that of I ame and Faithful Iuliet.

Cop. As rich shall Romeus by his Lady ly,
Poor sacrifices of our enmity.

Prin. A glooming peace this morning with e brings.
The Sanner for sorrow will not show his head:
Go hencce, to have more talk of these sad things,
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished,
For never was a Storie of more Woe,
Then this of Iuliet, and her Romeus.

FINIS.
THE LIFE OF TYMON
OF ATHENS.

Aetas Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and Mariner, at several doors.

Poet. We have not seen you long, how goes the World?

Paint. I am glad you are well.

Poet. I trust I may say of you, that you have not seen me.

Jew. Nay, that's most true.

Mer. A most incomparable man; breath'd as it were, to an unmeasurable and continue good effect.

He puffs.

Jew. I have a Jewell here.

Mer. O pray let's see it. For the Lord Tymon, sir?

Jew. It will touch the effigies. But for that--

Poet. When we for recompense have praised the world, it becomes the glory in that happy Vertue, which appalls the good.

Mer. 'Tis a good turn.

Jew. Here is a Water-looke ye.

Paint. You are wise, sir, in some workes, some Dedication to the great Lord.

Poet. A thing not idle from me.

Our Poet is at a Gowne, which vies

From whence 'tis nourish'd: the fire is in the Flint

Shewes not till it be set; our gentle flame

Prouokes it selle, and like the current eyes

Each bound it chases. What haste you there?

Paint. A Picture for when comes your Bookes forth?

Poet. Upon the boulles of my pretentious sir.

Let's see your piece.

Paint. 'Tis a good Piece.

Poet. So's this, it comes off well, and excellent.

Paint. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable: How this grace

Speakes his owne standing what a mental power

This eye shines forth? How bigge imagination

Moves in this Lip, to th' dumb beast of the gesture.

One might interpret.

Paint. It is a pretty mockind of the life

Heere is a couch: It's good.

Poet. I will say of it.

It Turtles Nature, Artificiall strike

Life in thee couches, which then life.

Enter certaine Senators.

Paint. How this Lord is followed.

Poet. The Senators of Athens, happy men.

Paint. Looke moe.

Poet. As you fee this confluence, this great flood of visiters,

I have in this rough workes, spin'd out a man

Whom this breath world withal embrace and begge

With ample entertainment; My fire drift

Hath not particular, but moves it selfe.

In a wide Sea of wax, no lewde'd malice

Infests one comma in the course I hold,

But they an Eagle flight, bold, and forth on,

Leaving no Trail behind.

Paint. How shall I understand you?

Poet. I will vobscure to you.

You fee how all Conditions, how all Minders,

As well of gibb and flapp'd Creatures, as

Of Grace and austere Qualitie, tender downe

Their servitues to Lord Tymon: his large fortune,

Upon his good and gracious Nature hanging,

Subdues and properly to his tone and tendance

Joiner of hearst yee, from the glasse-fac'd Flatterer

To Apesomat, that few things loves better

Then to abhorre himselfe, even her drops downe

The nose before him, and returns in peace

Most rich in Tymon's end.

Paint. I saw them speake together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill

Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd

The Bafle of the Mount

Is rank'd with all defers, all kines of Nature

That labour on the boome of this Sphere,

To propagate them firstes: amongst them all,

Whose eyes are on this Souveraign Lady fixt.

One doth forrtyfice to Lord Tymon's fame,

Whom Fortune with her lovely hand waft to her.

Whose present grace, to prevent flames and ferzyces

To translate his Rivals.

Paint. 'Tis conceived: to scope

This Throne, this Fortune, and this Hill me thinke's...
Timon of Athens.

With one man becker'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steep Mount.
To dimme his happiness, would be well exprest.
In our Condition,
Post. Nay Sir, but heare me on,
All those which were his Fellowes but of late,
Some better then his value; on the moment
Follow his frictees, his Lobbies fill with censures.
Raine Sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make Scealed even his flye torp, and through him
Drink the free Ayre.

Pain. I marry, what of these?
Post. When Fortune in her shift and change of mood
Spurnes downe her last beloued; all his Dependants
Which labour'd after him to the Mountains top,
Eten on their knees and hand, let him sit downe,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. Our common:
A thousand morall Paintings I can show,
That shal atteste these quicks blows of Fortunes,
More pregnant then words. Yet do you well,
To shew Lord Timon, that meane eyes have scarce
The foot about the head.

Timon found.
Enter Lord Timon, addressing himselfe currentwy to
very Sorrow.

Tim. Impertin'd is he, say you?
OLF. My good Lord, fust TALENT is his debt,
His meanes most short, his Creditors most straiten.
Your Honourable Letter he desires
To shew how much use he vp, which faling,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Fortune, well;
I am not of that Feather, to shake off
My Friend when he must neede me. I do know him
A Gentleman, that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have. He pay the debt, and free him.

OLF. Your Lordship ever bindes him.

Tim. Commend me to him, I will send him some money,
And being enfranchised bid him come to me:
Tis not enough to help the Feeble vp,
But to support him after. Fare you well.

OLF. All happiness to your Honour.

Tim. Peace.

Enter an old Servant.

OLF. Lord Timon, hear mee speake.

Tim. Freely good Father.

OLF. Then shall a Servant now'l Lucius.

Tim. I have so: What of him?

OLF. Most Noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no Lucius.

Luc. Here at your Lordships Service.

OLF. This Fellow here, L Timon, this thy Creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my birth have beene inclined to thife,
And my estate desers an Heere more rais'd,
Then which one holds a Trencher.

Tim. Well: what further?

OLF. One only Daughter have I, no Kinde else.
On whose I may confiue what I have got:
The Maid is faire, full young'g for a Bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost
In Qualitie of the bez, This man of thine.
Attempts her loue: I pray thee (Noble Lord)

Joye with mete to forbid him her refus,
My selfe have spoke in vaine.

Tim. The man is honest.

OLF. Therefore he will be Timon,
His honestly rewards him in it selfe,
It must not beare my Daughter,

Tim. Does the love him?

OLF. She is young and ape:
Our owne precedent passions do infract ye
What leisues in youth.

Tim. Lose you the Maid?

OLF. My good Lord, and the accept of it.

Tim. If in her Marriages my content be missing,
I call the Gods to witneffe, I will choose
Mine hye ree from forth the Beggers of the world,
And dispoule the rest all.

Tim. How shall she be endowed,
If she be marred with an equal Husband?

OLF. Three Talents on the present; in future, all.

Tim. This Gentleman of mine
Hath spent me long;
To build his Fortune, I will rainge a little,
For it is a Bond in men. Give him thy Daughter,
What you beleeue, in him lie correspondent,
And make him weight with her.

OLF. Most Noble Lord,
Pay me to this your Honour, the is his,

Tim. My hand to thee,

Mine Honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank you Lordship, never may
That flake or Fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed to you.

Post. Vouchsafe my Labours,

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:
Do not away. What have you there, my Friend?

Post. A piece of Painting, which I do before
Your Lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The Painting is almost the Natural man;
For since Dishonor Traffickes with mans Name,
He is out-side: these Penitent Figures are
Born such as they gave out. I like your workes,
And you shall finde I like it; Waste attendance
Till you hear further from me.


Tim. Well fare you Gentleman: give me your hand,
We must needs doe togethers. Sir your Jewel
Hath interest under pracie.

Jewel. What my Lord, displeasit?

Tim. A meere faciety of Condemnations,
If I should pay you not as 'tis estold,
It would vaile me quite.

Jewel. 'My Lord, his rated
As those which well would give; but you well know,
Things of like value differing in the Owners,
Are prized by their Mesters. Beleeue dear Lord,
You mend the Jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well meck'd. Enter Apotheum.

Mrs. No my good Lord, he speaks a common toong
Which all men speake with him.

Tim. Look who comes here, will ye be chald?

Jewel. We'll beare with your Lordship.

Mrs. Her's space none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee,

Gentle Apotheum.
Timo of Athens

Tim: Pray entertain them, give them a guide to us. You must needs dine with me, go not you hence
Till I have thanked you, when dinner done.
Shew me this piece, I am in full of your fight at
Enter Alcibades, with the rest.

Most welcome Sir,

Ape: So do; their Acts contrast, and fume your supple toys; that there should be small love amongst
their sweet Knaves, and all this Cartilege. The shame of
man bred out into Baboon and Monkey.

Ac: Sir, you have said of your long time, and I need
me hungerly on your fight.

Tim: Right welcome Sir;

Er, we depart, we'll share a tenebrose time,
In different pleasures.

Pray you let us in.

Enter two Lords.

1. Lord: What time is this, Apeamatus?

Ape: Time to be honest.

2. That time is full.

Ape: Th' most accursed than that, full of mirth.

3. Thou art going to Lord Timon.

Ape: I, to see mine Duke, and Wine in estate.

Ac: There wit and farce, well.

Ape: Th' most a Poole to bid me farewell twice.

2. Why Apeamatus?

Ape: Should I have kept one to thy selfe, for Lune to
give thee none.

1. Hang thy selfe.

Ape: No, I will do nothing at thy bidding;

2. Make thy requests to thy Friend.

Ape: Away reproachable Dogge;

3. Or he spare thee hence.

Ape: I will flye like a dogge, the hebes of Ape,

1. He's opposite to humanity,

Comes Thus we are,

And the Lord Timon bounds the out goers,

The very heart of kindness.

2. He pours it out: Who so the God of Gold

Is but his Steward: no more but he repays,

Seven-fold above it self: No guilt to him,

But breeds the giver a return: exceeding

All vie of quittance.

3. The Noblest mind he carries,

That ever govern'd man.

2. Long may he live in Fortunes. Shall we in?

He keeps you Company.

Hidences Playing Lord Musick.

A great Banquet serv'd: and then, Enter Lord Timon, the

States, the Athenian Lords, Pontious which Timon rep

tended from prison. Then comes dropping after all Apo

matsuus affectionately like hence.

Pontius: Most honoured Timon,

It hath pleased the Gods to remember my Fathers age,

And call him to long peace.

He is gone happy, and has left me rich.

Then, as in gratefull Vertue I am bound

To your free heart, I do return those talents

Doubled with thanks and fortune, from whose help

I deare liberty.

Tim: O by no pretense,

Honest Pontious: You mistake my love,
Timon of Athens.

I have it feely euers, and ther's none
Can truly say he knows, if he receaves:
If out betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them: faults are rich are fairest.

Post, A Noble spirit.

Tim. Nay, my Lords, Ceremony was but dead of as first
To set a gloffe on fanta, hollow welcome,
Receivin good-nnes, sorry er's his shame;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray, our more weleome are ye to my Fortunes,
Then my Fortunes to me.

1. Lord. My Lord, we alwaies have confest it.

Aper. Ho, ho, confest it? Handg'd it? Have you not?

Tim. O Aperanum, you are welcome.

Aper. No: You shall not make me welcome;

I come to have thee thrum me out of doors.

Tim. Fie, that a chaste, ye have got a humour there.

Does not become a man, his punch too blame;

They say my Lords, please creatures's eyes off,

But yond man is very anfricke.

Go, let him have a Table by himself.

For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for't.

Aper. Let me pray, shine apperill. Timon,

I come to obserbe, I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; Th' are an Athering,

therefore welcome: I my selfe would have no power,

yet please my selfe make thee welcome.

Aper. I come thy mese, 'twould chooske for me;

I should receiv thee. Oh you Gods! What a number

of men call Timon, and he fees 'cannot'! It greeves me

to see so many darke men in one man's blood,

and all the madeness in, he chooses them vp too.

I wonder men dare trust themselves with men.

And they should enuite with them without knaves,

Good for there mese, and later for their lives.

There's much example in't, the fellow that fits next him,

now parts bread with him, pledges the breath of him in a
drunked draught: is she the real man to kill him. I'm

been proued, if I were alinge man I should scarce to
drink at mealest, leaft they should stone my wind.

pipes dangerous noxes, great men should drink with hamtelle

on their throats.

Tim. My Lord in heart: and let the health go round.

2. Lord. Let it flow this way my good Lord.

Aper. Flow this way? A brace fellow. He keeps his

tides well, their healths will make thee and thy flate

noble Timon.

Here's that which is too weake to be a fitter,

Honest water, which neer left man 'tis mine;

This and my food are equals, there's no odds,

Faults are to proud to give thanks to the Gods.

Aperanum to Grace.

Immortal Gods, for brave Captains,

I pray for us may rest my wife,

Greats I may weate prece food,

Tor off men on his Oaths of Bond,

Or a Harlot for her weeping,

Or a Dogge that feares sleeping,

Or a keeper with my frendome.

Or my friends of I should need 'em.

Amen. So fall not's;

Richmen fee, and I eat root.

Much good dich thy good heart, Aperanum,

Captains,

Timon, your hearts in the field now.

Aper. My heart is ever at your service, my Lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of Enemies,

then a dinner of friends.

Aper. So they were breeding my Lord there's no

meat like 'em, I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Tim. Would all those Flatterers were thine Enemies then,

that then thou mightst kill 'em: & bid me to 'em.

1. Lord. Might we but have that hapinnesse in your

Lord, that you would once vie our hearts, whereby we might

express some part of our scales, we should think our

fuses for ever perfect.

Timon. Oh no doubt my good Friends, but the Gods

themselves have promised that I shall have much helpes

from you; how and by you bease my Friends affe.

Why have you that charitable tend from thousands? Did not you

chiefly belong to my heart? I have cold more of you to my faile,

then you can with modellis speaks in your owne belove.

And thus fare I confirme you. Oh you Gods! What need we have any

Friends if we should have need of 'em? They were the most

needlesse Creatures living; should we have neede for 'em? And would most

comfortable service Instruments hung vp in Cates, that keeps there bound to

themselves. Why I hate often with my selfe power, that I might come nearer to you:

we are borne to do benefites.

And what better or proper can we call our owne,

then the richer of our Friends? Oh what a precious comfort this, to have so many like

Brothers commanding one another? Fortunes. Oh lawes, shee made away E:

can be borne mine eyes cannot hold out warne this

think to forget their Faults. I drink to you.

Aper. Thou weep to make them drink. Timon.

2. Lord. Joy had the like conception in our eyes,

And at that instant, like a babe sprung vp.

Aper. Ho, ho! I thought to thank that babe a bastard.

3. Lord. I promise you my Lord you would me much.

Aper. Much.

Sound Trumpet. Enter the Maskers of Amazons, with

Lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.

Tim. What means that Trumpet? How now?

Enter Servants.

Sir. Please you my Lord, here are certaine Ladies

Most delectable of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? what are their wifs?

Sir. There comes with them a fore-runner my Lord,

which bears that office, to signifie their pleasures.

Tim. I pray let them be admitted.

Enter Couple with the Mask of Ladies.

Cap. Haile unto thee worthy Timon and to all that of

his Bounties that have beene feele to dye acknowledge the

their Patron, and come freely to gratulate thy plentiful

bomence.

there taft, touch all, pleas'd from thy Table rise.

They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Timon. They're welcome all, let 'em have kind admittance.

Musicke make their welcome.

Luc. You see my Lord, how amble y'are behoud.

Aper. Hoday.

What a foresee of vaine come this way.

They dance? They are madwomen.

Like
Like Madonn is the glory of this life,
As this pompous show to a little style and note,
We make our revels and fooles, to disport our selves,
And spend our frugalities, to drinko, them, men,
Vpon whom else we woyde it vp agen
With prouyous Spight and Envy.
Who listens, that's now depart, or depirates;
Who dyes, that bears not one sinne to their graces
Of their Friends guilt.
I should feare, tho' choie that dance before me now,
Would one day flame upon me: The bene done,
Men that their doves against a letering Sunne.

Tim. Ifs from Table, with much alording of Timon, and
To shew their turning, each single out an Amen, and all
Dance, men with women, a hand's frame or two to the
Hubber, and stage.

Tim. Yow have done our pleasures
Much grace (fair Ladies)
Set a faire fassetion on our entertained,
Which was half so beautifull, and kind:
You have added worth vnto it, and suffer,
And entertained me with mine owne device,
I am to thank you for.

3 Lord. My Lord, you take us even at the best.

4 Lord. Faith for the worships is worthy, and would not hold
Taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet awaits you,
Please you to difuse your feloves.

Ad. La. Most thankfully, my Lord.

Tim. Flurish.

Flurish. My Lord.

Tim. The little Casket bring me hither.

Flurish. Yet, my Lord. More Jewels yet?

There is no crossing him to humor,
Bless I should tell him well, faith, I should.
When all's spent, he'd be a credit then, and he could:
'Tis pity. Bonny has not eyes behinde,
That man might not be wretched for his mind.

1 Lord. Where be our men?

4 Lord. Our Flurishes.

Tim. My Friends:
I have one word to sayan you: Look, you, my good I.
I must intreat you not honoret me so much,
As to advance this jewel, accept it, and wear it,
Kind my Lord,

3 Lord. I am so there already in your guilt.

All. So are we all.

Enter Flurish.

Flurish. I beseech your Honor, vouchsafe me a word, it
does concern you erect.

Tim. Neere? why then another time I heare thee,
I prythee let's be provided to shew them entertainment,

Flurish. I cease now know how.

Enter another Servant

Serv. May I please your Honor, Lord Lucius
(Out of his free bone) hath presented to you
Four Hudsone-Horses, trap in Silver.
Tim. I shall accept them fairly; let the Presents
Be worthily entertain'd.
Tim. Nay, and you begin to soil all on Societie once. I am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell, &c., with better Mancke.

Exit. Agm. So: Thou wilt not hear me now, thou shalt not then. He lack the heavenly from thee; Oh that mens ears should be to Counsell deaf, but not to Fisterie."

Enter a Senator.

Sen. And late fine thousand: to Varrus and to Idsare He owes nine thousand, besides my former flame, Which makes it due and twenty. Still in motion Of raging wastes: it cannot hold, it will not. If I want Gold, thet is but a beggers Dogge, And give in Timon, why the Dogge comes Gole. If I would sell my House, and buy twenty more. Better then he, why give my Horse to Timon. Ask nothing, give it him, itFeb to me straight And able stories: No Porter at his gate, But rather one that fames, and that unites All that pass by. It cannot hold, no reason Can find his state in safety. Capheus, ho! Capheus I say.

Enter Capheus.

Cap. Here he is, what is your pleasure.

Sen. Get on your cloaks, & say to you Lord Timon. Imporome him for my Moneyes, he cannot. With light delay! nor then silence, when Command me to your Master, and the Cap. Plays in the right hand, thus: but tell him, My Vic's cry to me; I must returne my turne. Out of mine owne, his dayes and times are past, And my relish on his faded rates Have stint my credit. I sue and honour him, But must not break my backe, to heal him his finger. Immediate are my needs, and my reliefe Must not be tardy, nor tarry to me in words, But made supply in immediate. Get you gone, Put on a most importunate aspect. A village of demand: I do desire When every Feather stickes in his one wing, Lord Timon will be left a naked goose Which flinches now a Phoenix, get you gone.

Ca. I go in.

Sen. I go in.

Take the Brad's along with you, And haste the dates in. Come.

Ca. I will Sir.


Enter Stenard with many folles in his hand.

Sten. No care, no hop, no sense of expence, That he will neither know how to maintain it, Nor cease his flow of riot. Takes no account How things go from him, nor refuse no care Of what is to continue: never minde, Was to be so vain: to be so kind. What shall be done, he will not hear, till feel: I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting, Ye sith, sith.

Enter Capheus, Idsare, and Varrus.

Cap. Good eune Varrus: what, you come for money?

Varr. It is, and yours too, Idsare?

Ids. It is so.

Cap. Would we were all discharged.

Varr. I please it.

Cap. Here comes the Lord.

Enter Timon and his Train.

Tim. So soon as dinner done, we'll forth againe.

My Alchimists. With flame, what is your will?

Cap. My Lord, here's a need of ceretine dues.

Tim. Dues! whence are you?

Cap. Of Athens here, my Lord.

Tim. Go to my Steward.

Cap. Please to your Lordship, he hath put me off To the satisfaction of new rates this month;

My Master is awak'd by great Occasion, To call upon his own, and humbly prays you, That with your other Noble parts, you'll unite, In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest Friend, I pay thee but requite me to next morning.

Cap. Nay, good my Lord.

Tim. Contain my state, go Friend, Good Friend,

Varr. One Varrus aman, my good Lord.

Ids. From thence, he humbly prays your speedy payment.

Cap. If you did know my Lord, my Masters wants... Exeunt. for, This due on forty tyme, my Lord, sixt weekes, and past.

St. Your Steward puts me off my Lord, and I Am sent expressly to your Lordship.

Tim. Give me bread:

I do beseech you good my Lords keep on, He waits upon you instantly. Come hither: pray you How goes the world, that I am thus encountered With clamorous demands of debts, broken Bonds, And the detention of long since due debts Against my Honors:

Stew. Praise you Gentlemen, The time is approachable to this businesse: Your importunacie ceaseth, till after dinner, That I may make his Lordship understand, Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do I my Friends, see them well entertain'd.

Stew. Pray draw near.

Enter Apemantus and the Fool.

Apem. Stay, stay, here comes the Fool with Apemantus, let's be some sport with him.

Fool. Hang him, he's a shufle vs.

Ids. A plague upon his dogge.

Varr. How dast Fool?

Apem. Doth Dialogue with thy shadow?

Varr. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No, 'tis to thy felte. Come away.

Fool. There's the Fool's hand on your backe already.

Apem. No thou standst fiddle, that's not on him yet.

Fool. Where's the Fool now?

Apem. He's left ask'd the question, Poor Rogues, and Vivres men, Bandes between Gold and want.

Varr. What are we Apemantus?

Apem. Affes.

Varr. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, & do not know your feltes. Speak to 'em Fool.

Fool. How do you Gentlemen?

Varr. Groceries good Fool! How does your Martial?
Timon of Athens.

Enter Page.

Page. Looke you, here comes my Master Page.

Page. Why how now Captaine? what do you in this winde Company?

How deel you Apemantus?

Apt. Would I had a Rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Psyche Apemantus reads me the superscription of these letters, I know not which is which.

Apt. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apt. There will little Learning dye that day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord Timon, this is to Alcibiades. So thou wast borne a Ballad, and thou'st dye a Ballad.

Page. Thou wast工作站 Diggery, and thou shalt famish a Dogges death.

Answere not, I am gone. Exit


Page. I will go with you to Lord Timon.

Page. Will you leave me there?

Apt. If Timon stay at home.

Page. You three three Vultures?

Apt. I would they sar'd vs.

Page. So would I.

As good a trick as ever Hangman sar'd Theefe.

Page. Are you these Vulters men?

Apt. 1 Fool.

Apt. I think no Vulture, but's he a Fool to his Servant. My Mistresse is one, and I am her Fool : when men come to borrow of your Matters, they approach fadyly, and go away merry ; but they enter my Matters howlly, and go away fadyly. The reason of this?

Page. I could render one.

Apt. Do it then, that we may account thee a Whoresmatter, and a Knave, which not withstanding thou shalt be no levee execut.

Varr. What is a Whoresmatter Fool?

Page. A Fool in good clothes, and something like that. This spirit sometimes behaves like a Lord, sometime like a Lawyer, sometime like a Philosopher, with two flosces more than his natural size. He is very often like a Knight ; and generally, in all shapes that man goes up and down in, from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Page. Thou art not alongside a Fool.

Apt. Nor thou alongside a Wightman,

As much foolerie as I have, so much woe thou lack'st.

Page. That answer might have become Apemantus.


Enter Timon and Steward.

Apt. Come with me (Fool) come.

Fool. I do not always follow Loners, elder Brothers, and Woman, sometime the Philosopher.

Stew. Pray you walk en eye,

He speake with you anon.

Tim. You make me merriall wherefore ever this time

Had you not fullt laide my face before me,

That I might to have raised my expence

As I had leave of means,

Stew. You would not hear me.

At many leaues I propose

Tim. Go too:

Perchance some single vantge you tooke,

When my indisposition put you backe,

And that vnprofitable made your minisiter

Thus to cackle your fatte.

Stew. O my good Lord,

As many times I brought in my accounts,

Laid then before you, you would throw them off,

And say you found them in mine honeftie,

When for some thing pretent you haue bid me

Return too much, I have thoolske my head, and wept:

Yet gainst the Authoritic of manner, pray'd you

To hold your baske more clofe : I did indure

Nor filde, nor no flight checkes, when I have

Prompied you in the ebe of your eftate,

And your great flow of debts; my lord Lord,

Though you are now (too late) yet noxes a time,

To prye your pretens debts.

Tim. Let all my Land be fold.

Stew. 'Tis all engag'd, some forrested and gone,

And what remains will hardly float the mouth

Of pretend debts; the future comes spaces.

What shall defend the instamin, and at length

How goes your reckoning?

Tim. To Lacedemon did my Land extend.

Stew. O any good Lord, the world is but a word,

Were it all yours, to guise it has a breath,

How quicke were went on.

Tim. You tell me true.

Stew. If you inspect my Husbandry or Fullhood,

Call me before the Exchequer Auditors,

And let me on the process. So the Gods bless me,

When all our Offices have beene oppress'd

With infinite Fuds, when our Vaults have wept

With drunken spight of Wine ; when every room

Hath hang'd, with Lusters, and brav'd with Misdakelie,

I have receiv'd me to a widefull cocke,

And set mine eyes at Bow.

Tim. Psyche be no more.

Stew. Hemans have I said the bountie of this Lord ;

How many pretlfull bits haue Slaves and Peasants

This night exposed, i who am not Timon,

What heart, head, sword, face, manners, but is L. Timon;

Great Timon, Noble, Worthy, Royall Timon

Ah, when the masses are gone, that but this prafie,

The breath is gone where of this prafie is made:

Feast won, fast left; one cloud of Winter showeres,

Those flies we cough.

Tim. Come farewell me no further.

No villinous bountie yet hath past my heart;

Vowishly, not ignobly have I gulfed.

Why doth thou weep, canst thou the confidence lacke,

To think I shall lacke friends ; secure thy heart,

If I would broich the vaffels of my love,

And try the argoment of hearts, by borrowing;

Men, and mass fortunes could I frankly vie

As I can bid thee speake.

Stew. Assurance blest your thoughts.

Tim. And in somee fores these wants of mine are crownd,

That I account them blesse. For by thee

Shall I sue Friends. You shall perceive

How you mistake my Fortunes,

I am wealthie in my Friends.

Within there, Flamen Serenillus ?

Enter.
Enter these Servants.

Sir. My Lord, my Lord.

Tim. I will dispatch you presently.

You to Lord Lucius, to Lord Lucius you. I hunted with his Honor to-day; you to Serenissimo commend me to their house, and I am proud, by, that my occasions have found me true, who intends to supply at many cost the require be sixty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my Lord.

Sext. Lord Lucius and Lucullus? Hush!

Tim. Go you first to the Senators; Of whom, plain to the States by health; I have Defend'd his Hering's, and intend'd of his and A thousand talents to me.

Sir. You have unknown

(For that I knew it was general way).

To them, to vise your Signet, and your Name, But they do flake their heads, and I am here.

No further in return.

Tim. Is't true? Can't be?

Sext. They arrive in a loud and corporate voice.

That now they are at full, want Treasure cannot;

Do what they will, are for sale; you areHonourable;

But they could have wish'd, they knew not;

Something else being amiss; a noble nature;

May catch a wrench; would all were well; the petty;

And so intending other serious matters;

After all the other looks; and their head Fractures;

With certain hair-caps, and cold mending poles;

They froze me into silence.

Tim. You God's reward them:

Psyche man follow cheerfully. Thy old Fellows

Have their ingratitude in them. Hereditary;

Their blood is cold, their cold, it fills me flowers;

To lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;

And Nature, it's given sake toward earth,

Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and beauty.

Go to Becollum (psyche be not sad;

Thou art true, and honest; Ingeniously I speak;

No blame belongs to thee.) Flaminius lately

Becollum, Duke, by whose death here's step'd

Into a great estate: When he was poor,

Imprison'd, and in fear and flight of friends,

I cried him with six talents: Greet him from me;

Bid him suppose, some good necessarily,

Touch'd his friend, which comes to be remember'd

With these six talents; that had, give'st thou fellows

To whom his instant due? Next's speak, or think;

That six thousand talents, among his friends can sink.

Sext. I would could not think it;

That thought is Bounties to:

Being free a tell; it thinkes all others to.

Enter Flaminius waiting to speak with a Lord from his Affecter;

Enter a servant to him.

Sir. I have told my Lord of you, he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you Sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Sir. Here's my Lord.

Luc. One of Lord Timon's men! A Guilt I warrant.

Why that his right? I express of a Silver Baton & Ellia to night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius, you are so sincere respectably welcome fit. Fill me some Wine. And how does that Honourable, Compleat, Respectable Gent-

man of Athens, thy very bountiful good Lord and Master?

Flam. His health is well.

Luc. I am most glad that his health is well: and what shall thou there under thy Cloak pretty Element?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty beak, Sir, which in my Lord's behalf, I come to interest your finest Company; who having great and instant occasion to victorious Talents, have sent to your Lordship to furnish him nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Luc. Is it, is it? Nothing doubting fayre hee? Alas good Lord, a Noble Gentleman tit, if he would not keep to good a name. Many a time and often I had died with him, and told him so, and came again to feere that his purposes, to have him please me, and yet he would embrace no countenance, to warn by my coming, every man has his fault, and honestly is his: but he told him so, but I could never get him from.

Enter Servant with Wine.

Sir. Please your Lordship, here is the Wine.

Luc. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise.

Here's to thee.

Luc. Your Lordship speaks your pleasure.

Luc. I have observed thee always for a valiant prompt spirit, give thee due, and one that knows what belongs to reason; and could vice the time well, if the time were he there. Good parts in thee: ye are your own father.

Drake never honest Flaminius. Thy Lord a bountiful Gentleman, but thou art wise, and canst therefore enough (although thou canst it not) that thou hast no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship without remuneration. Here's three Soldiers for thee; good eye winks at me, and he should find me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. It's possible the world should too much differ,

And we abuse that list? Fly damned bacchus!

To him that wins his tree.

Luc. He's now a fool, Sir, and fit for thy Malters.

Luc. Flam May thee add to the number? I may sell thee.

Let monstros come be thy damnation.

Thou disserv'd of a friend, and not of thyself.

Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,

It serves in less than two nights? O thou God!

I feel my heart's passion. This slave to his Honor,

Has my Lord's love in him.

Why should he be choice, and come to Nutriment,

When he is turn'd to powder?

Omay Delfasts only works sportive?

And when he's IK to death, let not that part of Nature

Which my Lord pays for, be of my power.

To expel his sense, but prolong his bower.

Luc. Who is the Lord Timon? He is my very good friend and an Honourable Gentleman.

1. We know him for no leafe, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing my Lord, and which I hear from certain rumour, now Lord Timon is between in the world, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fye no, do not deceive it: hee cannot want for money.

2. But believe you this my Lord, that not long after, one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents, say 5000 extremly few, and feved what
What necessary belonging't do, 't and yet was deny'd.  

Luc. How?  

Tim. I tell you, deny'd my Lord.  

Luc. What strange case was that? Now before the gods I am ashamed of it. Denied that honourable man? There was some little Honour (t'wasn't, for my own part, I must needs confess,) I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles; nothing comparing to his; yet had he misgave him, and sent to me, I should not have denied his Occasion in so many talents.

Enter Servilius.

Serv. Sir, by good happy vouchers my Lord, I have been to see his Honour. My Lord's Honour, Lucius, or Lucullus, you are kindly met sir. Farewell, commend me to your Honourable virtuous Lord, my very exquisitely friend.

Tim. May it please your Honour, my Lord hath sent.

Luc. Has what he has sent you? I am so much commande to that Lord; he's ever sending: how shall I thank him think't thou at; and what has he sent now?

Serv. Has only sent his present Occasion now my Lord; requisitioning your Lordship to supply his infinite wit and company in so many talents.

Luc. I know his Lordship is but merry with me, He cannot want fifty fives hundred talents.

Serv. But in the mean time he wants leave my Lord.

If his occasion were not urgent, I should not vouch it hale to faithfully.

Luc. Don't then speak so earnestly. Servilius.

Serv. Upon my soul, it's true Sir. 

Luc. What a wicked Beast was I to dissuade my self against such a good time, when I might have shewn my self Honourable! How unluckily it happen'd, that I should purchase the day before for a little part; and undo a great deal of Honour! Servilius, now before the Gods I am not able to do (the more beast I say,) I was sending to see Lord Timon my selfe, these Gentlemen can witness: but I would not at the wealth of Athens I had done now. Command me bounteously to his good Lordship, and I hope his Honour will concieve the fairest of me: because I have no power to be kinder. And tell him this from me, I count one of my greatest afflictions say, that I cannot plenteous such an Honourable Gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so farre, as to write mine own words to him?

Luc. Yes sir, I shall.  

Serv. He look you out a good turne Servilius.

Tim. What you said, Timon is thrunke indecle,  
And he that once deny'd, will hardly speeke.  

Luc. Do you conceive this Thronke?

Tim. I, to well.

Luc. Why this is the world's fault, And line of the same peece

Enter Flavius Speer; who can tell us Timon's Friend.  

Flavius. He has bin this Lord's Father,  
And kept his credit with his purse:  
Supported his estate, by Timon's money.  
Has paid his men their wages.  
He's done well,  
But Timon Silver twists upon his Lip,  
And yet, oh see the monstrousnesse of man,  
When he looks out as in a vagabondish shape;  
He does deny him (in respect of his)

What charitable men afford to Beggers.  

1. Religion grows at it.  

For mine own part, I never caft Timon in my life.  

Luc. Nor came any of his bounties over me,  

Timon of Athens.

To make me for his Friend. Yet I protest,  
For his right Noble minds, Illustrious Vertue,  
And Honourable Carriage,  
Had his necessity made vie of me,  
I would have put my wealth into Donation,  
And the best half should have return'd to him,  
So much I love his heart: But I perceive,  
Men must leave now with pitty to dis pense,  
For Policy fits about Confidence.  

Exeunt.

Enter a third farmer with Sirsius, another of Timon's Friends.

Serv. Must he needs trouble me in't? Hurn.

Luc. Thee all others?

Serv. He might have hired Lord Lucius, or Lucullus,  
And now Virtue is wealthy too,  
Whom he redeem'd from paine. All these  
Owes their efficaces vnto him.

Luc. My Lord,  
They have all bin touched, and found Base-Mettle,  
For they have all denied him.

Timon. How? Have they deny'd him?

Flavius and Lucius deny'd him,  
And does he send to me? Three! Hurn.

If lowest, but little loans, or judgement in him.  

Flavius and Lucius deny'd him,  
And does he send to me? Three! Hurn.

If lowest, but little loans, or judgement in him.  

Timon. I be his left Religion? His Friends (like Physicians)  
Thrice, give him power: Must I take the Cure upon me?  
Has much disgrac'd me in't, I'me angry at him,  
That might have knowne my place. I see no sense for't,  
But his Occasions might have worned me off.  
For in my conscience, I was the first man  
That ere receiv'd guilt from him.  
And does he think to backwards me, of me now,  
That I leave in it? No:  
So it may prove an Argument of Laughter.  

Timon. To theire, and 'mongst Lords be thought a Foolie.  
I'd rather then the worth of thrice the immme,  
Hast sent to me first, but for my minutes sake:  
I'd take such a courage to do him good. But now return'd,  
And with their faint reply, this answer layne:  
Who darest mine Honour, shall not know my Coyne.

Luc. Excellent: Your Lordships a goodly Villain: the duell knew not what he did, when he made man Politick; he crost his heart by 't; and I cannot think, but in the end, the Villains of man will for him cercle.  

Flavius. Enter Timon's men, meeting each other. All Timon's Creditors to wait for his coming out.  
Then enter Lucius and Hortensius.

Flavius. There is not, goodwill more than Timon & Hortensius.
Timon of Athens.

**Tir.** The like to you kind Sirs.

**Flam.** Lucius, what do we meet together?

**Luci.** I, and I think one but the one do's command vs all.

For mine is money.

**Tir.** So is theirs, and ours.

**Flam.** Enter Philius.

**Luci.** And for Philius too.

**Phil.** Good day at once.

**Luci.** Welcome good Sirs.

What do you think the house?

**Phil.** Labouring for Nine.

**Luci.** So much?

**Phil.** Is not my Lord's seat yet?

**Luci.** Not yet.

**Phil.** I wonder on't he was not to shine at Feasen.

**Luci.** I, but the days are waxed shorter with him.

You must consider that a prodigal court is like the Sunnes, but not like his rechargeable, I fear.

**Tir.** To deep and low in Lord Timons purse, that is: One may reach deep enough, and yet find none.

**Phil.** I am of your fear, for that.

**Tir.** He show you how obscure a strange coast.

Your Lord sends now for money.

**Tir.** Maff it, true, he doe's.

**Tir.** And he weares jewels now of Timon golds.

For which I wait for money.

**Tir.** It is against my honor.

**Luci.** Make how it comes to owers.

**Tir.** In this, it should pay more then he owes.

And one as if your Lord should wear rich Jewels, and send for money for him.

**Tir.** Fare weary of this Charge.

The Gods can witness.

I know my Lord hath spent of Timon wealth.

And now ingratitude, makes it worth then flesh.

**Siar.** Yes, mine three thousand Crownes.

**Luci.** What's yours?

**Luci.** Three thousand mine.

**Siar.** Sir, a word: Pray is my Lord ready to come forth?

**Flam.** No, indeed he is not.

**Tir.** We attend his Lordship; pray signify so much.

**Flam.** I need not tell him that, he knowes you are too.

**Tir.** Enter Steward in a Coach, muffled.

**Luci.** Has not that his Steward muffled so?

He goes away in a Coach; Call him, call him.

**Tir.** Do you hear, sir?

**Siar.** By your leave, sir.

**Tir.** What do's sake of me, my Friend.

**Tir.** We wait for certain money here, sir.

**Tir.** Sir, if money were as constant as your waiting, there were fare enough.

Why then prefer you not your summes and Bills?

When your false Masters eat of my Lords meat?

Then they could content, and favour upon his debts.

And take downe th'interest of their glutinous Mawes.

You do your selves but wrong to flaire me vp,

Let me pacque quietly.

**Luci.** Yet, my Lord and I have made an end,

I have no more to reckon, he is content.

**Luci.** I, but this answer will not serve.
Tim. Be it not in thy care,
Of Kenos once more, my Cooke and Ie proude, Emerg.

Enter three Senators at the door, Alcibiades meeting them,

1 Sen. My Lord, you have my voice, too's,

The fault's bloody,
This necessary he should dye,

Nothing is bidst to him so much, as Mercy,

2. Most true, the Law shall butt if em,


Alc. Honorable, and compasion to the Senate,

1. Now Captain,

Alc. I am an humble Sorge to you, versus

For pity is the virtue of the Law,

And none but Tyrants vie cruelly,

It pleases time and occasion to his blood

Vpon a friend of mine, who in blood

Hath spelt the Law, which is past depth

To those that (without neede) do plunge into oaths,

He is a Man (letting his Fate attend) Vercus,

Nor did he take the fact with Cowardice,

(And honour him, which being out his fault)

But with a Noble, Folly, and false fortunes,

Seeing his Reputation touch'd to death,

He did oppose his force.

And with such tobead and redoubt passion

He did behave his anger ere 'twas spent,

As if he had been proud an Argonaut.

1 Sen. You are too hard a Paradox,

Striving to make an ugly deed looke faire,

Your words have broke such paines, as if they labour'd,

To bring Manslaughter into forme, and fee Quarrilling

Vpon the head of Valour, which indeed

In Valour full begett, and came into the world,

When Sects, and Factions were newly borne.

Here's truly Valiant, that can wisely suffer,

The worst that man can breath,

And make his Wrongs, his Out-siders,

To read them like his Payment, carelessly,

And me pretence his injuries to his heart,

To bring it into danger.

If Wrongs be sufill, and in force \\


Alc. My Lord.

1 Sen. You cannot make groat sines looke clearer,

To revenge is no Valour, but to bear.

Hurt, My Lords, then under favour, pardon me,

If I speak like a Captaine,

Why do men expose themselves to Battle,

And not endure all threats? Sleepe uppon 't,

And let the foes quietly cut their Throats

Without repugnancy? I bid there be

Such Valour in the beating, what make wee

Abroad? Why then, Women are more valiant

That stay at home, if bearing carry it

And the Affe, more Captaine then the Lyon? 

The fellow louden with iron, wiser then the Judge

If Wickedness be inflicting, oh my Lords,

As you are great, he pitifully Good,

Who cannot condamn us sinfull in cold blood?

To kill, I grant, is times extremell Gutr,

But in defence, by Mercy, 'tis most suit.

To be in Anger, is impotie

Soe who is Man, that not Angrie

Weigh but the Crime with this.

2 Sen. You breath in vain.

Alc. In vain is

His service done at Lacedemon, and Bizzantium,

Were a sufficient bribes for his life.

What's that?

Alc. Why say my Lord's that's done faire service,

And thine in fight many of your enemies

How full of valour did he bear himselfe

In the last Conflict, and made plentifous wounds?

He has made too much plenty with him.

That often dooms him, and makes his valour prisoner.

If there were no foes, that were enough

To overcome him. In that, Beutifully faire,

He has bin knowne to commit outrages,

And ever, his Factions. This inter'd to vs,

His days are fowne, and his drinke dangerous,

Alc. He dies.

Alc. Hard fate; he might haue dyed in warre,

My Lords, if not for any parts in him

Though his right armie might have purchased his owne time,

And be in debt to none; yet more to move you,

Take my dete to him, and saye 'em both.

And 'tis knowe, your reuerent Ages have Security.

He pawns my Victories, all my honour to you

Vpon his good returns,

If this Crime, he owes the Law his life,

Why set the Warre receiv'd in valiant gore,

For Law is thirf, and Warre is nothing more.

I Wore for Law, he dyes, wrge it no more

On height of our dispaire, Friend, or Brother,

He forsets his owne blood, that felines other,

Alc. Milt is before I must not bee

My Lords, I doobtsh you know mee.

2. How?

Alc. Call me to your remembrace.

3. What.

Alc. I cannot think but your Agey has forgot me

It could not else be, I should prone to base,

To sue and be demy'd such common Grace.

My wonds are at you.

Do you dare an anger?

'Tis in few words, but fraticious in effect,

We banish thee for ever.

Alc. Banish me?

Banish your dagote, banish vifiate,

That makes the Senate vlyg.

If after two dayes thine, Athens containes thee,

Attend our weightier Judgement.

And not to lave our spirit.

He shall be executed precisely.

Exeunt.

Alc. Now the Gods keep you old enough,

That you may live

One in bone, that none may look in you,

I am worse then mad, I have kept backe their Poes

While they have toll'd their Money, and let out

Their Coine vpon large interest. I saye, fellow,

Riches only in large hurts. All those for this?

Is this the Ballome, that the vifying Senate

Powers into Captaine wounds? Banishment,

It comes not ill; I have not to be banish'd

It is a cause worthy my Spieus and Purue,

That I may strike at Athens. He cheere vp

My discontents Troopers, and lay for hearts;

It Honour with most Lust to be at odes,

Souldiers should brooke as little wrongs as Gods. Exit.

Exeunt.
The good time of day to you, sir.
1. I wish it to you. I think this Honorable Lord did but try it this other day.
2. Upon that were my thoughts arising when we encountered. I hope it is not so low with him as he made it seem in the small of this senatorial friend.
3. It should not be, by the persuasion of his new sitting.
4. I should think so. He is a man of an earnest inquiring, which many of the great occasions did urge me to put off; but he was comended beyond them, and I must needs appear.
5. I like manner was I in debt to my imperfect business, he would not hear of my excuse. I am sorry, when he lent to borrow of me, that my resolution was out.
6. I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.
7. Every man hears for: what would he have borrowed of you?
8. A thousand Peces.
9. A thousand Peces?
10. What of you?
11. He sent to me for. Here he comes.

Enter Timon and the Senators.

Tim. With all my heart, Gentlemen both, and low fare you?
1. Enter at the best, hearing well of your Lordship.
2. The Swallow follows not Summer more willingly, that we your Lordship.
Tim. Nor more willingly leaves Winter, such Summer Birds are men. Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long day, feast your ears with the Musick whiles it shall fire so heartily o'th' Trumpet: we shall take presently.
1. I hope it remains not unkindly with your Lordship, that I return'd you an empty messenger.
Tim. O sir, let it not trouble you.
Tim. Ah, my good friend, what cheer?
1. The Banker brought in.
2. My most Honorable Lord, I am the fitch of home, that when your Lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunates a Beggar.
Tim. Think not on't, sir.
1. If you had sent but two hours before.
Tim. Let it notumber thy better remembrance.

Come bring in all together.
1. All cour'd Dishes.
2. Royal Cleare, I warrant you.
3. Doubt not that, if money and the faction can yield it.
4. How do you? What's the news?
5. A void the banquet's banish'd: they're out of it.
Bak. A void the banquet's banish'd?
1. Tis so, be sure of it.
2. How? How?
3. I pray you upon what?
Tim. My worthy Friends, will you draw near?
1. It will tell you more anon. Here's a Noble feast toward.
2. This is the old man still.
3. Will hold? Will hold?
4. It does, but time will, and so.

I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his store, with that spurre as he would to the lip of his Muse: your dyes shall bee in all places alike. Make not a Coat jest of, to let the meat cool, ere we can agree upon the first place. Slight.

The Gods require our thanks.

To great Benefactors, sprinkle our Society with Thankfulness. For your own gains, make your slender praiz'd: But reserve half to give, lest your Duties be despised. Let to each man enough, that one need be tender to another. For were your Godولد to borrow of men, would you forego the Gods. Make the Meate by betoken, more than the Men that gives it. Let no Assembly of Twenty, be without a store of Villains. If there be twelve Villains at the Table, let a dozen of them bee as they are. The rest of your Fees, O Gods, the Senators of Athens, together with the common legge of Poople, what so enwinds in them, you Gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends, as they are come nothing, so on nothing blisse them, and nothing are they welcome.

Vacuer Dogges, and lap.

Some speak. What doth this Lordship mean?
1. Some speak. I know not.
2. Timon. May you a better feast never behold.

You know of Mouth-Friends: Smoke, & Luke warm water is your perfection. This is Timon's bane, who suckes and spangled you with flattering, washes it off, and sprinkles in your face.

You recking villany. Line lust'd, and long
Most liming, smooth, deceitful Parasites, Cursive Discoverers, affable Wolues, meek Bears: You Foole's of Fortune, Trenchers-friends, Times Fyres, Cap and knee-Slaves, vapours, and Minute Jackes.

O Man and Beast, the infinite Malady
Croft you quare o're. What doth thou go?
Soft, take the Physick first: thou too, and thou
Stay I will lend thee money, borrow none.

What All in Motion? Henceforth be no Feast,
Whereas a Villains's not a welcome Gues.

Burne house, sink' Athens, henceforth hated be
Of Timon Man, and all Humanity.

Enter the Senators, with other Lords.

1. How now, my Lords?
2. Know you the quality of Lord Timon's fury?
3. Puff, did you see my Cap?
4. I have lost my Gowne.
5. He's but a mad Lord, & nought but humors off wears him. He gave me a Jewell the other day, and now here his bearer out of his hat.

Did you see my Jewell?
1. Did you see my Cap?
2. Here's tis.
3. Here's my Gowne.
4. Here's no Jewell.
5. Lord Timon's mad.
6. I fust upon my bones.
7. One day he gives vs Diamonds, next day bones.

Erect the Senators.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Let me looke backe upo thee, Othon Wall
That circles in those Wolues, due in the earth,
And hence not Athens. Matrons, turne inconstant,
Obedience playle in Chilhildren: Slaves and Poolest

Plucke
Timon of Athens.

Plucke the grave wrinkled Senate from the bench,
And minifie in their stead, to generall Fiktces,
Commodus and Junuapine Virginity,
Dont’s in your Parent’s eyes. Basstaples, hold fast
Rather then render backe out with your Knives,
And cut your Trusters throats. Bound Servants, fite,
Large-handed Robbers your grave Masters are,
And spill by Law. Moids, to thy Masters bed,
Thy Mists are o’er Broketh. Some of sixteen,
Plucke the lynes Crotch from thy old lumping Sirs,
With it, beate out his Brains, Piety, and Peare,
Religion to the Gods, Peace, Justice, Truth,
Dame fickle awe, Night-reel, and Neighbour-hood,
Introduction, Manners, Mysteries, and Trades,
Degrees, Obligations, Cultumes, and Laters,
Deplete to your confounding contracts.
And yet Confusion line: Plagues incident to men,
Your potent and infectious Fears, heape
On Athens ripe for stroke: Thou cold Sisicato,
Cramp our Senators, that their limbs may halt
A lamely at their Manners, Lift, and Liberitzing,
Creepe in the Mutes and Mourrows of out youth,
That gaunt the frame of Venerie they may attire,
And droppe with shamelesse in Roch. Jeches, Blaines,
Sowe all the Athenian boomes, and their cop
Be general Exploie of dust, infect breath,
That their Society, (as their Friendship) may
Be mercerly payne. Nothing he hear from thee
But naked freinde, thou detectable Towne,
Take thou that too, with multiplying Bannes:
Timon will to the Woods, where he shall finde
This kindred Beall, more kinder then Mankind.
The Gods confounded, (hence me you good Gods) all
Th’Athenians both within and out that Wall,
And grante as Timon grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of Mankind, high and low.
Amen.

Enter Steward with two or three Servants.

1. Hears you M. Steward, where’s our Master?
Are we undone, cast off, nothing remaining?
Stew. Allack my Fellowes, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous Gods,
I am so poore as you.
2. Such a House broke;
So noble a Master false, all gone, and not
One Friend to take his Fortune by the armes,
And go along with him.
3. As we do turn our backes
From our Companion, thrown into his gait,
So his Familiar to his buried Fortunes,
Slaine all away, leave their false vows with him
Like empty purses pick’d; and his poore selfe
A dedicated Beaggur to the Ayre,
With his discore, of all humaine poverty,
Walkes like contempt alone. More of our Fellowes,
Enter other Servants.
Stew. All broken implements of a mad house.
3. Yet do our hearts wearie Timon’s Liturgy,
That fee by our Faces we are Fellowes still,
Saying alack in sorrow: Leak’d is our Barke,
And we poore Mastes, stand on the dying Decke,
Hearing the Surgeons threat: we must all part
Into this Sea of Ayre.
Stew. Good Fellowes all,

The latest of your wealth I see among you,
Where every we shall meete, for Timon’s sake,
Let’s be Fellowes. Let’s beke our heads, and say
As towers are Knelt into our Mates Fortunes,
We have scene better days. Let each take some
Nay put out all you hands: Not one word more,
This part we rich in sorrow, pasting poor.

Embrace and part several ways.
Oh the fierce wretchednesse that Glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since Riches point us Miske and Contempt?
Who would be so mock’d with Glory, or to live
But in a Dremme of Friendship,
To have his Pomp, and all what state compouds,
But only painted like your varnish friend?
Poor honest Lord, brought low by his owne heart,
Vindue by Goodwife: Strange vextfull blood,
When men worst fortune is, He doo’s too much Good.
Who then dares to be halfe to kinde again?
For Wanton that makes Gods, do stack much money.
My dearfree Lord, blest to be most accurat,
Rich only to be wretched; I do grant Fortunes
Are made by cheere Affictions. Also (kinde Lord)
He’s shott in Rages from this ingratefull Scare
Of meanerie friends:
Nor ha’s he with him to supply his life,
Or that which can command it:
I will and require him out,
I will let his mind, with my best will,
Whilst I have Gold, I be his Steward still.

Tim. O blessed breathing Sun, draw from the earth
Rosten humidiety: below this Sistern Orbe
Infect the ayre. Twain Brothres of one wombe,
Whose procreation, expenditure, and birth,
Scarce is diudar; touch them with severall fortunes,
The greater frowns the lesser. Not Nature
(To whom all power lovely) can bear great Fortune
But by consent of Nature,
Raise me this Beggar, and deny’t that Lord,
The Senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The Beggar Natire Honor.
I: is the Pastour Lard, the Brothres sfides,
The wretch that makes him lesser, who dares?
In purse of Manhood stand upright.
And say, this is a Plaister. If one be,
So are they all for currie grace of Fortune
Is fustead by that below. The Learned poore
Duckes to the Golden Poole. All’s obliquity
There’s nothing leuell in our curdled Natures
But dire & villaine. Therefore be abhor’d,
All Feastes, Societies, and Throgs of men.
His semblable, yes hime selfe Timon disdains,
Dishonouring poore mankind; Earth yeeld me Rootes,
Who seekes for better of theer, soke his palaste
With the most open pains. What is here?
Gold? Yellow, glistening, precious Gold?
No Gods, I am no idle Verstall,
Roots you cleare Heaven, thus much of this will make
Blacke, white; towile, faire; wrong, right.
Bafe, Noble; Old, young; Coward, valiant.
Has he Gods? why this? what this? you Gods? why this
Will harme your Priests and Servants from your sides:
Plucke four men pillow men from below their heads.
This yellow Slave,
Will fight and broke Religious, blest and secured,
Make the house Leprosy sad, place Theesues,
And give them Titus,isme, and approbation.
With Senators on the Benches this is it,
That makes the wapping end New York dead again.
She, whom the Stately-houses, and serous forces,
Would cost the gorges as. This Embalming and Spices,
To th'April styg含まれ. Come damned Earth,
This common whereof. of Maskinde, that passes odde.
Among the rout of Nation, I will make thee
Do thy right Nature.

At a Drumme. A drumke.
But yet let there be. Thou go. (Strong Thors)
When Goddy keeps thee, he cannot stand.
Nay thy thou out for earnest.

Enter Alcibiades with Drumme and lute in matching manner,
And Periis and Timandra.

Alec. What art thou there? Speaketh.

Tim. A Beast as thou art. The Choler grow thy hark
For burning me again, the son of Man.
Alec. What is thy name? I am so hateful to thee,
That art thy selfe a Man.

Tim. I am Misfortunes, and hate Manmade.

For thy part, I do wish thou were a dogge,
That I might love thee less.
Alec. I know thee well.

But in the Fortune am valiant, and proude,

Tim. I know thee too, and more then I know thee
I not desire to know. Follow thy Drumme.

With mans blood paints the ground Gules, Gules
Religious Cannons, civil Laws are cruel.
Then what should warre be? This fell where of Blinde,
Hash in her more destruction then thy Sword.
For all her Cherubin looke.

Perim. Thy lips rot off.

Tim. I will not kill thee, then the rest returns.

To thine own lasses again.

Alec. Have came the Noble Timone to this change?

Tim. As the Moon do's, by wanting light to give.

But then renew I could not like the Moon,

There were no Sunnes to borrow of.

Alec. Noble Timone, what friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to maintain my opinion.

Alec. What is it Timone?

Tim. Promise me Friendship, but performe none.

If thou wilt not promise, the Gods plague thee, for thou art a man.

Alec. I have heard in some sort of thy Miseries.

Tim. Thou saw it when he was in prosperity.

Alec. I heare them now, and was a blesed time.

Tim. As in thee now, held with a brance of Halloes.

Timone. Is this th' Athenian Minnow, whom the world

Voide do regardfully?

Tim. Art thou Timone?

Timone. Yes.

Tim. Be he a whore, then shew therefore not that he is, give them defects, leaue with thee their Lust. Make\th of thy like houses, leaue on the flames for Tubbes and Bathes, bring downe toile-check youh to the Tubbit, and the Diet.

Timone. Hang thee Monstre.

Alec. Pardon him. \(\text{ Timone, for his wits are drownd and lost in his Calumny.}\)

\(\text{Thou hast but little Gold of late, brave Timone.}\)

\(\text{The want whereof, doth daily make effect.}\)

\(\text{In my perious Band, I have heard and gread,}\)

\(\text{How confed Athens, minderlif of thy worth,}\)

\(\text{Forgoing thy great deeds, when Neighbourd free.}\)

\(\text{But for thy Sword and Fortune trod upon them.}\)

\(\text{I pray thee beare thy Drumme, and get thee gone.}\)

\(\text{Alec. I am thy Friend, and pity thee. Heere \(\text{ Timone.}\)}\)

\(\text{Tim. How doest thou pity him whom doest thou trouble,}\)

\(\text{I had rather be alone.}\)

\(\text{Alec. Why fares thee well?}\)

\(\text{Here is some Gold for thee.}\)

\(\text{Tim. I keep it, I cannot use it.}\)

\(\text{Alec. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap.}\)

\(\text{Tim. Wilt thou against Athens.}\)

\(\text{Alec. I \(\text{ Timon, and hate thee.}\)}\)

\(\text{Tim. The Gods confound them all in thy Conquest,}\)

\(\text{And thee after, when thou hast Conquerd.}\)

\(\text{Alec. Why me, Timon?}\)

\(\text{Tim. That by killing of Villaines}\)

\(\text{Thou was borne to conquer my Country.}\)

\(\text{Put up thy Gold, go on.}\)

\(\text{Give a Plessary plague, when thou comest.}\)

\(\text{Will of some high Vicar City, hang his povery.}\)

\(\text{In the stile syre, let not thy sword slip once.}\)

\(\text{Pitty not hallowed Age for his white Beard,}\)

\(\text{He is an hyer, Strike me the counterfeat Matron.}\)

\(\text{It is but habita only, that is honest.}\)

\(\text{Her sister's Band. Let not the Virgin checke.}\)

\(\text{Make soft thy trenchant Sword: for these Mistike pappers}\)

\(\text{That through the window, Baine borest men eyes,}\)

\(\text{Are not within the Leaf of pitty weyl.}\)

\(\text{But fece them downe horrible Thors, spare not the Babe.}\)

\(\text{Whose damptd flodes from Poetes exhaust their mercy.}\)

\(\text{Thinker is a Bullard, whom the Oracle}\)

\(\text{Hath doubtfully pronounced, the throat shall cut,}\)

\(\text{And aince is fans remorce. Swearse against Obedant,}\)

\(\text{Put Armour on thine care, and on thine eyes,}\)

\(\text{Whole pride, nor yels of Mothers, Maides, nor Babes,}\)

\(\text{Not sight of Priests in holy Veilments bleeding,}\)

\(\text{Shall pierce a lot. There's Gold to pay thy Souldiers,}\)

\(\text{Make large confusion: and dry thy spetes,}\)

\(\text{Confounded be thy selfe. Speake nor be gone.}\)

\(\text{Alec. Halt thou Gold yet, Hee take the Gold thou giest me, not all thy Counsell.}\)

\(\text{Tim. Doth thou or dolt thou not, Heavens curse upon thee?}\)

\(\text{Eth. Give vs some Gold good Timon, hast 9 more?}\)

\(\text{Tim. Enough to make a Whore forswear her Trade,}\)

\(\text{And to make Whores, a Bowld. Hold vp you Shun}\)

\(\text{Your Apate mountants: you are not Obable,}\)

\(\text{Although I know you I swear, forcely swear}\)

\(\text{Into strong thunders, and to heavenly Anges}\)

\(\text{Throunmalin Gods that bear you, Spare your Oathes:}\)

\(\text{He trut to thy Conditions, he whorses hell.}\)

\(\text{And he whole pious breath seeks to conuer you,}\)

\(\text{Be strong in Whore, allure him, burne him vp,}\)

\(\text{Let your eye fire predominatize his frouce,}\)

\(\text{And no numeroust ests may your paines six months}\)

\(\text{Be quite contrary. And Thatch}\)

\(\text{Your pover thin Roofes with burthen of the dead,}\)

\(\text{Some that were hang'd} \text{ do matter:}\)

\(\text{Wearse them, devour them; Where full,}\)

\(\text{Paint till a harse may myre vp on your face;}\)

\(\text{A pess of thistle.}\)

\(\text{Eth. Weill, more Gold, what then?}\)
Believe that we do...it being for God.

Tim. Confutation. But then...fit, to do so.

And not believe it, thinking that is necessary to force...be more fallible. But please.

Nor found his Quills: but...Homer's Harpies.

That he is against it...the quality of Steel,

And not believe himself. Down with the Note: Down with the...take the Bridge quite away.

Of that his particular to forces...bald

Sirens from the general whole. Make...our Register of the West.

And let the...Register of the West.

Dervis some paine from you. Plague all,

Thus your Actuary may deliberate and quit.

The fourte of all Erection. There's more Gold,

Do you damage others, and let this damage you,

And disch's grace you all.

Both. More counsel with more Money, bounteous

Timon.

Tim. More whole, more Mischiefe first, I have...you do.

Act. Strike up the Drum towards Athens, farewell.

Timon. If I thrue, well. He's but thee again.

Tim. If I hope well. He never see thee more.

Act. I never did thee harme,

Tim. Yet, they shou'd not well of me,

Act. Call the thine Harpe?

Tim. Men deeply finde it. Get thee away,

And take thy Besidges with thee.

Act. Were not offend him, thrice.

Then. That Nature being sickle of many kindnesse

Should yet be hungry: Common Mother, thou

Whose womb be the vomicable, and infinite breed.

Teemes and feels all, who's false fellace Merrie

Whereof thy proud child, false arrogate mans's part.

Engendres the Blode Toad, and Adder blew.

The gilded Newt, and cattel venom'd Worme,

With all the slowed Births belo Dwarf Heven,

Whereof a Tropicus quiching fire doth shine:

Yeld him, who all the humane Senses do bare.

From thence by pleasant bosom, one poore root:

Easeth the Fertile and Correspondent wombe.

Let it no more bring out ingratitude man,

Goes great with Tygers, Dragons, Wolves, and Beares,

Teeme with new Monsters, whom thy upward face

Hath to the Marvelled and thine all alone.

Never profession. O, Root, deare Thakes,

Dry vp thy Marrowes, Vines, and Plough-tree less

Whereof in grateful man with Louish draughts

And Morset Visions, greates his pure misnde,

Thus from hell confedration fippe.

Enter Aemcmus.

More man? Plague, plague.

Act. I was directed thiser. Men report,

Those dont affect any Moner, and dont lie them.

Tim. I...then, because they dont not keep a dogge

Witho I would incline. Confrontation catch thee.

Thus is thine a Nature but infected,

A poore empty Melancholy young

From change of sense. Why this Spade? this place?

This Scape like Habit, and these looks of Care?

This Flatterers yet ware, but let the lookes of Care?

This Scape like Habit, and these looks of Care?

This Flatterers yet ware, but let the lookes of Care?

This Scape like Habit, and these looks of Care?

This Flatterers yet ware, but let the lookes of Care?
Timon of Athens.

If thou writest lines, thy Father (that poor ragge) Must be thy subject, who in sport purgethe To some tree, Beggar, and compoundst thee Poor Rogue, hereditary. Hence, be gone; If thou hast not bene borne the worst of men, Thou hast not bene a Knave and a Faltiner, Art thou proud yet?

Tim. I, that I am not thee.


Tim. I, that I am one now;

Were all the wealth I have shut vp in thee, I'll give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone; That the whole life of Athens were in thee, Thus would I taste it.

Apt. Hears, I will mend thy feast.

Tim. First mend thy company, take away thy selle.

Apt. So I shall mend mine owne, by thy selle of thine. Tim. 'Tis not well mended in, it is but boate.

If not, I would it were.

Apt. What wouldst thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind; if thou wilt, Tell them there I haue Gold, Jooke, so I haue.

Apt. Here is no vie for Gold.

Tim. The bell, and trust.

For here is Hesper, and do's no hyed barme.

Apt. Where leyst a nights Timon?

Tim. Under that's aboue me.

Where feedst thou a days Apemantus?

Apt. Where my flamake findes meate, or rather where I taste it.

Tim. Wouldst payson were obedient, & knew my mind.

Apt. Where wouldst thou fend it?

Tim. To favour thy diet.

Apt. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends. When thou wast in thy Gift, and thy Perfume, they mockst thee for too much Civilitie: In thy Raggs thou knowst none, but are despised for the contrary. There's a medler for thee, care it.

Tim. On what I taste, I feed nor.

Apt. Don't have a Medler?

Tim. I, though it looke like thee.

Apt. And that hatred Medlers sooner, I should't have loued by selle better now. What man didn't thou ever know righteous, that was abused after his meanes?

Tim. Who without those meanes thou talkst of, didst thou ever know beloud?


Tim. I understand thee; thou hadst some meanes to keep thy Essay.

Apt. What things are in the world canst thou necerest compare to thy Flatterers?

Tim. Women needest, but men: men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world Apemantus, if't lay in thy power?

Apt. Gaine it the Beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thy selle fall in the confusion of men, and remaine a Beast with the Beasts.

Apt. I Timon.

Apt. A beantly Ambition, which the Goddes grantst thee'tachanico. If thou wast the Lyon, the Fox would beglute thee; if thou were the Lame, the Fox would ease thee; if thou were the Fox, the Lion would aspirate thee, when peradventure thou were assound by the Afe. If thou wast the Afe, thy dullest would torment thee; and still thou liv'dst but as a Breakefast to the Wolfe. If thou wast the Wolf, thy greediness would affright thee,

&c. thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner. West thou the Unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine owne selfe the conquest of thy fury. West thou a Bear, thou wouldst be kill'd by the Horse; west thou a Horse, thou wouldst be seazed by the Leopard, west thou a Leopard, thou were Germane to the Lion, and the spoites of thy kindred, were impotent on thy life. All thy safety were remotion, and thy defense abatement. What Beast couldst thou bee, that were not subject to a Beasts? and what a Beast art thou already, that seest not thy lofe in transformation?

Apt. If thou couldst please me

With speaking to me, thou mightst

Hauel his open in here.

The Commonwealth of Athens, is become

A Forreft of Beasts.

Tim. How's the Afe broke the wall, that thou art

Out of the Cities.

Apt. Yonder comes a Painter and a Poet:

The plague of Company light upon thee,

I will dare to catch it, and glue sposób;

When I know not what else to do,

Ile see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee,

Thou shalbe welcome.

I had rather be a Beggers Dogge,

Then Apemantus.

Apt. Thou art the Cap

Of all the Foolies alive.

Tim. Would thou were cleane enought

To finde me.

Apt. A plague on thee,

Thou art too bad to curte.

Tim. All Villaines

That do harme by thee, are pure.

Apt. There is no Leprotte,

But what thou speakst.

Tim. If I name thee, I lie beate thee;

But I should infect my hands.

Apt. I would my tongue

Could rot them off.

Tim. Away thou fool of a mangie dogge,

Choller does kill me.

That thou art alive, I long to see thee,

Apt. Would thou wouldst'behurst

Tim. Away thou roudious Rogue, I am sorry I shall

lose a stone by thee.


Tim. Slave,

Apt. Tend.

Tim. Rogue, Rogue, Rogue.

I am sick of this false world, and will lose nought But even the more necessities won't:

Then Timon pretend to prepare thy grave:

Lye where the light Fume of the Sea may beate Thy grave loose daily, make thine Epitaph,

That death in me, at others eyes may laugh.

O thou sweate King-killer, and dearer divorce,

Twixt natural flame and fire: thou bright healel defferer of Elements: purest bed, thou valiant Mars,

Thou euer, yong, freshe, loud, and delicate wooer,

Whose blustre doth thoueto the confristed Snow

That lies on Dian's lap.

Thou visible God,

That couldst not close Impossibilities,

And makest them kiss; that speakest with everie Tongue
Timon of Athens.

To enter purpose: O thou touch of hearts,
Think how this man rebels, and by thy course
Set them into confounding odds, that Beasts
May have the world in Empire.

Aes. Would't were so,
But not till I am dead. He lay that half Gold
Would be thrown g'd too shortly.

Tim. Three groats too?

Aes. 1.

Tim. Thy back to I prythee,
Ae. Lie, and know thy misery,
Tim. Long live for, and so dye. I am quit.
Ae. Mo things like men,
Exit Timon, and abhorre then.

Enter the Bandits.

1 Where should he have this Gold? It is some poore
Fragment, some slinder. Oft of his remainder: the more
want of Gold, and the falling from of his Friends, drove
him into this Melancholy.

2 It is mo S
He hath a mufle of Treachery.
3 Let us make the shift upon him, if he care not for't,
Will supply us easily: if he contentedly receive it, how
shall we get it?

4 True: for he bears it not about him:
'Tis hid.

5 Is not this here?

6 All. Where?

7 Timon.

8 All. He knows the Timon.

9 Tim. Now Theseus,

10 All. Soldiers, not Theseus.

11 Tim. Both too, and women Sonner.

12 All. We are not Theseus, but men

That much do wants.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat;
Why should you want? Behold, the Earth hath Roots:
Within this Mile break forth a hundred Springs:
The Lushes bear Mart, the Erian Scarlet Fays,
The bonnieest: His wife Nature, on each bough,
Loves her fall Mede before you. Want? why Want?

1 We cannot live on Grave, on Berries, Water,
As Beelzeb and Birds, and Fishes.

2 Tim. Nor on the Beasts themselves, the Birds & Fishes,
You must eat men. Yet thanks I mist you con,
That you are Theseus, publick: that you work not
In haileful things: For there is boundless Thieves:
In limited Proprieties, Raftall Theseus
Hercules Gold. Go, sucke the subtile blood o'th Grape,
Till the high Feueo feeds you; bread to both,
And to fease hangings. Truth not the Physitian,
His Antidotes are payton, and he flyes
Mo thee thou Robe: Take wealth, and lines together,
Do Villains do, since you pretend to do't.

Like Workmen, He exampe you with Theocracy:
The Sunes a Theofe, and with his great attraction
Robbes the vallie Sea, The Moones: an arrant Theofe,
And her pale face, the branches from the Sunne,
The Beasts Theofes, whose liquid Surge, resolves
The Moone into Salt seas. The Earth's a Theofe,
That feeds and breeds by a composite stolne
From gent'sall excernment; each thing's a Theofe,
The Lawes, your curbe and whip, in their rough power

He's uncheck'd Thieves. Lone not your felon, away,
Rob one another, there's more Gold, out the seas.
All that you meet are Theseus: to Athens go,
Broke open shopes, nothing can you stile.
But Theseus do loose: stile the lees, for this I give you,
And Gold confound you howfores: Amen.

3 Has almost chas'me me from my Profession by per-

swading me to it:

1 'Tis in the malice of mankinde, that he thus afflicts
us, not to have vs thrive in our mystery,
2 He believe him as an Enemy,
And giue over my Trade.

3 Let us first see peace in Athens, there is no time to
miserable, but a man may be true.

Enter Theseus.

Stew. Oh you Gods!

1 Now did despise and rousen man my Lord?
Full of decay and dying? Oh Monument.

And wonder of good deeds, euilly bewond'd

2 What an alteration of Honor has despise want made?
What viler thing upon the earth, then Friends.

3 Who can bring Noblesse, mind to bafeet ends,
How rare it doth meete with this times guide,
When man was walt to lose his Enemies.

4 Grant I may ever loue, and rather wea

Tho's that would misuse me, then shu'd those don.
Has caught me in his eye, I will present my honye griefe
unto him, and as my Lord, still ferue him with my life.

My dearer Malter.

Tim. Away: what art thou?

Stew. Have you forgot me, Sir?

Tim. Why don'st ask that? I have forgot all men.

Then, if thou grunte, I'm but a man,
I have forgot thee.

Stew. An honest poor servaunt of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not;

I never had honest man about me, I all
I kept were Knacks, to ferue in meanes to Villains.

Stew. The Gods are witness,

Nea's did poore Steward were a sater griefe

For his wicke Lord, then mine eyes for you.


Come nearer, then I lose thee.

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim't

Pitty mankinde: whose eyes do never guere,
But therow Lust and Laughter's pittie's sleeping.

Strange times! wepe with laugheing, not with weeping.

Stew. I begge of you to knowe me, good my Lord,
I accept my grieues, and will lift this poore wealth isles,
To entertaine me as your Steward shall.

Tim. Had I a Steward

So true, so suf, and now to comfortable?
It almost turns my dangerous Nature wild.

Let me behold thy face: Surely, this man
Was born of woman.

Forgive my generall, and excepts my rashesse

You perpetuall obey Gods, I do proclaime
One honest man: Must make me not, but one:
No more I pray, and he's a Steward.

How faire would I have hadded all mankinde,
And thant redeem't thy life. But all face thee,
I fell with Curves,

Me thinks thou art more honest now, then wife:

For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou might'st have sooner got another Servant: For many to arrive at second Masters, Upon their first Lord's necks; But tell me true, If I must ever doubt, though we're so fine, Is not thy kindness subtle, courteous, Innot a Visiting kindness, and withal merciful: Guiltless, Expecting in return twenty for one? Slew, No my most worthy Master, in whose brief Doubt, and suspect (als) are placed too late: Yet shouldst hate fear d false times, when you did Peep. Suspect full comes, where an efface is least, That which I show, Heauen knowes, is merely Lour, Dutie, and Zeale, to your unmatched mind: Care of your Food and Living, and belittle it, My most Honour'd Lord, For any benefit that points to mee, Either in hope, or present, Life's exchange For this one with, that you had power and wealth To require me, by making rich your fief, Thine. Looke thee, this is so: thou singly honest man, Heree take the Gods out of my misterie, He's sent thee Treasure. Go, live rich and happy, But thus condition's: Thou shalt build from me: Haste all, cure all, show Charity no none, But let the famish'd flesh slide from the Bone, Ere thou releaste the Begger, Give to dogges, What thou denyest to men. Let Prifons swallow'em, Deeds wincheth 'em to nothing, men be like clad with woods And may Dives lock up their false bloods, And to face- well, and thrive. Slew. O let me stay and comfort you, my Master. Thine. If thou hast it Carries Stay not: why, whill thou are blest and free: Yet thee fee thou man, and let me mee fee thee. Exit.

Enter Post, and Painter.

Post. At I took noce of the place, it cannot be farre where he abides.


Post. Then his breaking of his, He's bere but a Try for his friends? Painter. Nothing else.

You shall fee him a Plaine in Athens againe, And flourish with the highest: Therefore, 'tis not amiss, we render our loves To him, in this suspected miste: It will thow honestly in vs, And is very likely, to load our purposes With what they traualle for, Ife be a quiet and true report, that goes Of his hauing:

Post. What have youe now To pretend into him? Painter. Nothing at this seeing But my Visitation: onely I will promisse him An excellent Peace.

Post. I must true him so too; Tell him of an intent that's comming toward him.

Painter. Good as the best,

Promising, is the verie Ayre o'th' Time; It opens the eyes of Expectation, Performance, is ever the culler for his sake, And but in the plainest and simpler kinds of people, The decrse of Saying is quite out of the, To Promise, is most Courteous and fashionable; Performance, is a kinde of Will or Testament Which argues a great fickenesse in his judgment That makes it.

Enter Timon from his Cove.

Timon. Excellent Workmen, Thou canst not paint a man so balse As is thy self.

Post. I am thinking

What I shall say I have promis'd for him: It must be a perfonning of himselfe: A Satyr against the solemnesse of Prosperity, With a Discourse of the infinite Flatteries That follow youth and opulence.

Timon. Must they needs Stand for a Villaine in shone owne Wores? Will they whip thine owne tails in others mouth? Do so, I have Gold for thee.

Post. Nay let's seek him. Then do we come against our owne estate, When we may profit mee, and come too late.

Painter. True: When the day seares before blacke-corner'd night; Finde what thou want'st, by free and offer'd light.

Come.

Timon. He meetes you at the curne:

What a Gods Gold, that he is worthily In a bater Temple, then where Swine leede: Tis thou that rigg it the Burke, and plowr'll the Pome, Solet admired reverence in a Sluice, To thee be worthily, and thy Saints for eye: Be crowned with Plagues, that thee alone obey, Fit I meet them.

Post. Halle worthy Timon.

Painter. Our late Noble Master.

Timon. Haue I once liu'd To see two honest men?

Post, Sir:

Hasting often of your open Bonny taffed, Hearing you were retyr'd, your Friends take off, Whole thandelest Nature (O abhorred Spirites) Not all the Whisses of Heaven, are large enough, What, to you, Whole Starres-like Nobleneesse gauss life and influence To their whole being? I am rapt, and cannot cooke The monstrous bulke of this Ingratitude With any face of words.

Timon. Let it go, Naked men may see the better: You that are honest, by being what you are, Make them beft Irene, and knowne.

Painter. He, and my selfe

Hase traualled in the great flowers of your guilts, And sweetly felt it.

Timon. I, you are honest men.

Painter. We are therfor come.

To offer you our Service.

Timon. Mote honest men:

Why
Why have I all request you?  
Can you take Roots, and drink cold wa, no?  
Bear. What can I do,  
Well I do to you sence,  
Tim. Your honest men,  
[Pause. So it is said my Noble Lord, but therefore  
Came not my friend, nor I.  
Timon. Good honest men: Thou draw'st a counterfeit  
Belief in all Athens, that indeed the best,  
Thereon counterfeit most finely.  
[Pause. So fo, my Lord.  
Tim. But to a finer, May. And for thy fiction,  
Why thy voice swell with fluids of fine and smooth,  
That thou art even natural in thine art.  
But for this (my honest might of friends)  
I must needs say you have a little fault,  
Marry, it's not monstrous in you, unless with  
You take much pains to mend,  
[Pause. Befo, before your honour,  
To make it known to vs,  
Tim. You'll take it ill.  
[Pause. Most thankfully, my Lord.  
Timon. Will you indeed?  
[Pause. Doubt it not, worthy Lord.  
Tim. There's never a one of you but trials a knave,  
That mightily deceives you.  
[Pause. Do we, my Lord?  
Tim. I, and you hear them cogge,  
See him dastardly,  
Know his coarse patchery, lose him, feed him,  
Keep in you sence, yet remain slow'd  
That he is a made vp Villaine,  
Fain. I know none such, my Lord.  
[Pause. Nor I.  
Timon. Look on you,  
I lose you well, I'll give you Gold  
Rid me those Villaines from your companyes;  
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,  
Confound them by some course, and come to me,  
I'll give you Gold enough.  
[Pause. Name them my Lord, let's know them,  
Tim. You that way, and you this:  
But two in Company:  
Each man a part, all single, and alone,  
Yet an arch Villaine keeps him company:  
If he were two, two Villaines shall not be,  
Come not near him. If thou wouldst not recede  
But where one Villaine is, then he abandon.  
Herein, there's Gold, you come for Gold ye double:  
You have works for me; there's a payment, hence,  
You are an Alcibiades, make Gold of that:  
Our Raffall dogges.  
[Exeunt  

Enter, Steward, and two Senators.  

Stew. It is vain, that you would speak with Timon:  
For he is set to only to himselfe,  
That nothing but himselfe, which looks like man,  
Is friendly with him.  
[Pause. Bring vs to his Cane.  
It is our part and promise to the Athenians  
To speak with Timon.  
[Pause. At all times alike  
Men are not full the same:  
'Twas Time and Greecee  
That fram'd him thus: Time with his fatter hand,  
Offering the Fortunes of his former days,  
The former man may make him bring you to him  
And chace it as it may.  
Stew. Here is his Cane:  
Peace and content be here. Lord Timon,  
Look and see: Let the Athenians  
By two of their most reserued Senates greet thee:  
Speak to them Noble Timon.  

Enter Timon out of his Cane.  

Tim. Thou Sunne that comfortt bernes:  
Speak and be hang'd:  
For each true word, a bluster, and each false  
Be a Catherizing to the root of th'o' Tongue,  
Confining it with speaking.  

1 Worthy Timon.  
Tim. Of none but such as you,  
And of you Timon.  

1. The Senators of Athens, greet thee Timon.  
Tim. I thank thee,  
And would send thee backe the plague,  
Could I but catch it for thee.  

2. O forget  
What we are forty for our felicys in thee:  
The Senators, with one confus of love,  
Increase thee backe to Athens, who have thought  
On speciall Dignities, which vacant lyke  
For thy beft vie and wearing.  

3. They confede  
Toward thee, forganfulste too generall grosse;  
Which now the publike Body, which doth holdene  
Play the re-acter, feeling it selfe  
A lacke of Timon's slyde, hath since withall  
Of it owne fall, refraining syde to Timon,  
And sent forth vs, to make their borrowed tender,  
Together, with a recompend of more fruitfull  
Then their offence can weigh downe by the Drampe,  
Lauish such heapes and burnes of Loue and Wealth,  
As shall to thee blow out, what wounds were theirs,  
And write in thee the figures of their love,  
Enter to read them chines,  
Tim. You with me in it;  
Surprise me to the very brink of tears,  
Lead me a Fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,  
And let me see thee comfort them, worthy Senators.  

2. Therefore to please thee to returne with vs,  
And of our Athens, thine and ours toake  
The Captainship, thine that be met with thankes,  
Allowed with absolute power, and thy good name  
Lust with Authoritie: so soon we shall drive backe  
Of Alcibiades th'approacher wild,  
Who like a Bore too saugue, doth root vp  
His Countries peace.  

3. And maketh his threatening Sword  
Against the walls of Athens.  

1. Therefore Timon.  
Tim. Well Sir, I will: therefore I will sir thus:  
If Alcibiades kill my Countrymen,  
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,  
That Timon cares not. But if thee faire Athens,  
And take our kindly aged men by th'Beards,  
Giving our lady Virgins to the flaine  
Of consumulous, beasly, mad-brain'd warre:  
Then let me know, and tell him Timon speaks it,
Tyrann of Athens.

In pitie of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him that I cannot,
And let him talk at word, For this Enact one the only way,
While you have thorns to pluck. For my self.
There's not a whistlet, in the land Canes,
But I do priz it at my soule, be he.
The restent threat at Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the philosopher,
As the rest in keepers.

Now. Stay not, all's in wrack.

Tyr. Why I was writing of my Epistle.
It will be fone to morrow. My long fakery,
Of Health, and I long, now begins to mend
And nothing brings me all things. Go, buck this,
Be. Alcibidas you play the son.

1. We speake in vain.

Tyr. But yet I hope no Centurie, and somat
One that resoures in the common warres,
As our maine brute doth put it.
1. That's well spoken.
2. Those words become your lipses as they passe through them.
3. And enter in our ears, like great Triumphant.

Tyr. Command e'to my loving Countrymen.

Tyr. Command me to my loving Countrymen.
Their worde become your lipses as they passe through them.

2. Across
4. In fife in vaine voyage, I will some kindes of who.
He teach them to prevent we, be Alcibidas want.

Tyr. I have a Tree which grows here in my Cloke,
That mine owne wile invites me to cut downe,
And shortly micht I fell it. Tell my Friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that who so plese;
To shew Affection, let him take his part.
Come hither ere my Tree hath felt the Axe,
And hang himselfe. I pray you do both your searing.

Now. Trouble him no further, thus shall thou find him.

Tyr. Come not to me my friend, but say to Athens,
Tyrann hath made his excelling Manion.

Upon the Beachet Vertige of the self Flooded,
Who once a day with his embolden'd frith
The turbulent Surge shall cover: thicker come,
And let my crane's flown be your Oracle.
Lippses, let four songs go by, and Language end:
What is smal? Plague, and Infamy end.
Greece only be mesh works, and Death their gane;
Sunne, hide thy Beames, Tyrann hath done his Reigne.

Exit Tyrann.

1. His discontent is venemously coupled to Nature.
2. Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
And Grenre what we other men is left with vs.

Exit two other Senators, and with a Messenger.

1. Thou hast painfully discover'd rare his Files
As full as thy report?
Who were the loudest that you first were out, 
(Shame that they wanted, coming in excels)
Hath brooke their hearts. March, Noble Lord,
Into our City with thy Banners spread,
By decimation and thy speedfull death:
If thy Reuenues hunger for that Food
Which Nature loathes, take thou the deset'd tenth,
And by the hazard of the spotted dye,
Let dye the spott
And all have not offended:
For those that were, it is not figure to take
On those that are, Reuenge: Crimes, like Lands
Are not inherited, then deere Coureyman,
Bring in thy rangers, but leave without thy rage,
Spare thy Athenian Cradle, and shun thy kin
Which in the blunder of thy wrath must fall
With those that have offended, like a Shepheard,
Approach the Fold, and cull disinfected forth,
But kill not altogether.
2 What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Then howsoeuer, with thy Sword.
2 See but thy foot
Against our rainy'd gates, and they shall open
So thou wilt bend thy gentle heart before,
To lay thou enter friendly.
2 Throw thy Crosse,
Or any Token of thine Honour else,
That thou wilt vise the warres as thy redresse,
And not as our Confusion: All thy Powers
Shall make their harbour in our Towne, till we
Have seale thy full defile.
Art. Then there's my Crosse,
Defend and open your uncharged Ports.

Those Enemies of Timon, and mine owne
Whom you your felowes shall let our foure proffes,
Fall and no more; and to attorne your feares,
With my more Noble meaning, not a man
Shall pase his quarter, or offend the frame
Of Regular justitie in your Civitie bounds.
But I will be remedied to your publique Laws.
Aegeus answer.
Art. This must be spokne.
Art. Defend, and keep your words.
Enter a Messenger.
Mpf. My Noble Generall, Timon is dead,
Intomb'd upon the very hempe of th' Sea,
And on his Grauesstone, this Inscription which
With wax I brought away: whose left Impress
Interprest for my poore ignorance.

Aeschylus reads the Epitaph.
Here lies a wretched Crosse, of wretched Saint's bereft,
Seek, not my name: A Playne confus'd, yet marked Casts left
Here hee by Timon, who alone, all loving men did hate:
Fell by, and curse thy fall: but praise and say not thy hate.
Thee well express'd in thee thy latter spirit:
Though thou aboord'dst in vs our humane griefes,
Scream'dst our Desires flow, and tho' our dropp'ts, which
From niggard Nature fell; yet Rich Content
Taught thee to make vall Neptunes weare for eye
On thy low Saint, on faults forgiv'n. Dead
Is Noble Timon, of whole Memorie
Hereaftermore. Bring me into thine Citie,
And I will vise the Crosse, with my Sword:
Make war bred peace; make peace this war, make each
Prescribe to other, as each others Leache.
Let our Drummet 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.

Flaminius, one of Tymons Servants.
Servilius, another.
Caphis.
Varro.
Philo.
Tytus.
Lucius.
Hortensius.
Dentigius, one of Tymons false Friends.
Cupid.
Sempronius.
With divers other Servants,
And Attendants.

Certaine Senators.
Certaine Maskers.
Certaine Thebanes.
THE

ACTORS

[Text not visible]
Enter Flavius, Marcus, and certaine Commoners.

Flavius. Hence: home you idle Creatures, get you home: Is this a Holiday? What, know you not
Upon a labouring day, without the signe
Of your Profession? Speak, what Trade art thou?
Car. Why Sir, a Carpenter.
Mur. Where is thy Leather Apron, and the Rule?
What dost thou with thy self apparelled?
You fit, what Trade art thou?
Cobb. Truly Sir, in respect of a fine Workman, I am
but as you would say, a Cobbler.
Cobb. A Trade Sir, that I hope I may vie, with a safe
Conscience, which is indeed Sir, a Mender of bad foots.
Flavius. What Trade thou knowest? Thou naughtly knowest,
what Trade?
Cobb. Nay I beseech you Sir, be not out with me; yet
if you be out Sir, I can mend you.
Mur. What mean it thou by that? Mend mee, thou
fawty Fellow?
Cobb. Why fit, Cobbler am I.
Flavius. Thou art a Cobbler, art thou?
Cobb. Truly Sir, all that I live by, is with the Aule: I
muddle with no Tradesman matters, nor womens matters;
but truly I am indeed Sir, a Surgeon to old fooes:
when they are in great danger, I recover them. As pro-
per men as ever trod upon Neas Leather, haue gone up-
on my handy works.
Flavius. But wherefore are not in thy Shop to day?
Why doest thou leade these men about the streets?
Cobb. Truly Sir, we were out their shoes, to get me
my felle into more workes. But indeede Sir, we make Holy-
day to see Caesar, and to rejoice in his Triumph.
Flavius. Wherefore rejoice?
What Conquest brings he home?
What Tribunaries follow him to Rome.
To grace in Captive bonds his Chariot Wheelers.
You Blockers, you Fowlers, you worship these festeable things:
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome!
Knew you not Pompey many a time and oft?
Have you clim'd it up to the Walls and Battlements,
To Towers and Windows? Yes, to Channys tops,
your Infants in your Arms, and there have late
The long-day, with patient expectation.

To see great Pompey passe the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his Chariot but appeare,
Hast thou not made an Ensigne thou,
That Tyber trembled underneath her banks
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in her Concave Shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now call our a Holy day?
And do you now strew Flowers in his way,
That comes in Triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone,
Runne to your houes, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the Gods to interreat the plague
That needs must light on this Ingratitude.
Flavius. Go go, good Countrymen, and for this fault
Assemble all the poore men of your sort;
Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep ye tears
Into the Channel, till the lowest streame
Do kill the most excit'd Shores of all.

Enter all the Commoners.

See where their basef full strain is not mould,
They vanish tongue tyed in their gaitinefull:
Go you downe that way towards the Capitol:
This way will it. Dilate the Images,
If you do finde them deckt with Ceremonies.
Flavius. May we do so?
You know it is the Feast of Lupercall,
Flavius. It is no matter, let no Images
Behong with Caesar Tophesse: lie about,
And drive away the Vulgar from the streets;
So do you too, where you perceive them thick;
Their growing Feathers, pluckt from Caesar wing,
Will make him flye an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soare about the view of men,
And keep vs all in terme fearefull.

Enter Caesar, Antony for the Caucre, Calphurnia, Portia, Dec-
imus, Cæcilia, Brutus, Caiofis, Citha, a Southfeyor-
ere them Marcus and Flavius.

Cæf. Calphurnia.
Cæf. Peace, Cæsar speaks.
Cæf. Calphurnia.
Cæf. Here comes my Lord.
Cæf. Send you directly in Antonius's way,
Where he doth run his course.
Ant. Cæfar, my Lord.
Cæf. Forget not in your speed Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia: for our Elders say,
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

And since you know, you cannot see your selfe
So well as by Reflesion: I your Glafe,
Will modestly discover to your selfe
That of your selfe, which you yet know not of.
And be not inusious on me, gentle Bruntus:
Were I a common Laughter, or did I se
To stale with ordinary Oaths my tone
To every new Bredler: if you know,
That I do fawe on men, and hugge them hard,
And after scandall them: Or if you know,
That I profess my selfe in Banqueting
To all the Rest, then hold me dangerous,

Bruntus, what means this Showtongue?
I do feare, The Peole choose Caesar
For their King.

Caesar: I, do you feare it?

Then mark I think you would not hate it so.

Bruntus: I would not Caesar, yet I looke him wel.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What trist, that you would impait me?
If he be ought toward the general good,
Set Honor in one eye, and Death in the other,
And I will looke on both indifferently:
For let the Gods to spred me, as I soone
The name of Honor, more then I feare death.

Caesar: I know that vertue to be in you Bruntus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, Honor is the subject of my Story:
I cannot tell, what you and others men
Think of this life: But for my single selfe,
I had as leafe not to, as lieve to be
In awe of such a thing, as I my selfe,
I was borne free as Caesar, so were you,
We both haued felt as well, and we can both
Endure the Winters cold, as well as heat.
For once, upon a rawe and gusty day,
The troubled Tyber, chafing with her Shores,
Caesar slide to me. Dar't thou Caesar now
Leap in with me into this angry Flood,
And swim to yonder Point & upon the wave,
Accourd as I was, I plunged in.
And had him follow; so indeed he did
To the Torrent mad, and we did buttress
With halfe Swieves, throwing it aside,
And stemming with hearts of Contemnce.
But ere we could arrive the Point proposed,
Caesar cried, Help me Caesar, or I flinke.
I am a Briton, our great Another,
Did from the Planes of Troy, upon his shoulder
The old, Sceanfer before, so from the waates of Tyber
Did I the tyred Caesar: And this Man,
Is now become a God, and Caesar is
A wretched Creature, and must bend his body,
If Caesar custestly but nod on him.
He had a Feauer when he was in Spaine,
And when the Fit was on him, I did make
How he did make? I true, this God did make,
His Coward Lippes did from their colour flye,
And that same Eye, whose head didst thee the World,
Did lose his Light: I did hear him grope.
And that Tongue of his, that had the Roman
Makke him, and write his Speeches in their Bookes.
Als it, cried, Give me some drinke: Thrice

The Barenstouch'd in this holy chase,
Shake off their Bittere curse.

Add. I shall remember,

When Caesar sayes, Doth this, it is perform'd.

Caius: Set on, and leave no Ceremony out.

Sicil. Caesar.

Caius: Hallo, who calleth?

Brute: By your leave, peace yet againe.

Caius: Who is it in the preffe, that calleth on me?

I have a Tongue rather then all the Muttace

Caius: Caesar speaks. Caesar is turn'd to beare.

Sicil. Beware the Ides of March.

Caius: What man is that?

Brute: A South-Flyer bids you beware the Ides of March.

Caius: Set him before me, let mee see his face.

Caius: Fellow, come from the throng, look upon Caesar.

Sicil. Beware the Ides of March.

Caius: He is a Dreamer, let's leave him: Peace.

Brute: 


Brute: Will you go se the order of the court?

Add. Not I.

Caius: I pray you do.

Brute: I am not Gloomie: I do lacke some part

Of that quicks Spirit that is in Antony:

Let me not hinder Caius from your defect;

He leave you.

Caius: Brutus, do obserue you now of late:

I have not from your eyes, that gentler sense

And blew of Loue, as I was wont to have it.

You beare too flibustrie, and too strange a hand

Ouer your Friend, that loves you.

Caius: Brutus,

Be not adviser: I have not yet my looke,

I turne the truble of my Councenice

Measur'd upon my selfe. Vexed I am

Of late, with passiones of some difference;

Conceptions only proper to my selfe;

Which guide some solie (perhaps) to my Behaviours;

But let not therefore my good Friends be greened

(Among which number Caius be you one)

Nor conduce any further my neglect,

Then that poore Brutus with himselfe at warre,

Forget the flowes of Loue to other men.

Caius: Then Brutus, I hate much mydoubt your passion,

By menaces whereof, this Breach of friends hath barred

Though of great value, worthy Costions.

Tell me good Brutus, Can you see your face?

Brutus: No Caius:

For the eye sees not it selfe but by reflection,

By some other things.

Caius: 'Tis true,

And it is very much lamented Brutus,

That you have no such Mirror, as will tune

Your hidden worthinesse into your eye,

That you might fee our shadow?

I have heard,

Where many of the best reflect in Rome,

(Except Insensat, Caius) speaking of Brutus,

And growing underneath this Age of yeare,

Here was I, that Noble Brutus had his eye.

Brutus: Into what danger, would you lead me

Caius: Brutus?

That you would have me seek into my selfe,

For that which is not in me?

Caius: Therefore good Brutus, be prepar'd to beare

And since you know, you cannot see your selfe
So well as by Reflesion: I your Glafe,
Will modestly discover to your selfe
That of your selfe, which you yet know not of.
And be not inusious on me, gentle Bruntus:
Were I a common Laughter, or did I se
To stale with ordinary Oaths my tone
To every new Bredler: if you know,
That I do fawe on men, and hugge them hard,
And after scandall them: Or if you know,
That I profess my selfe in Banqueting
To all the Rest, then hold me dangerous,
As a sike: Gide: Ye Gods, ye does amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the last of the Maielicke world,
And beare the Palme alone.
\[Snart.\]
\[Finclo.\]
Bra. Another general point?
I do beleve, that these apparells are
For some new Honors, that are heap'd on Cæsar.
Cæf. Why man, he doth bestide the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petry men
Walk the under his huge legges, and peep about
To finde our felues dishonourable Grane.
Men at sometime, are Matters of their Faces.
The scape (deere Brutus) is not in our Starres,
But in our Schales, that we are underlings.
\[Brutus and Cæsar.\] What should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be bounded more then yours?
Write them together: Youes, is fame a Name?
Sond them, it doth become the mouth swele.
Weigh them, it is as heavy: Contem with them,
Brutus will sart a Spirit as loome as Cæsar.
Now in the names of all the Gods at once,
Upon what meane doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is growne so great? Age, thou art shame'd.
Rome, thou hast lost the bread of Noble Bloods.
When were they by an Age, since the great Flood,
But it was fain'd with more then with one man?
When could they fay (till now) that talk'd of Rome,
That her wild Welkes incompait but one man?
Now is't Rome indeed, and Romeo enough.
When there is it but one onely man.
Of you and I, have heard our Fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
Their eternal Distill to keep his State in Rome,
As easily as a King.
Bra. That you do loute me, I am nothing jealous:
What you would work me too, I have some symes:
How I have thought of this, and of these times
I shall recount hereafter. For this present,
I would not so (with loue I might intersect you)
Be any further moud: What you have saide,
I will consider: what you have to say
I will with patience heare, and finde a time
Both meere to heare, and witer 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 these hard Conditions, as this time
Is like to lay you vs.
Cæf. I am glad that my weake words
Have flincked but thus much theye effire from Brutus,
\[Enter Cæsar and his Traine.\]
Bra. The Games are done,
And Cæsar is returning.
Cæf. As theye passe by,
Pleas Cæcilius by the Sleine,
And he will (after his towee fashion) tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to day.
Bra. I will do so; but looke you Cæsfus,
The angry spothea doughty glow on Cæsars brow,
And all the reft, looke like a shudden Traine;
Calphurnius Chlegel is pale, and Cicero
Lookes with such Ferret, and such fiery eyes
As we have see him in the Capitol.

Being croft in Conference, by some Senators.
Cæsf. Cakes will tell vs what the matter is.
Cæsf. Antonius.
Ant. Cæf.
Cæsf. Let me have men about me, that are far,
Sleek-headied men, and such as slpee a little nights:
Yond Cæfius has a leane and hungry looke,
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.
Ant. Fear him not Cæfius, he is not dangerous,
He is a Noble Roman, and well ginen.
Cæsf. Would he were fatter, but I fee him not: Yet if my name were lyable to fatter,
I do not know the man I should annoy
So loone as that Yore Cæfius. He teades much,
He is a great Obferrer, and he looke
Quite through the Deeds of men. He loures no Players,
As thou dost Antonius: he heares no Musicke;
Yond ones he smil, and smilies in such a fort.
As if he mock'd himfelf, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be moud to smile at any thing.
Such men as he, be never at hearts eale,
Whiles they hold a greater then themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be feared,
Then what I fear: for always am Cæfas,
Come on my right hand, for this care is deafe,
And tell me treuly, what thou think't of him.

Cæf. You pul'd me by the cloake, would you speake
with me?
Bra. I Cakes tell vs what hath chanced to day
That Cæfas looks so sad.
Cæf. Why you were with him, were you not?
Bra. I should not then have looke Cakes what had chanced.
Cæf. Why there was a Crowne offer'd him & being
offerd him, he put it by with the backe of his hand thus,
and then the people fell a shouting,
Bra. What was the second noyse for?
Cæf. Why for that too.
Cakes. They shouted thrice; what was the last cry for?
Cæf. Why for that too.
Bra. Was the Crowne offer'd him thrice?
Cæf. I marry was't, and hee put it by thirce, exercize
time gentler then other; and at every putting by, more
honore Neighbors sawed.
Cakes. Who offer'd him the Crowne?
Cæf. Why Antonius.
Bra. Tell vs the manner of it, gentle Cakes.
Cakes. I can as well bee hang'd as tell the manner of it:
It was meer Romerie, I did not mark it. I sawe
\[Mark Antony offer him a Crowne, yet twas not a
Crowne neyther, two of those Coronets: and as I
told you, he put it by once; but for all that, in my
thinking, he would faine have had it. Then he offer'd it to
him againe; then hee put it by againe: but to my thinking,
he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then
he offer'd it the third time; hee put it the third time by,
and still as hee refus'd it, the rubbement howed, and
clapp'd their choppe hands, and threw uppe their sweate
Night-coppes, and yterer such a deal of thinking
breath, because Cæfas refus'd the Crowne, that it bad
(almoft) choaked Cæfas: for hee (wooded) and fell
down at it; And for mine owne part, I durft not laugh,
for feare of opening my Lippes, and receyving the bad
Ayce.
The Tragedy of Julius Caesar.

Cass. But for I pray you: what did Caesar swound?
Cass. He fell downe in the Market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechlesse.
Brut. They very like he had the falling sickness.
Cass. No, Caesar had not fell, but you and I.
Cass. He had fell, we have the falling sickness.
Cass. I know not what you mean by that, but I am sure Caesar fell downe: if the rag-reepe people did not clap him, and hurt him, according as he pleas'd, and displeas'd them, they to the Playes, he would to the Theatre, I am sure true man.
Brut. What said he, when he came unto himselfe?
Cass. Marry, before he fell downe, when he percerv'd the common fear he was glad he retir'd the Crowde; he pluckt me up his Doublet, and offer'd them his Throat to kiss: and I had beene a man of any Occupation, if I would not have taken him in my hand. I would I might goe to Hell among the Papists, and to be hellish: when he came to himself againe, he said, I have done, or said any thing amiss, he defer'd their Worshippes to think it was an iniurie. Three or four Wenchers where I stood, eyed, as he good Soule, and forgave him with all their hearts: but there is need to be taken of them, if Caesar had that thought, they would have done no less.
Brut. And after that, he came thus fad away.
Cass. 1.
Cass. Did Caesar by any thing?
Cass. I, he spoke Greeke.
Cass. To what effect?
Brut. Nay, and I tell you that, he ne'ere looke you in the face againe. But those that understood him, smelt at one another, and spoke their heads: but for mine owne part, it was Greeke to me. I could tell you more news still: Africalla and Plassilia, for putting Stabius off Caesar's Images, are putt to silence. Fare you well.
There was more Poolester yet, if I could remember it.
Cass. Will you suppe with me to Night, Caesar?
Cass. No, I am promis'd forth.
Cass. Will you Dine with me to morrow?
Cass. Let I be alive, and your minde hold, and your Dinner worth the eating.
Cass. Good, I will expect you.
Cass. Do we farewell both, Exit.
Brut. What a dutt fellow is this man to be?
He was quick Mettle, when he went to School.
Cass. So is he now, in execution.
Of any body, or Noble Enterprise,
How shee goes on in this riddle forme.
This Muddle is a Swerce to his good Wit,
Which gutes men too much to digest his words
With better Appetites.
Brut. And to it is.
For this time I will leave you:
Thou hast not left Noble let me see,
Thy Honourable Mistresse may be warme,
From that it dispers'd: therfore it is meane,
That Noble handles themeter, with their like:
For whose those that cannot be reduced?
Cass doth bear me hard, but he loves Brutus.

If I were Brutus now, and be were Cassius,
He should not humoe me, I will this Night,
In severall Houses, in his Windows throw.
As if they came from severall Citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion.
That Rome holds of his Name: whereas securely
Cassius Ambition shall be plac'd on.
And after this, if Cassius feast him sure,
For we will shake him, or world颠覆 endure.
Exit.

Raintes, and Lightning: Enter Cassius,
and Brutus.

Cass. Good even, Cassius: heathou Cassius home?
Why are you breathlesse, and why stare you in?
Cass. Are not you mused, when all the way of Earth,
Shaked, like a thing syllable? O Cassius,
I have seene Tempests, when the falling Winds
Have rish the knotted Oakes, and I have scene
Th'ambitious Ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be excided with the shouning Clouds:
But never till to Night, never till now, Did I go through Tempests-blowing, fir
Ethere there is a Cullt triste in Heauen,
Or else the World, too sweate with the Gods,
Incentes them to send deftination.
Cass. Why, saw you anything more wonderfull?
Cass. A common flame, you know him well by night,
Held up his left Hand, which did flame and burne,
Like twenty Torches lampe, and yet his Hand,
Not sensible of fire, remained enforc'd.
Besides, I have not sense put up my Sword,
Against the Capitol I met a Lyon,
Who glaz'd upon me, and went surely by,
Without it opplyinge me, and there were drawne
Upon an heape, a hundred gally Women,
Transformed with their fear, who where they saw
Men, all in fire, walk and doe the fireees,
And yesterday the Bird of Night did flie.
Enters at Noondaye upon the Market-place,
Flowing, and the burning. When theye Prophets
Doe to consefrue me, let not men for;
These are the Reuion, they are Naturall;
For I believe, they are portensous things
Voteto the Clymate, that theye point upon.
Cass. Indeed, it is a strange disposed time:
But men may contrary things after their fashion,
Cleanse from the purpose of the things themselves,
Comes Cassius to the Capitol to morrow?
Cass. He doeth: for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you, he would be there to morrow.
Cass. Good-night then, Caesars,
Third dimmed Skie is not to walk in.

Enter Cassius.

Cass. Where is there?
Cass. A Romane,
Cass. Hard.

Cass. Caesar, your Eare is good.
Cass. Who ever knew the Heaven's menace to?
Cass. Tho' he that knowes the Earth to full of faults.
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous Night;
And thus wrapt, Cass., as you see,
Haste back to my Bosome to the Thunder-stone:
And when the croft blew Lighting, aimed to open
The Brief of Heaven, I did pretend my life
Even in the same, and very fast of it.

Cass. But wherefore did you so much tempt the Heaven?
It is the part of men, to fear and tremble,
When the most mightie Gods, by tokens seen
Such dreadfull Heavens told, to aloofth vs.

Cass. You are dull, Cass.,
And those sparkes of Life, that should be in a Romain,
You do want, or else you vfe not.
You looke pale, and gase, and put on face,
And call your selfe in wonder,
To see the strange impatiency of the Heavens:
But if you would considir the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these glaring Ghosts,
Why Birds and Beasts, from qualitie and kindes,
Why Old men, Foolers, and Children calculate,
Why all these things change from their Ordinance,
Their Natures, and pre-formed Faculties,
To monstrous qualitie, why you shall finde,
That Heaven hath inflam'd them with these Spirits,
To make them Instruments of Fire, and warning,
Vno some monstrous State.
Now could I (Cass.) name thee a man,
Most like this dreadfull Night,
That Thunders, Lightnings, open Graues, and roasts,
As doth the Lyon in the Capitol:
A man no mightier then thy selfe, or me,
In personal action: yet prodigious grown,
And firefull, as these strange eruption are.

Cass. 'Tis Cassar that you mean:
Is it not, Cassif?

Cass. Lest it be who it is: for Romans now
Have theirs, and Limbs, like to their Ancestors;
But woe the while, our Fathers minds are dead,
And we are gout可用与 our Mothers spirits,
Our yoke, and suffering, these vs Womanish.

Cass. Indeed, they say, the Senators to morrow
Menthe to establish Cassif as a King:
And he shall wear his Crown by sea, and land,
In every place, fae here in Italy.

Cass. I know where I will wear this Daggere then:
Cassif from Bondage will deliver Cassar:
Therein, ye God, you make the weakes most strong;
Therein, ye God, you Tyrants doe defeat,
No Stone, nor Wall of beaten Brass,
Nor aire: Leave Dungeon, nor strong Links of Iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit:
But Life being wearie of their worldly Barres,
Never lacks power to dissimile it fully.
If I know this, know all the Worselble,
That part of Tyranny that I doe bear.
I can shake off at pleasure. Thunder hell.

Cass. So can I.

So every Bond-man in his owne hand beares
The power to cancell his Captivity.

Cass. And why should Cassif be a Tyrant then?
Peace man, I know he would not bee a Wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but Sheepe:
He was no Lyon, but nor Romans Hinde,
Those that with hate will make a mighty fire,
Begun it with weake Straves. What truth is Rome?
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Brutus in his Orchard.

Brut. What Lucius, ho? I cannot, by the progresse of the Stares, Gibe guesse how near to day—Evaine, I say? I would it were my fault to sleepe so soundly, When Lucius, when? awake, I say: what Lucius? Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my Lord? Brut. Get me a Tapster in my Study, Lucius; When it is lighted, come and call me here. Luc. I will, my Lord. Exit. Brut. It must be by his death: and for my part, I know no personall cruft to spur me at him, But for the generall. He would be crown'd: How that might change his nature, there's the question: It is the bright day that brings forth the Ader, And that cranes warie walking. Crowne him that, And then I grant, we put a String in him, That as his will he may doe danger with. Th' myne of Gracchus, it, when it is repose. Remorse from Power; and to speake truths of Caesar, I have not now, when his Affections way'd More then his Reason. But'tis a common proofe, That Lowlyness is young Ambitions ladder, Whereunto the Climber upward turns his Face; But when he once attains the vspeoff Round, He then unto the Ladder turns his Backe, Looks in the Clouds, coming the bate degrees By which he did ascend: so Caesar may; Then leaft he may present. And since the Quarrel Will have no colour, for the thing he is, Falsifies it thus; thus what he is augmented, Would make to these, and those extremities: And therefore thinks him as a Serpents egg, Which hatch'd, would as his kind grow mischiefous; And kill him in the sith.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The Tapster burnes in your Closet, Sir: Searching the Window for a Flint, I found This Paper; thus I fear'd vp, and I am sure It did not lye there when I went to Bed. Give me the Letter. Brut. Get you to Bed againe, it is not day; Is not to morrow (Boy) the last of March? Luc. I know not, Sir. Brut. Looks in the Calendar, and bring me word. Luc. I will, Sir. Exit.

Brut. The exhalation, whizzing in the syre, Gise so much light, that I may reade by them. Open the Letter, and read it.

Brutus: You speak'd: awake, and fee the life: Shall Rome'se, speak, strike, redress. Brutus: You speak'd: awake. Such informations have beene often dropped, Where I have tooke them vp: Shall Rome'se; This must I piece out: a Shall Rome'se flay, and under one mans rule? What Rome? My Answer did from the furies of Rome: The Tarquin drove, when he was call'd a King. Speake, strike, redress. Am I entreated

To speake, and strike? O Rome, I make thee promis, If the reproof will follow, thou receivest. Thy full Petition at the hand of Brutus, Enter Brutus. Luc. Sir, March is waited fifteene dayes, Knockt within.

Brut. Ti's good. Go to the Gate, some body knocks: Since Caesar first did what me against Caesar, I have not slept. Between the acting of a dreadful thing, And the first motion, all the interim is Like a Phantome, or a hideous Dreame: The Emotions, and the mortal Instrumtes Are then in counsell; and the rate of a man, Like to a little Kingdom, suffers then. The nature of an Infraction, Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, is your Brother Caesar at the Doore, Who doth desire to fee you? Brut. Is he alone? Luc. No, Sir, there are mee with him; Brut. Do you know them? Luc. No, Sir, their Hats are plucks about their Eares, And halle their Faces buced in their Cloakes, That by no meanes I may discern them, By any inke of feinture. Brut. Let them enter; They are the Faction. O Conspiracys, Shamest thou to shew thy dangerous Brow by Night, When euenall are most free? O then by day Where wist thou finde a Cauern dark.EMPTY Enough to make thy monstrous Visages? Seek none Conspiracie, Hide it in Smiles, and Affabilitie: For if thou path thy native semblance on, Not Brutus is felt, were dimme enough, To hide thee from prevenution.

Enter the Conspirators, Caius, Cato, Decius, Cinna, Metellus, and Trebonius.

Cai. I thinke we are too bold upon your Ref: Good morrow Brutus, do we trouble you? Brut. I have beene vp this howse, awake all Night; Know these men, that come along with you? Cai. Yes, every man of them; and no man here But honors you: and every one doth with, You had but that opinion of your selfe, Which every Noble Roman bears of you, This is Trebonius.

Brut. He is welcome too. Cai. This, Decius Brutus, Brut. He is welcome too. Cai. This, Caius; this, Cato: and this, Metellus Cimmer. Brut. They are all welcome, What watchful Care doe intercept themselves Betwixt your Eyes, and Night? Cai. Shall I retreate a word? They weake.


Cin. Opadron, Sir, it doth; and you keep Lines; That hert the Clouds, are Messengers of Day. Cai. You shall confesse, that you are both deceiv'd; Here, I point my Sword, the Same aries, Which is a great way growing on the South,
The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar.

Let's kill him boldly, but not Wastefully.
Let's came him, as a Druide for the Gods.
Not now him as a Catullian for Hounds.
And let our Hearts, as subtle Masters do.
Stir up your Servants to an Œde of Rage.
And after cease to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose Necessary, and not Envious.
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be called Fugitives, not Murderers.
And for Mark Antony, thinke not of him:
For he can do no more then Cæsar Anon.
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cæs. Yet I fear him.
For in the ingrediente lone he bears to Cæsar.

Brut. Also, good Cæsarius, do not thinke of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himselfe; take thought, and dye for Cæsar,
And that were much he should: for he is given
To sports, to villadennse, and much company.

Tib. There is no feare in him, let him not dye.
For he will live, and laught at this hereafter.

Cæs. Peace, count the Clocke.

Cæs. The Clocke hath stricken three.

Tib. The time to part.

Cæs. But it is doubfull yet.
Whether Cæsar will come forth to day, or no?
For he is Superstitious growne of late,
Quite from the maine Opinion he held once,
Of Fantastick, of Dreams, and Ceremonies:
It may be, these apparant Prodigies,
The vuocallul'd Terrors of this night,
And the pervasion of his Auguste,
May hold him from the Capitol to day.

Deci. Never feare that: If he be so resolv'd
I can one-way him: For he loues to haue,
That Vincitores may be betray'd with Tree,
And Beares with Glasse, Elephants with Holes;
Lyons with Torches, and men with Flatterers,
But, when I tell him, he hates Flatterers,
His eyes, he does being then most flatterer.

Let me worke:
For I can give his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cæs. Nay, we will all of vs, be there to fetch him?

Brut. By the eight hour, is that the vernalst?
Cæs. But that the vernalst, and fairest not then.

Mrs. Cæs. Ligurian. doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Brut. Now good Metellus go along by him:
He loues me well, and I have given him Reasons,
Send him but hither, and he will hush him.

Cæs. The morning comes upon's:
We'll leave you Brutus,

And friends dispire your feltes; but all remember
What you have said, and shew your feltes true Romans.

Brut. Good Gentlemen, goke freshe and merily.
Let not our lookes put on our purposes,
But bear it for our Roman Abodes do,
With voyrag'd Spirits, and formall Consolacion,
And goe good morrow to you every one.

End of Brutus.

Boy : Lucius : Falt asleep ? It is no matter,
Enjoy the heavy, heavy Dew of Slumber

Thou hast no Figures, nor no Fairies,
Which bute care drawes, in the braines of men:
Therefore thou seest it so found.

Enter Portia.

Per. Brutus, my Lord.

Brut. What mean you, my good Lord, what do you now?
It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weake condition, to the raw cold morning.

Per. Not for yours neither. Yhaue vengently Brutus
Stole from my bed: and yet in night at Supper
You rose anon, and walked about,
Musing, and thinking, with your armes a-croffe:
And when I asked you what the matter was,
You staid upon me, with vengent looks.
I was a further, then you scratchd your head,
And too impatiently flumpt with your foot:
Yet I infolded, yet you answered not,
But with an angry matter of your hand.
Gave signe for me to issue you: So I did,
Fearing to strength then that inpatience
Which seemd too much incendiund and wildish,
Hoping it was but an effect of Honor.
Which sometime hath his woe with every man.
It may not let you rate, nor talk, nor leap:
And could it worke so much upon your shape,
As it hath much presely on your Condition,
I should not know you Brutus. Dears my Lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grieue.

Brut. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Per. Brutus is wise, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Brut. Why so I do: good Portia go to bed.

Per. Is Brutus sicked? And is it Physicall.

To walk embraced, and sicked vp the humours
Of the dark Mornings: What is Brutus sick?
And shall be driven out of his wholesome bed
To dare the vile contagion of the Night?
And tempt the RBewe, and vexurged Aye,
To adde vnto his sicknesse? No my Brutus;
You have some sickes Offenced within your minde,
Which by the Right and Vertue of my place
I ought to know of: And upon my knees,
I charge you, by my once commended Beauty,
By al your vowe of Lune, and that great Vow
Which did incorporate and make vs one
That you vndol to me, vs selues your halfe
Why you are heavy: and what men to night
Have had retorde to you: for here have beene
Some fire or fenes, who did hide their faces
Euen from darknesse.

Brut. Kneele not gentle Portia.

Per. I should not neede, if you were gentle Brutus.

Within the Bond of Marriage, tell me Brutus,
It is excepted. I should know no Secrets
That appertaine to you? Am I your selfe,
But as it were in fort, or limitation?
To keepe with you at Mosales, comfort your Bed,
And talk to you sometymes? Dwell I but in the Suburbs
Of your good pleasure? It is no more.

Per. I am Brutus Harlot, noths Wife.

Brut. You are my tender and honourable Wife,
As desire me, as are the suddy droppes
That visith my fat heart.

Per. If this were true, then should I know this secret,
I grant I am a Woman but withall,
A Woman that Lord Brutus tooke to Wife:
I grant I am a Woman; but withall,
A Woman well reputed: Cato's Daughter.

Think you, I am no stronger then my Sex
Being so father'd, and so Husband'd?
Tell me your Counsels, I will not dislooke em,
I have made a strong proofe of my Constancie,
Giving my selfe a voluntary wound
Here, in the Thigh: Can I beare that with patience,
And not my Husband's Secrets?

Brut. O ye Gods!

Render me worthy of this Noble Wife,
Hark, hark! one knockes: Portia go in a while,
And by and by I shall passe the Secret
The secrets of my Heart.
In all my engagments, I will continue to thee,
All the Character of my bad brovse:
Leane me with hate.

Exit Portia.

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Lucius, who's that knockes?

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

Brut. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.

Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius, how?

Cai. Vouchsafe a good morrow from a feble tongue.

Brut. O what a time have you spent our Caius?

Cai. To weare a Kerchief; would you were not sick.

Brut. I am not sick, it Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of Honor.

Brut. Such an exploit have I in hand Ligarius,

Had you a healthfull care to heart of it.

Cai. By all the Gods that Romans have before,
I here discar my sicknesse. Soule of Rome,
Braue Sonne, derid from Honourable Liones,
Thou like an Exorci, hast ouent'd vp
My mortifed Spirit. Now bid me sone,
And I will flute with things impossible.
Yet get the better of them. What's to do?

Brut. A peece of worke,
That will make sickes men whole.

Cai. But are not some whole, that we must make sickes?

Brut. That must we also. What is it my Caius,
I shall vndole to thee, as we are going,
To whom it must be done.

Cai. Set on your foor,
And with a heart new-sirled, I follow you,
To do know not what: but it is fittest
That Brutus leade me on.

Exit Brutus.

Thunder & Lightning.

Enter Julius Caesar in his Night-gowne.

Caasar. Nor Huson, nor Earth,
Have bene at peace this night.

Thunder hath Calphurnia, in her cleene cryed out,
Helps, loo! They murder Caesar. Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord.

Caasar. Go bid the Priests do present Sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of Successe.

S'r. I will my Lord.

Exit Calphurnia.

Caasar. What mean you Caesar? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not flire out of your house this day.

Caasar. Caesar shall forth; the things that threaten'd me,
Ne're look'd but on my backe: When they shall see
The face of Caesar, they are vanisht.
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

Cæs. Cæsar, I neuer stood on Ceremonies, 
Yet now they fright me: There is one within, 
Besides the things that we have heard and seen, 
Recounts most horrid fights seen by the Watch, 
A Lion-like hath yelped in the streets, 
And Grues hath yawn'd, and yelded up their dead, 
Fiefe fierce Warriors fiight upon the Clouds 
In Ranks and Squadrons, and right forme of Warre 
Which driz'd Cæsar's blood upon the Cappell: 
The noise of a bell hounds in the Ayre, 
Horses down-hill, and dying men did groan, 
And Ghosts did shriek and squakke about the streets, 
O Cæsar, these things are beyond all vie, 
And I do feare them. 

Cæs. What can be avoide 
Whole end is purposed by the mighty Gods? 
Yet Cæsar shall go forth: For these Proclamations 
Are to the world in generall, as to Cæsar.

Cæs. When Beggers dye, there are no Comets seen, 
The Heavens chesmell and orbize forth the death of Princes 
Cæsar. Cowards dye many times before their death, 
The valiant never calle of death but once: 
Of all the Wonder that I have heard, 
It comes to me most strange that men should fear, 
Seeing the deathe, the necesse and end, 
Will come, when it will come.

Enter a Servant,

What say the Augurers? 
Sr. They would not have you to fiitte forth to day. 
Plucking the instants of offering forth, 
They could not finde a heart within the hearth. 
Cæs. The Gods do this in shame of Cowardice. 

Cæs. Cæsar should be a Bear without a heart 
If he should stay at home to day for feares: 
No Cæsar shall nor: Danger knowes full well 
That Cæsar is more dangerous them he, 
We have two Lyons in one day, 
And the elder and more terrible, 
And Cæsar shall go forth, 

Cæs. Abst my Lord, 
Your wisdome is conjured in confidence; 
Do not go forth to day: Call it your fears, 
That keepes you in this house, and not your owne. 
We'll send Mark Antony to the Senate house, 
And he shall say, you are not well to day: 
Let me upon my knee, press me in this. 

Cæs. Mark Antony shal say I am not well, 
And for thy honor, I will stay at home.

Enter Antony.

Here's Decius Brutus he shall tell them so. 

Dec. Cæsar, all hallo: Good morrow worthy Cæsar, 
I come to fetch you to the Senate house. 
Cæs. And you are come in very happy time, 
To bee my greeting to the Senators, 
An tell them how I will not come? 
Cæs. And that I dare not, false. 
I will not come to day, tell them to Decius. 

Cæs. Say he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Caesar send a Love? 
Hunc En Conquest et incit iniuste Armo furtum, 
To be afraid to tell Graybeard the truth. 
Decius goth Hither, Cæsar will not come. 

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, leave me know some cause, 
Left I shall grieve at what I tell them so. 
Cæs. The cause is in my will, I will not come, 
That is enough to satisfy the Senate.
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

Say I am merry; come to me againe,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee. Exeunt

Actus Tertius.

Flourish.
Enter Caesar, Brutus, Cassius, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cyma, Antony, Lepidus, Artemidorus, Publius, and the Southsifter.

Cas. The Ides of March are come.
Sert. I Caesar, but not gone.
Art. Hallo Caesar! Read this Schedule.
Deci. Trebonius doth desire you to ere-read
(As your belte leyere) this his humble suit.
Arti. O Caesar, read mine first; for mine is a suite.
That toucheth Cesars need. Read it great Caesar.
Cas. What touches vs our selves, shall be last lest'd.
Art. Delay not Caesar, read it instantly.
Cas. What is the fellow mad?
Pub. Sine a gue place.
Cass. What urge you your petitions in the streets?
Come to the Capitol.
Pupi. I wish you to enterprise to day may thrive.
Cass. What enterprise Pupi?:
Pupi. Fare you well.
Br. What said Pupi?
Cass. He wish to day our enterprise might thrive:
I fear our purpose is discovered.
Br. Look how he makes to Caesar: marke him.
Cass. Cassus be sodaine, for we yeare pretention.
Br. What shal be done? If this be knowne,
Cassius on Caesar never shall turne backe,
For I will fly my selfe.
Br. Cassius be constant:
Pupi. Pupilius Lena speaks not of our purposes,
For looke he frileth, and Caesar doth not change.
Cass. Trebonius knowes his time: for look you Brutus
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.
Deci. Where is Metellus Cimber, let him go,
And presently preferre his suit to Caesar.
Br. Heis address: preffe serene, and second him.
Cass. Cassus, you are the first that ears your hand,
Cass. Are we all ready? What is now amisse,
That Caesar and his Senate must redresse?
Metellus high, most mighty, and most powerful Caesar
Metellus Cimber throwes before thy State
An humble heart.
Cass. I must prevent thee Cimber:
These coughings, and these troubled countries
Might fill the blood of ordinary men,
And turne pre-Ordinance, and frift Decree;
Into the lane of Children. Be not fond.
To think that Caesar bears such Rebell blood
That will be thow'd from the true quality
With that which meeteth Florence, I meane faire words,
Low-crooked-curtsies, and base Spaniell fawnings: Thy Brother by decree is vanish'd:
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawe for him,
I spurn thee like a Cark out of my way:
Know, Caesar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.
Metellus there no voice more worthy than my own, To
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

To found more sweetly in great Cæsar's case,
For the repealing of my banished Brother.

Bra. I kiss thy hand, but not in Cæsar's case.

Caes. Defraying thee, that Publius Cymber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeale.

Cæs. What means this?

Caes. Pardon Cæsar; Cæsar pardons:
As low so as to thy looest doth Cæsar fall,
To begge infranchisment for Publius Cymber.

Cæs. I could be weall enough, if I were as you,
If I could pray to none, Prayers would moue me:
But I am constant as the Notherne Starre,
Of whose true fixe, and setting qualities,
There is no fellow in the Firmament.

The Skies are painted with unnumbred sparks,
They are al fire, and every one doth shine;
But there but one in all doth hold his place.
So, in the World; 'Tis furnish'd well with Men,
And Men are both Flesh and Blood, and apprehensife.

Yet in the number, I do know but One
That unassayable holds on his Rank,
Vindictive of Motion; and that I am he,
Let me a little dwell, even in this thing.
That I was constant Cæsar should be banish'd,
And constant do remember to keep his so.

Cinna. O Cæsar,

Cæs. Hence! Whistle up vp Olympus,

Decius. Great Cæsar.


Speakes hands for me.

The flesh Cæsar.

Cæs. Et tu Brute?

Cæs. Then fall Cæsar, Brutus.

Cin. Liberty, Freedom; Tyranny is dead,
Run hence, proclaime, cry it about the Streets,
Caes. Some to the common Pulpit, and cry out
Liberty, Freedom, and Enfranchisment.
Bra. People and Senators, be not affrighted:
Fly not, and ill'll: Ambitions debt is paid,
Cass. Go to the Pulpit Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Caes. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny,
Mert. Stand left together, least some Friend of Cæsar's
Should chance.

Bra. Talk not of standing, Publius good cheere,
There is no harme intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them Publius.
Caes. And Junius Publius, leafe that the people
Rushing on vs, shoulde do your Age some mischief.

Bra. Do so, and let no mans abide this decease,
But we the Deers.

Enter Tribunus,

Caes. Where's Anthony?

Trib. Plac'd to his House-man's:

Men, Wines, and Children, sleepe, cry out, and run,
As it were Domesday.

Bra. Fate, we will know your pleasures:
That we shall dye we know, 'tis but the time
And drawing dayes out, that men stand upon.
Cass. Why he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Conseff, to many years of fearing death.

Bra. Grant that, and then is Death a Benefice:
So are we Cæsar's Friends, that have abus'd;
His time of fearing death. Scoope Romans, Scoope,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood,
Up to the Elbowes, and beloome out Swords:

Then wake we forth, even to the Market place,
And wathing our red Weapons o're our heads,
Let's all cry Peace, Freedom, and Liberty.

Caes. Scope then, and waths: How many Ages hence
Shall this our lofty Scene be acted o'er,
In State vnborne, and Accents yet vnknowne?

Bra. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompeys Alps lies Screw,
No worther then the duff?

Caes. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be stri'd.
The Men that gave their Country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Caes. Livery man away.

Brutus shall leade, and we will grace his heele.
With the mist bostise, and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.


Ser. Thus Brutus did my Master bid me knelele,
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall downe,
And being prostrate, that he bad me say:

Bra. Antony is Noble, Wise, Valiant, and Honest.

Cæs. was Mighty, Bold, Royall, and Loning.

Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say, I fear Cæsar, honour's him, and loue him;
If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony
May safely come to him, and be receiv'd
How Cæsar hath defendd, to live in death.

Mark Antony, shall not lose Cæsar's dead
So well as Brutus living; but well follow
The Fortunes and Affaires of Noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this dejected State,
With all true Faith. So says my Master Antony.
Bra. Thy Master is a Wise and Valiant Roman,
I never thought him worse;
Tell him, to please him come into this place,
He shall be satisfied, and by my Honor,
Depart vouch'd.

Ser. He fetch him presently.

Bra. I know that we shall have him well to Friend.

Caes. I wish we may! But yet have I a minute
That fear's me much, and my indigning ill
Fallen shrewdly to the purpose.

Enter Antony.

Bra. But here comes Antony:

Welcome Mark Antony.

Ant. Welcome Cæsar! Doth thou lie so lowe?
Are all thy Conquests, Glories, Triumphes, Spoyles,
Shrunke to this little Measure? Fear thee well.
I know not Gentlemen what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank?
If I the safest, there is house to fit
At Cæsar's death, but not no Infrument
Of halfe that worth, as shou'd your Swords, made rich
With the most Noble blood of all this World.
I do beseech you, if you beare me hard.
Now, while your purpled hands do seeke and smooke,
Fill up your pleasure. Little a thousand yeeres,
I shall not finde my selfe in equity to dye.
No place will please me, no mane of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The Cheefe and Master Spirit of this Age.

Bra. O Antony! Begge now your death of vs:
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As by our hands, and this our present Ače
You see we do: Yet see you but our hands,
And this, the bleeding businesse they have done for:

Our hearts you see not; they are pitifull:
And pitty to the generall wrong of Rome,
As fire drues out fire, so pitty, so pity
Hath done this deed on Caesar. For your part,
To you, our swords have little points Made Antony:
Our Amours in strengths of malice, and our Hearts
Of Brothers tempe, do receive you in,
With all kindes of good, thoughts, and reverence.

Caius. Your voyage shall be as strong as any mans,
In the disoffing of new dignities.

Brut. Ondly be patient, till we have appeas'd
The Malumde, before time unless with care,
And then, we will deliver you the caule,
Why I, that did lose Caesar when I brooke him,
Have this proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your Wifedome:
Let each of you send me his bloody hand.
First Marcus Brutus will I shake with you;
Next Caius Cassius do I take your hand:
Now Brutus, Brutus yours;
Now yours Metellus:
Now yours Cinna, and your valiant Cato yours:
Though half, not half in love, yours good Tribunus.

Gentlemen all: Alas, what shall I say.
My credit now stands on their slippery ground,
That one of two bad wayes you must conceiue me,
Either a Coward, or a Blaster.

That I did lose thee Caesar, O'tis true:
If then thy Spirit look upon vs now,
Shall it not grieve thee, deterre then thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foot?
Most Noble, in the presence of thy Conrade,
Had I as many eyes, as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they streame forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to close
In tempests of Hellen ship with thine enemies,
Pardon me Brutus, here's was thou say'd brave Hart,
Here's did thou fall, and here's the Hunter stands
Sight'd in thy Spyle, and Grim'd in thy Latch.
O World! if thou wouldst the Forrest to this Hart,
And this indeed, O World, the Hart of thee.
How like a Deere, shaken by many Princes,
Don't thou here see eye?

Caius. Antony.

Ant. Pardon me Cassius Cassius:
The Enemies of Caesar, shall say this:
Then, its a Friend, its is cold Malcides,
Caius. Observe you not for praising Caesar,
But what compact meanes you to hauie with us?
Will you be pricke in number of our Friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I tolke your hands, but was indeed
Swaid from the point, by looking downe on Caesar.
Friends and I with you all, and love you all,
Your truest hope, that you shall give me Reasons,
Why, and wherein, Caesar was dangerous.

Brut. Or else were this a stuse Spectacle:
Our Reasons are as full of good regard,
That were you Antony, the Sonne of Caesar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I like,
And am no more surer, that I may
Produce his body to the Market-place,
And in the Pulpit as becomes a Friend,
SPOKE in the Order of his Funerall.

You shall know not what you do; do not confound
That Antony speakes in his Funerall;
Know how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will write.

Brut. By your pardon:
I will make my selfe into the Pulpit first,
And shew the reason of our Caesar's death.
What Antony shall speake, I will protest
He speakes by Lucretius, and by permission:
And that we are commened Cæsar shall
Hane all true Rights, and lawfull Ceremonies,
It shall advantage more, then do vs wrong.

Caius. I know not what may fall, I like it not.

Brut. You Mark Antony, here take you Cæsar's body:
You shall not in your Funerall speak blame vs,
But for all you can oppose of Caesar,
And say you don't by our permission:
Eke shall you not hauie any hand at all
About his Funerall, and you shall speake
In the same Pulpit where I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so:
I do nothing more.

Brut. Prepare the body then, and follow us,
Exeunt.

Mark Antony:

O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of Earth:
That I am meake and gentle with these Bouchers,
Thou art the Ruines of the Nobilitie,
That euer livid in the State of Times.
Woe to the hand that fixed this Mollycoddle.
Over thy wounds, now do I Prophesie,
(Which like dumbe mouthes do open their Ruby lips,
To begge the voyce and vaterie of my Tongue)
A Catechism light upon the Limes of men:
Damefickle Fury, and fierce Cauallifiere,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and destruction shall be so in vs,
And deadfull Objectes so familiar.
That Mothers shall be mocke, when they behold
Their Infants quartered with the hands of Warre:
All pitie shou'd, and suffre of tell deces,
And Cæsar Spirit raging for Revenge,
With Ate by his side, come hot from Hell,
Shall in their Confin, with a Monarkes voyce,
Cry Haracce, and let flipp the Dogges of Warre,
That this foule deed, shall smelle about the earth
With Carrion men, groning for Burloll.

You heare Obanian Cæsar, do you not?
Ser. I do Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.
Ser. He did receive his Letters, and is comming,
And bid me say to you by word of mouth—

O Cæsar!

Ant. Thy heart is bigger: get thee a part and weep.

Pasion I see a catching from mine eyes,
Seeing those Ashes of sorrow stand in chime,
Began to weep.

Ser. He lies to night within these Leagues of Rome.

Ant. Puff backe with speedes,
And tell him what hath chanc'd:
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Obanian yet,
Hence, and tell him so. Yet (say a while,}
The Tragedy of Julius Caesar.

Enter Brutus and go into the Pulpit, and Caesar, with the Plebeions.

Plie. We will be satisfied: let us be satisfied.

Brut. Then follow me, and give me Audience and friends.

Cassius go you into the other oratory, and part the numbers:

Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here:
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him, and publick Resolutions shall be rended.

Of Caesar's death:

1. Plie. We will hear Brutus speak.

2. We will hear Cassius, and compare their Resolutions when severally we hear them rended.

3. The Noble Brutus is ascended Silence.

Ton. Be patient till the last.

Romans, Countrymen, and Lovers, hear mee for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear. Beleeve me for mine Honor, and hate respect to mine Honor, that you may believe. Centre me in your Wifedom, and awake your Sentinell, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this Assemble, any deere Friend of Caesar, to him I say, that Brutus love to Caesar, was no less then his. If then, that Friend demand, why Brutus slew against Caesar, this is my answer: Not that I lou'd Caesar less, but that I lou'd Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living, and dye all Slaves; then that Caesar were dead, to live all Free-men? As Caesar lou'd once, I weep for him; as he was Formann, I rejoice a little; as he was Valiant, I honour him: But, as he was Ambitious, I slew him. There is Treason, for his Love; Joy, for his Fortune: Honor, for his Valour; and Death, for his Ambition. Who is here to solve, that would be a Boudica? if any speak, for he have offended. Who is here to solve, that would not be a Roman? if any speak, for him have I offended. Who is here to solve, that will not love his Country? if any speak, for him have I offended. I passe for a deeply.

All. None Brutus, none.

Brutus. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Caesar, then you shall do to Brutus. The Question of his death, is in God's hand; his Glory, not extenuated, when in he was worthy, his Offences extenuated, for which he suffered death.

Enter Mark Antony, with Caesar's body.

Here comes his Body, mount'd by Mark Antony, who though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit, and shall have a place in the Commonwealth, as much as you shall not. With this I depart, that as I leave my best Lover for the good of Rome, I have the same Dagger for my selfe, when shall please my Country, so need my death.

All. Live Brutus, live, live.

1. Bring him with Triumph home into his house.

2. Give him a Statue with his Apostroph.

3. Let him be Caisar.

The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

4. Mark'd ye his words? he would not take the Crown, Therefore 'tis certaine, he was not ambitious.
1. If he be found so, some will dearly abide it.
2. Poor Soule, his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
3. There's not a nobler man in Rome then Antony.
4. Now mark him, he begins againe to speak.
5. But yesterday, the word of Caesar might.
6. I have sworn against the World: Now lies he there.
And none so poor to do him reuerence.
7. O Maisters! I was disposèd to strike
8. Your hearts and minds to Muciny and Rage.
9. I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong;
10. Who (you all know) are Honourable men.
11. I will not do them wrong: I rather choose
12. To wrong the dead, to wrong my selfe and you,
13. Then will I wrong such Honourable men.
14. But here's a Parchment, with the Seale of Caesar,
15. I found it in his Cloath; in his Will
16. Let us the Commons here the Testament
17. (Which pardinom) I do not meane to reade,
18. And they would goe and kill dead Caesar wounds,
19. And dip their Napkins in his Sacred Blood;
20. Yes, begge a share of him for Memory,
21. And dying, mention it within their Willes,
22. Something it was a rich Legacie
23. Into their Issue.
24. Woe! I hear the Will, read it. Marke Antony.
25. Shall we read the Will? we will heare Caesar's Will.
27. It is not meeke you know how Caesar lov'd you.
28. You are not Wood, you are not Stones, but men:
29. And being men, hearing the Will of Caesar,
30. It will inflame you, it will make you mad;
31. Tis good you know not that you are his Heirs,
32. For if you should, O what would come of it?
33. Read the Will, we'll heare it Antony.
34. You shall read vs the Will, Caesar's Will.
35. Ant. Will you be Patient? Will you stay a while?
36. I have o't, shot my selfe to tell you of it,
37. I fear I wrong the Honourable men,
38. Whole Daggers have stab'd Caesar: I do heare it.
39. They were Traitors! Honourable men?
40. Ant. The Will, the Testament.
41. They were Villaines, Murderers in the Will, read the Will.
42. Ant. You will compell me then to read the Will:
43. Then make a Ring about the Corpes of Caesar,
44. And let me throw you him that made the Will:
45. Shall I defend? And will you give me leave?
46. All. Come downe.
47. 2. Defend.
48. You shall have leave,
49. A Ring, round about.
50. Stand from the Heare, stand from the Body,
51. Rooms for Antony, most Noble Antony,
52. All. Now preste not to you me, stand farre off,
53. All. Stand backe, room, beare backe.
54. Ant. If you have tears, prepare to flinck them now.
55. All. You all doe know this Mensie, I remember
56. The first time ever Caesar put it on,
57. Thus on a Sommers Evening in his Tent.
58. That day he oversaw the Army.
59. Looketh in this place ran Cassius Dagger through.
60. What was the emulous Cassius intent?
61. This through the selfe belon'd Brutus stab'd,
62. And as he stuck'd his cursed Steele away:
63. Make how the blood of Caesar follow'd it,
64. As running out of doores, to be resolv'd
65. If Brutus to unkindly knock'd, or no:
66. For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel.
67. Judge, you Gods, how dearly Caesar lov'd him,
68. This was the most unkindst out of all.
69. For when the Noble Caesar saw him die,
70. Ingratitude, more strong then Traitors armes,
71. Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart,
72. And in his Mantle, muffling vp his face,
73. Even at the Base of Pompeys Statue
74. (Which all the while ran Blood great Caesar fell.)
75. O what a fall was there, my Countrymen?
76. Then I and you, and all of us fell downe,
77. Why bloody Treason should it ever vs.
78. O now you weep, and I perceive you feel
79. The dint of pity: These are gracious drops.
80. Kind Soules, what weep you, when you but behold
81. Our Countrymen wounded! Look ye here,
82. Here is His selfe, mark as you see with Traitors.
83. 1. O vicetuous spectacle!
84. 2. O Noble Caesar!
85. 3. O fowful day!
86. 4. O Traitours, Villaines!
87. 5. O most bloody sight!
88. 2. We will be reveng'd: Revenge
89. About, seek, burn, fire, kill, slay.
90. Let not a Traitor live.
91. Ant. Stay Countrymen:
92. Peace there heare the Noble Antony,
93. Woe! I hear heare, we'll call him, we'll yd with him.
94. Ant. Good Friends, sweet Friends, let me not stirre
95. To such a sodain Flood of Muciny:
96. They that issue done this Deed, are honourable.
97. What private griefes they have, alas I know not,
98. That made them do it: They are Wise, and Honourable,
99. And will no doubt with Reasons answer you.
100. I come not (Friends) to fleake away your hearts,
101. I am no Orator, as Brutus is,
102. But (as you know me all) a plaine blunter man
103. That love my Friend, and that they know full well,
104. That gave me publicke leave to speake of him:
105. For I have ather written of him nor worth
106. Action, nor Virtue, nor the power of Speech.
107. To stirre mens Blood, I onely speake right on;
108. I tell you that, which you your selves do know,
109. See how you sweet Cassius wounds, poor poor durn mounds
110. And bid them speake for me: But were I Brutus,
111. To those Antony, there were an Antony
112. Would ruffle vp your Spirits and put a Tongue
113. In every Wound of Caesar, that should move
114. The stones of Rome, to rise and Mutiny.
115. 2. We'll mad Mutiny.
116. 1. We'll burne the house of Brutus.
117. 3. A way then, come, seek, the Conspirators.
118. Ant. Yet hark me Countrymen, yet hear me speake:
119. All. Peace hark, here Antony, most Noble Antony.
120. Ant. Why Friends, you go to do you know not what:
121. Wherein have Caesar thine selfe defend'd thy loves?
122. As also you know not, I must tell you then:
123. You have forgot the Will: I tolde you of.
124. Ant. Most true, the Willet's fray and the Will.
125. Ant. Here is the Will, and under Caesar Scale:
126. To every Roman Citizen he gliues,
127. To every surgeon man, seventy five Drachmaes.
2. Pl.
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

Enter Antony, Othoanus and Lepidus.

Ant. These men can play their parts best.
Oth. Your Brother too must dye content you Lepidus?
Lep. I do confess.
Oth. Prick him downe Antony.
Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live Whose is your Fathers name, Mark Antony.
Ant. He shall not live; let him, with a spit I damn him. But Lepidus, go you to Caesar's house: Fetch the Will bishop, and we shall determine How to cut off some charge in Legacies. Lep. What shall I find you here for?
Oth. Or here, or at the Capitolu.
Ant. This is a small remembrance man, Meet to be sent to Errands: is it fit The three-foold World divided, he should stand One of the three to share it?
Oth. So you thought him, And take his voice who should be prickt to dye In our blacke Sentence and Proscription.
Ant. Othoanus, I have here some more days then you, And though we lay these Honours on this man, To ease some fates of divers flameous loads, He shall but bear them, as the Aife bears Gold To grante and meet under the Bustifesse, Either fed or driven, as we please the way: And thusing brought our Treasure, where we will, Then take we downe his Load, and turne him oft (like to the empty Aife to shake his ears, And grace in Commons.
Oth. You may do your will: But here's a tried, and valiant Souldiers.
Ant. So is my Horat Othoanus, and for that I do appoint him store of Prouender, It is a Creature that I teach to fight To winde, to stop, to run directly on, His corporall Motion, governed by his Spirit, And in some tattle, is Lepidus but go He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth: A barren spirited Fellow; one that feeds On Obiec'ts, Arts, and Imitations. Which out of life, and fall'd by other men Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him, But is a property: and now Othoanus, Liten great things. Brutus and Cassius Are leavying Powders: we must straight make head Therefore let our Alliance be combin'd, Our belv Friends made, our meanes stretch To and let us presently go fit in Counsell, How couer matters may be best disclos'd, And open Perils steerst answer'd.
Oth. Let we so do: for we are at the Stake.
The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar.

And bade both with many Enemies,
And some that hate him in their hearts. I fear
Millions of assassins. Indeed,

Enter Brutus, Lucullus, and the Army. Then
Pindarus and others.

Brut. Stand up.
Lucull. Stand up, and, gentlemen.

Brut. What news of Lucullus, is Cæsare deceased?

Lucull. He is at hand, and Pindarus is come
To do you justice from his master.

Brut. He greets me well. Your master Pindarus
In his owne case, or by all officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to which
Things done, undone: But if I be at hand
I shall be satisfied.

Pind. I do not doubt
But that my Noble Master will appeare
Such as he is, full of regard, and Honour.

Brut. He is not doubting. A word Lucullus,
How he receiveth you? Let me be resolvd.

Lucull. With due account, and with respect enough,
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly Conference
As he hath sh'd of old.

Brut. Thou hast describ'd
A hot Friend, cooling: Even now Lucullus,
When Cæsar begins to grow and decay
It with an enforced Ceremony.

There are no trickes, in plain and simple Faith:
But hollow men, like Horses hot at hand,
Make gallant shew, and promise of their Mettle:

Cæsar March within,

But when they should endure the bloody Spurre,
They fall their Crecles, and like heartless Iades
Sink in the Triall. Comes his Army on?

Lucull. What means this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the Horse in general
Are come with Cæsare.

Enter Cæsare and his Pipers.

Brut. Hear he is arriv'd
March gently on to meete him.

Cæs. Stand up.

Brut. Stand up, and speak the word along.

Stand.

Cæs. Stand.

Brut. Stand, and say,

Cæs. Most Noble Brother, you have done me wrong,

Brut. Judge me you Gods, wrong I am sure.

And if not so, how should I wrong a Brother.

Brutus, this false forme of yours, hides wrongs,
And when you do them.

Cæs. Cæsare, be content,
Speak your greets lastly, I do know you well.

Before the eyes of both our Armies here.

(Which should perceive nothing but Cæsar from vs)

Let vs not wrangle. Bid them move away,

Then in my Tent Cæsare enlarges your Greetes,

And I will give you Audience.

Cæs. Pindarus,
Bid our Commanders lead 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.

Cæs. Lucullus and Titinius guard our chesse.

Exeunt.


Cæs. What you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this

You have condemned, and noted Lucius Pellia.
For taking Briseis of the Sardians; Wherein my Letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man was righted off.

Brut. You wrong'd your selfe to write in such a cafe.

Cæs. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his Comment.

Brut. Let me tell you Cæsare, yea your selfe,
Are much condemn'd to have an itching Palm,
To fell, and burn your Offices for Gold
To Vindicators.

Cæs. I am an itching Palm?

You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,
Or by the Gods, this speech were eile your last.

Brut. The name of Cæsare Honor this corruption,
And Chastenement dost therefore hide his head.

Cæs. Chastenement?

Brut. Remember March, the Ides of March remember.

Did not great Inscure bleed for Justice sake?

What Villaine touch'd this body, char'd the body,
And call'd for Justice? What Shall one of vs,
That strike the Frenzied man of all this World,
But for supporting Robbers? Shall we now,
Contaminate our tongues, with base Bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large Honors
For so much trash, as may be gaug'd thus?

Cæs. I'd rather be a Dogge, and bay the Moone,

Then such a Roman.

Brut. Cæsare, base not me,

Ile not induce it: you forget your selfe
To hedge me in. I am a Souldier, I,
Older in practice, Abler then your selfe
To make Conditions.

Brut. Cæsare: you are not Cæsare.

Cæs. I am.

Brut. I say, you are not Cæsare.

Cæs. Vrg me no more, I shall forget my selfe:

Have mine vnpon your health: Tempe me no farther.

Brut. An Afflicted man.

Cæs. Heare me, for I will speake.

Must I give way, and come to your rash Choller?

Shall I be frighted, when a Madman stirs?

Cæs. O ye Gods, ye Gods, Must I endure all this?

Brut. All this! I more: Fret till you proud hart break.

Go steep your Slaves how Chollerick you are,
And make your Bondmen tremble, Must I bege?

Must I borse you? Must I stand and crouch
Under you? Tellest Honour? By the Gods,
You shall digg the Vertum of your Spender
Though it do Spitt upon you. For, from this day forth,
I will give you for my Mirth, yes for my Laughter,
When you are Walfish.

Cæs. Is it come to this?

Brut. You say, you are a better Souldier:

Let it appeare for; make your vaunting trie,

And it shall please me well. For mine owne part,
I shall be glad to learn of Noble men.

Cæs. You wrong me every way:

You wrong me Brutus.

I saie, an Elder Souldier, not a Better,
Did I say Better?

Brut. If you did, I praie not.

Cæs. When Cæsare li'd he durst not thus have me'd.

Brut. Peace, peace, you durst not to have tempt't him.
The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar.

Cæs. I durst not.

Brut. No.

Cæs. What? durst not tempt him?

Brut. For your life you durst not.

Cæs. Do not presume too much upon my Love, I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Brut. You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror Cæsars in your threats.

For I am Arm'd so strong in Fiathe, that they puzze by me, as the idle winte, Which I respect not. I did send to you

For certaine summes of Guld, which you deny'd me, I can raise no money by vile means:

By Heauen, I had rather Ceinue my Heart, And drop my blood for Brachmiers, than so wrong from the hard hands of Peasants, their vile crafts

By any direction. I did send

To you for Guld to pay my Legions;

Which you deny'd me was that done like Cæsars? Should I have answer'd Cæsars to?

When Marcus Brutus grows in courouse;

To know such Raffale Counters from his Friends;

Be ready Gods with all your Thunder-bolts;

Dafn him to pece.

Cæs. I deny'd you not.

Brut. You did.

Cæs. I durst not. He was but a Poole

The brooke my answer back. Brænum hath it'd my harte;

A Friend should beat his Friends inquiriments;

But Brænum makes, mine greater then they are.

Brut. I do not, till you practice them on me.

Cæs. You love me not.

Brut. I do not like your faults.

Cæs. A friendly eye would never see such faults.

Brut. A Placeter would not, though they do appear

As huge as high Olympus.

Cæs. Come Antony, and yong Otho comes,

Revenge your feltes alone on Cæsars.

For Cæsars is a werry of the Wolfes:

Hated by one he loves, bra'd by his Brother,

Check'd like a bondman, all his Fultes obferv'd,

Set in a note booke, learn'd and cou'd by roaste

To call into my Teeth. Of I could wepee

My Spirit from mine eyes. There's my Dagger,

And here's my naked Brest: Within a hunte:

Deares then Plentie's Mine, Richer then Golds

If that thou beat a Roman, take it smoth.

Iat that deny'd thee Gold, will give my Heart

Smile as thou didst at Cæs. For I know,

When thou didst hate him worse, I loved it better then.

Then cure thou joyned it Cæsars.

Brut. Sheath your Dagger.

Cæs. Be angry when you will, it shall have scope:

Do what you will, Dithonno, shall be Humour.

O Cæsars, you are yoked with a Lamb

That carries Anger, as the Flint beares fire,

Who much inflamed, the waters a hattie Sprake,

And thraire is cold ager.

Cæs. Hath Cæsars killed?

Brut. To be but Mirth and Laughter to his Brænum,

When greeces and blood is tempr'd, verseh him.

Brut. When I spake that, I was till tempr'd too.

Cæs. Do you confesse so much? Give me your hand.

Brut. And my heart too.

Cæs. O Brutus!

Brut. What's she matter?

Cæs. I have not you love enough to bare with me,

When that rash humour which my Mother gave me

Makes me forget full.

Brut. Yes Cæsars, and from henceforth.

When you are out earms with your:

He'll thank your Mother chides, and leave you.

Enter a Poet.

Poet. Let me go in to see the Generals:

There is some grudge between thee, 'tis no more

They be alone.

Luc. You shall not come to me.

Poet. Nothing but death shall sully me.

Cæs. How now, What's the matter?

Poet. For shame you Generals what do you meanes?

Luc. Get you hence Sirs: Swagy fellowes, hence.

Cæs. Bear with him Brutus, 'tis his fashion.

Brut. He knowes his humor, when he knows his time:

What should the Warses do with theserigging Poetes?

Companione, hence.

Cæs. Away, away be gone.

Exit Poet.

Luc. Lucius and Tibullus bid the Commanders

Prepare to lodge their Companies to night.

Cæs. And come your feltes, & bring Meffalas with you

Immediately to us.

Luc. Lucius, a bowl of Wine.

Cæs. I did not think you could have bin so angry.

Brut. O Cæsars, I am sick of many greeces.

Cæs. Of your Philosophy you make no vie;

If you give place to accidental evils.

Brut. No man bears a sorrow better, Parsias is dead.

Cæs. Has Parsias?

Brut. She is dead.

Cæs. How scrap'd I killing, when I croft you so?

O suppliable, and touching loife!

Upon what sicknesse?

Brut. Impatient of my absence,

And greeces, that yong Otho with Mark Antos

Hase made themselves so strong: For with her death

That rydings come. With this the fell distract,

And (her Attendantes abate) swell'd with 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 bowl of wine,

In this I bury all yon darknes Cæsars.

Drinks.

Cæs. My heart is threily for that Noble plege:

Fill Lucius, till the Wine ore-swell the Cup.

I cannot drink too much of Brutus Love.

Enter Tibullus and Meffalas.


Welcome good Meffalas.

Now sit we close about this Taper here:

And call in question our necessities.

Cæs. Parsias, art thou gone?

Brut. No more I pray you.

Meffalas, I have here receiv'd Letters,

That yong Otho, and Mark Antony

Come down uppon vs with a mighty power,

Bending their Expedition toward Philippis.

Meff.
The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar.

Man: My selfe have Letters of the selfe-same Tenure.

Brutus. With what Addition.

Man. This by procuration, and bills of Oustage.

Othello, Antony, and Lucullus:

Have put to death, an hundred Senators.

Brutus. Theretofour Letters do not well agree:

Mines speaks of seventy Senators, that dy'd

By their procuration, Cæsar being one.

Cæsar. Crow a one?

Man. Cæsar is dead, and by that order of procuration

Had you your Letters from your wife, my Lord?

Brutus. No Mefiusa.

Man. On nothing in your Letters writ of her?

Brutus. Nothing Mefiusa.

Man. That which thinks is strange.

Brutus. Why ask you?

Man. Why ought she, in yours?

Mefiusa. No my Lord.

Brutus. Now as you are a Roman tell me true.

Man. Then like a Roman, beare the truth I tell,

For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Brutus. Why farewell, Portia. We must die Mefiusa:

With meditating that the moulde have none,

I have the patience to endure it now.

Man. Even so great men, great litter fould induce.

Cæsar. I have so much of this in Art as you,

But yet my Nature could not bear it fo,

Brutus. Well, to our worke aline. What do you think

Of marching to Philippi presently.

Cæsar. I do not think it good.

Brutus. Your reason?

Cæsar. This it is:

Tis better that the Enemy see us,

So shall he waste his menes, weary his Soldiers,

Doing humiliating offence, whilst we lying full,

Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Man. Good reasons must of force give place to better:

The people twist Philippi, and this ground

Do stand but in a forc'd affection:

For they have great part Contribution.

The Enemy, marching along by them,

By them shall make a fuller number up,

Come on refresh'd, new added, andencourag'd:

From which advantage shall we cut them off.

If at Philippi we do face them there.

These people at our backe.

Cæsar. Hear me good Brother.

Brutus. Vnder your pardon. You must note before,

That we have trade the trinity of our Friends:

Our Legions are burn full, our cause is ripe,

The Enemy encloses every day,

We at the heighth, we ready to decline.

There is a Tide in the affeyres of men,

Which taken at the Flood, leads on to Fortune:

Omitted, all the voyage of their life,

Is bound in Shallows, and in Miseries.

On such a full Sea are we now in a boat,

And we must take the current when it serves,

Or loose our Ventures.

Cæsar. Then with your will you go on; we'll along

Our felicets, and meet them at Philippi.

Brutus. The deep of night is creeped upon our talk,

And Nature must obey Necessity,

Which we will niggard with a little rest:

There is no more to say.

Cæsar. No more, good night,

Early to morrow will we ride, and hence.

Enter Lucius.

Lucius. Long live our Cæsar, good Mefiusa,

Good night, and good reposes.

Cæsar. O my deere Brother:

This was an ill beginning of the night:

Never come such disquiet upon our soles:

Let it not Mefiusa.

Brutus. Everything is well.

Cæsar. Good night my Lord.

Brutus. Good night good Brother.

Mefiusa. Good night my Lord Brutus.

Brutus. Farwell every one.

Give me the Gowne. Where is thy Instrument?

Lucius. Here in the Tent.

Brutus. What, thou speakest drily.

Poor slave, I blame thee not, thou art one-watch'd,

Call Claudio, and some other of my men,

He hath them sleep on Cushtons in my Tent,

Lucius, Parrus, and Claudio.

Claudio. Call my Lord.

Brutus. I pray you fir, lie in my Tent and sleepe,

It may be I shall raise you by and by.

On business to my Brother Cæsar.

Lucius. So please you, we will hand,

And watch your pleasures.

Brutus. I will it not have it so, Lyce downe good fir,

It may be I shall other wise bepleasur'd,

Lookes Lucius, here's the booke I bought for so;

I put it in the pockets of my Gowne.

Lucius. I was sure your Lordship did not give it me,

Brutus. Beare with mee good Boy, I am much forgetful,

Canst thou hold vp thy brave eyes a while,

And touch thy Instrument a straine or two.

Lucius. My Lord, an please you.

Brutus. It doth my Boy?

I trouble thee too much, but then art willing.

Lucius. It is my dutie.

Brutus. I should not urge thy dutie past thy might.

I know young bloods looks for a time of reft.

Lucius. I have slept my Lord already.

Brutus. It was well done, and thou that sleepe against.

I will not hold thee long. If I do lute,

I will be good to thee.

Musick, and a Song.

This is a sleepy Tune: O Mordrous lumber!

Layest thou thy Latten Mace upon my Boy,

That playes thee Musick? Gentle knave good night?

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:

If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy Instrument,

He layes it from thee, and (good Boy) good night.

Let me see, let me see, is not the Lead turn'd downe

Where I left reading? Here it is I think.

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this Paper burns. Ha! Who comes here?

I think it is the weaknesse of mine eye:

That shapes this monstrous Apparition.

It comes upon me: Art thou anything?

Art thou some God, some Angel, or some Digell,

That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?

Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil Spirit Bruntus?

Brutus. Why com'st thou?
The Tragedy of Julius Caesar.

Cassio. To call thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.
Brutus. Well; then I shall see thee again?
Cassio. I shall, Brutus.
Brutus. Then, I'll tell thee why I call thee there.
Now I have taken heart, thou shalt see me.
If my spirits hold, I'll hold more talk with thee.
Lucius, Marcus, Claudius, Sirs: Awake.
Claudius.
Lucius. The pleasing my Lord, are false.
Brutus. He thinks he ill is at his instrument.
Lucius, awake.
Lucius. My Lord.
Brutus. Did I then dream, that thou didst cry out?
Lucius. My Lord, I do not know that I did cry.
Brutus. Yes, thou didst cry; Didst thou see any thing?
Lucius. Nothing my Lord.
Brutus. Sleep again, Lucius; Sirs, Claudius, Fellow.
Thou: Awake.
Var. My Lord.
Claud. My Lord.
Brutus. Why did you ask me in your sleepin? Did I say any thing?
Var. No my Lord, I say nothing.
Claud. Not I my Lord.
Brutus. Go, and commend me to my Brother Cassius;
Bid him set his powers before, and we will follow.
Brutus. It shall be done my Lord.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.
Octavius. What say you, Gentlemen?
Brutus. I have heard the noblest of the Senate,
And I have heard the people, say you are answer'd.
Octavius. We have not been answer'd, nor have we come down,
But the noble lords of the Senate and the people,
They have answered us, and we are ready to meet them.
Ant. But we are their friends, and we know
Wherefore they do it: They might do it,
To visit some places, and come down here,
With a safe and secure journey,
To be brave and bold, to be firm and strong;
But we are here, and we are ready to meet them.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, Gentlemen.
The enemy comes on in gallant array,
Their boughs of oak and their boots of leather,
And they are ready to meet them.
Octavius. Leave you, my Lord.
Brutus. On the right hand, I keep both the left.
Ant. What do you do in this, my Lord?
Octavius. I do not cross you; but I will do so.

Brutus. Stand still, Cassius, we must not cross.
Octavius. Mark, Antony, shall we not cross the battle?
Ant. No, Cassius, we will answer on their charge.
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

Who that to Philip heeke comforted vs: This Morning ar they fled away, and gone, And in their Fleets do Rauens, Crowes, and Kites Flye our heads, and downward looke on vs. As we were fiercely prey: their shadowes forme A canny most fatall, under which our Army lieth, ready to give vp the Ghost. Meifia. Beleve me not. Caffi. But beleve me partly, For I am festr of spirit, and resolute To meete all perils, very constant. Brus. Even so Lucius. Caffi. Now most Noble Brutus, The Gods to day stand friendly, that we may Lauer in peace, leade on our dayes to age. But since the affayres of men rest still incertaine, Let's reason with the worst that may befall. If we do loose this Battell, then is this The very last time we shall speake together: What are you then determined to do? Brus. Even by the rule of that Philosophie, By which I did blame Cato, for the death Which he did give himselfe, I know not how: But I do finde it Cowardly, and vile, For feare of what might fall, so to prevent The time of life, arning my selfe with patience, To stay the prouidence of some high Powers, That gouerne vs below. Caffi. Then, if we lose this Battell, You are contented to be led in Triumph Throw the freets of Rome. Brus. No Caffi, no. Think not that Noble Romanes, That ever Brutes will go bound to Rome, He beares too great a minute. But this same day Murther and that worse, the Ides of March begun, And whether we shall meete againe, I know not: Therefore our everlasting farewell take: For ever, and for ever, farewell Caffi! If we do meete againe, why do we shal smile? If not, why then this parting was well made. Caffi. For ever, and for ever, farewell Brutus! If we do meete againe, we'll shal live indee: If not, this true, this parting was well made. Brus. Why then lose you? Or that a man might know The end of this dayes businesse, ere it come: But is sufficient, that the day will end, And then the end be wise. Come ho, away. Exeunt. 

Alarum. Enter Brutus and Meifia.

Brus. Ride, ride, Meifia, ride and give these Billes Vnto the Legion, on the other side. Lucius Marcellus. Let them get on or some of us perceive But cold desolation in Ottomus wing: And solace must give them the overthrow; Ride, ride Meifia, let them all come downe. Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter Caffi and Titinius.

Caffi. O helpe Titinius, looke, the Villaines flye: My selfe have to mine owne turn'd Enemy: This Ensigne here of mine was running backe, I flew the Coward, and did take it from him. Titinius. O Caffi, Brutoe gave the word too early,
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

So in his red blood Cæsar die is set,
The Sunne of Rome is set. Our day is gone,
Clownes, Dukes, and Dangers come; our deeds are done:
Misfortune of our successe hath done this deed.

Methinks, Misfortune of good successe hath done this deed.

Oftentimes, Malignanties hide.
Why doth thou shew it to the apes thought of men?
The things are not? Our Error is conceyved,
Thou must convert into a happy byrth,
But kill the Mother that engendred thee.

Tit. What Pinder is? Where art thou Pinder?
Methinks, Seek him Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The Noble Brutus, shuffling this reproze
Into his ears, I may say thrashing it,
For piercing Steele, and Darts imployed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As rydings of this fight.

Tit. Hye you Messalas,
And I will seek for Pinder, all the while:
Why didst thou send me forth brave Cæsar?
Did I not meet thy Friends, and did not they
Put on my Braces this victory of Rome,
And bid me gaine it there? Didst thou not hear their
Mas, thou hast misconstrued every thing:
(Flowt)
But hold thee, take this Garland on thy Brow,
Thy Brown, bid me give thee, and I
Will do his bidding: Brutus, come space,
And see how I regarded Cæsar Cæsar.

Byswears, I am God: This is a Romans part,
Come Cæsar Sword, and finde Titinius hart.

[Audemus. Enter Brutus, Messalla, young Cæsar,
Strato, Philomusia, and Lucullus.]

Brut. Where, where Messalas, doth his body lye?
Mess. Lee yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

Tit. Titinius face is y'ward;
Cæs. He is slain.

Brut. O Titinius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet,
Thy Spirit walks abroad, and turns our Swords
In our own proper Entailers.

Cæs. Brutus Titinius,
Look where he scarce his dead Cæsar.

Brut. Are,yet two Romans living such a thief?
The last of all the Romans, fis the well:
It is impossible, that here Rome
Should breed thy fellow: Friends I owe me tears.
To this dead man, then you shall see me pay.
I shall finde time, Cæsar: I shall finde time.
Come therefore, and to Thebaius fend his body,
His Funerals shall not be in our Campe,
Left it discomfort vs. Lucullus come,
And come yong Cæs, let vs to the Field,
Labias and Flavius let our Bataillae on.

[Exit Brutus, Messalla, and Lucullus.

[Audemus. Enter Brutus, Messalla, Catue, Lucullus,
and Flaminius.]

Brut. Yet Country-men: O yes, hold vp your heads.
Catue. What Bafhard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the Field.
I am the Sonne of Marcus Catue, ho.
A Pope to Tyrants, and my Countries Friend.
I am the Sonne of Marcus Catue, ho.

Enter Sutheroth, and fight.

And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, 1,

Brutus my Countries Friend: Know me for Brutus.

Luc. O young and Noble Catue, art thou downe?
Why now thou dyest, as bravely as Titinius,
And mayst be honour'd, being Cæsars Sonne.

Catue. Yea, or thou dyest.

Luc. I pray thee, to dye.

There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight:
Kill Brutus, and be honoure'd in his death.

Didst. We must not: a Noble Prisoner.

Enter Antony.

2.Sold. Reams how e'r tell Antony, Brutus is tane.
1. Sold. He telleth thee news: Here comes the General,

Brutus is tane, Brutus is tane my Lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Luc. Safe Antony, Brutus is safe enough:
I dare affirme thee, that no Enemy
Shall ever take alive the Noble Brutus.

The Gods defend him from so great a harm,
When you do finde him, or alive, or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himselfe.

Ant. This is not Brutus friend, but I affirme you,
A prize no lefle in worth: keep this man safe,
Gibe him all Kindness: I had rather have
Such men my Friends, than Enemies, Go on,
And see where Brutus be alive or dead,
And bring vs word, into Octavius Tent.

How every thing is chanced.

[Exeunt.

Enter Brutus, Dardanus, Catinus, Strato,
and Flaminius.]

Brut. Come poore remains of friends, rest on this Rocke.

Cla. Statilinus Three'd the Torch light, but my Lord
He came not backe: he is or late, or slaine.

Brut. Sit thee downe, Catinus: playinge is the word,
It is a deed in fashion. Hearke thee, Catinus.

Cla. What, my Lord? No, not for all the World.

Brut. Peace then, no words.

Cla. He rather kill my selfe.

Brut. Hearke thee, Dardanues.

Dard. Shall I doe such a deed?

Cla. O Dardanues.

Dard. O Clau.

Cla. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dard. To kill him, Catinus: looke he meditates.

Cla. Now is that Noble Vellid full of griefes,
That it ranne out even at his eyes.

Brut. Come hither, good Clauinius, lift a word.

Cla. What eyes my Lord?

Brut. Why this, Clauinius?
The Ghost of Cæsar hath appeas'd to me
Two or three times by Night: at Sardis, once;
And this last Night, here in Philippi fields:
I know my house is come.

Cla. Nay, I am sure it is, Vellininius.
Thou seest the World, Vellininius, how it goest,
Our Enemies have beat vs to the Pit:

[Exit Clauinius.

It is more worthy, to leave in our stables,
Then carry till they put vs: Good Vellininius,
Thou know'st, that we two went to Schools together.

Cla. For that, we two were of one, I pracie.
Hold thou my Sword Hills, while I runne on it.

Vell. That's not an Office for a friend, my Lord.

[Exeunt.]
The Tragedie of Julius Caesar.

Fly, fly my Lord, there is no tarrying here.
Farewell to you, and you, and you, Antony.
Strat., thou hast bin all this while asleep.
Farewell to thee, to Strat., Countryman.
My heart doth joy, that yet is in all my life.
I have not seen a man, but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this shining day.
More then Brutus, and Mark Antony.
By this men's Conquests, I shall reign eto.
So fare ye well at once, for Brutus, and Brutus.
Harsh hath ended his lines, history.
Night hangs upon mine eyes, my bones would rest,
That I have but to labour, to attain this house.

Alarum. Cry within, fly, fly, fly, fly.
Ch. Fly my Lord, fly.
Err. Hence! I will follow.
I pray thee Strat., fly thou by thy Lord.
Thou art a Fellow of good respect;
Thy life hath been a match of honor in it.
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou Strat.?
Err. Give me your hand first, face you well, my Lord.
Err. Farewell good Strat. —— Caesar, now be still.
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

FINIS.
THE TRAGEDIE OF MACBETH.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1. Where shall we three meet again?
2. When the Huntley-Bailey's done,
3. That will be ere the set of Sunne.

1. Upon the Heath.
2. There to meet with Macbeth.
3. I come, Gray-Malkin.

Paddock, calls soon, faire is fonse, and soule is faire,
Hurne through the fogge and flichtie eyes.

Event.

Scena Secunda.

Alarum within. Enter King, Malefics, Donalbain, Lenox, with attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain.

King. Ovalet, Cousin, worthy Gentleman,
Cap. As whence the Sunne 'gins his reflection,
Shipwrecking Stormes, and direfull Thunders:
So from that Spring, whence comfort feend did to come,
Discomfortswells; Marke, King of Scotland, marke,
No sooner Justice had, with Valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heels,
But the Norwegian Lord, surveying vantage,
With surfeite Armes, and new supplies of men,
Begun a fresh assault.

King. Dismay'd not this our Captains, Macbeth and
Banquo?
Cap. Yes, as Sparrawes, Eagles;
Or the Hare, the Lyon:
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As Cannons oneer charg'd with double Cracks,
So they doubly redoubled flinkers upon the Foes;
Except they meant to bathe in reeking Wounds,
Or memorize another Gettyport,
I cannot tell: but I am faint,
My Gaffes cry for help.

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds,
They smack of Honor both: Go get him Surgeons.

Enter Ross and Angus.

Who comes here?
Men. The worthy Thane of Ross.
Lenox. What a shuffling looks through his eyes?
So should he look, that fermen to speak things strange.
Ross. God save the King.
King. Whence camest thou, worthy Thane?
Ross. From Fife, great King,
Where the Norwegian Banner, howth the Skies,
And fame of our people cold.

Ross himself, with terrible numbers,
Afflicted by that most detestable Traytor,
The Thane of Crawfon, began a durnall Confid,
Till that Belfair's Bridegroome, Japse in proofe,
Confronted him with selfe-comparisons,
Points against Point, rebellious Arme against Arme,
Curting his Heath with: and to conlude,
The Victorie fell on it.

King. Great happiness.
Ross. That now, Swaro, the Norwegian King,
Crane's composition:
Nor would we designe him burril of his men,
Till he disturbed, as Saint Calme's yeech,
Ten thousand Dollars to our generall use.
Scene Tertia.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. Where haft thou been, Sister? 
2. Killing Swine. 
3. Sister, where thou? 
1. A Sailor's Wife had Cheesbuts in her Lappe, 
And moonchic, & moonchic, and moonchic: 
Give me, quoth I. 

Aryst the Witches, that the rumpfed Ronyon cries, 
Her Husband's to Apepo gone, Mather o' th' Tiger? 
But in a Synne Ile thitter Gyle, 
And like a Rat without a stable, 
Ile doe, ile doe, and ile doe. 

1. Ile give thee a Winde. 
7. Th'are kind. 
3. And I another. 
1. I may faire have all the other, 
And the very Ports they blow, 
All the Quarterst that they know, 
Th' ship-mans Card, 
Ile dreynie him drie as Hay: 
Sleeps full neyther Night nor Day. 
Hang upon his Pent-houfe Lid: 
He shall loose a man forbid: 
Wearie Seamen, nine times nine, 
Shall he dwindle, speak, and pine: 
Though his Barke cannot be loft, 
Yet it shall be Tempest-tooth. 
Look what I hate, 
2. Show me, show me. 
1. Here I have a Pilots Thumber, 
Wrack, as homeward he did come. 

A Drumman, a Drumme: 
Macbeth doth come.

All. The wyeward Sistres, hand in hand, 
Powders of the Sea and Land, 
Thus doe goe, about, about, 
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine, 
And thrice againe, to make vp nine. 
Peace, the Charmes wound vp.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macb. So foule and faire a day I have not seen. 
Banq. How faire it is call'd to Sors. What are these, 
So wither'd, and so wilde in their ayrere. 
That look not like the inhabitants of this Earth, 
And yet are so? Look you, or are you wrong? 
That man may question you seeme to understand me, 
By each it once her choppyng finger lyeing 
Upon her shining Lipps, you should be Women. 
And yet your Beards forbid me to interprete 
That you are so.

Banq. Speak if you can: what are you? 
1. All hail Macbeth, hail to thee Macbeth! 
2. All hail, Macbeth, hail to thee Macbeth! 
3. All hail, Macbeth, hail to thee Macbeth! 

Banq. Good Sirs, why do you tar, and turne to scarme 
Things that doe found to faire? It is name of truth 
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed 
Which outwardly ye shew? My Noble Partner 
You greet with present Grace, and great prediction 
Of Noble hauing, and of Royall hope, 
That he seems wrapt withal: to me you speake not, 
If you can looke into the Seeds of Time, 
And say, which Graine will grow, and which will not, 
Speake then to me, who neither begge, nor scare 
Your favors, nor your hate.

1. Hayle. 
2. Hayle. 
3. Hayle. 

1. Leave me Macbeth, and greater. 
2. Not to happy, yet much happier. 
3. Thou shalt get Kings, though thou be none.

So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo. 

1. Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail. 

Macb. Scry ye imperfect Speaker, tell me more. 
By Sire, is death, I know I am Thane of Glamis, 
But how, of Cawdor? the Thane of Cawdor? 
A prosperous Gentleman: And to be King, 
Stands not within the prospect of beleevse. 
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 Propheticke greeting? 
Speake, I charge you.

Witches vanish. 

Bang. The Earth hath bubbles, as the Water ha'. 
And these are of them: whither are they vanisht? 
Macb. Into the Ayre; and what seem'd corporall, 
Melted, as breath into the Wind: 
Would they had stay'd. 

Bang. Were such things here, as we doe speake about? 
Or have we eaten on the insane Root. 
That rakes the Reason Prisoner? 
Macb. Your Children shall be Kings. 
Bang. You shall be King. 
Macb. And Thane of Cawdor too; went it not so? 

Bang. Toth's selfe-same tune, and words, who's here? 

Enter Ross and Angus.

Ross. The King hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth, 
The newes of thy successe; and when he knowes 
Thy personall Venturse in the Rebels fight, 
His Wonders and his Prayses doe extend, 
Which should be thine, or his: silenci'd with that, 
In viewing o're the caft of th'effeate daye, 
He finds thee in the stout Norwegian Rankes, 
Nothing afeard of what thy selfe didst make 
Strange images of death, as thick as Tulle. 
Can post with poise, and every one did bear 
Thy prayses in his Kingdome great defence, 
And pow'd them downe before him. 

Ang. We are straung, 
To gaine thee from our Royall Matter thanks, 
Onely to barrold thee into his fight, 
Not pay thee. 

Ross. And for an earnest of a greater Honor, 
He bad mee, from him, call the Thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, haue most worthy Thence,
For it is thine.

Sang. What can the Deuill speake true?
Mach. The Thome of Cawdor lyes:
Why do you displaie me in borrowed Robes?
Arg. Who was the Thome, lyes yet,
But vnder heauius judgement beares that Life,
Which he deare to losse.
Whether he was combind with those of Norway,
Or did lyne the Rebell with hiden helpe,
And vantage, or that with whom he laboured
In his Countreyes wraie, I know not:
But Treasons Capital, confes and proud,
Hast ouerthrowne him.

Mach. Glamys, and Thome of Cawdor:
The greatest is behinde. Thankes for your paines,
Das not you hope your Children shall be Kings,
When those that gave the Thome of Cawdor to me.
Promeised no less to them.

Sang. That trued home,
Might yet entride you unto the Crowne,
Beside the Thome of Cawdor: But its strange
And oftentimes, to winne vs to our harte,
The Instrumens of Darknesse vs think,
Vnlesse with hongee Trelles, to betyse.
In deceptfull consequences.

Cons. But I pray you,
Mach. Two Truchs are told,
As happy Prologues to the swelling Act
Of the Imperialis Threne. I thank you Gentlemen:
This imperious collecting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good.
If ill? why hath given me earne of treasuere,
Comemencing in a Truth? I am Thome of Cawdor.
If good? why do I yield to that suggestion,
Whose horrid Image doth vnfixe my Herte,
And make my treased Heart knowe my Robes,
Against the vie of nature? Prefirme Feares
Are left then horrible Imaginings:
My Thought, whose Murther ye is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single flate of Man.
That Function is smotherd in stumme,
And nothing is, but what is not.

Sang. Look to our Paterns raps.
Mach. If Chance will have me King,
Why Chance may Crowne me,
Without my herte.

Sang. New Honors come upon him
Like our strange Garments, cluse not to their mould,
But with the aid of vie.

Mach. Come what come may,
Time, and the Horte, run through the roughest Day.

Sang. Worthy Machet, wee stay upon your leg-
The.

Mach. Give me your favoure:
My dull Braine was wrought with things forgotten.
Kinde Gentlemen, your paines are registred,
Where every day I turne the Leaf.
To reade them,
Let vs toward the King: thinke upon
What hath changed, and at more time,
The Instrumens having weight'd it, let vs speake
Our free Herts each to other.

Sang. Very gladly.
Mach. Till then enough:
Come friends.

Exeunt.
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

Shake my well purpose, nor keep no peace betweene
Th'eff'ef't, and hit. Come to my Womans Breasts.
And take my Milke for Gall, you murthering Ministers.
Where-ever, in your sightes and offences,
You wait on Nature's Michelle.
Come thick Night,
And pull these in the dunne and fumeke of Hell,
That my keenke Knife seer not the Wound it maketh,
Nor Heauen peep through the Blanket of the darkes:
To cry, hold, hold.
Great Glumys, worthy Cawdor,
Greatest then both, by all-hall, hereafter,
Thy Letters hauent transported me beyond
This ignorance, and I feel noe
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest Lone,

Dunca comes here to Night.

Lady. And when goes hence?

Macb. To morrow, so he purposeth.

Lady. O neuer.

Shall none that Morrow see,
Your Face, my Thoun, is as a Booke, where men
May reade strange matters, to beguile the time.
Looke like the time, hear me welcome in your Eye,
Your Hand, your Tongue, looke like th'innocent flower,
But bee the Serpent under.
He's that comming,
Must be provided for:
and you shall put
This Nights great Businesse into my dispatch,
Which shall to all our Nights, and Daues to come,
Give solely fairest and gaye, and Matterdomes.

Macb. We will speake further.

Lady. O onely looke vp clear:
To alter favour, none is to love:
Leau all the rest to me.

Scena Sexta.

Hobbes, and Torchets. Enter King, Malcolmus,
Duncan, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Ross, Angus, and Attendants.

King. This Caffee hath a pleasant tare,
The ayre nimble and sweetly recommends it selfe
Vnto our gentle fencers.

Banq. This Guesst of Summit,
The Temple-haunting Barlet does approve,
By his louds Mammon, that the Heauen breath,
Smells wooingly here: no lusty frieres,
Buttrick, nor Cognis of Vantage, but this Bird
Hath made his pendant Bed, and procest Cradle,
Where they must breed, and haunt: I have obser'd
The ayre is delicate.

Lady. See, see, our honor'd Holfesse:
The Loue that follows vs, sometime is our trouble,
Which fill we thankes as Loue. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God-clyde vs for your pains,
And thankes vs for your trouble.

Lady. All our service,
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor, and single Busineffe, to contend
Against shote Honors deep, and broad,
Where with your Maiesties loades our Houfe:
For thoes of old, and the late Dignitaries,
Hevp'd vp to them, we rest your Ermites.
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

King. Where's the Thane of Cawdor? We couched him at the heele, and had a purpose To be his Parayor: But he rided well, And his great Lion (harpe as his Spurre) staffe to be his home before vs : Faire and Noble Hoftie. We are your guest to night,

La. Your Seruants hear, Have thirr, the thenselves, and what is theirs in comp, To make their Aude as your Highneffe pleasure, Shall to return your owne.

King. Gute me your hand: Conduct me to mine Host: we love him highly, And will continue our Grace towards him, By your leaue Hoftie, Exeunt.

Scena Septima.

Hoisted. Trenches. Enter a Servant, and divers Scaramis with Drums and Drums over the Stage. Then enter Macbeth.

Mact. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well, It were done quickly: If it be possible, Could that I trammel vp the Conquerour, and catch With his former Successe? But this bloudy thought Might be the be all, and the end all. Heere, But here, you know this Banke and Schoole of time, We'll impre the life to come. But in these Cales, We shall bee occasion heere, that we bee teach Bloody Instructions, which being taugh, returne To plague th'immente. This men-handled justice Condemns in the Indigence of our paynted Chalice To our owne lips. Heere, heere, in double trait.

First, as I am Kinsman, and his Subiekt, Strong both against the Deed: Then, as his Host, Who should against his Murderer flutt the doore, Not beare the knave my fettle. Besides, this Banke Hath borne his facilitie to make: hath bin So celer in his great Office, that his Virtue Will please like Angles, Trumpet-tongued against The deepen damnation of his taking off: And witty, like a naked New-horne-Babe, Stroding the blackis of Heavens Cherubins, hord's Upon the frightful Carriours of the Ayre, Shall blow the heround deed in every eye, That teares shall drowne the windes. I have no Spurre To prick the sides of my Intent, but only Vaultering Ambition, which ore-keeps it felle, And falleth on the other.

Enter Lady. Lord. He has almost fitts: why have you left the chamber? Mac. Hath he ask'd for me?

La. Know you not, lie he's?

Mact. We will proceed no further in this businesse. He hath honoured me of late, and I have bought Golden Opinions from all fowre of people, Which would be wrong now in their newest gleeble, Not cast aside so soon.

La. Was the thope drunke, Wherein you drest your felle? Hath it slept since ? And wakes it now to, lookes for greene, and pale, At what it did in febly? From this time, Such I account thy line: Are thou siffert'd To be the same in thine owne Aft, and Valour, As thou art in desire? Would it thou have that

Which thou esteemt the Ornamen of Life, And live a Coward in thine owne Eftimace? Letting I dare not, wawl upon I would, Like the poor Car the 'Vagghage.

Mact. Pair see peace: I dare do all that may become a man, Who dares no more, is none.

La. What Beast was then That made you break upon this enterprise to me? When you durst do it, then you were a man! And to be more then when you were, you would Do it so much the man. Not time, nor place Did then allure, and yet you would make horne They have made them in you, and that their fennell bow Doth make you. I have gueus Sucke, and know how tender you to loose the Babe that milkis you, I would, while it was fraying in my face. Have plac'd my Nipple from his Bottle of Gummies. And drukke the Braine out, had I so I woule. As you have done to this.

Mact. If we should fail? Lad. We fail? But screw your courage to the flicking place, And we'll not faile. when Thronia is asleep, (Where to the rather shall his dayes hard Tommy Soundly invite him) his two Chamberlaines Will I with Wine and Waisell, so commence, If That Memorie, the Warden of the Braine, Shall be a Fame, and the Receipt of Reason A Lymbek oneley: when in Swill of sleep, Their drenched Natures lyes as in a Death, What cannot you and I performe upon This guarded : I would not put upon Him guarded Dunciad? What not put upon His signall Officer? who shall beare the guilt Of our great quell.

Mact. Bring forth Men-Children onely: For thy undaunted Merrie should compose Nothing but Males. Will it not be receiv'd, When we have mark'd with blood their ftepp two Of his owne Chamber, and ws'd their very Daggers, That they have done?

Lad. Who dares receiveth it other, As we shall make our Gracies and Clamer to, Upon his Death?

Mact. I am settled, and bend vp Each corporall Agent to this terribile Fear, Away, and mock the time with fairest show, False Face miste bile what the false Heart doth know. Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Banquo and Fleance with a Torch before him.

Banq. How goes the Night, Boy? Fleance. The Moone is downe: I have not heard the Clock.

Banq. And shee goes downe at Twelve.

Fleance. 'Tis half past now, Sir.

Banq. Hold, take my Sword: There's Husbandry in Heaven, Their Candies are all out: take thee that too.

mm 3
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

Enter Macbeth, and a Seruan with a Torch.

Glue me my Sword: what, there? 

Macb. A Friend. 

Serv. What Sir, not yet accredited the King's a bed. 

He has been in most pleasing sights, 
And sent forth great largesse to your Offices. 

This Diamond he gives you Wife withall, 
By the name of most Kind本质, 
And that up in a suitable content. 

Mrs. Being unprepared, 
Our will became the sequent to defects, 
Which else should have fainted, 
Bar. All's well.

I dreamt last Night of the three wicked Sisters: 
To they have shew'd some truth, 

Macb. I think of them: 
Yet when we can exert an hour to ferre, 
We would spend it in some words upon that Business, 
If you would granite the time. 

Bar. At your kind's pleasure, 
Macb. If you shall cleanse it to my content, 
When 'tis, it shall make Honor for you, 
Bar. So I take none, 

In seeking to augment in, but still keep, 
My Bonome franchise'd, and Allegiance clear, 
I shall be conffaid. 

Macb. Good repose the while. 

Bar. Thanks Sir, she shall be good, 

Macb. Go bid thy Mistresse, when my drink is ready, 
She strike upon the Bell. Get thee to bed. 

But this is a Dagger, which I see before me, 
The Handle toward my Hand! Come, let me clutch thee: 
I hate thee not, and yet I see thee fill. 
An thou art not all Vision, faible 
To feeling, so to fight? or art thou but 
A Dagger of the Mind, a false Creation, 
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed Brain. 
I thee see, in forme as palpable, 
As this which now I draw. 

Von marshall doth it the way that I was going, 
And such an Instrument, I was so. 
Mine Eyes are made the sores o'th' other Sentres, 
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee fill; 
And on thy Blade, and Dudgeon, Gasts of Blood, 
Which was not to be. There's no such thing, 
It is the bloody Business, which informs 
The Scenes of Eyes. Now are the one half World 
Nature seems dead, and wicked Dreams abuse 
The Curtain's deep. Witchcraft celestial 
Poles Heavens offerings, and wither'd Murther, 
Amen, by his Gentleness, the Wolfe, 
Whose howl's is his Watch, thus with his healthy pace, 
With Thunders raising, and fire's towards his digeste 
Muses like, Earth. Thou sower, and frame, for Earth 
Hear not my steps, which they may walk, for fear. 
Thy very tones past of my where-abouts, 
And take the present horror from the time, 
Which now follows with it. Whiles I threaten, he lives: 
Words to the heat of dieces too cold breath givens, 
A Bell ringes. 

I go, and it is done: the Bell invites me. 
Here it is, done, for it is a Knell, 
That famous scene to Heaven, or to Hell. 

Exit.

Scene Secunda.

Enter Lady.

Lad. That which hath made the drunk, hath made me bold. 
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire. 

Hark! peace the owl, that shrieks, 
The fastall Bell-man, which gives the fretful good-night, 
He is about it, the Doore is open, 
And the surfeited Grooms do mock their charge 
With Snores. I have drugg'd their Potatoes, 
That Death and Nature do contend about them, 
Whether they live, or dye. 

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there? what ho? 
Lady. Alack, I am afraid they have awak'd, 
And 'tis not done. 

Macb. Confounds you, hearken. I say'd their Daggers ready, 
He could not misliffe them. Had he not reeled? 
My Father as he slept, I had done. 
My Husband? 

Macb. I have done the deed: 
Didst thou not hear a noise? 

I heard the Owl shriame, and the Crickets cry, 
Did not you speake? 

Macb. Did you? 
Lady. Now. 
Macb. As I defended? 
Lady. 1. 
Macb. Heark, who is it? Second Chamber? 
Lady. Dolethane. 
Macb. This is a fiery fight, 
Lady. A foolisht thought, to say a fiery fight, 

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, 
And one cry'd Murther, that they did wake each other: 
I flood, and heard them: But they did say their Prayers, 
And adrest them again to sleep. 

Lady. There are two in bed together. 

Macb. One cry'd God bleffe vs, and Amen the other, 
As they did see me with these Hauntings hands: 
Lifting their face, I could not say Amen, 
When they did say God bleffe vs. 

Lady. Consider it not so deeply. 

Macb. But whoere could not I pronounce Amen? 
I had most need of Blessing, and Amen stuck in my throat. 
Lady. Those deeds mull not be thought 
After these manner: so't will make vs mad. 

Macb. Still it cry'd, Sleep no more to the House: 
Clamis hath murdered Sipe, and therefore Cordner 
Shall sleep no more. Macbeth shall sleep no more. 

Lady. Who was it, that thus cry'd? Why worthy Town, 
You do vende your Noble strength, to sickne, 
So brasse-flickly of things: Go ete some Water, 

And
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

Enter Macduff and Lenox.

Mac. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you did lie so late?

Port. Faith, sir, we were carving till the second cock:
And Drinke, sir, is a great provoker of these things.

Mac. What three things does Drinke especially provoke?

Port. MARRY, SIR, NOSIE-painting, SLEEP, and VINE.
Lecherie, sir, it provokes, and upprovokes: it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore much Drinke may be said to be an Equinoctiall with Lecherie: it makes him, and it moves him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it provokes him, and dis-provokes him: makes him stand and do, and not stand and do; in conclusion, equinoctials him in a sleep, and giving him the dye, leaves him.

Mac. I believe, Drinke gave thee the dye last night.

Port. That it did, sir; the very Throat on me: but I required him for his dye, and (I think) being too strong for him, though he took my Legges sometime, yet I made a Shift to call him.

Enter Macbeth.

Mac. Is thy Master flaring?

Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

Lenox. Good morrow, Noble Sir.

Mac. Good morrow both.

Mac. Is the King flaring, worthy Thane?

Mac. Not yet.

Mac. He did command me to call timely on him,
I have almost flit the house.

Mac. Ile bring you to him.

Mac. I know this to be a toy full troublesome to you;
But yet tis one.

Mac. The labour we delight in, Physicks paine:

This is the Doore.

Mac. Ile make so bold to call, for tis my limited service.

Lenox. Goes the King hence to day?

Mac. He doth: he did appoint to so.

Lenox. The Night it is beene vnoaly:
Where we lay, our Chimneys were blowne downe,
And (as they say) lamentations heard in Ayre;
Strange Surmaene of Death,
And Prophecying, with Accentes terrible,
Of dyre Confusion, and confus'd Eventes,
New hatch'd doth wowther full time.

The oblique Bird clamour'd the line-long Night,
Some say, the Earth was fenous,
And did thake.

Mac. Twa a rough Night.

Lenox. My young remembrance cannot parcell
A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.

Mac. O horror, horror, horror.

Tongue nor Heart cannot conceive nor name thee.

Mac. and Lenox. What's the matter?

Mac. Confusion now hath made his Master-peece:
Molt expeligious Mother hath broke thee.

The Lords sognyed Temple, and Rolle chence

The Life of the Building,

Mac. What is it you say, the Life?

Lenox. Meane you his Majesty?

Mac. Approch the Chamber, and destroy your sight

With a new Gorgon. Does not bid me speake:
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

See, and then speake your furies: awake, awake,

Exit Macbeth and Lenox.

Ring the Alarum Bell: Murder, and Treason,
Barbares and Banqueting. Macbeth awake,
Shake off this Downey sleep, Death's counterfeit,
And look on Death's pale face: vpp, vpp, and see
The great Doomes Image: Malcolm, Banquo,
As from your Graves rise vp, and walk like Sprights,
To conuince this horror. Ring the Bell.
Bell ring. Enter Lady.

Lady. What's the Bell for?
That such a hideous Trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the houfe? speake, speake.
Macb. O gentle Lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speake:
The repetition in a Woman's ear
Would murder as it fell.

Enter Banquo.

O Banquo, Banquo, Our Royall Master's murderer'd,
Banquo. Woe, alas!
Lady. What, in our Houfe?
Ban. Too cruel, any where.
Desire Duff, I pray thee contradict thy selfe,
And say, it is not so.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Ruffe.

Macb. Had I but pow'r d an hour before this chance,
I had as good a blisful time: far from this instant,
There's nothing serious in Mortality:
All is but Toys: Renowne and Grace is dead,
The Wine of Life is drawn, and the meer Leicester
Is left this Vault, to brag of.

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.

Don. What is amiss?
Macb. You are, and do not know'st:
The Spring, the Head, the Fountain of your Blood
Is stopp'd, the very Source of it is stopp'd.

Mal. Your Royall Father's murderer'd,
Macb. Oh, by whom?
Lenox. Those of his Chamber, as it seem'd, had don't;
Their Hands and Faces were all bad'd with blood,
So were their Daggers, which we find'd, we found
Upon their Pillows: they flay'd, and were distraci'd,
No man was to be truss'd with them.
Macb. O, yet I doe recepe me of my fairies,
That I did kill them.

Mal. Wherefore did you do?
Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, & furious,
Loyal, and Neutral, in a moment? No man:
'Twas expedition of my violent Lust
Out-run the puff, Beaton. Here lay Banquo,
His Silver skynne, jact'd with his Golden Blood,
And his gath'd Stabs, look'd like a Breach in Nature,
For Ruines wellfull entrance: there the Murderers,
Steep'd in the Colours of their Trade; their Daggers
Vanish'd in their hands, who could refrain,
That had a heart to lose; and in that heart,
Courage, to make's love known.

Lenox. Look to the Lady.

Macb. Why doe we hold our tongues?
That mone may chainge this argument for ours?

Don. What should be spoken here.

Where our Fate hid in an augure hole,
May rest, and feeze yes? Let it away,
Our Teares are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong Sorrow
Upon the houses of Mancle.
Ban. Look to the Lady:
And when we have our naked Frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure; let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of works,
To know it further. Fear and tumults shake us:
In the great Hand of God, and thence,
Against the vanishing'd presence, I fight
Of Tresounous Malice.

Macb. And to doe I.
All. So all.

Mal. Let's briefly put on manly readines,
And meet in this Hall together.
All. Well contented.

Mal. What will you doe?
Let's not comfort with them:
To shew an unconfidt Sorrow, is an Office
Which the false man's is usuall.
He to England,
Men. To Ireland.

Our separater fortune shall keep us both the safer:
Where we are, there's a Dangers in mens Smiles;
The meer in blood, the meer bloody.

Mal. This murtherous Shaft is that:
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way,
Is to avoid the Syme. Therefore to Horace,
And let us not be stain'd of base-taking.
But flat away: there's a warrant in that Theft,
Which flees it selfe, when there's no mercie left.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Ruffe, with an Old man.

Old man. Thrice four and ten I can remember well,
Within the Volume of which Time, I have seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this fore Night
Hath tripp'd former knowings.

Ruffe. Ha, good Father,
Those feet: the Hooke, or troubled with mass A8,
Threatens his bloody Stage: by thic: Clock 'tis Day,
And yet darke Night frangles the trussing Lampe:
Is't Night's predominant, or the Days shame,
That Dauge doe the face of Earth intombie,
When Living light should kiss it?

Old man. Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done: On Tuesday last,
A Faulcon owling in her pride of grace,
Was by a Mowling Owle hawked at, and kill'd.

Ruffe. And Duncane Horaces,
(A thing most strange, and certaine)
Beauteous, and wiit, the Minions of their Race,
Tum'd wild in nature, broke their dalls flogging out,
Contending 'gainst Obedience, as they would
Make Warre with Macinade.

Old man. 'Tis said they eate each other.

Ruffe. They did so.
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

To the amazement of mine eyes that look'd up on't.

Enter Macbeth.

Here comes the good Macbeth.

How does the world Swarrow?

Macb. Why can you not?

Reef. It's known who did this more than bloody deed?

Macb. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Reef. Alas the day,

What good could they pretend?

Macb. They were ruffians,

Malcontents; and, damnations, the King's two Sonnes

Are blemish away and stud, which puts upon them

Supposition of the deed.

Reef. 'Gainst Nature full,

Thriftless Amition, that will raven vp

These owne lives meanes: Then 'tis most like,

The Soueraigny will fall upon Macbeth.

Macb. He is already nam'd, and gone to Score

To be imployed.

Reef. Where is Duncan's body?

Macb. Carried to Colmacel.

The Sacred Store-houle of his Predecessors,

And Guardian of his Bones.

Reef. Will you to Score?

Macb. No Sach, as I live.

Reef. Well, I will it.

Macb. Well may you see things well done there.

Adieu, Left our old Robes if easier then our new.

Reef. Farewell, Father.

Old M. Gods ben'y son go with you, and with those

That would make good of bad, and Friends of Gods.

Excuse stances

[A. Tertius. Scena Prima.]

Enter Banquo.

Banq. Thou hast it not, now, King, Caedtor, Glumis, all,

As the voyard Woman promised, and I fear

They play'd it most slowely for 17. it was aiide

It should not stand in thy Patience,

But that my selfe shou'd be the Reede, and Father

Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,

As upon thee [Macbeth], their Speeches shine,

Why by the ventures on thee made good,

May they not be my Oracles as well,

And let me vp in hope. But hush, no more.

Spare stances. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Lenox,

Ruff, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chiefes Guest.

Len. If he be not forgotten,

It had beene as a gap in our great Fesh,

And all thing venoming.

Macb. Tonight we hold a solemn supper fit,

And I beseech your presence.

Banq. Let your highness

Command upon me, to the which my duties

Are with a most infallible eye

For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoone?

Banq. 1, my good Lord.

Macb. We should have else defer'd your good advice

(Which fill hath been a great, and prosperous).

In this days Councils; but we're to take to morrow.

Is't faire you ride?

Banq. As faire, my Lord, as will fill vp the time

Twiss this, and Supper, Go not my Horsie the better,

I must become a borrower of the Night,

For a dakers house, or twine.

Macb. Fail not our Feast.

Banq. My Lord, I will.

Macb. We hear our bloody Cozens are bestow'd

In England, and in Ireland, not confessing

Their cruel Parricide, filling their hearts

With strange invention, But of that to morrow,

When therewithall we shall see cause of State,

Cruelty, vs loyalty. Hie you to Horsie.

Adieu, till you retire at Night.

Goes Florence with you?

Banq. I, my good Lord; our time does call upon's;

Macb. 1 with your Horsie swift, and sure of foot:

And I do commend you to their backs.

Exit Banquo.

Let every man be master of his time,

Till seven at Night, to make jocosity

The sweeter welcome.

We will keep our selfe till Supper time alone;

When then, God be with you,

Exit Lords.

Stratia, a word with you: Attend those men

Our pleasure?

Servants. They are, my Lord, without the Palace

Gate.

Macb. Bring them before vs.

Enter Servants.

To be thus, is nothing, but to be safely thus:

Our stares in Banquo Bick deep;

And in his Royalties of Nature reignes that

Which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares,

And to that dauntlesse temper of his Minde,

He hath a Woldnes, that doth guide his Valour,

To act in Ierity. There is none but he,

Who's being I do fear: and vnder him,

My assisse is rebuk'd, as it is said

Mark Anthony was by Caesar. He chid the Siffers;

When first they put the Name of King upon me,

And bad them speake to him. Then Prophet-like,

They huy'd him Father to a Line of Kings.

Upon my Head they plaide a fruellie Crowne,

And put a barren Scopier in my Gripe,

Thence to be wrenched with an uninfallable Hand;

No Sonne of mine succeeding: it's be so,

For Banquo's filie haue I fil'd my Minde,

For them, the gracious Daughters I have mutter'd,

Put Rauncous in the Vessel of my Peace

Only for them, and mine eternall Jewell

Given to the common Enemy of Man,

To make them Kings, the Seeds of Banquo Kings.

Rais'd then from overse into the Lyfe,

And championed to eternall Vnconquer.

Who's there?

Enter Servant, and two Marcharders.

Now goe to the Door, and stay there till we call.

Exit Servant.

Was it not yesterday we spake together?

March. It was, to please your Highness.

March. Well then,

Now hau ye consid'rd of my speeches:
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

Know, that it was he in the times past,
Which held you so under fortune,
Which you thought had been our innocent selfe,
This I made good to you in our last conference,
Past in probation with you:
How you were borne in hand, how croft:
The Instruments: who wrought with them:
And all things else, that might
To half a Soule, and to a Nation craz'd,
Say, Thus did Banquo.

1. Murch. You made it knowne to vs.
Mack. I did so:
And went further, which is now
Our piece of second meeting.
Do you finde your patience so predominant,
In your nature, that you can let this goe?
Are you so Goyspelled, to pray for this good man,
And for his life, whole his head sail hand
Hath bowld to you the Graue, and begger'd
Your soeuer?

1. Murch. We are men, my Liege.
Mack. In the Catalogue ye goe for men,
As Hounds, and Greyhounds, Mungrels, Spaniels, Curres,
Showghes, Water-Rugs, and Demy-Wolves are elipt.
All by the Name of Dogges: the valued file
Differing after the Swarfe, the Bow, the Fiddle,
The House-keeper, the Hunter, every one
According to the gift, which bounteous Nature
Hath in him clo'd: whereby he doth receive
Particular addition from the Hill,
That writes them all alike: and of men.
Now, if you have a station in the state,
Not Phel jawne ranke of Manhood, Jace,
And J. will put that Befelnesse in your Bosomes,
Whose execution takes your Enemye off,
Grapples you to the heart and bone of vs,
Who wear our Shalish but richly in his Life,
Which in his Death were perfect.

1. Murch. I am one, my Liege,
Whom the vile Blows and Buffets of the World
Hath so intem'd, that I am recklees what I doe,
To spight the World.

1. Murch. And another,
So weare with Disatfers, tug'd with Fortune,
That I would let my Life and any Chance,
To mend it or be rid on.

Mack. Both of you know Banquo was your Enemye.

Murch. True, my Lord.
Mack. So he mines: and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrues,
Against my neath of Life and though I could
With bare face'd power weare him from my sight,
And bid my will assuage it: yet I must nor,
For certain friends that are both his, and mine,
Whose lousy I may not drop, but wayse his fall,
Who my selfe shew downe: and thence it is,
That I to your Affinities doe make lowe.
Masking the Befelnesse from the common Eye,
For sundry weighty Reasons.

1. Murch. We shall, my Lord,
Perform what you command vs.

1. Murch. Though our Lites--
Mack. Your Spirits shine through you.
Within this house, at most,
I will advise you where to plant your felter,
Acquaint you with the perfect Spy of th' time,

The moment on, fo't must be done to Night,
And something from the Pallaces alwayes thought,
That I require a clearance: and with him,
To leave no Rubs nor Bottches in the Worke:
Flees, his Sonne, that keeps him companie,
Whole absence is no lees materiall to me,
Then is his Brothers, must embrave the face
Of that darke house: resolve your soules apart,
He come to you anon.

Murch. We are reform'd, my Lord.
Mack. He call upon you straight: abide within,
It is concluded: Banquo, thy Soules flight,
If it finde Heauen, must finde it out to Night. Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter [Macketh] Lady, and a Servant.

Lady. Banquo gone from Court?
Servant. I, Madame, but returns againe to Night.
Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his leature,
For a few Words.
Servant. Madame, I will. Exit.

Lady. Nought's had, all is spent,
Where our defire is got without content:
Tis safer, to be that which we defray,
Then by destruction dwell in double saie.

Enter [Macketh]

How now, my Lord, why do you keep me lone?
Of forswert Fantasse you companie making,
Vying those Thoughts, which should indeed have dy'd
With them they thinke on things without all remedie
Should be without regard: what alone is done,
Mack. We have search'd the Snakes, nor kill'd it:
She'll close, and be her selfe, whilst our poorst Malice
Remaines in danger of her former Tooth,
But let the frame of things dis-slay,
Both the Worlds faller,
Ere we will caste our Meale in fear, and sleep
In the stile of those terrible Dreams,
That shake vs Nightly: better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gayne our peace, haue sent to peace,
Then on the torture of the Mind to ly
In reflexse extasie.

Dunsan is in his Graine:
After Lice infall Feuer, he sleepe well,
Trenson ha's done his work: nor Stede, nor Poyson,
Malice dometique, forainse Leute, nothing,
Can touch him further.

Lady. Come on:
Gentle my Lord,leeke o're your rugged Lookes,
Be bright and jovial among your Guests to Night.
Mack. So close I lour, and so I prays be you:
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo,
Prefers him Eminence, both with Eye and Tongue:
Unsafe the while, that were mult langue
Our Honours in these flattering Rammes,
And make our Faces Vixards to our Hearts,
Disguising what they are.
Lady. You must leave this.
Mack. O, full of Scorpiions is my Mind, dear Wife:
Thou knowest that Banquo and his Heirs, live,
Lady. But
Enter three Marshalls.

1. But who did bid thee soine with us?
2. Macbeth.
3. He needs not our misfortune, for he delivers us;
   Our Offices, and what we have to doe,
   To the direction aforesaid.

1. Then stand with us.
2. The Well yet glimmers with some fire of this Day.
   Now purrs the latest Traveller's pace.
   To gaze the timely time, and nectar approaches
   The tabernacle of our Watch.
3. Hearke, I heare Horfes, 
   Banquet within. Guess vs a Light there, hos.
4. Then is he.
   The rest, that are within the note of expectation,
   Are already in the Court.
5. 1. His Horse goe about.
6. 2. Almost a smile: but he does visibly,
   So all men doe, from hence to the Palace Gate
   Make it their Walk.

Enter Banquo and Fleance, with a Torch,

1. A Light, a light.
2. ’Tis he.

1. Stand too.
2. Ban. It will be Rayne to Night.
3. Let it come downe.

1. O, Treacherie!
2. Eye good Fleames, flye, flye, flye,
   Thou mayst revenge. O Shame!
3. Who did strike out the Light?
4. Was not the way?
5. There's but one downe: the Sonne is fled.
   We have lost
   Half of our Affaire.
6. Well, let's away, and say how much is done.

Macbeth. 

Scena Quarta.

Banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, Lady, Raff, Lawes, Lords, and Attendants.

1. You know your owne degrees, sit downe:
   At feft and last, the hearty welcome.
2. Thankes to your Majestye.
3. Macbeth. Our selfe will mingle with Society,
   And playt the humble Host:
   Our Hostess keeps her State, but in best time
   We will require her welcome.
3. Lady. Pronounce it for me Sir, to all our Friends.
   For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter first Marshal.

1. See thet they encounter thee with their hats thanks
   Both sides are even: here I sit till midday.
   Be large in mirth, anon we'll drink a Measure
   The Table round. There's blood upon thy face.
2. They are.
3. Macbeth. This Banquet's then.
4. Macbeth. This better time without, then he within.
5. Is he dispaich'd?
6. Macbeth. My Lord his throat is cut, that I did for him.
7. Macbeth. Thou art the best of all our streale.
   Yet here's good that did the like for Elrond:
   If thou didst it, thou art no parell.
8. Macbeth. Most Royal Sir
9. Please as I may.
1. Macbeth. Then comes my Father againe:
   I had else beene perfect.
   Whole as the Marble, fould as the Rocke,
   As broad, and general, as the casting Ayre.
   But now I am caji'd, caji'd, confin'd, bound in
   To fiv'ry doubts, and feates.
   Banquet's safe?
2. Macbeth. I, my good Lord: safe in a ditch he lies,
   With twenty trench'd gashes on his head.
   The least a Death to Nature.
3. Macbeth. Thanks for this:
   There the thorny Serpent lies, the worme that's fled
   Hath Nature that in time will Venome breed
   No teeth for th' present. Get thee gone, to morrow
   We'll hear our felices again.
   Exit Brookhouse.
4. Lady. My Royal Lord,
   You do not give the Cheere, the Feast is fold
   That is not often vouch'd, while 'is a making:
   ’Tis given, with welcome: to feece were best at home:
   From thence, the lawte to mee is Ceremony
   Meeting were bare without it.

Enter the Ghost of Banque, and sit in Macbeth's place.

1. Macbeth. Sweet Remembrance:
   Now good digestion waiteth on Appetite,
   And health on both.
2. Lawes. May't please your Highnesse sir.
3. Macbeth. Here had we now our Countries Honor, rood?
4. Were the grace'd person of one Banque present:
   Who, may I rather, challenge for vnkindness,
   Then pity for Mischance.
5. Raff. His absence (Sir)
6. Lyes blame upon his prouise. Please your Highness
   To grace vs with your Royall Companie?
The Tragedy of Macbeth.

Mac. The Table's full.
Len. Here is a place refer'd Sir,
Mac. Where?
Len. Here my good Lord.
What is't that moves your Highness now?
Mac. Which of you have done this?
Len. What, my good Lord?
Mac. Thou cannot say: I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.
Ro. Gentlemen rise, his Highness is not well.
Ldy. Sit worthy Friends: my Lord is often thus,
And hath bene from his youth. Pray you keep Seat.
The fire 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?
Mac. 1, and a bold one, that dare looke on that
Which might appall the Diuell.
Le. O proper Buell: This is the very painting of your feare:
This is the Ayre-drawn Dagger which you said
Led you to Duncan; O, these flames and flares
(Imposhous to true feare) would well become
A woman floury, at a Winters fire.
Authoriz'd by her Grandam: fame it feale,
What do you make of these faces? When all's done
You look but on a subtil.
Mac. Pay thee see there:
Behold, looke, loe, how say you:
Why what care I, if thou canst nod, speake too.
If Christian houles, and our Graces must send
Theire that we bury, hexterity our Monuments
Shall be the Mawes of Kyre.
Le. What's quite unmann'd in folly.
Mac. If I stand heere, I saw him.
Le. Pie for blame.
Mac. Blood hath bene thred ere now, in velden time
Bre human Statues purg'd the gentle Wesel:
1, and since too, Marthers have bene perform'd
Too terrible for the care. The times has bene,
That when the Braines were out, the man would dye,
And there an end: But now theire rife a game
With twenty mortall murders on their crownes;
And I ferre from our foorles. This is more strange
Then such a murther is.
Le. My worthy Lord
Your Noble Friends do lack you.
Mac. 1 do forget:
Do not mische me: my most worthy Friends,
I haue strange unkindnesse, which is nothing
To thole that know me. Come, Ione and health to all,
Then Ile bid dawn: Give me some Wine, fill full:
Enter Ghost.
I drinks to thy general joy o'th'whole Table:
And to our deere Friend Banquo, whom we misse:
Would he were here: to all, and him we thirst,
And all to all.
Lords. Our duties, and the pledge,
Men. Aue, & quitt my fight, the earth hide thee:
Thy bones are nourishe we, thy blood is cold:
Thou hast no speculation in thine eyes
Which they dont grace with.
Mac. Think of this good Princes,
But as a thing of Custome: This no other,
Omit it spoiles the pleasure of the time.

Approach thou like the rugged Suffering Beare,
The arm'd Rhiencer, or th' Ebran Tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my spirit Nemesis
Shall never tremble. Or be afeare again,
And darne to the Dearth with thy Sword:
If troubling I inhabit thee, protec't mee
The Baby of a Little. Hence horrible shadow,
Vnacall mock'y hence. Why so, being gone
I am a man again: pray you fit still.
Le. You have displac'd the mirth,
Broke the good meeting, with most admir'd disorder.
Mac. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a Summert Clowd;
Without our special wond'r? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behould such fighes,
And keep the natural Rubie of your Cheekes,
When mine is blanch'd with feare.
Ro. What fight, my Lord?
Le. I pray you speake not: he grows worse & worse,
Question enrag'd him; at once, goodnight,
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.
Le. Good night, and better health
Attend his Majestye.
Le. I wish you goodnight to all.
Mac. It will have blood they say:
Blood will have Blood:
Stones have bene knowne to mone, & Trees to speake:
Augurers, and underflood Relations, have
By Magust Pyes, & Choughes & Roosters brought forth
The secret from of Blood. What is the night?
Le. A moft at oddes with morning, which is which.
Mac. How say'th thou that. Macduff denies his person
At our great bidding.
Le. Did you tend to him Sir?
Mac. I heare it by the way: But I will tend:
There's not a one of them but in his house
I keep a Seruant. I will to morrow
(And betimes I will) to the weyard Sisters;
More shall they speake: for now I am bent to know
By the worke means, the worke, for mine owne good,
And all enough shall I speake way, I am in blood
Seer in so faire, that should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o're;
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand,
Which must be acted, eve they may be feard.
Le. You lack the season of all Natures, sleepe.
Mac. Come, wee to sleepe: My strange & self-abuse
In the insuite fear, that wants hard vie:
We are yet but young indeed.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Thunder. Enter the same Witches, meeting.

Hec. Haeue I not restion (Beldams) as you are?
Savory, and oner-bold, how did you dare?
To Trade, and Trafficke with Macbeth,
In Riddles, and Affairs of death;

And
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

And I the Mithril of your Charms,
The close conterie of all harms,
Was never cast to bear me part,
Or blew the glory of our Art?
And which is worst, all you have done
Hath bene but for a wayward Sonne,
Sightfull, and wrathfull, who (as others do)
Loses for his owne ends, not for you,
But make amends now! Get you gone,
And at the gate of Acheron
Meet me I shal Mornin; thither he
Will come, to know his Definie,
Your Vessells, and your Spels proclive,
Your Charms, and every thing before;
I am for th’Ayre! This night: He spend
Vain a diffiall, and a Fatail end.
Great burnselle must be wrought ere None.
Vpon the Corner of the Moon.
There hangs a wap’tous drop, profound;
He catcheth ere it come to ground;
And that distill’d by Magickes lights,
Shall raise such Artifical Sprits,
As by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his Confusio.
He shall spare no Fate, spare no Death, and spare
His hopes some Witdome, Grace, and Peace:
And you all know, Security
Is Mortals clearest Enemie.

Ab-nickel, and a Song.
Hearke, I am call’d my little Spirit fee
Sits in a Foggy cloud, and flies for me.

Sing within. Come away, come away.
I come, let’s make halfe, she’ll come be
Backe again.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Lenox, and another Lord.

Lenox. My former Speeches,
Haued but hit your thoughts
Which can interpret farther: Onely I say
Things have bin strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
Was pizied of Macduff, marry he was dead;
And the right valiant Banquett walked too late,
Whom you may say (if you please you) Ficiss hill’d,
For Ficiss Red: Men must not walk too late.

Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malfonishments, and for Devolvent,
To kill their gracious Father? Damm’d Foul’d,
How did ye name Macbeth? Did he not straight
In pious rage, the two delinquent teares,
That were the Slaues of drinkne, and thralles of sleepe?
Was not that Nobly done, and wisely too?
For twoe hall have anger’d any hearts anew.
To haue the rest deny’d. So that I say,
He’s borne all things well, and I do thinke,
That hee was Duncan Sonnes under his key
(Ah, and his pleasure Heaven he shall not) they should finde
What twere to kill a Father? So should Ficiss,
But peace; for from broad words, and sau as say’d
His preffure at the Tyrants Feast, I hear
Macduff lives in dilutce. Sir, can you tell

Scena Prima.

Enter the three Watchers.

Thunder. Enter the three Watchers.

1 Thrice the brinded Cat hath mew’d.
2 Thrice, and once the Hecate Pigge whin’d.
3 Harpier cries, his time, ois time,
4 Round about the Calidron go:
5 In the pound, Entrials throw
6 Toss’d, that vnder cold stone,
7 Dayes and Nightes, he’s thirty one,
8 Sweltred Venem sleeping got,
9 Boyle thouftill it’s arram’d pot.
10 All. Double, double, toile and trouble;
11 Fire burne, and Caudron bubble.
12 Filler of a Fenny Suske,
13 In the Caudron Boyle and bake:
14 Eye of Newt, and Toe of Frogge,
15 Wood of Bat, and Tongue of Dogge
16 Adder’s Fisse, and Blinde-wormes Stinge,
17 Lizard’s Legge, and Howler’s wing:
18 For a Charme of powerfull trouble,
19 Like a Hell-broth, Boyle and bubble.
20 All. Double, double, toile and trouble,
21 Fire burne, and Caudron bubble.
22 Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolf,
23 Witches Mummin, Maw, and Gulfe
24 Of the rauell’dSale Sea-buckle.
25 Root of Hemlocke, digg’d in darke.
26 Lister of Blaspemings Jew,
27 Gall of Goate, and Slipps of Yew,
28 Slumb’d in the Mones Eclipsie.

Note: 
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

Note of Tacks; and Tatters lips:
Finger of Birth-strangled Babe,
Ditche-deliuered by a Drab,
Make the Greuell thickke, and sud.
Adde therea a Tigers Chawdron,
For th'Ingracity of our Coudron.
All. Double, double, toyle and trouble,
Fire burne, and Caudron bubble.
1. Cooke it with a Baboons blood,
Then the Charmes is firme and good.

Enter Threes, and the other three Watchets.

Her. O well done: I commend your pains,
And every one shal have the highest gains:
And now about the Caudron ring,
Like Eluer and Fairies in a Ring,
Inchantment all that you put in.

Macbeth. and a Song. Blacke Spirit, &c.

2. By the pricking of my Thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes:
Open Lookers, who euer knocke.

Macbeth. How now you secret, black, & midnight Hags?
What is't you do?
All. A deade without a name.

Mac. I charge you, by that which you profess,
(How e're you come to know it) answer me:
Though you v'rye the Windes, and let them fight
Against the Churches: Though the yefty Wawes
Confound and swallowing Navigation vp:
Though blazed Crome be lodg'd, & Treet blowne downe,
Though Cavtis topple on their Winters head:
Though Pyramids do slope
Their heads to their Foundations: Though the treasurie
Of Naturs Germines, tumble altogether,
Even till definition sticke: Answer me.

To what I ask you:
1. Speake.
2. Demand.
3. Weel answer.
1. Say, if'thad not rather chose it from our mouths,
Or from our Masters.

Mac. Call 'em: let me see 'em.
1. Powre in Sweres blood, that hath eaten
Her mine Farrow: Greene that's sweaten
From the Murderers Gibbet, throw
Into the Flamme.

All. Come high or low:
Thy Selfe and Office deaflly show.

Mac. Tell me, thou unknowing power,
1. He knows thy thought.
2. Hear his speach, but say thou not.
1. Appar. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth:
Beware Macduff:
Beware the Thane of Fife: dissuade me. Enough.

Mac. What are thou art, for thy good caution, thanks
The last harp'd may ease worth: But one word more.
1. He will not be commanded: here's another
More potent then the first.

Thunder.

Appar. 1. Apparition, a bloody Child.
Mc. Had I three ears, I'll hear thee,
The Tragedy of Macbeth.

Act I, Scene I

Macb. Saw you the Weyard Sires?
Len. No, my Lord.
Macb. Came they not by you?
Len. No, indeed my Lord.
Macb. Infected be the Eyre whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them.
I did hear
The galloping of Horse. Who was't came by?
Len. Tis two or three my Lord, that bring you word:
Macb. Is Macduff fled to England?
Len. I pray good Lord,
Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits;
The flighy purpose never is o'er-cooke
Wastro the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very startings of my heart shall be
The stirrings of my hand. And soon now
To Crown my thoughts with Acts be is the light & done:
The Castle of Macduff, I will surprize,
Stie upon Fire, give to the edge of the Sword
His Wife, his Babes, and all forborne Souls
That trace him in his Line. No boosting like a Fool
This deed he do, before this purpose cool.
But no more fights. Where are these Gentlemen?
Come bring me where they are.

Scene Second.

Enter Macduff's Wife, for Sam. and Ruff.
Wife. What had he done, to make him fly the Land?
Ruff. You must have patience Madam.
Wife. He had done nothing:
His flight was madness: when our Actions do not,
Our fears do make vs Traitors.
Ruff. You know not
Whether it was his wifedom, or his fear.
Wife. Wifedom? to leave his wife, to leave his Babes,
His Manhood, and his Title, in a place
From whence himself he do's fly?
He loves vs not,
He wants the natural touch. For the poor Wrench
(The most diminutive of Birds) will fight,
Her young ones in her Nest, against the Wolfe:
All is the Fierce, and nothing is the Lame;
As little is the Wifedom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.
Ruff. My dearest Cord.
I pray you, choose your selfe. But for your Husband,
He is Noble, Wifed, Luderous, and belk knowes,
The first of all Reason. I dare not speak further:
But cruel are the times, when we are Traitors
And do not know our selves: when we hold Reason
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But close upon a wide and violent Sea
Each way and mone. I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long, but ill be heere againe:
Things at the worst will cease, or else the dimple, upward
To what they were before. My pretty Coo,
Blest be your you.
Wife. Father'd he is,
And yet he's Father lees.
Ruff. I am so much a Fool, should I stay longer?
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.
I take my leave at once.

Exit Ruff.

Wife. Sirra, your Fathers dead,
And what will you do now? How will you live?
Sam. As Birds do Mother.
Wife. What with Wormes, and Flies?
Sam. With what I get I mean, and to do they.
Wife. Poore Bird,
Thould'ld never Feare the Net, nor Lime,
The Pitfall, nor the Gin.
Sam. Why should I Mother?
Wife. Poore Birds they are not set for.
My Father is not dead for all your sayings.
Sam. Yes, he is dead:
How wilt thou do for a Father?
Sam. Nay how will you do for a Husband?
Wife. Wif, Why I can buy me twenty at any Market.
Sam. Then you'll by'em to fell again.
Wife. I now speak't with all thy witt,
And yet I wish with witt enough for thee.
Sam. Was any Father a Traitor, Mother?
Wife. Oh, that he was.
Sam. What is a Traitor?
Wife. Why one that swears, and lyes.
Sam. And be all Traitors, that do so.
Wife. Every one that do's so, is a Traitor,
And must be hang'd.
Sam. And must they all be hang'd, that swear and ly?
Wife. Every one.
Sam. Who must hang them?
Wife. Why, the honest men.
Sam. Then the Liars and Sweares are Fools: for there are
Lyars and Sweares now, to beate the honest men,
And hang up them.
Wife. Now God helpe thee, poor Monkies!
But how wilt thou do for a Father?
Sam. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you
would not, it were a good signe, that I should quickly
have a new Father.
Wife. Poorer prater, how thou talk't?
Enter a Messanger.
Mus. Blefse ye faire Dame: I am not to you known,
Though in your state of Honor I am perfe.
I doubt some danger do's approach you neere:
If you will take a homely mans advice,
Be not found heere: Hence with your little ones
To fright you thus. Me thinke I am too savage:
To do worse to you, were fell Cruelty,
Which is too nie your person. Heaven preferre you,
I dare abide no longer.
Wife. Whether should I stay?
I have done no harme. But I remember now
I am in this earthy world: where to do harme,
Is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then (alas)
Do I put vp that womanly defence,
To stay I have done no harme?
What are these faces?

Enter Montieth.
Mus. Where is your Husband?
Wife. I hope in no place so uncondifed,
Where such as thou mayst finde him.
Mus. He's a Traitor.
Sam. Then by thee, dagg'd and Villaine,
Mus. What you Egge?
Yong Ing of Treachery?
Sam. He's half as like a Mother,
Run away I pray you.

Exit Sam. and Mus.
Scena Tertia.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

Mal. Let us seeke out some desolate shade, & there
Weep our sad boomes empty.

Macb. Let vs rather
Hold fast the morall Sword & like good men,
Betide our downfall Birthome: each new Monte,
New Widders, howle, new Orphans cry, new forowes
Strike heauen on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like Sylable of Dolours.

Mal. What I believe, Be wise;
What know, believee; and what I can redresse,
As I shall finde the time to friend: I wil.
What you have spoke, it may be to perchance.
This Tyrant, whole sole name blistes our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have lost him well,
He hath not toucht you yet, I am young, but something
You may discern of him through me, and wicomone
To offer vp a weakest, poor innocent Lame
Tappens an angry God.

Macb. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is,
A good and vertuous Nature may eschwe le
In an Imperiall charge. But I shall crave your pardon;
That which you are, my thoughts cannot tran-sporte;
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.
Though all things soule, would wear the brows of grace
Yet Grace must full looke fo.

Macb. I have left my Hope.

Mal. Perchance euen there
Where I did finde my doubts.
Why in that rawness Left you Wife, and Childe?
Those precious Moitues, those strong knots of Loue,
Without losse-taking. I praty, you,
Let not my Lamentes, be your Dishonors,
But mine owne Safetie: you must be rightly just,
What ever I shall thinke.

Macb. Bleed, bleed poore Country,
Great Tyranny, lay thou thy bats sure,
For goodneffe do noth check thee: wear thy wrongs,
The Tule, is affiired. Far thee well Lord,
I would not be the Villaine that thou thinkst, I,
For the whole Space that's in the Tyrants Grape,
And the rich Ball to boot.

Mal. But offended,
I speake not as in absolute fear of you;
I think our Country inkes beneath the yoake,
I wepe, it bleeds, and with new day a gash
Is added to her wounds. I think withall,
There would be hands upliftid in my right:
And heere from gracious England have I offer
Of goodly thousands, But for all this,
When I shall tryste upon the Tyrants head,
Or warfare on my Sword yet my poore Country,
Shall base more vices then is bad before,
More fuller, and more fundayse ways then ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macb. What should he be?

Mal. It is my selfe I meane: in whom I know
All the particulars of Vice so grattid,

That when they shall be open'd, blacke Macbre.
Will seeme as pure as Snow, and the poore State
Eftesone him as a Lamb, being compar'd
With my contumelie harms.

Macb. Not in the Legions
Of horrid Hell can come a Disiel more damn'd
In euis, to top Macbre.

Mal. I grant him Bloody,
Luxurious, Atuicious, Falle, Deceitfull,
Sordine, Malicious, snatching of every fame
That he's a name. But there's no base one
In my Voluptuosnesse: You Wines, your Daughteres,
Your Matrons, and your Maides, could not fill Vp
The Celesse of my Loue, and my Desire
All continent Impediments would ope-bare
That did oppose my will. Better Macbre,
Then such an one to reigne.

Mal. Boundless Intemperance
In Nature is a Tyranny: It hath bene
Th'vntimely emptying of the happy Throne,
And fall of many Kings. But faire not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasuores in a spaciose plenty,
And yet not cold. The time you may loo hoode
We have willing Dames enough: there cannot be
That Vulture in you, to cleurse so many
As will to Greatnesse dedicate themselves,
Finding it to inclinde.

Mal. With this, there graces
In my mind ill-compasse d Affection, fach
A flanchesse Austiche, that were I King,
I should cut off the Nobles for their Lands,
Defire his Jewels, and this others House,
And more-having, would be as a Sawce
To make me hunger more, that I should forge
Quarrels vext against the Good and Loyall,
Deproving them for wealth.

Mal. This Austiche
sticke deeper: grooves with more peminicus roote
Then Summer-seeming Luft: and ye hath bin
The Sword of our flame Kings: yeet do not fere
Scotland hath Foyous, to fyll vp your will
Of your ore owne. All these are portable
With other Graces weight.

Mal. But I have none. The King-becoming Graces,
As Justice, Vertue, Temp'rance, Stablenesse,
Bounty, Perseverance, Mercy, Lothwine,
Deuotion, Patience, Courage, Fortitude,
I have no relilf of them, but abond
In the dilution of each封建al Crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I powre, I should
Poure the swee Milke of Concord, into Hell,
Vprore the vaterfall peace, confound
All vicit on earth.

Mal. O Scotland, Scotland.

Mal. If such a one be fit to gouzine, speake
I am as I have spoken.

Macb. Fit to gouzine? No not to line. O Nat6 miserable
With an unstiled Tyrant, bloody Sceptred,
When shall thou fee thy holome days againe?
Since that the truef Hifie of thy Throne
By his owne Interdiction flattes accust,
And do'se blasphemes his breed? Thy Royall Father
Was a most Sainte-king: the Quene that bore thee,
Offent upon her knees, then on her feet,
Dye'd every day the land. Fare thee well,
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

Are made, not mark'd: 'Where violet forrow flows, neath
A Moderne extasie, The Deadmans knell,
Is there scarce ask'd for whee, and good men lives,
Expire before the Flowers in their Cals,
Dying, or ere they flicker.

Macd. Oh Relation, too nice, and yet too true.

Macd. What's the newes griefe?

Reff. That of an houres age, doth bisse the speake,
Each minute temes a new one.

Macd. How do's my Wifes
Reff. Why well.

Macd. And all my Children?

Reff. Well too.

Macd. The Tyrants has not baret her at their peace?

Reff. No they were wel at peace, when I did leave 'em
Macd. Be not a nigard of your speech; How poor's?
Reff. When I came hither to transport the Tydings,
Which I have hearely borne, there ran a Runour
Of many worthy Fellowes, that were out,
Which was to my benefice wittnes the rather,
For that I saw the Tyrants Power a-foot.
Now is the time of help: your eye in Scotland
Would create Soldiers, make our women fight,
To doffe their dare differe,

Macd. Be'th their comfortors.

We are comming thither: Gracious England hath
Lent vs good Eyward, and ten thousand men,
An oldcr, and a better Souldier, none
That Christendome guesse out.

Reff. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like. But I have words
That would be how'd out in the defers syre,
Where hearing should not lach them.

Macd. What concerne they,
The generall ease, or is it a Free-griefe
Due to some single breth?

Reff. No mindes that's houreful
But in it fixtes some worse, though the maine part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. It be mine
Keepes it from me, quickly let me haue it.

Reff. Let not your ears disfigure your tongue for ever
Which shall pittifull them with the heaviest found
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Hum! I guesse at it.

Reff. Your Castle is surpriz'd: your Wife, and Babes
Sausagely slaughter'd: To relat the manner
Were on the Querry of their mothers Deere
To adde the death of you.

Macd. Mercifull Heaven:

What man, we'ere pull your hat upon your browe:
Guse forrow words; the griefe that do's not speake,
Whispers the oxe-fraughted heart, and bids is brake.

Macd. My Children ran?

Reff. Wife, Children, Servantes, all that could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence? My wife kil'd too
Reff. I haue saide,

Macd. Be comforted.

Let's make vs Medicines of our great Reuenge,
To cure this deadly grieffe.

Macd. He ha's no Children. All my pretty ones?
Did you say All? Oh Hell-Kine! All?
What, All my pretty Chickens, and their Damme
At one fell swoope?

Macd. Dimpis it like a mans,

Macd. I shall doe so.
But I must also feel it as a man;
I cannot but remember such things were
That were most precious to me. 'Tis heaven's locale on,
And 'tis not that their part. Sunfull Macbeth,
They were all strouk for thee. Naught that I am,
Not for their owne delinquents, but for mine
Full laughter on their soules; Heauen red them now.

Mac. Be this the Whetstone of your sword, let griefe
Conveert to anger; blunt not the heart, engage it.

Mac. O1 could play the woman wish mine eyes,
And Braggart with my tongue. But gentle Heauen,
Cut short all intermissions; Front to Front,
Bring thou this Friend of Scotland, and my selfe
Within my swords length for him, if he escape.
Heaven forgive him too.

Mac. This time goes manly
Come go we to the King, our Power is ready.
Our lacke is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
I rasp for shaking, and the Powers above.
Put on their Instruments: clear is what cleere you may,
The Night is long, that never finds the Day.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Dollar of Physicke, and a Praying
Gentlewoman.

Doll. I have too Nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it thee left walk'd?

Gent. Since his Majesty went into the Field, I have seen her rise from the bed, throw her Night-Gown upon her, unlock her Cloister, take four paper, fold it, set her hand to it, afterward seal'd and sign'd. She then returns to bed, and thus this whole while in a most fast sleepe.

Doll. A great perturbation in Nature, to relieve at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching. In this familiar agitation, besides her walking, and other actual performances, what (at any time) have you heard her say?

Gent. That Sir, which I will not report after her.

Doll. You may to me, and'll most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady with a Taper.

Lo you, where she comes: This is her very gesture, and upon her life, she's at once, and close.

Doll. How came she to that light?

Gent. Why she is drest by her self, her light by her continual, it is her command.

Doll. You see her eyes are open.

Gent. I but their finite are shut.

Doll. What is it she doth now?

Gent. Look how she holds her hands.

Doll. She is in no sort to act with her, to determine thus walking her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady. Yet here's a spot.

Doll. Hear, she speaks, I will set downe what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly, Let us, thou dogmouth, stopp out my eye. One, two! Why then 'tis time to do't: Hell is smoky. Ey, my Lord, be, a Soldier, and affect, or what need we fear? who knows it, when none can call our power to account: yet who

would have thought the olde man to have had so much blood in him.

Doll. Do you make that?

Lady. The Thane of Fife, had a wife; where is the now? What will their hands ne be cleane? No more o'that my Lord, no more o'that: you muste all with this hastening.

Doll. Go on, go on:

You have known what you should not.

Gent. She's he's spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heauen knows what she he's known.

Lady. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the persons of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.

Oh, oh, oh.

Doll. What a sight is there? The heart is sorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosome, for the dignitty of the whole body.

Doll. Well, well, well.

Gent. Pray God it be so.

Doll. This day is beyond my prudens: yet I have known no those which have walk't in their sleepe, who have dyed hollie in their beds.

Lady. Wash your hands, put on your Night-Gowne, looke not to pale: I tell you yet againe Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.

Doll. Enter in?

Lady. To bed, to bed: there's knowing at the gate:

Come, come, come, come, give me your hand: What's done, cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.

Exit Lady.

Doll. Will she goe now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doll. Poulle whist's rings are abroad: unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their dear pillowes will discharge their Secrets;
More needs the Divine, then the Physician:
God, God, forgive us all. Look about her,
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keeps eyes upon her: So goodnight,
My mind the he's mated, and mine'd my right.
I think, but dare not speake.

Gent. Good night, good Doctor.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Drum and Colours. Enter Montebh, Custome,
Augus, Lances, soldiers.

Augus. The English powre is nearer, led by deadly
His Ville Seyward, and the good Macbeth:
Reuenges burne in them: for their deere caues
Would to the bleeding, and the grim Alarime
Exite the mostified man.

Augus. Near Byram's wood
Shall we well meet them, thay waye are they containing?

Cust. Who knows noe what he doth, be his broother?

Lan. For certain Sir, he it is not: I have a full
Of all the Gentry: there is Seyward's Sonne,
And many rutheous youthes, that euer now
Protest their first of Manhood.

Augus. What do's the Tyrant.

Cust. Great Drumme in he strongly Fortifies:
Some say he's mad: Others, that leffet hate him,
Do call it vainish Fure, but for certaine.
The Tragedy of Macbeth.

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 minutenly Reuelos vpbraid his Faith-breath.
Thro' he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in loose: Now do's he feel his Title
Hang loose about him, like a Giant Robe
Upon a dwarfish Throat.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His peiter'd Senses to recolle, and flate,
When all that is within him, do's condemn
It false, for being there.

Cath. Well, march we on,
To give Obedience, where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet in the Med'ocrone of the flabby Wale,
And with him pouce we in our Countries purg,
Each drop of vs.

Lenox. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the Serrataigne Flower, and drowne the Weeds,
Make we our March towards Banian.  Exeunt murthering.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more Reports, let them flye all:
Till Byrnnam wood remoue to Dunsinnee,
I cannot taint with Fears. What's the Boy Malcolm?
Was he not borne of woman? The Spirits that know
All mortal Consequences, have promis'd me thus:
Fear not Macbeth, no man that's borne of woman
Shall ere have power upon thee. Then fly feale, Thanes,
And mingle with the English Epithores,
The minde I Isey by, and the heart I bearre,
Shall never fagge with doubt, nor shake with feare.

Enter Servant.

The smell damme the black Ion cream-fat'd Loone:
Where goest thou that Goafo-looke.

Ser. There is ten thousand.

Macb. Goe Sirr the Villan of

Ser. Scottards Sir.

Macb. Go prickle thy face, and answered thy feare
Than Lilly-liner'd Boy. What Scottards, Patro? Death of thy Soule, those Litter checks of thine
Are Counsellers to feare. What Scottards Whis-face?

Ser. The English Force, to please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence: Scotts, I am sick at hart,
When I behold: Scotts, my sight, this path,
Will cleare me euer, or divide me now.
I haue flud long enough, my way of life
Is faile into the Seeare, the yellow Life,
And that which should accompaunck Old-Age,
As Honor, Love, Obedience, Troops of Friends,
I must not look to have: but in their stead,
Comit, not loved but deep, Mouth-honor, breath
Which the poor heart would faile deny, and dare no.

Enter Servant.

Ser. What's your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What News more?

Ser. All is confirmed my Lord, which was reported.
Macb. He fightes still from my bones, my flesh be backt.

Give me my Armor.

Ser. Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'he put it on:
Send our moe Horses, skitter the Country round,
Hang those that talk of Perils. Gave me mine Armor:
How do you your Patient, Doctor?

Dott. Not to sick my Lord,
As she is troubled with thick comming Fancies
That keepe her from her rest.

Macb. Care of that:
Can't thou not Minister to a minds diseased,
Pucho from the Memory a rooted Sorrow,
Raze out the written trouble of the Brain,
And with some sweet Oblivion Antidote,
Cleare the feheet before, of that perilous stuffed
Which weighs upon the heart?

Dott. Therein the patient
Must minister to himselfe.

Macb. Throw Physick to the Dogs, I'll none of it.
Come, put mine Armour on: give me my Staffe:
Scotts, lend me Doctor, the Thanes flye from me,
Come flye, dispatch. If thou couldst Doctor, cast
The Water of my Land, finde her Disease,
And purge the to a sound and prifinite Health,
I would applaund thee to the very Echoes,
That should applaud againe. Pull off I say,
What Rubsrs, Cyne, or what Purgastie druggs
Would cause these English hence, heare it? of them?

Dott. I my good Lord: your Royal Preparation
Makes vs hearce something.

Macb. Bring it after me:
I will not be afraid of Death and Bane,
Till Binnacle Forret come to Dunsinnee.

Dott. Were I from Dunsinnee away and cleare,
Profit soone should hardly draw me here.

Scena Quarta.

Drums and Colours. Enter Malcolm, Seyward, Macduff,
Seywards Sonne, Montell, Cathrist, Angus, and Soldiers Marching.

Macb. Cuffe, I hope the dieys are neere at hand
That Chambers will be line.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Sym. What wood is this before vs?

Ment. The wood of Binnan.

Macb. Let every Scottard hew him downe a Bough,
And heat before him, thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our Host, and make discovery
Fire in report of vs.

Sed. It shall be done.

Sym. We lese no other, but the confident Tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinnee, and will indure
Our letting downe before.

Ment. Tho' his maine hope
For where there is advantage to be gaine,
Both more and less have gitten him the Remolu,
And none ferre with him, but constrained things,
Whose hearts are abeint too.

Macb. Let our skill Cenfures
Attend the true event, and put we on.
Scena Quinta.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, & Sonetars, with Drum and Colours.

Macb. Hang out our Banners on the outward walls, the Cry is full, they come: out Caithes strength will laugh a Sedge to econye: Here let them lye, till Pennine and the Age, case them vp: Were they not forced with those that should be ours, We might have met them darefull, beard to beard, And beat them backward home. What is that noyse?

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good Lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of Fear; the time ha's been't, my senses would have cool'd To hear a Night-thrilling, and my Fell of haire Would at a dimmle Trecle to ase, and flite As life were in't, I hate such full with horrors, Diresenfe familiar to my slumberous thoughts, Cannot once smart me, Wherefore was this cry? Sey. The Queenes (my Lord) is dead.

Macb. She should have dy'd hereafter; There would have beene a time for such a word: To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow, Creepes in this petty past from day to day, To the tall Sylable of recorded time: And all our yeere dayes, hand lighted Fool's The way to dusty death. Our, our, breafe Candle, Life's but a walking Shadow, a poor Player, That fruites and fees the house vp on the Stage, And then is heard no more. It is a Tale Told by an Aesop, full of sound and fury, Signifying nothing. Enter a Messenger.

Mes. They com't to vse thy Tongue: thy Story quickly.

Mes. Gracious my Lord, I should report that which I say I saw, But know not how to do't.

Macb. Well, say it...

Mes. As I did stand my watch upon the Hill, I look'd toward Byrnam, and anon I thought The Wood began to move.

Macb. Lyar, and Slauce.

Mes. Let me endure your wrath, it be not so: Within this three Mile may you see it comming, I say, a moving Grate;

Stab. If thou speakest't else,

Upon the next Tree shall thou hang a line Till Fame her wings: If thy speech be sooth, I care not: thou shall do me no harm. I pull in Resolution, and begin To double: the Inquisition of the Field, That lies in truth, Fear not, till Byrnam Wood Do come to Dunfinne, and now a Wood.

Scena Septima.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake, I cannot flye, But Beare-like I must fight the course. What's he That was not borne of Woman? Such a one Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young Seyward.

Sey. What is thy name? 

Macb. Thou shalt be afraid to hear it.

Sey. Thou that art abhorred Tyrant, with my Sword Ile prove the lyse thou speakest it.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Sey. The dull bellumfye could not pronounce a Tale More hatefull to mine ear.

Macb. Nay: not more scarefull.

Sey. Thou yelld abhorred Tyrant, with my Sword Ile prove the lyse thou speakest it.

Macb. Thou was borne of woman; But Swords I smile at, Weapons laugh to see, Brandish'd by man that's of a Woman borne. Exit.

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macb. That way the noise is; Tyrants show thy face, I throw steel flame, and with no stoke of mine, My Wife and Children Ghools will haunt me still: I am no; strike at wretched Kernes, whose arms Are ly'd to beare their Sires; either thou, Macbeth, Or else my Sword with an unbattered edge I sheath againe undeserved. These thou shouldest be, By this great clatter, one of greatest note.
The Tragedie of Macbeth.

Enter Malcolm and Seyward.

Sey. This way my Lord, the Caillies gently tendred: The Tyranes people, on both sides do fight, The Noble Thanes do brusly in the Warre, The day almost it selfe professest yours, And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with Foes, That strike before vs.

Sey. Enter Sir, the Caillie. Exit. Alarms.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman Fools, and dye On some owne sword? I wish'd I were here, the gaffes Do better serve them.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. Terre Hell-bound, tune.

Macb. Of all men else I joy'd thee: But get thee backe, my foule is too much charg'd With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have noe words, My voice is in my Sword, those bloodier Villaine Then tears can give thee out.

Fight. Alarms.

Macb. Thou bestest labour.

Arstake may't shoot the interranchant Ayre With thy keen Sword impruery, as make me bleed.

Let fall thy blade on vulnerabe Chefe, I hear a charmed Life, which multi not yield To one of woman borne.

Macd. Diligent thy Charme, And let the Angel whom thou full hast fem'd Tell thee, Macduff was from his Mothers womb Virtually cipt.

Macb. Accursed be that rogue that tells me to;
For it hast Cowd's my better part of man:
And be these fugging Friends no more beleived, That pater with vs a double fence, That keep the word of promise to our care, And break it to our hope. Die not fight with thine.

Macd. Then yield thee Coward, And live to be the shew, and grace of thine, We'll have thee, as our care: Monsters are Painted upon a pole, and under-wait, Here may you see the Tyranes.

Macb. I will not reed
To kill the ground before young Malcolm's feet, And to be baiss'd with the Rabbles euse:

Though Byrmane good be come to Dunfinesse, And then oppos'd, being of no woman borne, Yet I will try the shaft. Before my body, I throw my walticke Shield: Lay on Macduff, And damn'd be him, that first cries hold, enough.

Exit Macduff. Alarms.

Enter Fergus, and MacbethJamie.

Retreat and Fieuriff. Enter with Drumme and Colours, Malcolm, Seyward, Raff, Thanes, & Soldiers.

Mal. I would the Friends we mowde, were life arriz'd.

Sey. Some multi go off, and yet by these Isee, So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your Noble Sonne.

Raff. Your son my Lord, he's paid a soldiers debt, He only lieth but till he was a man, The which no sooner had his Proweisse confirm'd In the victorious station where he fought, But like a man he dy'd:.

Sey. Then he is dead?

Raff. I, and brought off the field, your cause of sorrow Multi not be measur'd by his worth, for then It hath no end.

Sey. Had he his hurts before?

Raff. I, on the Point.

Sey. Why then, Gods Soldier be he:

Had I as many Sonses, as I have latres, I would not with them to a fairer death: And in his Knell is Knoll'd.

Mal. Here's worth more sorrow, And that he spend for him.

Sey. He's worth no more, They lay he past well, and paid his score, And so God be with him. Here comes newer comfort.

Enter Macduff, with Macbeth's head.

Mal. Haile King, for to thou art.

Behold where hands

Th' TURNERs cursed head: the time is free;

I see thee compass with thy Kingdoms Peale, That speake my slavation in their minds;
Whole voyces I desire slowed with tune.

Haile King of Scotland.

All. Haile King of Scotland.

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time, Before we reckone with your present squires, And make vs even with you. My Thanes and Kinmen Henceforth be Earies, the first that ever Scotland From an Honor named. What's more to do, Which would be planted newly with the time, As calling home our exil'd Friends abroad, That fled the Stares of watchful Tyranny, Producing forth the cruel Ministers Of this dread Batcher, and his Friend-like Queen;

Who(as'ts thought) by false and violent hands, Took of her life. This and what needfull else That call's upon vs, by the Grace of Grace, We will performe in measure, time, and place:
So thankes to all at once, and to each one, Whom we suite, to see vs Crown'd at Scone.

Flourish.

Exit Queen.
Enter Barnardos and Francesco two Centurions.

Bar. Ho's there? 
Fra. Nay answer me, stand & unfold your faces. 
Bar. Long live the King, Barnardo? 
Fra. He.

Bar. You came most carefully upon your steps. 
Fra. 'Tis now twelfth, three bells, get thee to bed, Francesco. 
Bar. For this relieved my heart; this bitter cold, and I am sick at heart. 
Fra. What haste you had quiet Guard? 
Bar. To make us ready for the King. 
Fra. Yes, Barnardo, the Rulers of my Watch bid them make haste.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fra. I think I hear them. Stand: who's there? 
Hor. Friends to this ground. 
Mar. And Leige-men to the Dane. 
Fra. Glue you good night, 
Mar. Of every honest soldier, who hath relieved you? 
Bar. Barnardo has my place: glue you goodnight.

Fra. Exit Barnado.

Bar. Say, what is Horatio there? 
Hor. A piece of him. 
Mar. Welcome Horatio, welcome good Marcellus. 
Bar. What! is this that so much appear'd against the night? 
Mar. This same this Apparition come? 
Bar. He may approue our eyes, and speak to it. 
Bar. Sit down a while, and let us once again unfold your eyes, that are so fortified against our Story, what we two Nignts have been. 
Fra. Well, sit we downe, and let vs hear Barnardo speake of this. 
Bar. Last Night of all, when my name Stare that's Westward from the Pole, 
Hath made his course tillume that part of Heav'n

Where now it burns, Marcellus and my selfe, 
The Bell then beating on.

Mar. Peace, break this tree of: 
Enter the Ghost.

Bar. Look where it comes againe.

Mar. Thou art a Scholler, speake to it Horatio. 
Bar. Looks it not like the King? Marke it Horatio. 
Hor. Moit like: It harrowes me with fear & wonder. 
Bar. He would be spoke too.

Mar. Question it Horatio. 
Hor. What art thou that shin'st not this time of night, 
Together with that faire and Warlike forme 
In which the Majestie of buried Denmarke 
Did sometimes march: By Heauen I charge thee speake. 
Mar. It is offended, 
Bar. See, it shakes away. 
Hor. Stay! speake; speake! I charge thee speake. 
Enter the Ghost.

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer. 
Is not this something more then Fantaine? 
What think you of't? 
Hor. Before my God, I might not this beleue 
Without the sense and true atouch 
Of mine owne eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King? 
Hor. As thou art to thy selfe, 
Such was the very Armour he had on. 
When the Ambitious Norwaii combatted: 
So from we'd be once, when in an angry pale 
He flout the fleade Polution on the lee.

Tis strange. 
Mar. This twice before and last at this dead home, 
With Mariall's strike, 'hath he gone by our Watch. 
Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know no more. 
But in the groffe and scope of my Opinion, 
This shades some strange eruption on our State.

Mar. Good now sit downe, & tell me heath knowes 
Why this same strike, and most obseruante Watch, 
So nightly doyles the suburbs of the Land, 
And why that diely Craft of Blastion Cannon, 
And Foraigne Marke for implements of warre: 
Why such impression of Shipwrights, whole for Tache: 
Do's not diuide the Sunday from the week, 
What might be toward, that this bywrayd feast 
Dost make the Night joye-Labourer with the day: 
Who is't that can informe us? 
Hor. That can I.
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

At least the whisper goes it: Our last King. Whole Image was but now appeared to us, Was (as you know) by Fortinbras of Norway. (Therto pruned to by a mother emulatit Pride. Daed to the Counsell. In which, our Valiant Hamlet. (For in this fide of our knowe world effectual. Did say this Fortinbras, who by a Seal'd Compact, Well ratified by Law, and Heralds, Did intreate (with his life) all those his Lands Which he had feit of, to the Conqueror. Against which, a Monie competent Was gayed by our King: which had return'd To the Inheritance of Fortinbras, Had he bin Vanquisher, as by the fame Couenant And carriage of the Article definite, His fell to Hamlet. Now fit, young Fortinbras. Of whom the Mirth, hot, and full. Hath in the shires of Norway, here and there, Shot's up a Lift of Landfie Resolutions, For Food and Drink, to some Enterprise That hath a homack in't: which is no other (And it does well appeare unto our state.) But to recovery of us by strong hand And terms Compulsative, those forest'd Lands By his Father's will: and this (I take it) Is the maine Motive of our Preparations, The course of this our Watch, and the cheefe head Of this pos-hath, and Romage in the Land. Enter Ghost again. But soul, behold: Lo, where it comes againe: Ile creste it, though it blaste me. Stay, Illusion: If thou hast any found, or ye of Voyce, Speak to me. If there be any good thing to be done, That may the do ease, and grace to me; speak to me. If thou art privy to thy Countries Fate (Which happily foreknowing I may avoid) Oh speak it. Or, if thou hast wp-hoord in thy life Ex热带 Treasure in the womb of Earth, (For which, they say, you Spirits o'th walk in death) Speak of it. Stay, and speake, Stop it Marcellus. 

Mar. Shall I strike it with my Partizan? 

Her. No, do it, it will not stand. 

Barn. This here, 

Her. This here. 

Mar. This gone. 

Enter Ghost. 

We do it wrong, being to Matricall To offer it the Crew of Violence, For it is as the Ayre, inviolable, And our vaine blowes, malicious Muckey. 

Barn. It was about to speake, when the Cocke crew. 

Her. And then is flared, like a guilty thing Upon our fearfull Sanninos. I have heard, The Cocke that it is the Tempore to the 

Dath with its Lobs and Ome. 

Dath God of Day's: and at his warning, Whether in Sea, or Fire, in Earth, or Ayre, 

This seemest, and erring Spirit lives 

To his Conduite. And of the truth herein, 

This present Object made pibation, 

Mar. Is taken on the crowne of the Cocke. 

Some sayes, that ever'gaunt that Sutrons comes, 

Wherein our Sutrons Bird is celebrated, 

The Bird of Dawning, gets the all night long: 

And then (they say) no Spirit can walk abroad; The nights are wholelome, then no Planeate strike, 

No Fairy take, nor Watch hath power to Chase me.
You told vs of some suit. What is't Latueres? 
You cannot speake of Reason to the Dane, 
And looke your voyce. What would it then beg Latueres, 
That shall not be my Oder, nor thoy asking? 
The Head is not more Noble than the Heart, 
The Hand more Instrumentall to the Mouth, 
Then is the Throne of Denmark to thy Father. 
What wouldst thou have Latueres? 
Later. Dread my Lord, 
Your Leave and favour to returne to France, 
From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke 
To shew my duty to your Coronation, 
Yet now I must confesse, that duty done, 
My thoughts and wishes bend againstwards France, 
And bow them to your gracious Leave and pardon. 
King. Have you your Fathers Leave? 
What sayes Polumnes? 
Pol. He hath my Lord; 
I do before you give him leave to go. 
King. Take thy faire house Latueres, time be thine, 
And thy brest graces spread it as thoy will. 
But now my Cousin Hamlet, and my Sonne? 
Ham. A little more then kin, and less then kind. 
King. How is it that the Clouds full hang on you? 
Ham. Not to my Lord, I am too much in Sun. 
Queen. Good Hamlet cast thy nightly colour off, 
And let thine eye looke like a Friend on Denmarke. 
Do not for ever with thy veiled eyes 
Seeke for thine Noble Father in the dust; 
Thou knowes best common, all that lives must dye, 
Passing through Nature, to Eternity. 
Ham. I Madam, it is common. 
Queen. If it be 
Why seemes it to particular with thee. 
Ham. Seems Madam? Nay is it: I know not Seems! 
Tis not alonse my inky Cloake (good Mother) 
Nor Customary suits of solemn Blacke, 
Nor windy vaporation of forc'd breath, 
No, nor the fruitfull Rues of the Eye, 
Nor the deoided nostrils of the Nose, 
Together with all Formes, Moods, flower of Griefes, 
That I have not taken; truly. Theed indeed seemed, 
For they say actions that a mans might play; 
But I have that Within, which partis show; 
Theed, but the Trappings; and the Suits of woe. 
King. Thys sweet and commendable 
In your Nature; Hamlet, 
Thou hast not the seeming dire to your Father: 
But you must know, your Father lost a Father, 
That Father lost, lost his, and the Sunnes bound 
In sillfull Obligation, for some terme 
To do obsequious Sorrow. But to persuer 
In obsequious Cursolomene, in a course 
Of simples babberomene. Thys strangely greete 
It shewes a will most incorret to Heaven, 
A Heart unfortified, a Mind impatient, 
An Understanding simple, and witschould 
For, what we know must be, and is as common 
As any the most vulgar thing to see, 
Why should we in use peelish Opposition 
Take it to heart? For, is a fault to Heauen, 
A fault against the Dead, a fault to Nature, 
To Reason most absurd, whose common Theme 
Is death of Fathers, and who still hath crees, 
From the first Create, till he that dyed to day, 
This mift before. We pray you throw to earth
This unpreaysiaing wed, and think of vs. 
As of a Father. For let the world take note, 
You are the most immediate to our Throne, 
And with nolesse Nobility of Lene, 
Then that which dear a Father bears his Sonne, 
Do I impart towards you. For your intente 
In going backe to Schoole in Wittenberg, 
It is most retrograde to our desire.
And we beleefe you, bend you to remaine 
Here in the cheere and comfort of our eye, 
Our cherisht Courtesie, and our Surname. 
Ly. Let not thy Mother lose her Prayses Hamlet. 
I pruythee stay with vs, go not to Wittenberg. 
Ham. I shall in all my sect, 
Obey you Madam. 
King. Why is this doing, and a faire Reply, 
Be as our self in Denmarke. Madam come, 
This gentle and valoerd accord of Hamlet 
Sits smiling to my heart; in grace whereof, 
No incond health that Denmarke drinks to day, 
But the great Cannon to the Clowsd shall tell, 
And the Kings Rouce, the Heauens shall bruize again 
Repeaking earl to Thundar, Cometh away, 
Enraged Hamlet. 
Ham. Oh that this ruse so bold Fleth, would melt, 
Than, and resolve it fells into a Dew, 
Or that the Eschelasing had not 
His Cannon gainst Self-slaughter. O God, O God! 
How weary, hale, fat, and unworthy 
Seemes to me all the eyes of this world? 
Fie on't! Oh fie, fie, 'tis an unwedded Garden 
That grooves to Seed: Things rank, and gross in Nature 
Posses me so mercly, that it should come to this: 
But two months dead; Nay, not so much; not two, 
So excellent a King, that was to this. 
Dierison to a Satye: (So loving to my Mother, 
That he might not become the windeles of heauen) 
Visit her face too quickly. Heauen and Earth 
Muit I remember? why the would hang on him, 
As if increace of Appetite had growne 
By what it fed on, and yet within a moneth? 
Let me not think on't; Fainly, thy name is woman. 
A little Month, or ere those floodes were 
With which the following my poor Fathers body 
Like Neath, all teares. Why the, even the. 
(O Heauen: A beall that wants discourse of Reason) 
Would have mort'd longer? married with mine Vakle, 
My Fathers Brother: but no more like my Father, 
Then I to Floricole. Within a Moneth? 
Ere yet the faire of most vinhenthe Tears 
Had left the fluiding of her gaulted eyes, 
She married. O most wicked spred, to poll 
With such destreying to Incestous flethe: 
It is not, nor it cannot come to good. 
But break my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatius, Bernard, and Marcellus.
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Marcellus.

Mar. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to see you: good even Sir.

But what in faith make you from Elsinore?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my Lord.

Ham. I would not have your Enemy say so.

Nor shall you doe mine eye that violence,

To make it tatter of your owne report

Against your selfe. I know you are no Truant:

But what is your affaire in Elsinore?

Wee'll teach you to drinke deeper, eare your departure.

Hor. My Lord, I came to see your Fathers Funerall.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me (fellow Student).

I think it was to see my Mothers Wedding.

Hor. Indeed my Lord, it followed hard upon.

Ham. Thrice 
Thrice 
Thrice 
He was a goodly King.

Hor. He was a King take him for all in all.

I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My Lord, I think I saw him yeayernight.

Ham. Saw? When?

Hor. My Lord, the King your Father.

Ham. The King my Father.

Hor. Seal your admiration for a while.

With an attent ear; till I may deliver

Upon the witnesse of these Gentlemen.

This mayuell to you.

Ham. For Haunts bountie let me beare.

Hor. Two nights together, had these Gentlemen

(Marcellus and Bernardo) on their Watch

in the dead waft and middle of the night.

Bene thus encountered. A figure like your Father,

Arr'yd at all points exactly, Cape a Pe.

Appears before them, and with folioine march

Goes slow and stately: By them thrice he walks;

Like supper apparel and heare-burnished eyes.

Within his Truncheons lengthes whilst they did ill

Almost to jelly with the Ab of feare.

Stand dumbbe and speake not to him. This to me

In dreadfull secrerie impaire they did,

And I wish they the third Night kept the Watch,

Wares they had deliuerd both in time.

Forme of the clapping, each word made true and good,

The Apparition comes. I knew your Father:

These hands are no more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My Lord, upon the platforme where we watched.

Ham. Did you no speak to it?

Mar. My Lord, I did;

But before it made it none: yet once methought

It lifted vp his head, and did addresse

It selfe to motion, like as it would speake:

But even then, the Morning Cocke crew loud;

And at the sound it thrumme in haft away,

And vanishe from our sight.

Ham. This is very strange.

Hor. As I doe hope my honourd Lord this true:

And we did thinke it write done in our duty.

To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed Sirs; but this troubles me.

Hold you the watch to Night?

Bren. We doe my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

Bren. Arm'd, my Lord.

Ham. From topp to root.

Bren. My Lord, from head to footes.

Ham. Then saw you not his face?

Bren. Oyes, my Lord, he wore his Beaver wp.

Ham. What, lookt he frowningly?

Bren. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red.

Bren. Nay very pale.

Ham. And fixt his eyes upon you?

Bren. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had bene there,

To see how much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like, very like: (Staid it long)

Harr. While one with modestes hatt might tell a human.

All. Longer, longer.

Ham. Not when I sawt.

Ham. His Beard was grizzly no.

All. It was, as I have teane it in his life,

A Noble Silver'd.

Ham. Tell watch to Night; pracionce twill wake a

Bren. I warrant you it will.

Ham. It if assume my noble Fathers person,

He speake to it, though Heell it selfe should gape

And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,

If you have hitherto conceal'd this thing

Let it bee troble in your silence still;

And whatsoever else shall hap to night,

Give it anunderstanding but no tongues:

I will require your louses; fo, fare ye well:

Upon the Platforme twice eleven and twelue,

He wipt you.

All. Our duty to your Honour.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laet. My necessities are in wind: Farewell:

And Siteras the Winds give Benefit.

And Commoy is assay; doe not sleepe,

But let me hear from you.

Ophe. Doe you doubt what?

Laet. For Hamlet; and the trifling of his favours,

Hold in a fashion and a bow in Blood;

A Violet in the youth of Primi Nature;

Froward, not permanent: sweer not laffing

The suppliance of a minute? No more.

Ophe. No more but so.

Laet. Thinke it no more:

For naturall cresson does not grow alone,

In therews and Bulke; but his Temple wives,

The inward truise of the Mind and Soule

Groves wide withall. Perhaps he loues you now,

And now no Joyce but will fill all behemoch

The vertue of his feare: but you must feare.
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Enter Hamlet.  Exeunt.  

Enter the Ghost.  Exeunt.  

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.  Exeunt.  

Enter Horatio and Hecuba.  Exeunt.  

Enter Horatio and the King.  Exeunt.  

Enter Horatio and the Queen.  Exeunt.  

Enter Horatio and the Ghost.  Exeunt.  

Enter Horatio and the King and Queen.  Exeunt.  

Enter Horatio and the Ghost and the King and Queen.  Exeunt.  

Enter Horatio and the King and Queen and the Ghost.  Exeunt.  

Enter Horatio and the King and Queen and the Ghost and the King and Queen.  Exeunt.  

Enter Horatio and the King and Queen and the Ghost and the King and Queen and the King and Queen.  Exeunt.  

Enter Horatio and the King and Queen and the Ghost and the King and Queen and the King and Queen and the King and Queen.  Exeunt.  

Enter Horatio and the King and Queen and the Ghost and the King and Queen and the King and Queen and the King and Queen and the King and Queen.  Exeunt.  

Enter Horatio and the King and Queen and the Ghost and the King and Queen and the King and Queen and the King and Queen and the King and Queen and the King and Queen.  Exeunt.  

Enter Horatio and the King and Queen and the Ghost and the King and Queen and the King and Queen and the King and Queen and the King and Queen and the King and Queen.  Exeunt.  

Enter Horatio and the King and Queen and the Ghost and the King and Queen and the King and Queen and the King and Queen and the King and Queen and the King and Queen.  Exeunt.  

Enter Horatio and the King and Queen and the Ghost and the King and Queen and the King and Queen and the King and Queen and the King and Queen and the King and Queen.  Exeunt.
The Tragedy of Hamlet.

What does this mean, my Lord? (rout.)

Ham. The King, my Lord, doth wake to-night, and takes his
keeps watch and watch upon his bed; and as he doth his
takes his ease, and the swaggery and swaggery
And as he doth his ease, and the swaggery and swaggery

Hor. Art a cuffone, my Lord?

Ham. Methinks I see, though I am in this place,
And to the mansions of the dead. Is it a Jakob?
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.

Enter Ghost & Hamlet.

Hor. Look on my Lord of Denmark.

Ham. Angels and Ministers of Grace defend us,

Blew with the first syllable of Heaven, or bliss from Hell,
Betrayed the secrets of their plots, and charitable,
Thou com'st in such question of shape.

That I will speak to thee, he calleth me Hamlet,
King, Father, Royal! Dost thou love me?
Let me be sure thou dost not slumber,
Why dost thou bend the cap to Earth, and kiss
Hast thou been pensive and drowsy? to thee again?
What may this mean, my Lord? That thou dost in a
distress that I might have been in, where
Those thoughts that I am in, nor to be understood:
And we were of our souls,

Hor. He beckons you to goe away with him,
As if it some importunity did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Look, look, what a courteous action
It was to my most departure.
But doth not go with it.

Hor. No, nor by any means.

Ham. It will not speak on till I follow it.

Hor. Does not my Lord?

Ham. Why, what should I be the fear?
I do not see the light, nor see the face,
And for my life, what can it be to that?

Hor. What is it, young Antony, who is it, what's your name?
Or of the dreadful soldiers of the Grisly,
Of that abode of his native place,
Where there is some other horror forme,
Which might deprave your Sovereignty of Reason,
And draw you thence to bidding me stay with him.

Ham. It waits me still; go on, he followeth.

O. You shall goe with me, my Lord.

Ham. Hold of your hand, Ben! Ben, you shall not goe.

Ham. My daggers out,

And makes each leggy as a statue,
As hard as the Roman Lions there.

Still am I cold? Vail shall our Gentleman?

By Heaven! he makes a Ghost of him that lets me go.
I lay away, go on, he followeth thee.

Enter Ghost & Hamlet.

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow, this is not the Ghost to obey him.

Hor. Have you, to what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the State of Denmark;

Hor. Heaven will direct it.


O. Where with thou lead me? Pecky! He goe no further.

Ham. Thus I am not, but think thy SERIOUS BREATHING.

To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speakst, I am bound to hear.

Gho. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Gho. I am thy Father's Spirit.

Doom'd for a certain time to walk the night,

And for the day confined to Sits in Pits,

Till the foul crimes done in my days of Nature
Are hum'd and is it away? But that I am forbad

To tell the secrets of my Prison-House;

I could a Table unfold, where thoughts and words

Would row her by the foule, freeze thy young blood,

Make thy two eyes like stars, stare from their spheres;

Thy knyv and combined locks to pare,

And such particular hair to stand on end,

Like Quales upon the fritillary, Perpendicul:

But the eternal blazon must not be

To cures of flesh and blood, but Hamlet, oh, I,

If thou didst ever thy desire Father love.

Ham. Oh Heaven!

Gho. Religious in thy foul and most unnatural Mother.

Ham. Murder?

Gho. Murdered most foul, as in the best it is; But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Half, half me to know it,
That with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of doubt,
May twere up to my Revenge.

Gho. I finde thee apt,

And dullest should it then but the far weede
That rots in edge of, on the disse Wharfe,
Wouldst thou not shirr me in this! Now Hamlet, hear me:

It's gwan out, that sleeping in mine Orchard,

A Serpent thou art! to the whole care of Denmark,

Is by a perished soul of my death,

Rankly abused! But how thou noble youth,
The Serpent that did fling thy Father's life,

Now weare his Crowne.

Ham. O my Propheticke foule, mine uncle?

Gho. I thought some, that admirest Braith

With witchcrafts of his wit, and thaisters guine.

Oh, witched Wit, and Guites, that hate the power

So to seduce? Wot thee, this shamefull Lust

The will of my most seeing vertuous Quene;

O Hamlet, wot you, when I was there,

From one, where half was of that dignity,

That it was in hand in hand, with the Vow

I made to her in Marriage; and to decline

Upon a witch, whose Natural gifts were poor

To toil of mine. But Verity, let me here be, Russia,

Though Lewdness court in it a shape of Heauen:

So Luft, though to a radiant Angel link'd,

Will fate it fell in a Ccelestiall, & preye on Garbage.
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

But oft, me thinks I saw the Mornings Ayre;
Bribe let me be: Sleeping within mine Orchard,
My curstome always in the afternoon;
Upon my socrate bowers thy Vace field
With juicy of cursed Hebenon in a Voil
And in the Porches of mine ears did pouro
The leprous Dullinency whole effect
Holds such an ennity with blood of Man
That twillst it Quick-fluer, it courseth through
The naturall Guests and Allies of the Body
And with a foward vigour it doth puffes
And curst, like Aygdris droppings into Milke,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
And most intantl Teter bak'd about,
Most Laxat-like, with vile and loathsome crut,
All my friends Body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a Brothers hand
Of Life, of Crowne, and Queene as once dispatcht;
Cut off even in the Blossomes of my Sinne,
Vindicated, disappoitned, unsaved.
No reckoning made, but sent to my accound
With all my imperfections on my head;
Oh horribile, Oh horribile, most horribile.
If thou shalt nature in thee bear it not
Let not the Roiall Bed of Denmarch be
A Couch for Luxury and damned Incest
But howsoever thou purshiffest this Act,
Taint not thy mind; nor let thy Soule contrive
Against thy Mother ought, leave her to her own;
And to thine Thomas shut in her before lodge
To pricker and fling her. Fare thee well at once
The Glove-worne footes the Mines co be neere;
And gits to pale his veinenefull Fire
Adieu, adieu, Hamlet, I remember me.

Ham. Oh all you that hath of Heaven! Oh Earth: what els?
And shall I couple Hell? Oh sir: hold my heart;
And you my rennowes, grow not instate Old;
But bear me chiefly vp: Remember thee?
I, thou poore Ghost, while memory holds a taste
In this distracted Globe: Remember thee?
Yea, from the Table of my Memory,
He wipe away all trinitall found Records,
All favours of Bookes, all formes, all prefures past,
That youth and ebution copied there;
And thy Commandment stille alone shall live
Within the Booke and Volume of my Braine,
Vamiss with bate master, yea, yes, by Heaven:
Oh most pernicious woman!
Oh Villaine, Villaine, fouling damned Villaine!
My Table, my Table, meet it is I set it downe,
That eare my smale, and smile and be a Villaine;
At least I'm sure it may be so in Dernmark;
So Villaine there you are now to my word
Is it? Adieu, Adieu, Remember me: I have soone't.

Hor. Not I, my Lord, by Heaven.

Ham. How say you then, would heart of man once
But you'll be secret.

Hor. I by Heaven, my Lord.

Ham. There's nere a villaine dwelling in all Denmark
But hee's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no Ghost my Lord, come from the
Grace, to tell us this.

Ham. Why right, you are 'tis right,
And to, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it free that we flake hands, and part,
You as your busines and devides shall point you:
For every man ha's business and devides,
Such as it is: and for mine owne poor part,
Lookke you, I goe proye.

Hor. These are but wild and hurling words, my Lord,

Ham. I'm sorry they offend you heartily:
Yes faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence my Lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is my Lord,
And much offence too, touching this Vision here.
It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is betweene vs,
Oremaster's: as you may.
And now good friends,
As you are friends, Schollers and Soldiers,
Give me one poore request.

Hor. What is it my Lord we will.

Ham. Never make now known what you have seen to night.

Besh. My Lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but soe.

Hor. Infauntly my Lord, not I.


Ham. On your sword.

Ober. We have swore our Lord already.

Ham. Indeed, upon your sword. Indeed.

Glou. Sware.

Ober. Chief eren under the Stage.

Ham. Ah ha boy, say eth thou so? Are thou there true
penny? Come one you here this fellow in the fellerege
Content to swears.

Hor. Propose the Oath my Lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,

Besh. Sware by my Sword.

Glou. Sware.

Ham. Hee & obeyeth? Then weel's flite for ground,
Come hither Gentlemen,

And lay your hands agayn upon my sword,

Never to speak of this that you have heard:

Sware by my Sword.

Glou. Sware.

Ham. Hee & obeyeth? Then weel's flite for ground,
A worthy Plaister, once more remove good friends.

Hor. Oh day and night: but this is wondrouse strange.

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.

There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio,
Then are dreamt of in our Philosophy.

But, Horatio, as yet we meet withal,
How strange or odde or err I bear my selfe;
(As I perchance hereafter shall think mee
To put an Antick disposition on)

That you at such time seeinge me, neuer shal
With any thing remember this, or that, head shalke;

Or by pronouncing some damnable Phrase
As well, we know, or we could and if we would,
Or if we lift to speake; or there be and if there might,

Or such ambiguous giving out to note,
That you know o'fto use, this not to doe:  
So grace and mercy at your most neede helpe you:  
Swear,  
Swear."  

Ham. Reft, releuenct Spirit, so Gentleman,  
Wit all my love I doe commend me to you:  
And what to poore a man as Hamlet is,  
May dost exepresse his love and friend to you,  
God willing shall not lack; let us goe together,  
And tell your fingers on your bysles I pray,  
The time is out of bysles: Oh crim'd right,  
That ever I was borne to see that right,  
Now, come let's goe together.  

Exit.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Voltaire and Reynolds.

Polon. Give him his money, and these notes Reynolds.  
Reynolds, I will my Lord.  
Polon. You this time, my Lord, wisely: good Reynolds.  
Before you visit him you make inquiry  
Of his behauiour.  
Reynolds, My Lord, I did intend it.  
Polon, Marty, well said;  
Very well said. I looke you Sir,  
Excuse me, I find what Danckers are in Paris.  
And how, and what he means and where they keepe;  
What company, at what expense, and finding  
By this encomphance and drift of question,  
That they doe not know my honours: Come you more nearer  
Then your particular demands will touch it,  
Take you at takers of slight knowledge of him,  
And thus I know his father and his friends,  
And in part him. Do you mark this Reynolds?  
Reynolds, I very well my Lord.  
Polon. And in part him, but you may pay not well,  
But if he be I mean, he is very well;  
Addicted to and for, and there put on him  
What forgers you please: marry, none forsooke,  
As may diffusen him: take heed of this;  
But Sir, such wanton, wild, and delinquent slips,  
As are companions noted and most knowne  
To youth and liberty.  
Reynolds. As guardian my Lord.  
Polon. And drinking, fencing, swearing,  
Quarrelling, drabbing. You may goe so farre.  
Reynolds, My Lord that would dishonour him.  
Polon. Paint not, as you may feason in the charge;  
You must not put another scandal on him,  
That life is open to insinuacion.  
That's no my meaning, but breathe his faults so quaintly;  
That they may seeme the stains of liberty:  
The flake and out-break of a fiery mind.  
A susages in unrecant all bold of generall auffaunt.  
Reynolds, But my good Lord.  
Polon. Better wherefore should you do this?  
Reynolds, My Lord, I would know that.  
Polon. Marry Sir, here's my drift,  
And I believe it is a fetch of wariness:  
You laying these lines tulleyes on my Sonne;  
As twa cavel things blest'll fetch working: (found)  
Mark you your parties in costume; him you would  
Having ever scene. In the preominante crimes,

The tragedie of Hamlet.  

The youth you breath of guilty, he stri'ted  
He closes with you in this consequence:  
Good Sir, or for, or friend, or Gentleman.  
According to the Phantastic and the Addition,  
Of man and Country.  
Reynolds. Very good my Lord.  
Polon. And then Sir, does he this?  
He does: what was I about to say?  
I was about to say something: where did I leave?  
Reynolds. As clothes in the consequence:  
At friend, or for, and Gentleman.  
Polon. As clothes in the consequence. I marry,  
He closes with you thus. I know the Gentleman,  
I saw him gether day, or other day;  
Or then, or then, with stich and stich, and as you say,  
There was he getting, there o'tooke it's Rove;  
There falling out as Tennes; or perchance,  
I saw him eerst such a bough of stich;  
Fledir, a broth'r, or of stich. See you now;  
Your bate of fall'n, take this Cape of truth;  
And thus doe we of wilde me and of reach  
With stich and stich, and with all bles of bles,  
By insinuations and directions owre;  
So by my former Lecture and advice  
Shall you my Sonny you have me, have you not?  
Reynolds, My Lord I haue.  
Polon. God by you, fare you well.  
Reynolds, Good my Lord.  
Polon. Observe his inclination in your selfe.  
Reynolds, I fain my Lord.  
Polon. And let him plye his Musick.  
Reynolds, Well, my Lord Ends.

Exit Ophelia.

Polon. Farewell.  
How now Ophelia, what's the matter?  
Ophelia. Miss my Lord, I have beene so affrighted.  
Polon. With what, in the name of Heauen?  
Ophelia. My Lord, as I was sowing in my Chamber.  
Lord Hamlet with his doublet all unbraut,  
Thro' his top of his head, his robes genad,  
Vagrant and downe, and glued to his Ankle.  
His skirt his knees knocking each other,  
And with a looke to pinions in partout,  
As if he had beene loo'd off his head,  
To speak as homors: he comes before me.  
Polon. Madam for the Lenus?  
Ophelia. My Lord, I do not know: But truly I do fear it.  
Polon. What said he?  
Ophelia. He took me by the strache, and held me hard;  
Then goes he to the length of all his armes;  
And with his other hand thus, and he bows,  
He falls to the severall of my face,  
As he would draw it. Long thin he was,  
At last, a little thinke of mine Armes;  
And throse his head thus waving up and downe;  
He said a fight, so pittoresque and profound,  
That it did seeme to shatter all his bulke,  
And end his being: That done, he lets me goe,  
And with his head over his shouder turn'd,  
He seem'd to finde his way without his eyes,  
For out adores he went without their helpes;  
And to the left, bend'd their light on me.  
Polon. God with me; I will goe seeke the King,  
This is the very errand of Loue,  
Whose violent property foredoes it selfe,
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

And leads the will to desperate Undertakings,
As oft as any passion under Heaven,
That doth still our Natures. I am forc'd,
What hast thou given him any hard word at late?

Q. No my good Lord: but as you did command,
I did repel his Letters, and deny'd
His answer to me.

P. That which made him mad.
I am forc'd that which better speed and judgement
I had not quitted him. I fear he did but trifle,
And meant to wrack thee: but before my received:
Itremium as proper to our Age,
To call beyond our fables in our Opinions,
As it is common for the younger fort
To ilke discretion. Come we to the King,
This shaft must be known. Whose science close might move
More griefe to hide, then hate to utter alone.

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Queen, Reuerence, and Goulden
ferne Cusany.

K. Welcome deere Reuerence and Gouldenferne.

Moreover, that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to vit's you, did provoke
Our haste of sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation: so I call it,
Since not th'eternal, nor the inward man
Remembers that it was. What should we bee
More than his Father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from th'understanding of himselfe,
I cannot demne of. Intreat you both,
That being of so young days brought vp with him:
And since to Neighbour to his youth and honour,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our Court
Some little time: so by your Companions
to draw him on to pleasures, and to gather
So much as from Occasions you may pleasure,
That open'd lies within our remedie.

Q. Good Gentlemen, he hath much talke'd of you,
And sure I am, two men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To shew vs so much Gentrie, and good will,
As to expend your time with a while,
For the supply and profit of our Hope,
Your Visitations shall receive such thanks
As irst a Kings remembrance.

R. Both your Majesties
Might by the Sovereigne power you haue of vs,
Put your dread pleasures, more into Command
Then to Entreatie.

G. We both obey,
And here gave vp our felows, in the full bent,
To lay out Strates freely at your feetes,
To be commended.

K. Thanks Reuerence and gentle Gouldenferne.

Q. Thanks Gouldenferne and gentle Reuerence,
And I beseech you infinitely to visit
My too much changed Sonne.

G. So some of vs,
And bring the Gentlemen where Hamlet is.

H. Heauen make our presentences and your presentences
 Pleasant and helpful to him.

Queen. Amen.
Enter Polonius.

P. Thu' ambassadors from Norway, my good Lord,
Are joyfully arriv'd.

K. Thou still hast bin the Father of good News.

P. Haue I, my Lord? Affirme you, my good Ligers,
I hold my duty as I hold my Soule,
Both to my God, and to my gracious King:
And I do think, or else this brace of mine
Hates not the traitors of Policie, so sure
As I have rest to do: that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's Lunacies.

K. Oh speake of that, that I do long to hear.

P. Give first admittance to t' ambassadors,
My News shall be the News to that great Feast.

K. Thy feate do grace to them, and bring them in.
He tells many sweet Queene, that he hath found
The head and soule of all your Soules destemperd.

Q. I doubt it is no other, but the mine
His Fathers death, and our o'ert-haly Marriages,

K. Well, we shall let him welcome good Freinds.
Say Folsomand, what from our Brother Norway?

P. Most foule faire returne of Greetings, and Deires.

Vpon our first, he feat our t'opprerre his
His Nephewes Leuites, which to him app'ed
To be a preparation' against the Polak:
But better book'd into, he truly found
It was against your Highness, whereas greene,
This fow Hyttlow, Age, and Impotence
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out Arrifes
On Frontenand, which he (in bres) obyes,
Receus rebuke from Norway, and in fine,
Makes Vow before his Vible, neuer more
to give the assay of Armes against your Majestie.
Whereas old Norway, overcome with sys
Gives him three thousand Crownes in Annual Fees,
And his Commission to employ those Soldiers
So leaued as before, against the Polak:
With an increas herein further the warre,
That it might pleas you to give quiet pase
Through your Dominions, for his Enterprise,
On such regards of safety and allowance,
As therein are set downe.

K. It lieth vs well:
And at our more consider'd time we'ld read.
Answer, and think vpon this Business,
Meane we thank you, for your well tooke Labour.

Go to your rest: at night we shall feast together,
Most welcome home,

P. This business is very well ended.

My Liege, and Madam, to expostulate
What Majestie should be, what Duits is,
Why day is day; night is night: and time is time,
Were nothing but to wafe Night, Day, and Time.
Therefore, since Brevital is the Soule of Wit,
And tedious long, the limbs and outward florites,
I will be briefe. Your Noble Sonne is mad:
Mad call I it; to define true Madnesse,
What it is; to be nothing else but mad.
But let that pass.

Q. More matter, with Jeff Art.

P. Madam, I fere me I vse no Art at all:
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true 'tis pittie,
And pittie it is true: A foolish figure,
But farewell it: for I will vse no Art.
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

In the Lobby.

Qu. So he's indeed.
Pol. At such a time he loose my Daughter to him, Be you and I behind an Arras then, Mark the encounter: if he loue her nor, And be not from his reason falte sixteen; Let me be no Affirmant for a State, And keeps a Farme and Carriers.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet reading on a Book.

Qu. But looke where that bloudy prode wretch Comes reading.

Pol. Away I do beseech you, both away, He board him presently. Exit King & Queen.

Oh give me leave. How does my good Lord Hamlet? Ham. Well, Goddesmercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my Lord? Ham. Excellent, excellent well: y' are a Fishtmonger, Pol. Not i' my Lord. Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man. Pol. Honest, my Lord? Ham. I fear to be honest as this world goes, it is too one man pick'd out of two thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my Lord. Ham. For if the Sun breed Magots in a dead dogge, being a good kissing Carrion— Have you a daughter? Pol. I have my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walk in the Sunne: Concepcion is a blushing, but nor as your daughter may contemn.Friend looks too.

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 far gone, far gone; and truly in my youth, I suffered much extremity for love: very nere this. Be spoke to him again. What do you read my Lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my Lord?

Ham. Between we two.

Pol. I mean the mistress you mean, my Lord.

Ham. Slanders Sir to the Sarculine fault faire here, that old women say the bearder that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thikes Amber, or Plum-tree Gummes: and that they have a plentiful lacke of Wit, together with weakes Hammets. All which Sir, though I most powerfully, and presently belewe; yet I hold it not honest 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.

Pol. Though this be madness, Yet there is Method in't: will you walk Out of the aye my Lord? Ham. Into my Grinnes?

Pol. Indeed that is out of the Ayre; How pregnant (Fortune) his Replies are? A Happines.

That often Madenesse hits on, Which Reason and Sanquice could not So prosperously be deliver'd of. I will leave him, And sufficiently contribute the means of meeting Between him, and my Daughter. My Honourable Lord, I will most humbly Take your leave of you.
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Ham. You cannot Sir take from me anything, that I will more willingly part withal, except my life, my life.

Polon. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. Their tedious old inquests.

Polon. You go to seek my Lord Hamlet; there hee is.

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Ros. God late you Sir.

Gold. Mine honour’d Lord.

Ros. My most dear Lord?

Ham. My excellent good friends; how do’t thou Guildenstern? Oh, Rosencrantz; good Lord; how do ye both?

Ros. As the indiffrant Children of the earth.

Gold. Happy, that we are not worse happy; on Fortunet Cap, we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the scales of her shoe.

Ros. Neither my Lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waste, or in the middle of her bounty.

Gold. Faith; her privates, wee.

Ham. In the interior parts of Fortune? Oh, most true! she is a Strumpet. What’s the news?

Ros. None my Lord; but that the World’s grown honest.

Ham. Then does a Day dye more. But your news is not true. Let me question more in particular; what have you my good friends, deferred at the hands of Fortune, that first leads you to Prison hither?

Gold. Prison my Lord?

Ham. Denmark’s a Prison.

Ros. There is the World one.

Ham. A going one, in which there are many Confines, Wars, and Dangers; Denmark being one of the worke.

Ros. We think not so my Lord.

Ham. Why then it’s none to you for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to mest is a prison.

Ros. Why then your Ambition makes it one; its too narrow for your mindes.

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 had dreams.

Gold. Which dreams indeed are Ambition: for the very substance of the Ambitious, is merely the shadow of a Dreame.

Ham. A dreame it selfe is but a shadow.

Ros. Truely, and I hold Ambition of no apper and light a quality, that it is but a shadowe of shadowe.

Ham. Then are our Beggers bodies; and our Monarchs and ourknightes the Poynts Beggers Shadowes: shall we to the Court: for, by my fey I cannot reason?

Both. Wee wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter. I will not fort you with the rest of my feare, for to speke to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended, but in the beaten way of friendship. What make you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit your Lord, no other occasion.

Ham. Begger that I am, I am enow poor in thankes; but I thank you: and sure dear friends my thankes are too dear a lamenatyre, were you not sent for? is it your divine inclination? is it a free visitation? Come,

deale lightly with me: come, come, my friend.

Gold. What should we lay my Lord?

Ham. Why anything. But to the purpose you were sent for, and there is a kind confection in your lookes; which bee not craft enough to color, I know the good King & Queen have trust for you.

Ros. To what end my Lord?

Ham. That you must teach me: but let me entreat you by the rights of our fellowship, by the consciencie of our youth, by the Obligation of our ever, present love, and by what more dear, a better prosper to 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.

Gold. My Lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why. So shall my anticipation prevent your disquiet of your Recollection to the King and Queen: must no feather, if left alone, but wherefore I know not, left all my might, for two good satisfied of it. Indeed, it goes too heavenly with my disposition, that this good frame the Earth, seems to me a stilly Pomony: this most excellent Canary the Ayres, looks on this, that it is hanging in the Mantle: thine Office, fitted with golden feathers, which appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilential congregation of Vapours. What piece of works is a man? How Noble in Reason? how infinite in faculty? how pure and pleasing how express and admirable? in Action, how like an Angel? in apprehension, how like a God? The beauty of the world, the Paragon of Animals; and yet to me, what is this Quinellency of Dust? Man delights not me; nor Woman neither, though by your smelling you feente to fay so.

Ros. My Lord, there was no such fluster 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 Lenten entertainment the Players shall receive from you: we were earnest on the way, and better are they coming to offer you pleasure.

Ham. He that plays the King shall be welcome: his Majestye shall have Tribute of me: the adventurous Knight shall vie his Royall and Target: the lower shall not lighten, the humorous man shall end his part in peace: the Clowne shall make those laugh whose heads are tickled with it: and the lady shall say her mindes freely; or the blinde Verstall will look for: whome Players are they?

Ros. Even thofe were you wanted to take delight in the Tragedians of the City.

Ham. How chances it that Tualtayze? their refection both in reputation and profit was better both ways.

Ros. I think their Exclusion comes by the means of the late Innovation.

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 come they? do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, they are so mucher kept in the warded race: but there is Sir an aprie of Children, little Yafes, that crye our on the top of question; and are most tyrannically clype, for’ts: these are now the fabul-
Enter two or five Players.

Yare welcome Masters, welcome all, I am glad to see thee; welcome good Friends, O my noble Friend! Thy face is welcome since I saw thee last. 

Come, let us strike my Lord, when he is about to hear me in Denmark. What, what, my young Lady and Mistresse? By the Lady, my Lord is near me; Hesum then when I saw you last, by the suit of Sirs Cheppingil. Pray God you were not for a piece of vender Gold he is not to be trusted within the ring. Masters, you are all welcome, we are the totes like French Pauwterers, fit at anything we use, we'll not have a Speech straight. Give us a call of your quality — come, a passionate speech.

1. Play. What speech, my Lord?

Ham. There was then I speak a speech once, but it was never Acts; or if it was, not above once, for the Play's, I remember pleas'd not the Million, 'twas Centurie to the General: but it was (as I recollect) and others, whose judgement in such matters, cried in the top of mine) an excellent Play; well digested in the Scenes, set down with as much modell as cunning, I remember one said, there was no Salt in the Lines, to make the matter salutary; nor the matter in the phrase, that might divide the Author of Reflection, but call'd an honest method. One Scene Speech in it, I chesely Lord, it was an Author to Cole, and there's but of it especially, where he speaks of Younger Speech. If it live in your memory, begin at this Line, let me see, let me see. The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Pyrrhus of the Beasts. It is not so: it begins with Pyrrhus. The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose Sable Armes

Bisell at his purpose, did the night resemble,
When he lay couch'd in the Ominous Horizone,
Rich in these broad and blacke Companion of the Sun,
With Herakles more distain'd. Hard to bequeath

Now is he to take Greece, horridly Trick'd

With blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sons,

Bath'd and impos'd with the parishing Streetes,

That lend a tempest, and damn'd light

In their wide Murther, roared in wrath and fire,

And thus one'd mow'd with consummate gose,

With eyes like Carbuncles, the bellish Pyrrhus

Old Grandison Prym. leekes.

Pol. For God, my Lord, well spoken, with good accent, and good discretion.

3. Players. Anon he finds him, striking too short at Greece, his antickes Sword, Rebellion to his Arme, bysses where it falleth. Repugnant to command: unequal match, Pyrrhus vs Prym, drives, in rage strikes wide:

But with the whizz and whine of his fell Sword, Thirrunned Father Flies: Then faneselle Illuse, Seeming to feele his blow, with flamming top. Strops to his face, and with a whizzing staff Tarks Prym; Pyrrhus care. For loe, his Sword Which was declining on the Milkie head

Of Reuerend Pryms, seem'd it felle's Aye to flakes;
The Tragedy of Hamlet.

So as a painted Tyrant Pyrrhus stoo'd,
And like a Newtall to his will and matter, did nothing.
But as we often see against some forme,
A fencer in the Heavens, the Racke and Hill,
The bold windes speedie life, and the Oren below
As high as death is. As ane the dreadful Thunder
Dost rend the Region, So after Pyrrhus peace.
A rose Vengeance sets him now a work.
And even did the Cyclops hammers fall
On Mars his Armours, might they prove Ermine,
With Jove remove them Pyrrhous bleeding sword.
Now falls on Pram, who,
Out, out, thou Strump't Fortune, all you Gods,
In general Synod take away her power;
Break she all the Spakes and Fallies from her wheel,
And boule the round Naue downe the hill of Heaven.
As low as to the bounds, the
Pol. This is too long.
Ham. It falls to th'Barbary, with thy beard. Pyrrhus sayes on: He's for a Jigge, or a tale of Baudry, or bee sleepes. Say on; come to th'Falstaff.
1. Play. But who, O who, had taken the inebred Queen,
Ham. The inebred Queen?
2. Pol. That's good: inebred Queen is good.
3. Play. Run bare-foot vp and downward,
Threatening the flame
With Biffon Rheume: A clout about that head,
Where late the Diadem stoo'd, and for a Robe
About her lanke, and all one-tumed lustes
A blanket in th'Alarum of care caught vp,
Who this had seen, with rage in Venice Reep'd,
Gainst Fortunes State, would Treason base pronounce'd.
But if the Gods themselves did see her then,
When he sae Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mining with his Sword the Husband's limbe,
The inifant Burft of Clamour that she made
(Volatile things morall mov'd then not at all)
Would haste made mickle the burning eyes of Heaven,
And passion in the Gods.
Pol. Look where he's not turn'd his colour, and
he's tears in the eyes. Pray you no more.
Ham. 'Tis well, He have thee speake out the rest.
Come, good my Lord, will you see the Players not below'd.
Do ye hear, let them be well vs'd for they are
The Abrafaids and breecles Chronicles of the time. After
your death, you were better have a bad Epiphan, then
their ill report while you liued.
Pol. My Lord, I will vie them according to their de-
sate.
Ham. Gods bodykins man, better. We sence men
after his deat, and who should scape whipping: vie
them after your own Honor and Dignity. The lef they
defense, the more meritt is in your bounty. Take them in.
Pol. Come in.
Ham. Follow him. Friends, let I hear a play to morrow.
Dost thou hear me old Friend, can you plie the
mother of Grusome?
Play. I my Lord.
Ham. We'll talk to morrow night. You could for a
need haste a speech of some deffe or extremity, which
I would let downe, and infract in? Could ye not?

Pol. I my Lord.
Ham. Well, follow that Lord, and looke you
mock him not. My good Friend, I'll leave you till night
you are welcome to Elsinower.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Ret

Queen. Good my Lord.

Ham. How, God buy'ye: Now I am alone.
Oh where a Rogue and Pelantissue am I?
Is it not monstrous that this Player here,
But in a Fasion, is a dream of Passion,
Could force his Spirit to set his whole conci,
That from her working, all his visage warm'd?
Tears in his eyes, diffraction in's Aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole Fesse often stinking,
With Forms to his Conceit? And all for nothing?

Pol. BHchah! What's he to him, or he to Bhchah?
That he should wepe for her? What would he doe,
Had he the Motive and the Cure for passion
That I have? He would drown the Stage with tears,
And cleanse the general ere with horrid speech:
Make mad the guilty, and upre the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed,
The very sface of Eyes and Sences. Yet, I,
A dull and mody-metled Rakshalkske
Like Lohn a-dreamers, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing: No, no, a King,
Upon whole property, and most deere life,
Adams defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calleth me Villain? breaks my pate a-croffe?
Plucks off my Beard, and blows it in my face.
Th'eskes me by th'Nole! gives me the Lye Rith Throatse,
As deep as to the Lungs! Who does me this?
Ha! Why should I take it; for it cannot be,
But I am Pigeon-Livered, and Jacke Gill.
To make Oppression bitter, or eretic,
I should have fate all the Region Riskes
With this Sauce Offly bloudy; a Bawdy villaine,
Reremostely, I treachous, libelous, kindles villaine!
Oh Vengeane!

Queen. Who? What an Affray? I start, this is most brave,
That I, the Sonne of the Deere murdered,
Prompted to my Revenge by Heaten, and Hell,
Malt (like a Whoare) impeds my heart with words,
And fall a Censing like a very Drib,
A Soulless Eye won't; for. About my Braine.
I have heard, that guilty Creatures sitting as a Play,
Have acted thee a scene of the Scene,
Bene atroce for the finals, that decreed they
They have proclaimed their Malefactors.
For Murther, though it have no tongue, will speake
With most myraculous Organ. He have these Players,
Play something like the murde of my Father,
Before mine Wife: He obtene his looks,
He rent him to the quicc, if he but blench
I know my couste. The Spirit that I have seen
May be the Duell, and the Duel hath power
Tallfume sppling shape, yea and perhaps
Out of my Weaknesse, and my Melancholly,
As he is very potent with such Spirits.
Abueth me to damm me, I am borne
More Relucte then this; The Play's the thing.
Wherein Ile catch the Confession of the King.

Exeunt.
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

With turbulent and dangerous Lumacy,
Reign. He does confess himselfe disfrusted,
But from what cause he will by no means speake.

Otr. Nor do we finde him forward to be confounded,
But with a crafty Madnesse keeps aloofe:
When we would bring him on to some Confession
Of his true state.

Otr. Did he receave you well?
Reign. Moit like a Gentleman.

Otr. But with much foreing of his disposition.
Reign. Nirgand of question, but of our demands
Mort fre in his reply.

Otr. Did you assay him to any palme?
Reign. Madam, it do fall out, that certaine Players
We oert-wrought on the way: by these we told him,
And there did feeme him in a kinde of joy
To heare of it: They are about the Court,
And (as I think), they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. I thinke most true;
And he beseeched me to intreate your Maiesties
To heare, and see the matter.

King. With all my heart, and it doth much content me
To leaue him to his indi'd. Good Gentlemen,
Gve him a further edge, and due his purpose on
To these delights.

Reign. We shall my Lord.

Exeunt.

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave not too,
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, so twere by accident, may there
Afront Ophelia. Her father, and my selfe (lawful episka)
Will to bee the solace, that being vince,
We may of their encounter frankly judge,
And gather by him, as he is behaued,
If he be the flatterer of his house, or no.

That thus he suffereth.

Q. I shall obey you,
And for your part Ophelia, I do with
That your good Beauties be the happy pastor
Of Hamlets wretchedesse: so shall I hope your Verses
Will bring him to his wonted way againe,
To both your honors.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may.

Pol. Ophelia, walk you hencore. Gracious to please ye
We will bee borne our solace: Reade on this booke,
That shew of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness. We are oft too blame in this,
Tis too much prou'd, that with Devotions vioage,
And proue an Action, we do urge o'ere
The dull himselfe.

King. Oh'tis true:
How short a laft that speech doth give my Confidence?
The Harlots Checkes beautified with plaitting Art
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Then is my deele, to my most painted word,
On beauteous burren then!

Pol. I hear him comming, let's withdraw my Lord.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the Question:
Whether 'tis Nobler in the minde to suffer
The Slings and Arrows of outrageous Fortune;
Or to take Arms against a Sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them: to diew, or sleep
No more: and by a sleep, to say we end
The Heart-ache, and the thousand Natural shocks
That Pilis is here too? 'Tis a consummation
Deeper to be wish'd, To diew to sleep,
To sleep, perchance to Dreame; I, there's the rub,
For in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,
When we have bid the last farewell Dale,
Mutil gue vawe pawle. There's the respec't.
That makes Calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the Whips and Scornes of time,
The Oppressores wrong, the poore miss Customely,
The page of dispiz'd Love, the Laws delay,
The insolence of Office, and the Squires
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himselfe might his Dimiss make,
With a bare Bophin? Who would these Folles bear
To grunts and and wear a weary life,
But that the deed of something after death,
The vadiocured Country, from whose Borne
No Traveller returns, Punels the will,
And makes its rather bear those illes we have,
Fly to others that we know not of.
That Constellations doth make Cowards of vs all,
And thus the Nature here of Revolution
Is sickled o're, with the pale cast of Thoghte,
And enterprizes of great pitch and moment,
With this regard their Currants turne away,
And Joole the name of Acting. Soft you now,
The faire Ophelia, Nymph, in thy Orisons
Reall all my sinners remembered,

Oph. Good my Lord,

Ham. How does your Honor for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thanks you: well, well, well.

Oph. My Lord, I have Remembrance of yours,
That I have long been to be delivered,
I pray you now, receive them.

Ham. No, no, I never gave you oughte.

Oph. My honor'd Lord, I know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd,
As made the things more rich, then perfume left:
Take these againe, for to the Noble minde
Rich gifts were poore, when givers prove vikinde.

There my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha: Are you honest?

Oph. My Lord.

Ham. Are you faire?

Oph. What makes your Lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and faire, your Honesty
Shou'd adme no discouragement to your Beautie.

Oph. Could Beautie my Lord, have better Comerce
Then your Honesty?

Ham. I trullie: for the power of Beautie, will sooner
transforme his Honestie from what it is, to a swelled, then the
force of Honestie can transtall Beautie into his Likenesse.
This was sometime a Paradis, but now the time gives it
proofe: I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed my Lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have beleued me. For vertue
cannot so innoculate our old stockes, but we shall relish
of it. I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a Nunnarie. Why wouldst thou
be a breeder of Sinners? I am my selfe indifferent honest,
but yet I could accept of such things, that it were be-
ter my Mother had not borne me. I am very proud, re-
tencefull, Ambitious, with more offences at my becke,
then I have thoughts to put them in imagination, to give
them shape or time to set them in. What should such
Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.

Ham. Speak the Speech! I pray you, as you pronounced it to you trippingly on the tongue. But if you mouth it as many of your Players do, I had as lief the Town-Crieger had spoke my Lines: Nor do I know the Aire too much for my hand thus, but, in all grossly: For in the very Temple, Temple, and so I say the Whole-will be of full On you, you might acquire and beget a Temperance that may guise a Smoothness. Or it offendeth you to the Soule, to see a rabidly Fy-wigged fellow, tear a Pallion to tatters, to verie ragges, to sharp the desires of the Groundlings: who (for the most part) are capable of nothing, but inexplicable dumb-faces, & noisefull could have such a fellow what for so doing Termagant? It out—Heretick. Pray you, omit it.

Player. I warrant your Honor.

Ham. Be not too tame neither; but let your own Dif封ion be your Tutor. The Aire to the Action, the Word to the Action, with this special Obscurance: That you err not in the Model of Nature: for any thing to overdone, is for the purpose of Playing, whole and not. Do not, at the end of your dinner, wax so hoarse as the Mourners to Nature: to show her own Feature, Scorn her own Image, and the vertue Age and Bode of the Time, his forme and preffure. Now, this over-done, or come tardy off, though it make the vertue full laugh, cannot but make the foolish gape: The conceit of the which One, mutt in your allowance of a way a whole Theater of Others. O, there bee Players that have seen Play, and heard others praife, and that highly (not to speake it profanely) that never having the accent of Virtuous, nor the grace of Christian Pagan, or Norman, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's Journey-men had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity to abominably.

May. I hope we have reform'd it indifferently with us, Sir.

Ham. O reforms it altogether. And let those that play your Country, I take no more than is for decency for them. For there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quittance of bare Spectators to laugh too, though in the mean time, some necessary Requittal of the Play by them to be considered: that's Villainous, & the worse a most perfuall Ambition in the Booth that vies it. Get you some readie.

Exit Players.

Enter Polonius, Ruffianess, and Guildenstern.

Pol. How now my Lord, How now the King! hearst this piece of Workes?

Ed. And the Queene too, and that pretty.

Ham. Did the Player make hit?

Exit Polonius.

Enter Horatio.

Ham. What how, Horatio?

Hor. Heere's sweet Lord, at your Seruice, Horatio, thou art come as I had a man. As ere my Conversation could not well.

Hor. O my deere Lord.

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter:

For what advancement may I hope from thee,

That to Remainewall, but thy good spirits
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

To feed & cloath thee. Why shold the poor be flatterd? No, let the Candle Tongue, like absurd pompe, And crooke the pregnant Hindges of the knee, Wherein the suns may follow shining. Do thy brave, Since my dear Soule was Mitho of my joye, And could of men dying with, her election Hath she? I thee for her selfe. For thou haft bene As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing. A man that Fortunes blesses, and Rewards Hath warne with equal Thankeles. And Melt are chere, Whole Blood and Judgement are so well co-mingled, That they are not a Pipe for Fortunes fingers, To sound what Hop the pleasa. Give me that man, That is not Pasioned Slue, and I will ware him In my heart Core. I am of heart, hear, As I do thee. Something too much of this, There is a Play to-night before the King, One Scene of it i come near the Circumstance Which I have told thee, of my Fathers death, I priythes, when thou seest that Acl la, Even with the verie Comment of my Soule Observe mine father: If his occuldt guile Do not it sake rake emall in one speech, It is a damned Good that we have seen: And my Imaginations are so fond As Vulcan stythes. Give him needful food, For mine Eyes will rise to his face: And after we will both out judgments mine, To confuse of his seeming. Hear, Weil my Lord. The scene ought the whilist this Play is playing, And seate detecting, I will pay the theft. Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and other Lords attendant with the Guards carrying Torches. Drago March. Sound a Drum.

Ham. They are coming to the Play: I must be idle. Get you a place.

King. How fares our Coze Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent health, of the Camellions dist: I eare the Ayre promis-sed:crum'd, you cannot lend Capon fo.

King. I have nothing with this answer Hamlet, these words are not mine.

Ham. No, no mine. Now my Lord, you plaide once Full wonderfull, you say?

Polon. That I did my Lord, and was accoutted so good.

Ham. And what did you en?q?

Pol. I did en?q Julius Cofar, I was kill'd i' th' Capitol: Brutus kill'd one.

Ham. It was a bruite part of him, to kill i' th' Capitol a Celler there. Be the Players ready?

Pol. My Lord, they lay upon your patience.

Ham. No good Mother, here's Buttle more attracte.

Pol. Oh no, do you marke that?

Ham. Lady, shall I lye in your Lap?

Oph. No my Lord.

Ham. I maie, my Head upon your Lap?

Oph. My Lord.

Ham. Do you thinke I meant Cuntry matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my Lord.

Ham. That's a false thought to ly between Maids legs

Oph. What is my Lord?
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

In neither name, in extremity: Now what time is, proue thy speech made you know, And as my late is, saue that, my name is so.

King. Faith I must haue thee, Loue, and shortly too: My operant Powers nowe my Functions leave to do: And thus shall live in this faire world behinde, Honore, as I know, and happily, one, as kindes.

For Husband that thou art.

Bap. Oh confound the rest! Such Loue, must needs be Treson in my est. In second Husband, let me be accurst, None was the second, but who kill'd the first. Ham. Wormwood, Wormwood. Bap. The inordinate Person second Mariage move, Are base respects of Stunts, but none of Loue. A second time, I kill'd my Husband dead, When second Husband killeth me in Bed. King. I do believe you. Think what now you speak: But what soo we determine, off we break.

Perjury is but the first to Memorie, Of violent Birth, but poor validity. Which now like Fruite vnrple sicks up on the Tree, But fall not soe, when they yellow bee. Most necessary lies, that we forget To pay our issues, what to our offices is debt; What to our staines impofition we propose. The passion ending, doth the purpose laste. The violence of others Greeke, or Cruel, Their owne emperors with the puches destroy. Where Ioy much Rulles, Greeke doth much launce. Greeke Ioy, Ioy governes on slender accident, This world is not for age, nor for nor strange That euen our Loues shoulde with our Fortunes change. For he's a question left vs yet to prove.

Whether Loue lead Fortune, or else Fortune Loue. The great man doome, you make his favours, fies. The poor advanc'd, makes Friends of Enemies. And he that doth Loue on Fortune read, For who not needs shall not, lacke a Friend? And whoe in want a hollow friend doth try, Direely feas he him his Enemies, But orderly to end, where I began, Our Wifes and Fates do to contrary run, That our Devices fall, our owne owne sowne. Our Thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own. So think I shall, no second Husband wed. But die thy thoughts, when thy selfe is dead. Bap. Nor Earth to give me food, nor Heaven light, Sport and repose do me from day and night. Each oppoition that blancket the face of joy, Meet what I would haue me well, and in despyse. Both here, and hence, purfe me leaving thine. If once a Widow, our the Wives.

Ham. If she should breake is now.

King. This deeply warned:

Sweet, leave me here a while. My sight is good enough. God save me, and I should beguile The tedious day with sleepe.

Qu. Sleepe, sleepe, sleepe thy Brains, Sleepes, And never come mishap betweene vs twaine. Exit. Ham. Madam, how like you this Play? Qu. The Lady prettells to this as she thought. Ham. Oh, but she's crepte. Her word. King. Have you heard the Argument, is there no Offence in't.

Ham. No, no, they do but starke, poyson in left, no Offence th' world.

Ham. What do you call the Play?

King. The Moune: trap: Marry how? Tropically: This Play is the Image of a murder done in France. Gene. age is the Duke's name, his wife Beatrice: you shall see an act is a knowne piece of work: But what of that? Your Maistre, and such that have free soul's, it toucheth not; let the gall and wine, which is not matter.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one Lucianus nephew to the King.

Ophel. You are a good Councellor, my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your lusts, if I could see the Poper's dallying.

Ophel. You are soe neere my Lord, you are seen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my edge.

Ophel. Still better and worse.

Ham. So you must to Husband.

Begin Murderer. Foe, leue thy damnable Faces, and begin. Come, the crossing Rauens doth belowe for Revenge.

Lucian. Thoughts blacke, hands apr.

Drugs fit, and Time agreeing.

Considerate fasion, else no Creature seeing:

Thou must to the place, of Midnight. Weeds collected,

With Heates Bas, thrice blacked, three infected.

Thy naturall Mischief, and dire propretie,

On wholesome life, vertue immediately.

Poesy in the present parts.

Ham. He poesies him 1st Garden for his estate. His name's, Gene. the Story is extreme and wise in choise Italian. You shall lesse know how the Murderer gets the love of Gene.'s wife.

Ophel. The King rises.

Ham. What frighted with false fire.

Qu. How fares my Lord?

Pet. Ginue o'the Play.

King. Give me some Light, Away.

Exeunt

Monte Hamlet & Horatio.

Ham. Why lett the broken Deere go weepes,

The Hart ungall'd playd:

For some evill watch, while some evill sleepe;

So ruins the world away.

Would not this Sir, and a Forrest of Pheasants, if the rest of my Fortunes some Turk, and me, with two or three Provincia Loges on my road, my Friends, give me a Fellowship in a cruise of Players for.

Her. Halfe a shire.

Ham. A whole one I.

For thou dost know: Oh Demon deere, This Realmes dissatisfied was of Loue himselfe,

And now reigns here.

A very very Palecock.

Her. You might have Rim'd.

Ham. Oh good Horatio, he take the Ghosts word for a troth and wound. Did it present?

Her. Verie well my Lord.

Ham. Upon the latter of the poysoning.

Her. I did verie well more him.

Enter Residentes and Guilefordene.

Ham. Oh, had Come some Musick. Come: to Recorder.

For if the King like not the Comedia,

Why then he likeles like it not perille.

Come some Musick.

Culd Good my Lord, yeue, x. a word with you. Hamm.
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Ham. Sir, a whole History.

Gild. The King, sir.

Ham. I pray you, what of him?

Gild. Is he in his regement, mausoleum distemper'd?

Ham. With drinke Sir? or

Gild. No, my Lord, rather with chollick.

Ham. Your advice would shoal it if you were to make me to his Purgation, would perhaps plunge him into worse Chollick.

Gild. Good my Lord, put your discourse into some frame, and cause not to wildly from my affaires.

Ham. I am tame: Sir, pronounce.

Gild. Nay, good my Lord, this courtesse is not of the right breed, I must entreat you to make me a wholesome answer, do your Mothers command more: since, your pardon, and my return shall bee the end of my Business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Gild. What, my Lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer: my wits are disturb'd. But for such answers as I can make, you shall command; or rather you say, my Mother: therefore no more but to the matter: My Mother you say.

Gild. Then thus the fayre your behavior hath broke her into amazement, and admiration.

Ham. Oh wonderful Sonne, that can so astonish a Mother. But there is no sequel at the heels of this Mothers admiration?

Gild. She defers to speak with you in her Cloister, as you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were it ten times our Mother. Have you any further Trade with vs?

Relm. My Lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do still, by these pickers and fleers.

Gild. Do you freely bare the doore of your owne Littlet, if you deny your griefes to your Friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke advancement.

Relm. How can that be, when you have the Boyle of the King himselfe, for your Succession in Denmark?

Ham. But while the grasse growes, the Proverb is something mony, Enter one with a Recorder.

Otf the Recorder. Let me see, to withdraw you, why do you go about to recover the wind of face, as if you would drive me into a toyle of answeres.

Gild. O my Lord, if my Dустрой be too bold, my lye is too vnmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this Pipe?

Gild. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. Pray you.

Gild. Releace me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Gild. I know no touch of it, my Lord.

Ham. This is as eunuch: govern the Vestige with your finger and thumbe, give it a breath with your mouth, and it will distil some excellent Musick.

Gild. You see, there are the hopefuls.

Gild. But these cannot I command to any vrenance, nor have not the skill.

Ham. Why lookes you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me: you would play upon me: you would seeme to know my stopes: you would pluck out the heart of my Mysicie: you would sound mee from my low swell Note, to the top of my Compass, and there is much Musick, excellent Voice, in this little Organ: yet cannot you make it. Why do you think, that I am either to bee paid off, or that a Pippit call me what Instrument you will, though you can free me, you cannot play upon me. God bleffe you Sir.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, the Queene would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see that Clown: that's almost in shape like a Camel.

Pol. By'r Mist, and it's like a Camel indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a Wexsell.

Pol. It is back'd like a Wexsell.

Ham. Or like a Whale.

Pol. Verie like a Whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my Mother, by and by; they soothe me to the top of my bent.

I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so. Exit.

Ham. By and by, is eisily said. Leave me Friends.

Now is the very witching time of night, when Churchyards yawn, and Hell it selfe breathes out Contagion to this world. Now could I drink his blood, and do such bitter business as the day Would quake to looke on. Soft now to my Mother: Oh Heart, looke not thy Nature: let not euer The Soulse of Nero, enter this firme before: Let me be cruel, nor vnnatural, I will speak to Daggers to her, but vie none: My Tongue and Soule in this be Hypocrisies, How in my words consecrate the be then, To give them Seals, neuer my Soule confesse.

Enter King, Reuance, and Gilda.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with vs.

Relm. To let his madnesse rage.

Ham. Therefore prepare you, I your Commission will forthwith dispatch, And he to England shall along with you: The temes of our estate, may not endure, Hazard so dangerous as doth hereby grow Out of his Lascivies.

Gild. We will our selves provide: Most holy and Religious fear it is, To keep those many many bodies safe, That live and feed on your Majesty.

Relm. The Tangle and peculiar life is bound.

With all the strength and Armour of the minde, To keepe it free, from invasion: but much more, That Spirits, upon whole spirit depends and refts, The lines of many, the cunge of Majesty Does not alone; but like a Gerfke doth draw. What secretes, with it: It is a maffie wheel, Put on the Somers of the highest Mounts, To whose huge Speaker, ten thousand and lutter things Are mount'd and alloyn'd: which when it falls, Each small Inclement, petty consequence, as do: Did the King fight, but with a general glee?...
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

When he is dranke asleepe: or in his Rage,
Or in the incontinent pleasure of his bed,
At gaming, leering go about some suche
That's no relish of Salutation in's,
Then trip him, that his heels may kicke at Heaven,
And that his Soule may be as damned and blacke
As Hell, whereo't it goes. My Mother fayres,
This Physick but prolongs thy sickly dayes.

Enter. King. My words by vp, my thoughts remain below,
Words without thoughts, neuer to Heaven go.

Enter Queen and Polonius.

Pol. He will come straighte:
Looke you his home to him,
Tell him his prankses have been too broad to beare with,
And that your Grace hath seene, and foole betweene
Much heart, and him. He silence me one here:
Pray you be round with him.

Ham. Mother, mother, mother.

Qs. He warrant you, fear me not.
Withdrew, I hearde him comming.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now Mother, what's the matter?

Qs. Hamlet, thou hast thy Father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my Father much offended.

Qs. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue,

Ham. Go, go, you question with an idle rogue.

Qs. Why how now Hamlet?

Ham. What the matter now?

Qs. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No by the good, not so:
You are the Queene, your Husband's Brothes wife,
But would you were not so. You are my Mother.

Qs. Nay, then I'll let those to you that can speake.

Ham. Come, come, and fit you downe, you shall not

budge:
You go not till I let you vp a glass.
Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Qs. What wilt thou do? wilt thou not murder me?

Help, helpe, helpe.

Pol. What haust, help, helpe, helpe,

Ham. How now, a Rat? dead for a Ductace, dead.

Qs. Oh I am frame.

Kill Polonius.

Qs. Oh me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay I know not, is it the King?

Qs. Oh what a rath, and bloody deed is this?

Ham. A bloody deed, as I good Mother,
As kill a King, and marriste with this Brother.

Qs. As kill a King?

Ham. I Lady, 'twas my word.

Then wretched, rash, intruding fole farewell,
I took thee for thy Better, take thy Fortune,
Thou find'st it to be too buffer, is some danger.
Leave wringings of thy hands, peace, fit you downe,
And let me wring thy heart, for so I shall
If it be made of penetrable flaire;
If damned Callope it haue not bras'd it so,
That it is provest and bulwark against Sense.

Qs. What hast thou done, that thou dost wag thy tong,
In nois to rude against me?

Ham. Such an act

This blurses the grace and bluffs of Modesty,
This VentiHeat, as the Stephano, takes from the Rofe
From the faire forehead of an innocent lour,
And makes a blithere there. Makes mariage vowe.
As Bifte as Dicers Oathes. Oh such dear,
As from the body of Contrition pluckes
The very foule, and sweere Religion maker
Aparadise of words. Heastes face doth glow,
Yet this felicity and compoudt make;
With trifull visage as against the boome,
I thought-stick at the act.

Qu. Aye me, iwhat a, that comes so lowd, & thunders in the index.

Ham. Looke here upon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfeit prentisment of two Brothers:
See what a grace was found on his Brow,
Hypieron curles, the front of four himselfs,
An eye like Mars, to threaten or command.
A station, like the Herald Mercurie
New lighted on a heauen-kissing hill:
A combination, and a forme indeed,
Where every God did seeme to see his Seale;
To give the world assurance of a man.
This was your Husband. Looke you now what follows.
Here is your Husband, like a Mildewed ear
Blauffing his wholef breath. Have you eyes?
Could you on this faire Mountain leane to seed,
And bathe on this Moore? Is not your eye?
You cannot call it Louts? For at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is came, it's humble,
And waies upon the Judgement: and what Judgement
Would step from this, to this? What dwellest was,
That thus hast couched you at head-som-bride?
O Shame I where is thy Blush Rebellion.
If not in thine owne bones, to thy owne soul,
Flaming youth, let Vertue be as waxe,
And melt in her owne fire. Proclaime no name,
When the compellaine Arduine gives the charge,
Since Profit it fells, as actuely doth burne,
As Reason panders Will.

Qu. O Hamle, speake no more.
Thou canst not mine eyes eate my very soule,
And there I see such blacke and grained spots,
As will not leave their Tint.

Ham. Nay, but to line
In the same flame of an enflamed bed,
Strew'd in Corruption, honouring and making love.

Qu. Not, not, thrice no, no more.
Thou speakest to me, not more.
These words like Daggers enter in mine ears.
No more sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A Murderer, and a Villaine:
A Slue, that is not seventeenth part the syze
Of your precedent Lord. A Vice of Kings,
A Capturie of the Empire and the Rule.
That from a shelfe the precious Diadem floate,
And put it in his Packet.

Qu. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of Virgins and patches.
Save me; and buiter o'the me with your wings
You heastoun Guards, What would you gracious figures?

Qu. Alas he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your lady Sonne to chide,
That ley's in Time and Passion, let go by
Important actings of your dread command? Oh say,

Ghost. Do not forget this visitation
Is but to what she almost be troubled purpose,
But looke, Amusement on thy Mother sitts;
O nep between her, and her fighting Souls,
Conceit in weakeft bodies, strongft worthts.

Speak to her Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you Lady?

Qu. I, how is it with you?

That you bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the Poryall aire do hold discourse.
Forth as your eyes, your spirits widely peere,
And as the sleeping Soldiers in th'Alarne,
Your beaded hate, like life in exercitio,
Starup, and standan end. Oh gentle Sonne,
Upon the heart and flame of thy distempe,
Sprinkle coole patience. Whereon do you looke?

Ham. On hiroun him: you, looke how pale he glares,
His forme and cause contayned, preaching to frontes,
Would make them capable. Do not looke uppon me.
Leaft with this pittious action you contemne.
My stern effects: then what I have to doe,
Will want true colour; innate perchance for blood.

Qu. To who do you speake this?

Ham. Do you fee nothing there?

Qu. Nothing at all, yet all that is in deed.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Qu. No, nothing but our tales.

Ham. Why look you there? looke how it fleas away.
My Father in his habite, as he spake,
Looke where he gaves owt no where, but at the Porch. Last.

Qu. This is the very coinage of your Brain.
This bodleys Creation as is very cunning.

Ham. Exactice.

My Passe as yours doth temperate keep time,
And makes a blest full Musicke. It is not madnesse
That I have wraped. bring me to the Top.
And I the master will re-word, which madnesse
Wold gamboll from, Mother, for love of Grace.
Lay not a flattering Vnction to your soul,
That not your trespas, but my madnesse speakes.
It will but skin and flame the Vnchodzą place,
While it ranke Corruption mingling, all withins,
Infected vsense. Contede your titles to Heaven.
Repent what's past, allow what is to come,
And do not spred the Compoff or the Wearies.
To make them ranke. Forge me this my Vertue.
For in the fame of this endeuour times,
Vurage it tells, of Virtue maid pordge.
Yes Sir, and whom for leaue to do it good.

Qu. Oh Hamlet,

Thou hast clef my heart in twain.

Ham. O throw away the worser part of it,
And line the purer with the other haile.
Good night, but go not to mine Ynkle bed,
Affame a Vertue, if you have it not, refraine to night,
And that shall lend a kind of vertue
To the next ablution. Once more goodnight,
And when you are desirous to be blest,
He blesting begge of you. For this fame Lord,
I do repent: but heauen hath pleas'd it so,
To punnify me with this, and this with me.
That I must be their Stouenge and Minister.
I will be that, and will answer well.
The death I gave him: so againe, good night.
I must be cruelly, only to be kind;
This first begins, and worse remains behinde.

Qu. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this by no meane that I dyd you do.
Let the bloud King tempt you againe to bed.
Pitche Wanton on your cheeke, call you his Monie,
And let him for a pair of recee kites,

ghost
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Orsphaling in your necke with his damn'd Fingers,
Make you to rauell all this matter out,
That I effentially am not in madeness,
But made in craft. Were good you let him know,
For who will but a Queen, faire, sober, wife,
Would from a Paddock, from a Bat, a Gibe,
Such deceit concealing hide. Who would do so,
No in delight of Senle and Seeriede,
Vapogge the Basket on the house top;
Let the Birds feye, and like the famous Ape,
To try Conclusions in the Basket, crepe,
And breake your owne necke downe.

Lav. Be thou as I, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life: I have no life to breath.
What thou hast saved to me.

Ham. I must to England, you know that?

Lav. Alacke I had forgot: Tis so concluded on.

Ham. This man shall see me packing:
He lugge the Gaus into the Neighbor room;
Mother goodnight. Indeede this Counsellor
Is now most full, most secret, and most grave;
Who was in life, a foolish praying Knave.
Come Sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night Mother.

Exit Hamlet tugging in Polonius, & Enter King.

King. There's matter's in the sege fighting.
The seaj profound henthes,
You must translate; Tis fit we understand them.
Where is your Sonne?

Lav. Amy good Lord, what have I seen to night?

King. What Gertrude? How do's Hamlet?

Lav. Mad as the seas, and winds, and where ever contends
Which is the mightier, in this lawlesse flight.
Behind the Arras, hearing something stirre,
He whips his Kaper out, and cries a Rat, a Rat,
And in his bramsh apprehention killles
The vnigne good old man.

King. O haste doo:
I had but so with vs had we borne there; His Liberty is full of threats to all,
To you your selfe, to vs, to every one.
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
It will be law to vs, where providence
Should have kept short, restrains'd, and out of haunt;
This mad yong man. But so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit,
But like the Owner of a foule disease,
To keep it from divulging, let's see it.

Lav. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
O ye whom his very madnesse like some Eare
Among a Mineral of Mercaniel base
Shewes it selfe pure. He weepes for what is done.

King. O Gertrude, come away:

The Sunne soon shallet the Mountaineers touch
But we will clip him hense, and this wise deed
We must with all our Masteyr and Skill
Both countenance, and excute. Enter Rosc & Guild

Ho Guildenferre:
Friends both go home you with some further sayde:
Hamlet in madenesse hath Polonius slaine.
And from his Mother Custers hath he dragg'd him.
Go secke him out, speake faire, and bring the body
Into the Chippell. I pray you hath in this.

Exit Gent.

Come Gertrude, wee'll call up our wised friends,

To let them know both what we intent to do,
And what's unitely done. Oh come away,
My soule is full of discord and dismay.

Exit.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely flow, conquering Cordwainer.

To. What base you done my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compound it with dust, whereto 'tis Kinne.

Rosc. Tell vs where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the Chippell.

Ham. Do not beleive it.

Rosc. Beleive what?

Ham. That I cankepe your counsell, and not misse owne.
Besides, to be demanded of Spungde, what replications should be made by the Sonne of a King.

Rosc. Take you me for a Spungde, my Lord?

Ham. I first, that takes up the King's Countessness, his Rewards, his Authorities (but such Officers do the King best serve in the end.) He keeps them like an Ape in the corner of his house, first mount't to be left swallowed, where he needs what you have gien, it, is but queueing you, and Spungde you shall be dry again.

Rosc. I understand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knaifs speech sleeps in a foolish eare.

Rosc. My Lord, you must tell vs where the body is, and go with vs to the King.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King is a thing

Guild. A thing my Lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him, hide Fox, and all after.

Exit. Enter King.

King. I have sent to seeke him, and to find the bodie:
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose?
Yet must not we put the throng Law on him:
Hes hou'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes:
And where 'tis to, th'Offenders foruge is weigh'd,
But not in the offence; to bear all finnously, and even,
Thus for the sending him away, must fortune
Deliberate paue, discloses desperate growne,
By desperate appliance are releued,
Or not at all.

Enter Rosc c. & Guildenferre.

How now? What hast befallen?

Rosc. Where the dead body is below'd my Lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Rosc. Without my Lord's guarded to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before vs.

Rosc. Hoa, Guildenferre! Bring in my Lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildenferre.

King. Now Hamlet, where's your Polonius?

Ham. At Supper.

King. At Supper? Where?

Ham. Not where he ears, but where he is eaten, a certaine conensation of wormes are eate him.Your worm is yours only Emperor for diet. We sat all creatures die
to ourselfe for Mastsers. Your fat King, and your lean Beggar is but variable creature to diuers, but to one Table that's the end.

Ham. What doth thou mean by this?
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may go
A progresse through the guts of a Beggar.
King. Where is Polonius?
Ham. In beaucham, send button to see. If your Messenge
fer him not there, fetch him in other place your
selfe: but indeed, if you finde him not this month, you
shall note him as you go vp the stairs into the Lobby.
King. Go seke him there.
Ham. He will they still ye come.
K. Hamlet, this deed of thine, for thine especiall safety
Which we do tender, as we weeke you greene
For that whilst thou hast done, must tend thee hence
With merrie Quickness. Therefore prepare thy selfe,
The Bark is readie, and the wind at helpe,
Th'Afflictions setting, and every thing at brot.
For England.

Ham. For England?
King. I Hamlet.
Ham. Good.

King. So is it, as thou knowest our purpuse.
Ham. Looke at this cherry that feeleth him: but come, for

King. The loving Father Hamlet.

Hamlet. My mother: Father and Mother is man and
wife: man & wife is one, and so my mother.
Come, for England.

King. Follow him at foot:
Temp him with secret words:
Delay not, let him hence to night.
Away, for every thing is seal'd and done.
That else leaves on this Affaire pray you make haste.
And England, if my Love thou holdest at ought,
As my great power thereof may glace thee sense,
Since yet thy Cysterns looks dry and red
After the Danish Sword, and thy free awne
Pays homage to thy, as thou mockst nor coldly see,
Our Sovereigne Processse, which importes at full
By Letters continuing to that effect:
The present death of Hamlet. Do it England,
For like the Heeleless in my blood heresies,
And thou must secure: Tell I know tris done,
How ere my hapless, my joyes were not began.

Enter Fortinbras with an Armie.

For. Go Capitaine, from me greet the Danish King,
Till him that by his license, Fortinbras
Claimeth the conueniency of a promis'd March
O'er his Kingdom. You know the Resondeous:
If that his Majestie woulde wight with vs,
We shall expresse out duty in his eye,
And let him know so.

Cap. I will do so, my Lord.

For. Go safely on.

Q. I will not speake with her.
Her. She is impertinent, indeed distress'd, her mood
will needs be pitied.

Q. What would she have?
Her. She speaks much of her Fathers fate; she heares
There steakes th'world, and hims, and shee, and brings her heart,
Sprung unseemly at Stravens, speaks things in double,
That carry but half sense: Her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshapen fust of it doth move
The hearers to COLLECTION: they stay at it,
And both the words up set to their owne thoughts,
Which as her winder, and mode, and gestures yeald them,

Indeed would make one think there would be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.
Q. Were good she were spoken with,
For she may brewe dangerous conceitures
Till brooding minds. Let her come in.
To my sickle house: (as since true Nature is)
Each toy fumes Prologue, to some great snuffe,
So full of Artillery scallons is guilt,
It spoils their selfe, in fear to be spilt,

Enter Ophelia disguised.

Ophelia. Where is the beauteous Maiestie of Denmark.

Q. How now Ophelia?
Ophelia. How should I your true love known from another one?
By his Cockle hat and blaff, and his Smallest bone.

Q. Alas sweet Lady: what imports this Song?
Ophelia. Nay pray you make.

He is deid and gone. Lady she is deid and gone,
As his beard a white, green Turf, at his heele a stone.

Enter King.

Q. Nay but Ophelia.
Ophelia. Pray you make

 whose Sheerow's in the Mountain Snow.

Q. Alas, my love here be my Lord.

Ophelia. Laid with faire floweres:
Which belongs to the grace did not go,
With true-lost floweres.

King. How do ye pretty Lady?

Ophelia. Well, God did't you. They say the Owle was
A Bakers daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but
Know not what we may be. God be at your Table.

King. Conceit upon her Father.

Ophelia. Pray you let us have no words of this, but when
They ask you what it meanes, say you this:

To morrow is St. Valentine's day, all in the morning betimes,
And I at your window, to be your Valentine.

Then up he rises, and bid his cloaths, and goes the chamber down,
Let in the Mask, that out a Mask, when dejected more.

King. Pretty Ophelia.

Ophelia. Indeed it is without an oath I make an end on.

By you, and by S. Charity,
Alike, and for the same;

Young men will not, if they come to's,
By Cockes they are too blame.

Death she before you troubled me,
Ten promising me to wedd;

So would I be done by your favour,
And them had not come to my bed.

King. How long hath the bin this?

Ophelia. I hope all will be well. We must bee patient,
but I cannot choose but weeppe, to thinke they should
by him th' cold ground: My brother shall know of it,
and I so thynke you for your good counsel. Come, my
Coach: Goodnight Ladies: Goodnight sweet Ladies:

Goodnight, goodnight.

King. Follow her cloe,

Glise her good watch I pray you:

Oh this is the passion of deepse griefe, it springs,
All from her Fathers death. O Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrow comes, they come not single spies,
But in Battalions. First, her Father slain,
Next your Sonne gone, and he most violent Author
Of his owne infirmities: the people muddied,
Thickke and unworthome in their thoughts, and whisperes
For good Polonius death; and we have donebut greatly
In hugger mugger to interoce him. Pourre Ophelia
Div磺ed from her seelle, and her faire judgement.
Without the which we are Pictures, or mere Beasts.

Lact. and as much contending as all thee,

Her Brother is a secret Comrade from France,

Keeps on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,

And wants not Breezes to infect his ear

With pestilent Speeches of his Father's death,

Where is the least of matter: Beggard,

Will nothing tickle our persons to Alarm

In care and care. O my deere Gertrude, this,

Like to a murder'd Piece in many Places,

Gives me suppositious death. A Neat within.

Enter a Messenger.

Qn. Alacke, what noise is this?

King. Where are my Sweetarts?

Let them guard the doors. What is the matter?

Mef. Save your selfe, say Lord.

The Ocean, (ocean peering of his life.)

Estes not the Plait with more impetuous haste

Then young Learer, in a Rotten head,

One bears your Officers, the rabble call him Lord,

And as the world were now but to begin,

Antiquity forgot, Cufome not known,

The Rabble and prod of every word,

They cry, choos we  lawer shall be King.

Caps, hands, and tongues, applaus'd to the clouds.

Lover shall be King, Learer King.

Qn. How cheerfully on the fall of Traile they cry,

Oh this is Counter you false Danish Dogges,

Neat within. Enter Learer.

King. The doors are broke.

Larr. Where is the King, sir? Stand you all without.

All. No, let's come in.

Larr. I pray you give me leave.

All. We will, we will.

Larr. I thank you: Keep the doors.

Oh thou wild King, gristle me my Father.

Qn. Calmely good Learer.

Larr. That drop of blood, that calms

Proclams me Daifard;

Cries Cockold to my Father, brands the Harlot

Een here be between the claste unsmirch'd brow

Of my true Mother.

King. What is the cause Learer,

That thy Rebellion lookest so Gyant-like?

Let him go Gertrude: Do not fear our person:

There's such Daifard, could it be a King

That Pretends can but prepeo to what it would,

Acts little of his will. Tell me Learer,

Why then art thou thus Incendi? Let him go Gertrude.

Speak man.

Larr. Where's my Father?

King. Dead.

Qn. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Larr. How came he dead? He not be inseg'd with,

To hell Alegance: Vowes to the blacker dire.

Confidence and Grace, to the profoundst Pit,

I dare Damnation: to this point I stand,

The both the worlds I glue to negligence,

Let come what comes: I rul'd the reuing'd

Most thoroughly for my Father.

King. Who shall live you?

Larr. My Will, not all the world,

And for my means, he husband them so well,

They shall go farre with little.
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

You mainly were thr'd wp?

King. Of two speciall Reasons.

Which may to you (perhaps) scarce much unsinowed,
And yet to me they are strong. The Queen his Mother,
Loves almost by his looks ; and for my selfe,
My Vertue or my Plague, be it either which,
She's so continuell to mine life and foule;
That as the Starie moves not but in his Sphere,
I could not but by her. The other Motive,
Why to a publicke Count I might not go,
Is the great love the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping all his Faults in their affliction,
Wold like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone,
Convent his Gyues to Graces. So that my Arrows
Too lightly trimmed for to loud a Whinde,
Would have returned to my Bow againe,
And not where I had aimed them.

Lear. And to have 1 a Noble Fisher lost,
A Sitter driven into desperate extremes,
Who was—if praisers may go back againe
Stood Challenger on mount of all the Age
For her perfection. But my repentance will come,
King. Break not your sleepe for that,
You must not thinke
That we are made of flint, so stiff, and dull,
That we can let our Beard be fioke with danger,
And thinke it patience. You shortly shall hear more,
I loud your Father, and we loose our Selfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine—

Enter a Messenger.

How now? What News?

202. Letters my Lord from Hamlet: This to your
Majesty, this to the Queene.

King. From Hamlet? Who brought them

Majestie. They say my Lord they say, I saw them not:

King. They were given my Lord Claudio, he receiv'd them

Lear. Letters you shall hear them:

Leave vs.

Exit Messenger.

High and Mighty, you shall know I am not naked on your
King-dome. To warreem shall I begge leave to see your Kingly
Eyez. When I shall first askinge your Pardon (I promise) re-
connt to Overthrowe of my fayme, and more strange returne,

Hamlet.

What should this mean? Are all the rest come backe?
Or is it some abuse? Or no such thing?

Lear. Know you the hand?

King. The Hamlet's Character, raked and in a Post-

Lear. Here he lyes alone: Can you aduise me?

Lear. I am lost in it, my Lord; but let him come,

It warmes the very ficklesse in my heart,

That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,

Thus diddeff thou

King. If he be so Learre, as how should it be so:

Lear. How otherwise will you beframe'd by me?

Lear. Hee you not ouerlive me to a peace.

King. To thine owne peace; if he be now return'd,

As checking at his Voyager, and that he meanes

No more to underthese it; I will work him

To an expresse nowripe in my Deince,

Vunder the which he shall not choose but fail,

And for his death no winde of blame shall breath,

But even his Mother shall exacque the prouche,

And call it accident: Some two moneths hence

Here was a Gentleman of Normandy,

I feste my selfe, and fell'd against the French,

And they ran well on Holbeak; but this Gallant

Hadh
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Had witchcraft in's he grew into his Seat,
And to such woodruff doing brought his Horse,
As bad he beome encreas'd; he has prepared him
With the brave Beasts to fare he palf my thought,
That I in forgey of shapes and trickses,
Come short of what he did.

Lear. A Norman was't?

Kims. A Norman.

Lear. Vpon my life Laiiived.

Kims. The very time.

Lear. I know him well, he is the Brooch indeed,
And tempe of all our nation.

Kins. His mad confusion of us,

And give you such a Miller's report,
For Act and exercise in your defence;
And for your Raper most especially,
That he cryed out, 'would be a fight indeed,
If one could match you Sir.' This report of his
Diald Hamsel to envenom with his Enmy,
That he could nothing doe but withs and begge,
your sodaine comming on to play with him;
Not out of this.

Lear. Where, why out of this, my Lord?

Kims. Lear'ss was your fathers leave to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sworne
A face without a heart?

Lear. Why ask you this?

Kins. Not that I think you did not loose your Father,
But that I know Louis is begun by time.
And that I in passages of poore,
Time qualifies the shape and fire of it.

Hamsel comes backs: what would you undertake,
To shew your kille your fathers face indeed,
More than in words?

Lear. To cut his head th' Church.

Kins. No place indeed should murder sancturize;
Revenge should have no bounds: but good Lear'ss
Will you doe this, keepe clofe within your chamber,
Lear'ss return'd, shall know you are come home:
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the same.
The Frenchman gave you, you bring you in fine together,
And wager on your heads, he being remisse,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foales? So that with ease,
Or with a little flattering, you may choose
A Sword sulphur'd, and in a pale of practice,
Requies him for your Father.

Lear. I will doe,

And for that purpose I am at my Sword:
I bought an Exction at Mountebanke
So mortmall, but I slip a knife in it,
Where it draws in, no Castaaine for rear,
Collected from all Simples that have vertue
Vnder the Moon, can cause the thing from death,
That is but faste with thin: I'll touch my point,
With this contragon, that if I kill him flightly,
i may be death.

Kims. Let's further thinke of this,

Weigh what conveniency both of time and means
Might be to oue shape; if this should fail,
And that our drift, looks through our bad performance,
Towe better not affraid; therefore this Project
Should have a backe or second, that might hold,
If this should blift in profe: So, let me see
We'll make a solemn wager on your commings,

1. When in your motion you are hot and dry,
As make your bows more violent to the end,
And thus your sword must be sped.

2. A Clasische for the noicey hereon but spitting,
If he by chance escape your verto'st pitch,
Our purpose may hold there; how sweet Queen.

EnterQUEEN.

Queen. One was death tred upon another, heele,
So fast they'll follow your Sister's drownd'd Lear'ss.

Lear. Drownd'd! 0 where?

Queen. There is a Willow grows allants a Brook.

That fleshes his hore leaves in the glassi frame.
There with fantasticke Garlands did she come,
Of Crow-flowers, Nestles, Dayselfs, and long Purple.
That libelous Shepards gueue a grooler name.
But our cold Mists doe Dead Mens Fingers call them.
There on the pendent boughs, her Coronet weeds
Clambringe to hang an enuious flower broke,
When downe the weedy Trophies, and her lyfe,
Fell in the weeping Brook, her clothes spred wide,
And Mermaid-like, her white and her hair rye,
Which time the charmed flitches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her owne diuinity,
Or like a creature Nature, and incuded
Into that Element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with her drinke,
Pulled the poor wretch from her morduous buy.

To mody death.

Lear. Alas then, is she drownd'd?

Queen. Drownd'd, drownd'd.

Lear. Too much of water hath poison Euphites,
And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet
It is our trice, Nature her posture holds,
Let blame say what it will, while these are gone.
The woman will be out: A dote my Lord,
I have a speech of fire, that fire would blaze,
But that this folly doth it. Exit.

Kins. Let's follow, Gurande:

How much I had to doe to enlaine his rage?
Now since I this will giue it that againe;
Therefore let's follow. Exit.

Enter two Clauses.

Clas. Is she to bee buried in Christian burial, that
willfully seekes her owne destruction?

Other. I tell thee she is, and therefore make her Grave
straight, the Crownwr hath care on her, and finds it Christian
burial.

Clas. How can that be, vnlesse she drowned her selfe in her
owne defence?

Other. Why this is found so.

Clas. It must be so, for she is not of her

Other. Nay but see you Goodman Delature.

Clas. Give me leave; here lies the wære good;
here stands the man good: if the man goe to this wa-
ter, and drownes himselfe, it is he only be good, be good
markes you that? But if the water come to him & drown-
hes him; her drownes not himselfe: Argall, bee that is not
guilty of his owne death, therefore not his owne life.

Other. But is this law?

Clas. I marry it's, Crownwr's Quest Law.

Other.
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Hor. I, my Lord. Ham. Why e'en so: and now my Lady Wormes, Chaplere, and knock about the Mazar, with a Sextons Spade; here's fine Resolution, if we had the trick to see't. Did the bones cost no more the bedding, but to play at Leggins with 'em? mine ask to think on't.

Clewes fissing.
A Pickaxe and a Spade, a Spade, for an and a forwarding Spoke.
O'd Pin of Clay for to be made, for such a Gaff as meets.

Ham. There's another: why might not that bee the Scull of: of a Lawyer? where be his Quidits now? his Querits? his Caiks? his Tenures, and his Tricks? why doe't he suffer this rude knave now to knocke him about the Scourse with a dirty Shovel, and will not tell him of his Action of Bascery? hun. This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his Statutes, his Recognizances, his Finers, his double Vouchers, his recoveries. Is this the fine of his Finer, and the recovery of his Reclivies, to have his Fine Part full of fine dirt? will his Vouchers woule him no more of his Purchases, and double ones too, then the length and breadth of a pair of Indentures? the very Covenances of his Lands will hardly lye in this Boxe; and must the Inheritor himselfe have no more? his?

Hor. Not a jot more, my Lord.

Ham. I am not Purchas made of Sheep-skins?
Hor. I am my Lord, and of Calves-skinnes too.

Ham. They are Sheep and Calves that seek out suffrance in that. I will speake to this fellow: whose Graue's this Sir?

Hor. Mine Sir?

Ham. A Pin of Clay for to be made, for such a Gaff is mete.

Hor. Yorle our Got Sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't; and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in' and say 'his thing: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick, therefore thou liest.

Hor. 'Tis a quicker lie Sir, 'twill away againe from me to you.

Ham. What man dott thou digge it for?

Hor. For no man Sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Hor. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Hor. One that was a woman Sir; but tell her Soule, shee's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is? wee must speake by the Curte, or equivoque will endoe us: by the Lord Horatio, these three yeares I have taken none of it, the Age is grown so pickted, that the toe of the Peloton comes fo meet the heels of our Curte, hee galls his Kibe. How long hath thou been a Graue-maker?

Hor. Of all the dayes in this yeare, I came to that day that our Lord King Hamlet was born, hoe that was mad, and sene into England.

Ham. I marry, why was he sent into England?

Hor. Why, because he was mad, hee shall recouer his wits there, or if he do not, it's no great matter there.


The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Ham. Why?

Cla. Twill not be seeme in him, there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Cla. Very strangely they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Cla. Faith some with looking his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Cla. Why here in Denmark I have bin sueteene here, man and Boy thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man live in such wise, as he not?

Cla. Faith, if he be not rotten before he die (as we have many de civi Côoi's now, and that will not be hold the laysing in, he will last you some eight years, or nine years. A Tanner will last you nine years.

Ham. Why he, more than another?

Cla. Why, he is as long as his Trade, that he will keepe out water a great while. All your water, is a sore Decay of your horfon dead body. Here's a Scull now, this Scull, has Lait us in the earth three & twenty ears.

Ham. Whole is it?

Cla. A whole, as mad Fellows it was.

Ham. Have you seen it?

Cla. Nay, I know not.

Ham. Did you see it?

Cla. A peecell is on him for a mad Regue, a po'da Faggon of Reeds in my head once. This same Scull Sir, this same Scull fir, was Twyke Scull, the Kings Jester.

Ham. This?

Cla. Ere there.

Ham. Let me see. Also potage#1, I know him. Harrow, a fellow of infinite delight and excellent fantasy, he hath borne me on his backe a thousand times: And how abhorred my imagination, is my gorge fists at it. Here he hung the lipps, that I have kett I know not how off. Where are your lilies, now? Your Gambols? Your Songs? Your Muse of Merriment that were wont to set the Table on a Renett, now are to mock you, your own seeing? Quite chappelle? Now get you to my Ladiess Chamber, and tell her, her paint an inch thicker, to this favour the muff come. Make her laugh at that: pry thee Harrow, I tell thee nothing.

Ham. What's that my Lord?

Ham. Doth thou think Alexander lookt o'this fashion it's earth?

Hor. Ere he.

Ham. And fainet so? Puh.

Hor. Ere he, my Lord.

Ham. To what base viues we may resume Harrow. Why may not, imagination trace the Noble duft of Alexander, till he find it dropping a bung-hole.

Hor. Twere to consider: to curiously to consider.

Ham. No faith, not a jot, But to follow him altogether with moderate enough, & likehood to lead it, as thus. Alexander died: Alexander was buried: Alexander returned into dust, the dust of earth: of earth we make London and why of the dust, & every grain of dust, they not stopp a Beere-barell?

Impearl'd Caesar, dead and turn'd to clay, Might hop a hole to keep the wind away, Oh, dat that earth, which kept the world in awe, Should pitch a Woll: expell the winters thaw, But loath, but felt,告知 hence comes the King.

Enter King. Queen, Lauret, and a Criping, with Lords attendants.

The Queenes, the Courtiers, Who is that they follow.
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

He don’t. Doth thou come here to whine; To outface me with leaping in her Graze? Be bound to quicke with her, and so will I, And if thou prate of Mountains, let them throw Millions of Aces on vs; till our ground Singing his pate against the burning Zone, Make off as a wart. Nay, and thou shalt mouth, Be rare as well as thou.

Kim. This is mere Madness.

And thus awhile the fit will work on him: As patient as the female Doe, When that her golden Caplet are disclose’d; His silence will set drooping.

Ham. Hear ye Sir; What is the reason that you vie me thus? I load’ you easier, but it is no matter; Let Hercules himself do what he may, The Cat will Mew, and Dogge will have his day. Exit.

Kim. I pray you good Horatius wait upon him, Strengthen you patience in our last nights speech, We’ll put the matter to the present pull: Good Gertrude set some watch over your Sonne, This Grane shall have a Living Monument: An hour of quiet shortly will we see, Till then, in patience our proceeding be. Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet and Horatius.

Ham. So much for this Sir; now let me see the other, You doe remember all the Circumstances.

Horatius. Remember it my Lord?

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kinde of fighting, That would not let me sleep; methought I lay Wroth then the mutines in the Balloes, rashly, (And praife be Rasphie for it,) let vs know, Our Indiscretion sometimes ferues vs so well, When our deare plots do pane, and that should reach vs, There’s a Deinsty that shapes our ends, Rough-hew them how we will.

Her. That is most certaine.

Ham. Up from my Cabin
My Lea-gone heart about me in the darke, Grope’d I to find our army, had my defoe, Fingert’th their Packet, and in fine withdrew To mine owne room againe, making to bold, (my Lea gone forgetten manneres) to smale Their grand Commission, where I found Horatius, Oh royal knaue; an exact command; Larded with many several sorts of reasons; Importing Denmark’s health, and Englands too, With hoo, such Bugges and Goblins in my life, That on the superficie so leisure past, No not to stay the grinding of the Axe, My head should be strick off.

Her. It is certaine.

Ham. Here’s the Commision, read it at more leuyse: But will thou hear me how I did proceed?

Her. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus beneted round with Villaines, Ere I would make a Prologue to my brother, They had began the Play, I scarce did see, Down’th a new Commission, wrote it faire, I once did hold it out, with Statists doe, A batman to write faire, and beginn’d much How to forget that learning; but Sir now, I did me Yomines femice: wilt thou know The effeects of what I wrote?

Hor. I, good my Lord.

Ham. An earnest Coniversacion from the King, As England was his faithful Tributary, As loye between them, as the Palm should flourish, As Peace should fill her wheaten Garland weare, And stand a Comma to see their smalCN, And many such as Affins of great charge, That on the view and know of thefe Contents, Without debate further, or more or lesse, He shoulde the bearers put to Iodaine death, Not thinning time allowed.

Her. How was this fea’d?

Ham. Why, even in that was Heaven ordinate, I had my father Signet in my Purse, Which was the Modell of that Danish Seal; Folded the Writ vp in forme of the other, Subito’d, gave’t him impreison, Plant it safely, The changing kneer knowe: Now, the next day Was our Sea Fight, and what to this was knowne, Thou know’st already.

Her. So Gudensferme and Renarcrice, go too.

Ham. Why man, they did make soe to this employment They are not there my Conscience; their debate Doth by their owne infallion grow.

This dangerous, when the bater natur is come Between the pace, and fell incensed points Of mighty opposites.

Her. Why, what is this now?

Ham. Does it not, thinkst thee, stand me now you He that hath kill’d my King, and what’s my Mother, Pop’d in between the election and my hopes, Thrown out his Angle for my proper life, And with such crouzenage it’s not perfect confidence, To quitt him with this armes? and it’s not to be dam’d To let this Canker of our nature come In further rull.

Her. I must be shortly knowne to him from Englang What is the issue of the businesse there.

Ham. It will be short,

The interum’s mine, and a mans life’s no more Than to try one; but I am very sorry good Horatius, That so farre I forgot my selfe; For by the image of my Cuffe, I see The Portraiture of his; he count his favours; But for the brunt of his grieffes did put me Into a Towring passion.

Her. Peace, who comes here?

Enter young Offley.

Ofr. Your Lordship is right welcome back to Den.

Ham. I humbly thank you Sir, doth know this water feare.

Hor. No my good Lord,

Ham. Thys feare is the more gracefull, for thys a vice to know him as he hath much Land, and fertill; let a Beafi be Lord of Beafi, and his Crib shall stand at the Kings Messby’tis a Chowry, but as I saw freckles in the composition of dirt.

Ofr. Sweet Lord, if your friendship were as leuyse, I should impart a thing to you from his Majesty.

Ham. I will receiue it with all diligence of spiritput your Bequest to his right side, for the head.

Ofr. I thank you Lordship, it’s very hoo.

Ham. No, becase mee’tis very cold; the winde is Northenly.

Ofr. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed,

Ham. Mee thinks it is very faultly, and hot for my Composition.
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Of. Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very foultly, as well I cannot tell how; but my Lord, his Majestie bad me signifie to you, that he's laid a great wages on your head: Sir, this is the matter.

Ham. I beseech you remember.

Of. Nay, in good faith, for mine sake in good faith: Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence Laurence is as his weapon.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Of. Rapiers and daggers.

Ham. That's two of his weapons, but well.

Of. The fir King he's wag'd with him for Barbary Horses, against the which he impos'd, as I take it, fine French Rapiers and Pinnards, with their stilets, as Gistle, Hangers or: Three of the Carriages in that are very dexterous in fancy, very expert in the hits, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the Carriages?

Of. The Carriages, Sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more Germane to the matter: If we could carry Cannon by our side, I would it might be Hangers till then: but on fine Barbary Horses against fine French Swords, their Alligars, and three liberal conceited Carriages, that's the French, and against the Danes: why is this impos'd as you call it?

Of. The King, Sir, laid that in a dozen passes betweene you and him, you shall not exceed you three hits: He hath the twelve for nine, and that would come to immediate strait, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the Answer.

Ham. How if I answer no?

Of. I mean my Lord, the opposition of your person in strait.

Ham. Sir, I will walk the here in the Hall, if it please his Majestie, it's the breathing time of day with me, let the Foiles bee brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose, I will win for him: if I can: if not, I'll gain nothing but my name, and the odd hit.

Of. Shall I render you an account?

Ham. To this effect, Sir, after what flourish your nature will.

Of. I commend my duty to your Lordship.

Ham. Yours, yours; he does well to commend it himselfe, there are no tongues eftsoones tongues.

Hor. This Lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did Complie with his Dogge before he fak'd it: thus had he and mine more of the fame Beasy, that I know the drie afs age does on, only got the tone of the time, and outward liabite of encounter, a kind of yeftile collection, which carres them through th' & through the moft fond and winnowed opinions, and doe but blow them, to their tryalls: the bubbles are out.

Hor. You'll lose this wager, my Lord.

Ham. I do not thinke so, since he went into France, I have been in continual practice: I shall winne at the odds: but thou wouldst not thinke how all here have borne my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foulely; but it is such a kind of going, as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If you mind it like any thing, I will foremost their require, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defeare Augury, there's a special Brownefse in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not now, it will be no matter: if it be now, it will beg now; if it

Enter King, Queen, Laurence and Lords, with other Attendants with Foiles, and canestrels, a Table and Flagon of Wine on it.

King. 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 knows, And you must needs have heard how I am punished With fore discretion? What I have done That might your nature honour, and except Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness: Was't Hamlet wrong'd, Laurence? Neere Hamlet.

If Hamlet from himselfe be taken away: And when he's not himselfe, do's wrong Laurence, 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, His madneffe is yours Hamlet's Enemy, Sit in this Audience, Let my declaiming from a purpose end, Free me to farce in your most generous thoughts, That I have shot mine Arrow of the houfe, And hurt my mother.

Laud. I am justified in Nature, Who else moved in this case should stirre me not To my Revenge. But in my terms of Honor I stand aloofe, and will no reconnielment, Till by some elder Matters of knowne Honor, I have a voyce, and president of peace To keepe my name ingored: But till that time, I do receiue your offer'd love like love, And will not wrong it.

Ham. I do embrace it freely, And will this Brothers wager frankly play.

Give vs the Foiles: Come on.

Laud. Come one for one.

Ham. He be your foil, Laurence, in mine ignorance, Your Skill shall like a Scaree fish dash out night, Strike fiery off, indiende.

Laud. You mockke me Sir.

Ham. No by this hand, King. Give them the Foiles yong Oysticks, Counte Hamlet, you know the wager.

Laud. I know it well my Lord.

Your Grace hath laid the odds at'th' weaker side.

Ham. If I do not feate it, I have ierne you both:

If he be better'd, we have therefore odders.

Laud. This is too heavy, Let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well, These Foiles have all a length. Prepare to play.

Of. Sir, Hamlet, I agree.

King. Set me the Steper of wine's pot that Table.

Ham. A little more, Oysticks, and play.

Of. Sir, Hamlet, I agree.

King. I'll play with you. Laurence, and play.

If Hamlet give the first, on second hand; Or quit in answer of the third exchange.

Laud. I play with you. Laurence, and play.

The King's first drinke to Hamlet's better breafe, And in the Cap an union first he throwe

Richer then that, which four successive Kings

In Denmarkes Crowne have wore,
Give me the Cup.
And let the Kettle to the Trumpeters speak,
The Trumpets to the Cannoners without.
The Cannon to the Heavens, the Heavens to Earth,
Now the King drinks to Hamlet. Come, begin,
And you the Judges bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, sir.
Lear. Come on, sir.

Ham. Come on.
Lear. No.
Ham. Indigenously.
Oft. A bit, a very palpable bit.
Lear. Yes; again.

Ham. Stay, give me drink.
Hamlet; this Pearle is thine,
Here's to thy health. Give him the cup,
Trumpers sound, and that goes off.

Ham. He play this bout, sir, for a while.
Lear. Come: Another bit; what say you now?

Ham. Let us play another bout, sir.
Lear. Why, my Lord, I'll give him now.
Ham. He's mad, and (near or breath.

Here's a Napkin, rub thy brows,
The Queen and Cawfew at thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good Madam.
King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Ham. I will my Lord.
I pray you pardon me.

King. If it be the poision'd Cup, it is too late.

Ham. I dare not drink yet Madam,
By and by.

Lear. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Ham. My Lord, he'll give him now.
King. He doth not shirk it.
Lear. And yet he is almost against my conscience.

Ham. Come on, sir.
Lear. You but silly,
I pray you pause with your bold violence,
I am afraid you make a wanton of me.

Oft. Nothing further way.

Ham. Have at you now,
In saying they charge Reapers,

King. Part them, they are incensed.
Oft. Nay come, against.
Oft. Look to the Queen there too.

Ham. They bleed on both sides. How is my Lord?
Oft. How's the Lovers?

Lear. Why is a Woodcocke,
Tome Springde, Oft.

I am fully kill'd with mine owne Traeherie.

Ham. How does the Queen?

King. She founds to let them bleed.

Oft. No, the drink, the drink.

Oh my dear Hamlet, the drunk, the drink.

I am poison'd. Ham.

Ham. Oh Villain! How? Let the door be lock'd.

Treasurer, seek it out.

Lear. It is here Hamlet.

Hamlet, thou art a slave,
No Medicine in the world can doe thee good.

In thee, there is not halfe an hour of life;
The Treasurers Instrument is in thy hand,
Violated and inflamm'd: the foule practife
Harden'd is fell on me: Lo, here I dye,

Never to rise againe: Thy Mothers poison'd: I can no more, the King, the King's too blame.

Ham. The point Revou'd too,
Then vendo me to thy woode.

Ham. Newes the King.

All. Treason, Treason.

King. O yet defend me Friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Hereby thine inestimable, murderous,
Dead, Damber Dake.
Drinke off this Portion: Is thy Vnion here?

Follow my Mother.

Ham. He is my seru'd.
It is a poision temp'red by himselfe.
 exchanged for a good Man, Noble Hamlet.

Mine and my Fathers death come not upon thee,
Now thine come.

Dyer. Ham. Hesum maketh thee free of it, I follow thee.
I am dead Horatio, wretched Queene aewrew,
You first looke pale, and tremble at this change,
That are but Mutes or audience to this act.
Had I but time (as this fell Sergeant death) I should tell you,
But let it be: Horatio, I am dead,
Thou liest, report me and confess right
To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never beleue it.
I am no more an Upoke Roman then a Dane:
Here's yet some Liquor left.

Ham. At that a man, give me the Cup.
Let go, by Heaven I have't.

O good Horatio, what a wondrous name,
(Things standing thus unknowne) shall live behind me.

If thou didst euer hold me in thy heart,
Able thee from Felicity while,

And in this harsh world draw thy breath in paine,

To tell my Story.

March stave off, and stave within.

What was like to noyse is this?

Enter Officers.

Oft. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come fro Poland,
To 0! an Ambassador of England gives this warlike vally.

Ham. O! O! O! Meares Horatio:
The potent poision quite o'er-crowes my spiritt,
I cannot live to heare the Newes from England,
But I do prophesie the election lights
On Fortinbras, he's my dying voyce,
So tell him with the occurring more and lesse,
Which have solicited. The rest is silence.

O, o, o, o, Dyer.

Hor. Now cracke a Noble heart.

Good night sweet Prince,
And Rights of Arcade sing thee to thy rest.

Why do's the Drumme come lither?

Enter Fortinbras and Robert, Ambassadors with Drumme,
Colours, and Attendants.

Fort. Where is this sight?

Hor. What is it ye would see?
If oght of we, or wonder, cease your search.

For, his quarrell cries on a Nonck. Oh proud death,
What shaft is toward in thine eternal Cell.
That thou be no many Princes, at a thonce,

So blowly hail stroke.

Amb. The fight is difmoll,
And our affaires from England come too late,
The cares are lentenible that should give vs hearing,
To tell him his commoditie is fulfill'd,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead:
Where should we have our thanks?

HOR. Not from his mouth.

Hamlet gives commandment for their deaths.
But since to jump up on this bloody question,
You from the Polish wars, and you from England,
Are here arrived. Glue order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let me speak to thy yet unknowing world,
How these things came about. So shall you hear
Ofearnall, bloodie, and unnatural acts,
Of accidentall indecency, casuall slaughters
Of death's put on by cunning, and force'd cause,
And in this vphios, purposes mistooke,
False on the Inventors heads. All this can I
Truly deliver.

For. Let vs haft to heare it,
And call the Nobleft to the Audience.

For me, with sorrow, I embrace my Fortune,
I have some Rites of memory in this Kingdome,
Which are to claine, my vantage doth
Invite me.

For. Of that I shall have alwaies cause to speake,
And from his mouth.

Whole were we will draw on more:
But let this fame be presently perform'd,
Even whilsts mens minds are wilde,
Left more mishance
On plots, and errors happen.

For. Let foure Captaines
Bear Hamlet like a Soldier to the Stage,
For he was likely, had he bene put on
To have prou'd most royally:
And for his passage,
The Souldiers Musick, and the rites of Warre
Speake lowdly for him.
Take vp the body. Such a sight as this
Becomes the Field, but here shews much amisse.
Go bid the Souldiers theoare.

Exit. Marching: after the which, a Peale of
Ordensance are flor off.
THE TRAGEDIE OF
KING LEAR.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Kent, Gloucester, and Edmund.

Kent.

Krent the King hath more affected the
Duke of Albany, then Cornwall.

Glou. It did always seem to me in the
Eye of the King, that he spake not as
honour did seem to me. The Duke he valued
most, for qualities are to weighd, that curiosity
in others, can make choice of either more.

Kent. Is not this your Son, my Lord?

Glou. His breeding Sir, hath bin at my charge. I have
so often gav'd to acknowledge him, that now I am
brav'd too.

Kent. I cannot persuade you.

Glou. Sir, this young Fellow's mother could; whereas
she grew round womb'd, and had indeed (Sir) a
Sonne in her Cradle, ere she had a Husband for her bed.

Kent. Do you smell a fault?

Glou. Kent, I cannot with the fault meddle, the issue of it,
being so proper.

Kent. But I have a Sonne, Sir, by order of Law, some
yeares elder than this one; yet, is no dearer in my ac-
count, though this Knave came something late to the
world before he was five, yet was his Mother fayer,
there was good sport at his making, and the horror must
be acknowledg'd. Do you know this Noble Gentle-
man, Edmund?

Edm. No, my Lord.

Glou. My Lord of Kent:

Kent. Remember him hereafter, as my Honourable Friend.

Edm. I shall, my Lord.

Glou. He hath bin in your service, and away he shall
again.

Kent. The King is coming.

Edm. That would be to avert the King from England.

Glou. Attendant, the Lords of France & Burgundy, Gloster,

Kent. I shall, my Lord.

Edm. Meantime that we may oppose our darker purposes.

Kent. We shall, my Lord.

Edm. Mean time that we shall oppose our darker purposes.

Krent I shall, my Lord.

Lear. To thee, and thine hereditary ene,

Remain this ample third of our late Kingdom,

No less in space, validity, and pleasure

Than that confeder'd on Gloucester. Now our toy

Although our left and right to whole young love,

The Vines of France, and Mill of Burgundy,

Sure to be intereed. What can you say to draw

A third, more ardent than your Sister's speake?

Lear. Nothing my Lord.

Edm. Nothing?
Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing will come of nothing; speake again.

Cor. Wilt thou that I am, I cannot be one
My heart into my mouth; I love your Majesty
According to my bond, more nor less.

Lear. Now, now, Cardinall, and your speech a little,
Less if you may marre your Fortunes.

Cor. Good my Lord,
You have begun me, bade me, I'ld do, me.
I returne those duties beake as are right for,
Obey you, love you, and most Honour you.
Why have my Sisters Husbandes, if they say
They love you all? Happily when I shall wed.

That Lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
Hate my love with him, half my Care, and Dutie,
Sure I shall never marry like my Sisters.

Lear. But goes thy heart with this?

Cor. My good Lord.

Lear. So young, and so pretender?

Cor. So young my Lord, by true.

Lear. Let it be so, thy truth then be thy downes;
For by the sacred radiance of the Sunne,
The miracles of Jezueth and the night;
By all the operation of the Orbes,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be,
Here I disclaimle all my Paternal care,
Prospicienty and property of Blood,
And as a strangler to my heart and me,
Hold thee from this for ever. The barbarous Scyllion
Or he that makes his generation meefe
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosome
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and releaved,
As thou my sometime Daughters,

Kent. Good my Lady.

Lear. Pease Kent,

Come not betweene the Dragon and his wrath;
I lourd her no, and thought to let my self,
On her kind nurture. I must and avoid my fight;
So be my grace my peace, as here I give
Her Fathers heart from her; call France, who stirs they;

Call Burgundy, Cornwall, and Albion,
With my two Daughters Dowries, digget the third,
Let pride, which she calls patience, marry her;
I doe inuictly you joyously with my power,
Preeminently, and all the large clixches
This occasion with Majesty. Out lift ine by Montely course,
With reparation of an hundred Knights,
By you to be full'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due course, onely we shall retaine
The name, and all the addition to a King the Sway.

Reuenue Execution of the reall,
Belong by yours, which to confirmne,
This Coronet part betwixt you.

Kent. Royal Lear,

Whoom I have ever honor'd as my King,
Loud as my Father, as my Matter follow d,
As my great Patron thought on in my process.

Lear. The bow is bent, drawn, make from the shaft.
Kent. Let it fall rather, though the forkes imbide
The region of my heart, be Kent unnannerly,
When Lear is mad, what wouldst thou do old man?
Thinkst thou that dutie shall I have dread to speake,
When power to flattery bowes?
To plaines, horizons bounds,
When Majesty falls to folly, rescue thy state,
And in thy best consideration checke.

This hideous rashness, was not in my life, my judgement;
Thy yongst Daughter do'st not love thee least,
Nor are these empty hearted, whose low founds
Rendeer no hollowe wreath.

Lear. Kent, on thy life no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pruse,
To wage against thine enemies, never fear to loose it,
Thy fairest being mortue.

Lear. Out of my fight.

Kent. See better Lear, and let me till remaine.

The true blanke of thine eye.

Lear. Now by Apollo,

Thou swear, if thy gods in vaine.

Lear. O Vysslall! Miserable.

Alb. Cor. Desse Sitt forbeare.

Lear. Kill thy Phythis, and thy face below
Upon the foule deface, revoke thy guilt,
Or still it I can vent clamour from my throat,
Ile the thou dost eate.

Lear. Hearne me recreant, on thine allegiance hear me,
That thou hast fought to make vs broke our vowe,
Which we durst never yet; and with thundr'd pride,
To come between our sentence, and our power,
Which, nor our nature, nor our place can bear;
Our potentie made good, take thy reward.
Five yeares we do allot thee for provision,
To fluid thee from diffusers of the world,
And on the fir to turne thy hared backe.
Upon our kingdomes, if on the tenth day following,
Thy bannish trunke be found in our Dominions,
The moment is thy death, away. By speller,
This shall not be revoked.

Kent. Fare thee well King, fish thus thou wilt appeare,
Freedome lives hence, and bannishme in here;
The Gods to their deere shelter take thee Mad,
That shortly think it, and balt most rightely said:
And your large speeches, may your deares appeare,
That good rificles may spring from words of loue;
Thus Kent, O Princes, bids you all adew;
He'll shape his old course, in a Country new.

Enter. Surrey, Esther Gisler with France, and Burgundy, Attendants.

Cor. Here's France and Burgundy, my Noble Lord.

Lear. My Lord of Burgundy,

We first address toward you, who with this King
Hath thisd for our Daughter; what in the least
Will you require in present Dowre with her,
Or receiv the gift of Loue?

Burg. Most Royal Majesty,

I crave no more then hath your Highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender leefe?

Lear. Right Noble Burgundy,

When she was desere to vs, we did hold her so,
But now her price is fallen; Sit, there she standeth,
If we were in her, little seeming substance,
Or all of it with our dileasure piece'd
And nothing more may fitly like your Grace,
She's there, and she is yours.

Burg. I know no answere.

Lear. Will you with these infirmeties she owes,
Undefriended, new adopted to our hate,
Dowre with our carne, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her or leuse her.
The Tragedie of King Lear

Bar. Pardon me Royall Sir,
Election makes not vp in such conditions.
Le. Then leave her fit for by the power that made me,
Tell you all her wanton. For you great King,
I would not from your liege make such a fray,
Tornach you where I hate, therefore before you
Takin your lying a more worthy way,
Then on a wretch whom Nature is ashamed
Almost to acknowledge her.

Fra. This is most strange, that she of whom men but now,
Was your obiect, that the argument of your prouf, bolus of your age,
The beft, she doth so insolent, in this trice of time,
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dissolute
So many folds of favour, her offence
Must be of such vastest nature, what
That monster is? Or your fond-vouche affection
Fall into vain, which to believe of her
Must be a faith that reason without miracle
Should never plant in me.

Cor. I yet believe your Maiestie,
How I wrought that glib and yrly Art,
To speak and purpose not, since what I will intend,
I do before I speak, that you may know me.
It is no vicious blast, nother, or foul air,
No vogue addition or disdained deep
That hath deprived me of your Grace and favour,
But even for want of that, for which I ramecher,
A full following eye, and such a tongue.
That I am glad I have nor, though not to have it,
That left me in your liking.

Lear. Better chon had he?
Not beene borne, then not that, he were as good as better.

Fra. Is it but this? A tardine in nature,
Which often leaves the history vnsoke
That is intended to do any Lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the Lady? Louis's not loue.
When it is mingled with regards, that stands
Above from thine point, will you have her?
She is hercelfe a Dowrie.

Bar. Royall Kings,
Give her that portion which your felfe propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchesse of Burgundy,

Lear. Nothing, I have fowne, I am fime.

Bar. I am foyry then you haue loofe a Father,
That you mull looe a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy,
Since that respect and Fortunes are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

Fra. Fairfeth Cordelia, that art most rich being poore.
Most choft for a faken, and most lou'd despits it,
True, and thy ventures here I fee by ven,
Ben lawfull I take up what is left away.

Gods, Gods! To fentence, that from their cold neglect
My Loue should continue to enmities respect,
Thy doubtful Deffe, Daughter King, throwne to my chance,
Is Queene of vs, of ours, and our faire France:
Not all the Dukes of warfull Burgundy,
Can buy this unpriz'd precious Maid of me.
Bid them face well Cordelia, though volkande,
Thou loofet here a better where to finde.

Lear. Thou haft hee France, yet hee his thine, for we
Have no such Daughter, nor shall ever fee
That face of hers againe, therefore be gone,
Without our Grace, our Loue, our Benison:

Scene Secunda.

Enter Bathurst.

Bath. Thou Nature art ay Goddesse to thy Law
My servittes are bound, wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
The curiositie of Nations, to deprive me?
For that I am one twelue, or fouer tent Moonghines
Loo of a Brother? Why Bathurst? Wherefore base?
When my Dimension are as well compact,
My mindes as generois, and my Humpe at true.
A honest Madams illie? Why brand thy vs
With base? With balancc Baradice? base, base?
Who in the little flighl of Nature, take
More composition, and fercle qualitie.
That heath with a dull flade tyred bed
Goe to th'creating a whole tribe of Fops
Gert twenee a fcape, and wake? well then,
Legitimate Edwarde, I must have your land,
Our Fathers love, is to the Bathurst Edmond,
As to th'legitimate fine word: Legitimate.
Enter Gloucester

Glo. Kent banish'd thee? and France in choler past? And the King gone to night? Prefer'd his power, Crony'd to exhibition? All this done
Upon the gait? Edmund, how now? What newes?
Baff. So please your Lordship, none.
Glo. Why so earnestly fetch you to put vp? Letter?
Baff. I know no newes, my Lord.
Glo. What Paper 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 neede to hide it selfe. Let's see: come, if it bee nothing, I shall not neede Speracles.
Baff. I beleeve you Sir, pardon mee; it is a Letter from my Brother, that I have not all o're-read; and for so much as I have perus'd, I find it not fit for your ore-look.
Glo. Go fetch the Letter, Sir.
Baff. I shall offend, either to detain or give it.
Glo. The Contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.
Baff. Let's see, let's see.
Baff. I hope for my Brothers inductification, hee wrote this but as an essay, or taste of my Vertue.
Glo. Wise read. This patience, and endurance of Age, makes the world wonder the best of our times: keeps our Fortune from us, till our oldmen cannot refresh them. I began to finde an ill and bad bond age; in the oppression of aged tyranny: now it is not as it hath power, but as it is suffer'd. Come to mee, that of this I may speak more. If our Father would sleepe, till I wake him, you should suffer him his Restlessness for ever, and lose the benefit of your Brother.
Edgar. Hum? Conspiration? Sleepe till I wake him, you should enjoy half his Restlessness; my Sonne Edgar, had he a hand to write this? A heart and braine to breathe it in? When came you to this? Who brought it?
Baff. It was not brought me, my Lord; there is the writing of it. I found it thrown into the Chamber of my Cloister.
Glo. You know the character to be your Brothers?
Baff. If the matter were good my Lord, I durst swear it were his; but in respect of that, I would faine think it was not.
Glo. It is his.
Baff. It is his hand, my Lord; but I hope his heart is not in the Contents.
Glo. Has he neuer before sendid you in this business?
Baff. Never my Lord, but I have heard him oft maintain to the furthest, that Sonsnes are perfect age, and Fathers declin'd, the Father should bee as Ward to the Son, and the Sonne manage his Reuenue.
Glo. O villain, villain: his very opinion in the Letter. Abhorred Villaine, vnnatural, deceitful, brutish Villaine: worse then brutish; Go sirrah, fetch him: He apprehend him. Abominable Villaine, where is he?
Baff. I do not well know my Lord, if I shall please you to unfold your indignation against my Brother, you can derive from him better restitution of his fault, you should run a certaine course: where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your owne Honor, and shake in pieces, the heart of his obedience. I dare payne downe my life for him, that he hath writ this to feele my affection to your Heere, & to no other preence of danger.
Glo. Thank you for that.
Baff. Euer my Lord, Honor judge it meete, I will place you where you shall heare us conferre of this, and by an Aicular assurance have your satisfaction, and that without any further delay, then this very evening.
Glo. He cannot be such a Monster, Edmund, fetch him out: winde me into him, I pray you: frame the Business after your owne witnesse, I would visitas my selfe, to be in a due resolution.
Baff. I will fetch him Sir, presently: censure the business I shall make knownes, and acquaint you withall.
Glo. Their late Eclipes in the Sun and Moon, portend no good to vs: though the wildeorne of Nature can reason it thus, and thus, yet Nature finds it to be seing or'd by the sequent effects. Loe Cookes, friendship falls off, Brothers duide. In Cities, mutinies; in Countries, discord, in Pallasce, Treason, and the Bond cradles, twist Same and Father. This villain of mine come under the prediction; there's Souerain Father, the King falls from by as of Nature, there's Father against Childre. We have seen the field of our time. Machinations, hollownesse, treacherie, and all mariners disorders, follow us disquietly to our Graues. Find out this Villain Edmund, it shall lose thee nothing, do it carefully: and the Noble & true Harted Kent banish'd; his offence honesty. This strange, this,Ever. This is the excellent iniquity of the world, that when we are sick to fortune, often the forrest of our owne behavioir, we make guilty of our disaffections, the Sun, the Moon, and Sterres, as if we were villaines on necessitie, Fools by heavynesse compulsion, Knaves, Thieves, and Treachers by Spercious predominance, Drunkards, Lyrists, and Adulterers by an infor'd obedience of daynous inflection; and all that we are endit in, by a divine threateing. An admirable caution of Whores-mutter-men, to lay his Goathish disposition on the charge of Sterre.
My father compounded with my mother under the Dragons tale, and my Naughty was under Vesta Muster, so that it followes, I am rough and Lecherous. I should have bin that I was, and the masterlesse Sterre in the Fimnament twinkled on my Battalizing.

Enter Edgar.

Par. He comes like the Catastrophe of the old Comedie: my Coy is villous and melancholy, with a fight like Tom o'Bedlam. — O these Eclipes do portend these disaetions. Fa. Sol, La, Me. 

Edg. How now Brother Edmund, what serious contemplation are you in?
Baff. I am thinking Brother of a prediction I read this day, what shall follow these Eclipes.
Edg. Do you believe your selfe with that?
Baff. I promise you, the effects he writes of, succeed unhappily.
Edg. When saw you my Father last?
Baff. The night gone by.
Edg. Spake you with him?
Edg. I, two hours together.
Baff. With you in good termes; Found you no displeasure in him, by word, nor countenance.
Edg. None in all.
Edg. Betcher your selfe wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreatie forbeare his presence, until some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure, which at this instant forrageth in him, that with the win
The Tragedy of King Lear.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Gentilis, and Stewart.

Gent. Did my Father strike my Gentleman for chiding of his Poole?
Stew. I Madam.

Gent. By day and night, he wrongs me, every hour he fetches into one grievous crime, or other, that facts vs all at oids: He not endure it; his knights grow riotous, and his helpless dependents vs on every trifl. When he returns transmuting, I will not speak with him, say I am sick. If you come lacke of former services, you shall do well, the fault of it I answer. Sir. He's coming Madam, I hear him.

Gent. Put on what waryness you please, you and your fellowes I'll have it come to question; if it displease, let him to my sister, whose mind and name I know in that are one, remember what I have said.
Stew. Well Madam.

Gent. And let his knights hauet colder looks among you, what grooves of it no matter, advise your fellowes to be watchful to my sister to hold my court to prepare for dinner.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Kent.

Kent. If but as with will father accustom borrow, That can my speech before my good intent May carry through it fettle to that full issue For which I raise my likeness. Now banish Kent, If thou canst forese where thou dost find commend'd, So may it come, thy matter whom thou lost, Shall find thee full of labours.

Hearst within. Enter Lenard and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay for dinner, go get it ready how who, what art thou?
Kent. A man Sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What wouldst thou with us?

Kent. Do profess to be no less than I seem, to serve thy majesty truly that will put me in trust, to have me, that is honest, to converse with him that is wise and feste little, to serve judgment to fight when I cannot choose, and to care to thine.

Lear. What is thy name?

Kent. A very honest hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor as a peasant, art thou for a king, how art thou poor enough. What wouldst thou then?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who wouldst thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Doth thou know my fellow?

Kent. No Sir, but you have that, in your countenance, which I would faine call Master.

Lear. What is this?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep an honest charge, ride, run, make a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that such as ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in: and the best of me, is Diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young Sir, to lose a woman for singing, nor so old to doe any other thing. I have years on my backe forty eight.

Lear. Follow me, thou shalt serve me, if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner ho, dinne, where's my knave my Poole? Go you and call my Poole hither. You you Sirrah, where's my Daughter?

Stew. I have seen you.

Lear. What acts the Fellow there? Call the Chetpole, who's my Poole? Ho, I think the world's asleep, how now? Where's that Mungrell?

Knave. He's at my Lord, your Daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave backe to me when I called him?

Knave. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not?

Lear. My Lord, I know not what the matter is, but to my judgement your Highness is not entertain'd with that Ceremonious affectation as you were wont, there's a great abatement of kindnesse appears as well in the general dependants, as in the Duke himselfe also, and your Daughter.

Lear. Has he to thy so?

Knave. I beseech you pardon me my Lord, if I be mistaken, for my duty cannot be silent, when I think you your Highness wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but rememberest me of mine owne Conception, I have perceived a most faint neglect of late, which I have rather blamed as mine owne jealous curiosity, then as a very presence and purpose of kindnesse, I will look further into't: but where's my Poole? I have not seen him this two daies.

Knave. Since my young Ladies going into France Sir,
Sir, the Fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that, I have rated it well, go you and tell my Daughter, I would speak with her. Go you call her my Fool; Oh you Sir, you, come you hither Sir, who art you Sir?  

Enter Squearward.

Sir. My Lady's Father.  

Lear. My Lady's Father my Lord's kinsman, you who-  

soon dog, you hase, you curre.

Sir. I am none of these my Lord,  

Lear. I beseech your pardon.  

Sir. Do you handly lookes with me, you Rabble?  

Sir. He be not so ranken my Lord.

Kent. Nor lessneth you hate Foot-ball player.

Lear. I thank thee fellow.

Thou hast me, and I love thee.  

Kent. Come sir, goe away, Ie teach you differences,  

away, away, if you will measure your bobbies length a-  

gain, tarry, but away, goe too, have you writ home, goe.  

Lear. Now my friendly kneale, I thank thee, there's earnest of thy service.  

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let my hire him one, here's my Cosscombe.  

Lear. How now my pretty kneale, how dost thou?  

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my Cosscombe.  

Lear. Why my Boy?  

Fool. Why not taking one part that's out of favour,  

nay, & than you not as fine as the wind first; then catch  

cold shortly, there take this Cosscombe why thin fellow  

be base dawg on your Daughters, and the third a  

bleating against his will, if thou follow him, thou must  

needs wear thy Cosscombe. How now, Nunkell? would  

I had two Cosscombes and two Daughters.

Lear. Why my Boy?  

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my  

Cosscombe my selfe, there's mine, beg another of thy  

Daughters.

Lear. Take heed Sirrah, the whip.  

Fool. Truth's a dog must to kennel, hee must bee  

whipped out, when the Lady Beath may stand by'd fire  

and finke.  

Lear. A pestilent gall to me.  

Fool. Jull, Ile reate this a speach.  

Lear. Do.  

Fool. Marke it Nunkell;  

Have more then thou knowest,  

Speakst less then thou knowest,  

Let's lesse than thou owest,  

Ride more then thou goest,  

Learn more then thou knowest,  

Set leafl then thou owest,  

Leave thy drink and thy whores,  

And keepe a dore,  

And thou shalt have more,  

Then two roses to a dore.  

Kent. This is nothing Fool.

Fool. Then tis like the breach of an unseed Lawyer,  

you gave me nothing for's, can you make no vice of noth-  

ing Nunkell?  

Lear. Why no Boy,  

Nothing can be made out of nothing.  

Fool. Pray tell him, so much the rest of his land  

comes to he will not believe a Fool.  

Lear. A bitter Fool.  

Fool. Do it thou know the difference my Boy, be-  

tween a bitter Fool and a sweet one.

Fool. No Lad, reach me.  

Fool. Nunkell, give me an egg, and let give thee  

two Crownes.  

Lear. What two Crownes shall they be for?  

Fool. Why after I have cut the egg in the middle  

and eaten the two Crownes of the egg, when  

then clost to thy Crownes in the middle, and cut two  

both parts, then shoul: thee give thee thy Crown,  

when thou dost give thee thy golden one way; if I  

spake of my felse in this, let him who would that it  

finds it so.  

Fool. had cause left grace in a year,  

For women are slow on disappointment.  

And know not how their wishe to wear,  

Their manners are so spifical.  

Le. When were you wont to be so full of Song and  

Fool. I hate ye Nunkell, ere since thou mad'st  

thy Daughters thy Mothers, for when thou gav'st them  

the rod, and put'st downe that thine own Breeches, then  

they for so long a while wepe,  

And I for sorrow sing,  

That (as a King should) play bo-pepe,  

And gee the Fool among.  

By thy Nunkell keepes a Schoolmaster that can  

teach the Fool to lie, I would faine learn to lie.  

Lear. And you lie thar, whil I have you,  

Fool. I spake all that shoul: and the Daughters are,  

they'll make me whipt for speaking true: thou shoul:  

have me whipt for lying, and sometimes I am whipt for  

holding my peace. I had rather be any kind of thing then  

a goose, and yet I would not be thee Nunkell, thou hast  

poured thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing in the  

middle: here comes one o'the parings.  

Enter Servant.

Lear. How now Daughters? what makes that Friend  

on? You see too much of late it's trowne.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou had'st no  

need to care for her trowning, now thou art an O without  

a figure, I am better then thou art now, I am a Fool,  

thou art nothing. Yes for sooth I will hold my tongue, so  

your face bids me, though you say nothing.

Mum, mum, he that keeps not craft, not craft,  

Wen of all, shall want none. That's a shee! Pecod.  

Gen. Not only Sir, this your allyd and such Fool,  

But other of your infernal retinue  

Do hourly Caspe and Quarrel, breaking forths  

In rancour and to be endued'd into Sir.  

I had thought by making this well knowne unto you,  

To have found a false redresse, but now grown taill  

By what your felloe too late have spoke and done.  

That you use this course, and put it on  

By your allowance, which if you shoul: the fault  

Would not make content nor the redresse slipe,  

Which in the tender of a whole cost.  

Might in their working do you that effecce,  

Which else were shame, that then merrie  

Will call different proceeding.  

Fool. For you know Nunkell, the Hedge-Sparror  

fed the Cuckoo so long, that it's had it head bit off by it  

young, so out went the Candle, and we left dark-  

lins.  

Lear. Are you our Daughter? (done)  

Gen. I would you would make wise of your good wife.  

(Whereof I know you are taught), and pur away  

These dispositions, which of late transport you  

From what you rightly are.
The Tragedie of King Lear.
The Tragedie of King Lear.

And haften your resolute, no, no, my Lord,
This milky gentleness, and course of yours
Though I condole not, yet under pardon
You are much more at task for want of welcome,
Then priv'ed for harmful misdirect.

Alk. How fare your eyes may pierce I cannot tell,
Striving to better, oft we marre what's well.

Com. Nay then —

Alk. Well, well, she's sent.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Lear, Kent, Gentleman, and Goads.

Lear. Go you before to Gisler with these Letters; acquaint my Daughter no farther with any thing you know, then comes from her demand out of the Letter, if your Diligence be not speedy, I shall be there afore you.

Kent. I will not sleepe my Lord, till I have delivered your Letter.

Exit.

Goads. If a man's brains were in his heels, were not in danger of hythes?

Lear. 1 Boy.

Goads. Then I pritty be merry, thy wit shall not go flip-flap.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha.

Goads. Shall see thy other Daughter will vie thee kind-ly, for though the's as like this, as a Crabbe's like an Apple, yet I cant tell what I can tell.

Lear. What can't tell Boy?

Goads. She will cates as like this, a Crabbe do's so a Crabation cants tell why ones nose stands i'th'middle on's face?

Lear. No.

Goads. Why to kepe ones eyes of either side a nose, that what a man cannot see out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong,

Goads. Cant tell how an Oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Goads. Nor I neither, but I can tell why a Snake has a house.

Lear. Why?

Goads. Why to put his head in, to give it away to his daughetres, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my Nature, to kind a Father? Be my Horseman ready?

Goads. Thy Ailes are gone about: the reason why the seven Stareses are no more seen, is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not sight.

Goads. Yes indeed, then would fain be a good Peole.

Lear. To take againe perforce, Moretus gratituded.

Goads. This bout with my Peole Muckle, if I hadnt beene for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's this?

Goads. This shouldnt not have bin old, still thou hadst bin wise.

Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad forsee Heaven: kepe me in temper, I would not be mad. How now are the Horseman ready?

Goads. Ready my Lord.

Lear. Come Boys.
The Tragedie of King Lear.

Edmund, I heare that you have thewne your Father
A Child-like Officer.

Beau. It was my duty Sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practis, and receivd
This hurt you, Sir, shewing to apprehend him.

Cor. Is he pursuad?

Glo. I my good Lord.

Cor. The best taken, he shall neuer more
Be fear'd of doing harme, make you owne purpose,
How in my strength you pleas'd: for you Edmund,
Whose verue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend it self, you shall be ours,
Nature's of such deepre truth, we shall much need:
You we shch seize on.

Beau. I shall serve you Sir truly, how ever elle.

Glo. For him I thank you your Grace.

Cor. You know now why we came to visit you?

Reg. Thus out of treason, shedding darke cy'd night,
Occasion Noble Gloff or some prize,
Wherein we must hace vie of your aduice,
Our Father he hatch writ, fo hath our Sifer,
Of difference of which I left though it fit,
To answer from our home: the general Messengers,
From hence ascend dispatch, our good old Friend,
Las conforts to you bowed, and confow
You needfull counsale to our businesse,
Which causeth the instant vie.

Glo. I seere you Madam,
Your Grace are right welcom. Exeunt. flour.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Kent, and Steward generally.

Str. Good dawning to thee Friend, art of this house?
Kent. t.

Str. Where may we set our horses?
Kent. I thynge.

Str. Pray thee, if thou lovest me, tell me,
Kent. I love thee not.

Str. Why then I care not for thee.
Kent. If I had thee in Liquor or Penfild, I would make thee care for me.

Str. Why dost thou wse me thus? I know thee not.
Kent. Fellow I know thee.

Str. What dost thou know me for?
Kent. AKnave, a Rafeall, an ester of broken metes, a base, proud, shallow, beggerly, three-faltered-hundred pound, filthy wooded-stocking knave, a Lilly-livered, a hog-taking, woman glasse-grazing superterrible stinkall Rogue, one Trunce-inheriting blane, one that wouldst be a Bawd in way of good servis, and a nother but the composition of a Knave, Begger, Coward, Pandar, and the some and Heire of a Mingrill Bitch, one whom I will feast into shamours whining, if thou den't the least daile of thy addition.

Str. Why, what a monstros Fellow art thou, thus to raile on one, that is neither knowne of thee, nor knowes thee?
Kent. What a brasse-en-dad Varlet art thou, so deny thou knowest me? It is two daies since I rep't thy heeler, and bate thee before the King! Draw you rogue, for
The Tragedie of King Lear

for though he be night, yet hee the Moones glasse, He makes a top o'th' Moonshine of you, you whoredon Callye I may Barber-manage, draw.

Ste. Away, I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw you Ratscall, you come with Letters against the King, and take Vanitie the purer part, against the Royalties of her Father; draw you rogue, or he so carbamado your thanks; draw you Ratscall, come your waives.

Ste. Help, he, murder, murder.

Kent. Strike you flaise;stand rogue, fland you next

fume, strike.

Enter Old Lord, Cornwall, Regan, Gloucester, Servants.


Ste. With you, good-man Boy, if you please, come, I'll fetch you, come on ye good-faith. I know Sir, I am no fitter, but that he

guides you in a plaine accent, was a plaine Knaves, which for my part I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entertain you.

Corn. What's your offence you gave him?

Ste. A neuer gave him any;

In the place where the King is, his Master very late

To strike me upon his misconstrucon,

When he came, and hating thy displeasure

Tripe me behind as being downe, infudied, cal'd,

And put upon him such a deale of Man,

That wasted him, got praises of the King,

For his attempting, who was self-priced,

And in the extremity of this dead explication,

Drew on me here againe.

Kent. None of these Rogues, and Cowards

But Akes is there Foole.

Corn. Fetch forth the Stocks?

Ste. You thinke an ancient Knaves, you reuerent Braggart;

We'll teach you.

Kent. Sir, 1 am too old to learn.

Corn. Call not your Stocks for me, I ferne the King,

On whose employment I was sent to you,

You shall doe small respecto, how so bold male,

Against the Grace, and Poison of my Matter,

Stocking his Messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the Stockes;

As I have life and Honour, there shall he sit till Noone.

Reg. Till noone, till night my Lord, and all night too.

Kent. Why Madam, if I were your Fathers dog,

You should not wit me so.

Reg. Then what hast thou done, I will. Stocks brought out.

Corn. This is a Fellow of the selfe same colour,

Our Sisters speakes of. Come, bring away the Stocks.

Glo. Let me berehit your Grace, not to do it.

The King his Matter, needs must take it still

That he is lightly valued in his Messenger,

Shall to me his reformation be restrained.

Corn. He answered that.

Reg. My Sister may receive it much more worse,

To have her Gentlemen abused, assailed.

Corn. Come my Lord away,

Exc, I am for to three friendly, to the Duke pleasant,

Who dispension all the world it knowes,

Will not be sub'd nor stopp'd, I intent thee for thee.

Kent. Pray do not Sir, I have watch'd and travailed hard,

Some time I shall fleere our, the rest I'll whistle;

A good many fortune may grow out as heeles.
The Tragedie of King Lear.

Grievous morrow, Gloucester. The Duke's too blame in this.

"Twill be ill taken, sir."---Exit.

Kent. Good King, that must approve the common sort,

Thou art out of Heaven's benediction come,

To the wretched Sun.

Approach thou to Bacon to this tender Globe. Th

This thy comforter. Because I say

People this Letter; Nothing almost less meet

But me of the Sonne, seeking to give

Leaves their remedies. All weary and dejected,

Take warning, brace your eyes, etc., to behold

This shaming lodging. Fortune goodnight;

Smile once more, turn thy whelke.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I hear'd the late noble Lord's lamentations,

And the happy hollow of a tree,

Became the hunt. No Pont is free, no place

That guard, and most insensible

Do's not renew my taking. Whiles I may escape

I will premise myself: I am but thus thought

To take the bait, and most profess'd rage

That over struggle in contempt of man,

Bought need to bestow my face to rime with thine,

Blanket my loins, efface all my marks in knot

And with present nakedness out face

The Whinstone, and peculiarities of the skies;

The Country gives me proof, and president

Of Endim Beggars, who, with roaring voices,

Strike in their hounds and mounted armies,

Fires, wodden-pitches, Nefle, Signs of Roslin's:

And with this horrible object: from low Farmes

Poore pelting Villages, Sheeps, Cotters, and Milles,

Sometimes with Linnistick harts, sometime with Priests

Influence their chariot: poore Tyme, poore Tyme,

That's something yet: Edgar I nothing am.

Exit.

Enter Lear, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. Thy strange that they should so depart from home,

And not send backe his Messengers.

Gost. At I heard'd.

The night before, there was no purpose in them

Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, Noble Master.

Lear. Ha! Mak' it thon thine, shame any paine?

Kent. No my Lord.

Fool. Hah, hah, he weares Cruell Garets Horses are

Bide by the heads, Dogges and Bears, by th'neckes,

Monkies by th'loynes, and Men by th'leggs: when a man

outrights at leggs, then he weares wooden wether-stocks.

Lear. What's he,

That beth so much dry place mistake

To her that here?

Kent. It's both he and she,

Your Son, and Daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. Not I say.

Kent. I say yes.

Lear. By Jupiter I swear and swear.
The Tragedie of King Lear

Lear. Deny to speake with me?
They are sicke, they are weary,
They have pass'd all the night in mee'rcr yeters
The images of revolt and flying off,
Fet me a better answer.

Glo. My deere Lord,
You know the fiery quality of the Duke,
How vnremovable and fixt he is
In his owne course.

Lear. Vengeance, Plague, Death, Confinement.
Fire! What quality! Why Gilder, Gilder,
I'd speak with the Duke of Cornwall, and his wife.
Glo. Well my good Lord, I have inform'd them so.
Lear. Inform'd them? Do'st thou understand me.
Glo. My good Lord.

Lear. The King would speake with Cornwall,
The deputy Father.
Would with his Daughter speake, commands, tend's, fey?
Are they inform'd of this? My breath and blood: (unseal) Fryr! The fiery Duke, tell the hot Duke that
No, but yet by, he be he is not well,
Infirmitie doth full neglect all office,
Whereunto our health is bound, we are not our selves,
When Nature being npopled, commands the mind
To suffer with the body, I forebear,
And am fallen out with my more headful will,
To take the indufip'd and sickness fit,
For the sound man. Death on my state: wherefore
Should be fit here, this act pwrfwanes me,
That this remonatrion of the Duke and her
Is prattifl only. Give me my Seruants forth,
Goe tell the Duke, and his wife, I'd speak with them
Now, prudently, bid them come forth and haste the
Or at their Chamber doors I beate the Drum,
Till it beat flate to death.
Glo. I would have all well between you.
Exit. Lear. On my heart! My rising heart! But downe.

Fool. Cry to it, Nunckle, as the Cocket did to the Edes, when the put 'em i' th' Potts alue, the knap 'em o' th' exelmas with a flack, and cread downe wanston, downe was her Brother, that in pure kindnes to his Heart buttered his Hat.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloucester, Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hallo to your Grace. Reede here set at liberty,
Reg. I am glad to see your Highness.

Lear. Regan, think your are, I know what reason
I have to thynke of, thou shouldst be glad not be glad,
I would discourse me from thy Mother's Tombe,
Sepultring an Adultresse. O are you free?
Some other time for that. Beloved Regan,
Thy Sisters sought: oh Regan, the hath tied
Shape-toth'd wikkindnesse, like a vulture here;
I can tare speake to thee, thou'rt not beleue
With how depraunt a quality. Oh Regan,
Reg. I pray you Sir, take patience, I have hope
You leste know how to value her defers,
Then shee to feast her dutie.

Lear. Say! How is that?
Reg. I cannot thynke my Sifer in the leaf
Would fail her Obligation. If sir perchaunce
She haue straifned the Ruts of your Followres,
Tis on such ground, and to such wholefome end,
As elever she from all blame.
Lear. My curtes on her.

Reg. O Sir, you are old,
Nature in you hand on the very Verge
Ofthis coniure: you should be ru'd, and led
By some direction, that doth concern your state.
Before then you your felles: therefore I pray you,
That to our Sifer, you do make returnes,
Say you have wrong'd her.

Lear. Ask her for giueness?
Do you but mark how this becomes the house?
Dear daughter, I confesse that I am old;
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I begge,
That you'ld vouchsafe me Rayment, Bed, and Food,
Reg. Good Sir, no more: these are vaflyngly trickes,
Returne you to my Sifer.

Reg. Neuer Regan?
She hath abased me of halfe my Trainee;
Look'd blanke upon me, strove with me with her Tongue
Most Serpent-like, upon the very Heare.
All the flore'd Vengeance of Heaven, tall
On her ingratiat cup, strike her young bones.
You take Ayres, with Lamentes,
Corn. Eye lit, lit.

Let you mingle Lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her beauteous eyes: Inlet her Beauty,
You Fen-stuck Faggis, drawn by the powerful Sunne,
To fall, and blitter.

Reg. O the blest Gods!
So will you wish on me, when the rash moode is on.
Lear. No Regan, thou that neuer haue my curse:
Thy tender-bred Nature shall not guise
The eare to barefinsde: Her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not barne. Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my Trainee,
To bandy hardy words, to seate my fay,
And in conclusion, to oppose the bole.
Against my comming in. Thou better know it
The Offices of Nature, band of Childhood,
Effects of Curteisie, dues of Gratitute,
Thy half i' th' Kingdom haft thou not forgot,
Wherein thet endow'd.

Reg. Good Sir, to th' purpose.

Lear. Who put my man i th' Stockees?

Enter York,

Corn. What Trumpeter's that?
Reg. I know'st, my Sisters; this apprises her Letters,
That she'd soone be heere. Is your Lady come?
Lear. This is a Slave, whose eafe borrower prude
Dwells in the flicker grace of her he followes.

Our Varlet, frommigly.
Corn. What means your Grace?

Enter Cornwall.

Lear. Who rock't my Servant? Regan, I have good hope
Thou didst not know on.
Who comes here? O Heaven's!
If you doe some old men; if your sweet sware
Allow Obedience: if your fathers are old,
Make it your cause: send downe, and take my part.
Are not allmen to looke upon this Beard?
O Regan, will you take her by the hand?
Corn. Why not by th' hand Sir? How haue I offended?
All's not othertise that indifferetionfinding,
And deseage terms to.

Lear. O fides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?
How came my man i' th' Stockees?
Corn. I sent him there, Sir, but his owne Disorders.
The Tragedie of King Lear.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Kent. Who's there besides foul weather?

Gen. One minded like the weather, most vauntly.

Storme and Tempest.

Kent. Enter Kent, cow a Gentleman formerly.

Kent. Who's there besides foul weather?

Gen. One minded like the weather, most vauntly.

Kent. Who's there besides foul weather?
The Tragedie of King Lear.

Kent, I know you: Where's the King?

Genl. Contending with the fiercest Elements;
Bids the winds blow the Earth into the Seas,
Or swell the curled Waters'shout the Maines,
That things might change, or cease.

Kent. But who is he with him?

Genl. None but the Fool, who labours to out-rule
His heart's-stroke injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you,
And dare upon the war-rant of my note
Command a deer thing to you. There is division
(Although as yet the face of it is cou'ted)
With mutual cunning; twixt Albany, and Cornwall:
Who hae, as who haue not, that their great States
Thron'd and set high; Seruants, who feare no life,
Which are to France the Spies and Speculations
Intelligents of our State. What hath bin seene,
Either in lights, and packings of the Dukes,
Or the hard Reine which both of them hath borne
Against the old kinte King; or something deeper,
Whereof (perchance) theirs are but furnishings.

Genl. I will take further with you.

Kent. No, no, no,
For confirmation that I am much more
Then my out-wall; open this Purse, and take
What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia,
(As fear not but you shall hear this King,
And the will tell you who that Fellow is)
That yet you do not know, Fye on this Storme,
I will go seek the King.

Genl. Give me your hand,
Have you no more to say?

Kent. Few words, but to effect all more then all yet;
That when we have found the King, in whose your pain
This way, He this: He that first lights on him,
Holla the other.

Exeunt.

Scene Secunda.

Enter Lear and Fool.

Lear. Blow winds, & crack your cheeks; Rage, blow
You Catarafts, and Hyperion's spout,
The ill winds blow your Steeples, drown your Cocks.
You Sulphurous and Thought-executing Fires,
Vomunt-curis of Oke-cleansing Thunder-bolts,
Singde my white head, and thou all-hissing Thunder,
Strike the chieke Roundish o'th' world,
Crack Natures mould; all germaines spill at once
That makes ingratitude Man.

Fool. O Nuke! Court holy-water in a dry house, is
better then this Rain-water out o' door. Good Nuckle,
in, asketh Daughters blessings, here's a night pitties
neither Willicombe nor Foulis,

Lear. Rumble thy Belly full: for Fire, spout Raines;

Not Raines, Winds, Thunder, Fire are my Daughters;
I care not you, you Elements with villan Keithes;
I never gave you Kingdomes, call'd you Children;
You owe me no Subscription. Then let fall
Your horrible pleasure. Here I stand your Slave,
A poor, pitiful, weak, and despised man:
But yet I call you Senile Ministers,
That with two pernicious Daughters joyne
Your high-engender'd Battailes, gainst a head

So old, and white as this. Oho! his foile.

Fool. He that has a hou'fe to put's head in, has a good
Head-piece;
The Codpiece that will houfe, befor' the head has any;
The Head, and he shall Lowie: fo Beggars marry many.
The man's makes his Toe, what he his Hart fould make,
Shall of a Corne crye woe, and turne his Sleepe to wake.
For there was never yet faire woman, but shee made
mouthes in a glasse.

Enter Kent.

Lear. No, I will be the pasture of all patience,
I will say nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry here's Grace, and a Codpiece, that's a
Widow, and a Fool.

Kent. Alas Sir are you here? Things that lose night,
Lose not such nights as these. The wrathfull spirits
Gallow the very wanderers of the darke.
And make them keep their Curses; Since I was man,
Such sheers of Fire, such hurts of horrid Thunder,
Such groanes of roaring Winds, and Raine, I never
Remember to have heard. Mans Nature cannot carry
This affliction, nor the feare.

Lear. Let the great Goddess
That keep this dreadfull padder ove our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tumble thou Wretched,
That bad within thee undiscover'd Crimes
Vomund of guilt. Hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou Perfidious, and thou Sinister of Vertue;
That are Inceuous, Cattife, to peeces frake.
That vnder cover, and convenient seeming
His prattled on mass life. Clothe pent-up guilt;
Blue your concealing Continents, and cry
There dreadfull Samumets grace, I am a man,
More fin'd against then sinning.
Kent. Alsake, base-headed?

Gracious my Lord, hard by here is a Houll
Some friend ship will it lend you 'gainst the Tempt:
Repose you there, while I to this hard house;
(There harder then the Over of his rauds,
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Deny me to come in) resume, and force
Their scarlet curtice.

Lear. My wits begin to tume.
Come on my boy. How doff my boy? Are cold?
I am cold my self. Where is this flaw, my Fellow?
The Act of our Neccessities is strange,
And can make wilde things precious. Come, your Houll;
Poor Fool, and Knave, I have one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. He that has a little-ryne wit,
With heigh-ho, the Windle and the Raine,
Muff make content with his Fortune fit,
Though the Raine it raineth day.

Le. True Boy. Come bring vs to this Houll. Exeunt.

Fool. This is a brave night to coole a Curtise:
He speaks a Prophesse ere I go:
When Priests are more in word, then matters;
When Beggars make their Meal with Water;
When Nobles are their Taylor's Tutors;
No Heretiques burn't, but wencher Sutors;
When every Cate in Law, is right;
No Squire in debt, nor no poor Knight;
When Slanders do not live in Tongues;
Nor Curse-papers come not to thrones;
When Villagers tell their Gold in Field,
Scena Tertia.

Enter Gloster, and Edmund.

Gl. Alack, alack! Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing when I declared their issue that I might spy him, they took from me the wife of mine own house, charg'd on pain of perusal, whether neither to speak of him, except for him, or any way to suavitate him.

Edm. Moft favour and unnatural.

Gl. Go to, say you nothing. There is a division between the Dukes, and a worse matter than that: I have receiv'd a letter this night, this dangerous to be spoken. I have look'd the Letter in my Cloths, there must be the King now bears, will be engag'd, more is part of a power already rooted, we must incline or the King, I will look him, and privately will seek him. You go you and maintain the Duke, that may arise at his conception; if he ask for me, I shall, and go to bed, he die for it, (as no lefth is this mad) the King may, my old Master must be relieved. There is strange things to ask Edmund, pray you be careful.

Edm. I wonder, a word or two. This seems a faire dissenting, and must draw me. That which my Father left, is left to him, the younger son, when the eldest fell.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place my Lord, good my Lord enter;
The tyranny of the open night's too tough
For Nature to endure.

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my Lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart, K.

Kent. I had rather break mine own.

Good my Lord enter.

Lear. Then think't is such that this contentious
Imbodies us to the minds of this to thee, (Time)
But where the greater majesty is first,
The letter frst is felt. Thou dost him a Beaste,
But if they fly and they do fly toward the roaring Sea,
There'll meet the Beaste 's mouth, when the mind's
The bodies decline the temper in my mind, haste,
Flee from my fences, take all feeling alike.
Some what bears these, full ill ingratitude,
Is it not this mouth should bear this hand
For lifting food too? But I will punish them;
No, I will wepe no more; in such night,
To thrust me out? Pour me on, I will endure;
In such a night as this? I d'ye see, Fool?
Your old kind Father, whose frank heart gave all,
Or that way mad confusion, I'll make you from that:
No more of this.

Kent. Good my Lord enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee go to thy selfe, steel thou own estate,
This temper will not give me leave to ponder
On those would hurt me more, but he go in,
In Boy, go first. You must, O boy, your ease;
Nay get thee up, and sleep, and then take sleep;
Poor naked wretches, where to cyre you are,
That hide the pelting of this pitiful storme,
How shall your House-like heart, and vised fidel
Your joy, and window'd ragged shelter defend you
From felines such as these? O! have done
Too little care of this: Take thy sake, Pompe,
Espoye thy feeze to feel what wretches feeze,
That thou must shake the superfluous to them,
And shew the Heavens more silent.

Enter Edgar, and Fool.

Edg. Fathom, and half, Fathom and half, to speeke Tem.

Fool. Come not in here. Nuncle, here's a spirit, help me,
Help me, speak.

Kent. Give me thy hand, who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit, he says his name's poor
Tem.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there? I'll
straw? Come forth.

Edg. Away, the foolie Foolie follow me, through the
foul'd Huntsman blow the windes, Homin, get to thy
bed and waste not time.

Lear. Didst thou give all to thy Daughters? And art
thou come in this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tem? Whom
The boole frieF has bid, though Fire, and through Flame,
Through Sword, and Whistle Poole, the Boy, and
Quarrel, that mass he had knit under his Pillow, and
Hair, and his face, for this hand, by his Porrige, made him
Proud of it, to ride on a Bay trotting Horse, over four
Hoch Bridges, to court his own shadow for a Traitor,
Bliss him such Wits, Tem's cold, O, do, do, do, do, do,
Bliss him from Whistle-Winder, Starre-blasting and
Beau, do poore Tem some charite, whom the boole friend
vexes, There could I have him now, and there, and there
again, and there.

Storm still.

Lear. He's his Daughters brought him to this pace?
Couldst thou faze nothing? Wouldst thou give 'em all?

Fool. Nay, he releas'd a Blanket, else we had bin all
hand.

Lear. Know all the plagues that in the pendulous age
Hang fared o'meuus souls, light on thy Daughters.

Kent. He hath no Daughters Sir.

Lear. Death Traitor, nothing could have fidole'd
To such a lawes, but his wrouky Daughters. (Nature
Is it the fashion, that discur did Father's,
Should have this little meere on their filth:
Infamies punished, 'twas this flesh begot
Those Pelican's Daughters.

Edg. Pillocock star on Pillocock hill, allslow, low, low,

Fool. This cold night will dance vs all to Foolies, and
One way or another.

Edg. Take heed of thine Friend, obey thy Pa-

Kent. Keep thy words Justice, swore not, commit not,
with
The Tragedy of King Lear.

with many swords: Spouse, let me thy Sweet-heart on proud array: Tom's a cold.

Lear. What shall I do now?

Edg. A Strangerman: Brought in heart, and mind; that curl'd my hairs, wore Gownes in my cap: 'tis the Luuk of my Mother's heart, and did the acte of darkeness with her. Swore as many Oaths, as I spoke words, & braked them in the lowest face of Heauen. One, that kept in the contrary of Luuk, and walk't to doe it. Wine would I drestly, Dice drestly, and in Woman, out Paramont'd the Tortoise. False of ears, light of eye, bloody of hand: Hog in fowche, Fox in fowche, Wolfe in greene-hisse, Dog in madness, Lyon in prey. Let not the creaking of Names, Nor the plucking of Silkes, beary thy poor heart to woman. Keep thy footes out of Brother's, thy hand out of Plaistres, thy pen from Lenders Books, and define the foule Friend. Still through the Hauy-horne blows the cold winde: Sueses, fea, man, poise, Dolphin my Boy, Boy Sister: let him trot pere.

Lear. Thou were better in a Grave, then to go sure with thy vaccon'd body, this extremitie of the Skies. It is no more then this: Consider him self. Thou art not the Worme no Silke: the Beelz, no Hide: the Shene, no Wool: the Cat, no perfume. Hs! Here's a threes oon's are sophisticated. That art the thing it selfe: unaccommodated man, is no more but such a poor, bare, forlorn Animal as thou art. Off, off you Lendings: Come, unburthen these.

Enter Gloucester, with a Torch.

Tideo. Prythee Nunclle be contented, by a naughty night to withme in. Now a little fire in a wilde Field, were like an evil Leeches heart, a small spark, all the reeds body cold: Look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foule Flibbertigibber: her begins at Curfew, and walks at first Cocke: He guides the Web, and the Pin, ligits the eye, and makes the Hare-lippe; Middlewes the white Whitehead, and burns the poor Creatures of each.

Swinford to me thirde the old
He meets the Night-Marie and her sonne-fold;
Bid her a-light, and her to be-lighted,
And wrest all Witchs, stray out thir.

Ker. How fares thy Grace?
Lear. What's he?
Ker. Who's there? What is't you seek?
Edg. What are you there? You Names?

Edg. Poor Tom, that ears the swimming Frog, the Toad, the Toad-pole, the wall: Neer, and the water that in the fume of his heart, when the foule Fiend rages, eats Cow-dung for Salters; swallows the old Rat, and the ditch-Dogge; drinks the green Mantle of the funding Postes; whose whipst from Tything to Tything, and fluctuates, and impound: who hath three Suits to his backe, sixe fisht to his bodye:

He is to ride, and weapon to wear:

But Wise, and Rat, and such within Deere,
Have in Tom's blood, for seven long yeares:

Ker. Where is your Follower, Pease, Smalkin, peace, than Fiend?
Edg. What, hath your Grace no better company?

Ker. The Prince of Darkeness is a Gentleman: He's a fool, and disloyal.

Glom. Our flesh and blood, my Lord, is grown so vile, that it doth hate what it gets.

Edg. Poor Tom's a cold.

Glom. Go, in with me, my duty cannot suffer.

Toby in all your daughters hard commands:
Though their Injunction be to bare my doores,
And let this Tyrannous night take hold upon you,
Yet have I ventured to come thee you out,
And bring you where both fire, and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this Philosopher.

Ker. What is the cause of Thunder?

Ker. Good my Lord take his offer,
Go into this house.

Lear. He take a word with this name-kinck Theban:

What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the Fiend, and to kill Vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Ker. Importune him once more to go my Lord,
His wits begin to vnsterile.

Glom. Canst thou blame him?

Ker. His Daughters seeks his death. Ah, that good Kent,
He said it would be thus: poor banished man,
Thou fayest the King grows mad; I tell thee Friend,
I am almost mad myself. I lived a Sonne,
Now out-law'd from my blood; he fought my life;
But lately: very late: I found him (Friend) not Father in Society,
I am one that doe, truly to tell thee,
The greedy hath crazed my wits, What a night's this?
I do because your grace.

Lear. O cry you mercy, Sir:

Noble Philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a cold,

Glom. In fellow there, into the House; keep the warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Ker. This way, my Lord.

Lear. With him.

I will keep thee full with my Philosopher.

Ker. Good my Lord, tooih him:
Let him take the Fellow.

Glom. Take him you on.

Ker. Sirra, come on; go along with vs.

Lear. Come, good Athenaeus.

Glom. No words, no words, hush,

Edg. Childes Kecless to the dark Toweer come,
His word was full, he, folly, and fumus,
I smell the blood of a Britifh man.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Corinna, and Edmund.

Cori. I will have my revenge, ere I depart this house.

Edg. How my Lord, I may be cheated, that Nature thus gives way to Loyalties, something fearing met to think of.

Cori. Now perceive, I was not altogether your Brothers shall disputation made him seek his death: but a proaching merit in a worke, be a reproachable baseless in himselfe.

Edg. How malicious is my forsnace, that I must repent to be huil! This is the letter which she spake of; which approues him an intelligent parte to the statesmen of France. O Heaven! that this treason were not, or not I the detector.

Cori. Go with me to the Dutchesse.

Edg. If the matter of this Paper be certain, you have mighty businesse in hand.
Scene Sexta.

Enter Kent, and Gloucester.

Glo. True or false, it hath made thee Earl of Gloucester: seek out where thy Father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Kent. If I find him comforting the King, it will suffice his suspicion more fully. I will perform in my course of Loyalty, though the conflict be betwixt thee and my blood.

Glo. I will lay truth upon thee: and thou shalt finde a dear Father in my love.

Scene Septima.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Goneril, Edmund, and Servants.

Corr. Post speedily to my Lord your husband, shew him this Letter, the Army of France is landed; seek out the Traitor Gloucester.

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Glo. Pinche set his eyes.

Corr. Leave him to my displeasure, Edmund, keep you our Sister company: the revenge we are bound to take upon your Traitorous Father, is not fit for your beholding. Advise the Duke where you are going, to a most defilest preparation: we are bound to the like. Our Forces shall be swift, and intelligent: farewell deere Sister, farewell my Lord of Gloucester.

Enter Steward.

Stew. How now! Where's the King?

Corr. My Lord of Gloucester hath convey'd him hence. Some five or six and thirty of his Knights have Quaff'd after him; all him at gate.

Kena. Who, with some other of the Lords, dependants, are gone with him toward Dover; where they boast to have well armed Friends.

Corr. Get horses for your Mistres.

Glo. Farewell sweet Lord, and Sister.

Reg. Edmund, sir, go seek the Traitor Gloucester, Pinnion him like a Thief, bring him before us;

Though well we may not past upon his life.

Without the force of Justice: yet our power Shall do a curst to our wrath, which men May blame, but not commro.

Enter Gloucester, and Servants.

Kena. Who's there? the Traitor?

Reg. Ingratitude! Fox, 'tis he.

Glo. Bind and cut his ekye spheres.

Corr. What means your Grace?

Glo. My good Friends consider you are my Ghelte:

Do me no foule play, Friends.


Glo. Vindemond, Lady, you are, I'm none.

Corr. To this Chaire bind him,

Villain, thou shalt finde.

Glo. By the kinde God, I'm most ignobly, day

To pincle me by the Beard.

Reg. So white, and such a Traitor?

Glo. Naught, Naught.

These are sights where thou dost yellow from my chaw,

Will eie chicken and accoue thee. I am your Hoot,

With Robbers bands, my hospitable fancies.
The Tragedie of King Lear.

You should not trelle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come Sir,

What Letters had you late from France?

Reg. Be simple answerd, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what convenient house you with the Travers, late footed in the Kingdom?

Reg. To whose hands.

You have sent the Lunaticke King: Speake.

Glas. I have a Letter gueessingly left downe,

Which came from one that's of a newstrll heart,

And not from one oppo'd.

Corn. Caming,

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where haif thou sent the King?

Glas. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Was't thou not charg'd or perill

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him answer that.

Glas. I am eyd to the Stake,

And I must stand the Couse.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Glas. Because I would not see thy empl Nailer

Plecke out his pionce old eyes: nor thy Fierc Sirle,

In his Annotated brest, thicke borowright plaunches,

The Sea, with such a Furrow as his bare head,

In Hell-blackes nightes indird, would have buoyn'd vp

And quench'd the Sellest fires:

Yet poore old heart, he holpe the Heavens to raine.

If Wolves had at thy Gate how'd that fierce time,

Then should I have faide, good Powres turne the Key:

All Cruels else subservies: but I shall see

The winged Vengeance overtake such Children.

Corn. See'st thou thou never, Fellowes hold th' Chaire,

Upon the ye ofJhane, lie set my foot.

Glas. He that will shewe to live, all he bold;

Give me some helpe. - O cruel! O you Gods.

Reg. One side will mocke another: 'tis other too.

Corn. If you see sence,

Serm. Hold your hand, my Lord.

I have fear'd you ever since I was a Childe:

But better service have I never done you,

Then now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dogge?

Serm. If you did ware a beard upon your chin,

I'd make it on this quarrell. What do you mean?

Corn. My Villains?

Serm. Nay then come on, and take the chance of anger.

Reg. Give me thy Sword: A person stand vp thus:

Glas. Oh I am shaine: my Lord you haue one ye left

To see some Ritchel on him. Oh.

Corn. Left it see more preuente is: O ville gelly:

Where is thy beater now?

Glas. All daire and comfortable

Where's my Sonne Edmund?

Edmond. entangle all the spakles of Nature

To quight this horrid sile.

Reg. Our treacherous Villains,

This off on him, that hates thee. It was he

Thus made the outcure of thy Treatments to us:

Who's too good to pritty thee.

Glas. My Sonne, then Edgar was abio'd,

Kinde Gods, forgive me that, and prosper him.

Reg. &ca. Shall his guilt be aveng'd, and his heart

His way to Dover. - Suit with Glashier.

Corn. How is my Lord? How lookest thou?

Edgar. I have recei'd a hurt: Follow me Lady;

Turne out that eye service Villains: throw this Slave

Upon the Dunghill: Regan, I blede space,

Virtually comes this hurt. Give me your armes. Exeunt,

Corn. And Alacke for, he is mad.
The Tragedie of King Lear.

Oh, the difference of man, and man, To thee, a Woman, servites are due, My Foole and first my body.

Gen. I have beene worth the whistle.

Aub. Oh General,

You are not worth the duff which the rude winde blows in your face.

Gen. The beast of a weather.

Aub. See thy sute dunit.

Proper deformity for none in the field
So horrid a sight woman.

Gen. Oh vaine Foole.

Enter a Messenger.

Msf. Oh my good Lord, the Duke of Cornwall dead,

Shine by his Seruants, going to pursuie the other eye of Glosster.

Aub. Glosster's eyes.

Msf. A Seruants that he bred, thril'd with reprofu,

Oppos'd against the act : bending his Sword

To his great Master, who, threat-erap'd

Flew on him, and among'd them fell'd him dead,

But not without that hastfull stroke, which finisht

Hath plucks him after.

Aub. This Stories you are about.

You suffice, that those o'er neither crimes

So speedily can venge. But (O poor Glosster)

Loft he his other eye?

Msf. Both, both, my Lord.

This Letter; Madam, craves a speedy answer;

'Tis from your Sister.

Gen. One way I like this well.

But being window, and my Gl6sster with her,

May all the building in my fancy plucke

You my hopefull life. Another way

The Newes is not fo tir'd. He read, and answer.

Aub. Where was his Sonne,

When they did take his eyes?

Msf. Come with my Lady hither.

Aub. He is not here.

Msf. No, my good Lord, I met him backe againe.

Aub. Knowest he the wicked steed?

Msf. Yes, my good Lord; he was infam'd against him

And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment

Might have the freer courtes.

Aub. Glosster, I live

To thank thee for the love thou shew'dst the King,

And to remove thine eyes. Come hither Friend,

Tell me what more thou know'st.

Scena Secunda.

Enter General, Boffard, and Steward.

Gen. Welcome my Lord. I receiue our mild husband

Not met with on the way. Now, where's your Master?

Stew. Madam within, but neuer man so chang'd;

I told him of the Army that was taunday;

Him shall it. I told him you were coming,

His answer was, the worke. Of Glossters Treachery,

And of the boylfull Sentiment of this Sonne

When I inform'd him, then he call'd me Sat.

And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out:

What most he should dislike, forme's pleasent to him;

What like, offensif.

Gen. Then shall you go no further,

It is the Cow with terror of his spirit.

That dares not undertake; feel not the wrongs

Which eye him to an answer; nor wisheth on the way

May prove effects. Backe Edmund to my Brother,

Hasten his Masters, and conduct his powers,

I must change names as home, and give the Diftraff

Into my Husbands hands. This turret Servant

Shall passe betweene two so long you are like to heare

(If you take occasion in your owne behalfe)

A Mistrisses command. Weare this; spare speech,

Decline your head. This kife, if it spake

Would stretch thy Spirits vp into the ayre;

Conceiue, and fare thee well.

Belf. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gen. My my lord Glosster.

Scena Tertia.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Cordelia, Gentlemen,

and Seathants.

Cor. Alack, its he: why he was met even now

As mad as the rest Sees, ringing aloud.

Crownd'd with rake Poinsett, and furrow weeds,

With Hardoks, Hemlocke, Nettle, Cockfast flowers,

Darnell.
Dennell, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our surfeiting Corn. A Century tend forth;
Search every Acre in the high-grown field,
And bid him to our eye. What can man voide with
In the returning his becons? Sence he that helps him,
Take all my outward worth.

Cont. There is means Madam:
Our master Nurse of Nature, is repose,
The which he lacks: that to provoke in him
Are many Simplest opera, and whole power
Will close the eye of Anguis.

Card. All bieft Secrets,
All you impublish'd Vertues of the earth
Spring with my tears; be as salt, and reme dane
In the Goodmans desires: seeke, seeke for him,
Leal his voyag'd rags; diffuse the life
That want the means to leade it.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Neues Madam,
The British Powers are marching hitherward.

Cont. To knowe before. Our preparation stands
In expostulation of them. O deere Father,
It is by busines that I go about. Therefore great France
My mourning, and importune tears hath pircled:
No blusie Ambition doth our Armis seethe,
But love, deere love, and our ag'd Fathers Rise:
Soone may I heare, and see him.

Exeunt.

The Tragedie of King Lear.

Reg. I speake in understanding: Yare, I know'st,
Therefore I do aduise you take this note:
My Lord is dead: Edmund, and I have talked,
And more convenient is he for my hand.
Then for your Ladies: You may gather more:
If you do finde him, pray you give him this:
And when your Mistresse heares this word from you,
I pray defire her call her wife come to her.
So far you well:
If you do chance to heare of that blinde Tittert,
Preferre him on him, that cures him off.

Sewr. Would I could meet Madam, I should shew
What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Gloucester, and Edgar.

Glon. When shall I come to the top of that fame hill?
Edg. You do climbe vp it now. Look how we labor.

Glon. Methinks the ground is steepe.
Edg. Horrible steepe.

Hearke, do you heare the Sea?
Glon. No truly.

Edg. Why then your other Sense grow imperfect
By your eyes anguishes,
Glon. So may it be indeed.
Methinks thy voyce is alter'd, and thou speakest
In better phrase, and matter than thou didst.

Edg. Y'are much deceiv'd: In nothing am I chang'd
But in my Garments.

Glon. Me thinks y'are better spoken.

Edg. Come on Sir,
Here's the place: flood full: how serenefull
And dies away, so cast ones eyes to low,
The Crowes and Coughers, that wing the midway ayre
Shew leisure to grozze as Beesles. Half way downe
Hangs one that gathers Sampre: steeple'd Trade:
Methinks he fernes no bigger than his hand.
The Fift creen, that walk'd upon the beach
Appeare like Mice: and yond tall Anchoring Bark,
Diminu'd to her Cocke: her Cocke, a Buoy
Almost too small for fight. The murmuring Surge,
That on the mountains side Pebble chaites
Cannot be heard so high: he lookt no more,
Leat his brave turne, and the deficiant fight
Topple downe headlong.

Glon. Set me where you stand,
Edg. Give me your hand:
You are now within a foot of the extreme Verse:
For all beneath the Moone would I not leap righ:

Glon. Let go my hand:
There Friend another purfe: in it, a Jewell
Well worth a peace mens taking. Fayres, and Gods
Preferre it with thee. Go thou further off,
Bid me farewell, and let me heare thee going.

Edg. Now fare ye well, good Sir.
Glon. With all my heart.

Edg. Why do I misthink thus with his dispaine,
Is done to cure it.

Glon. O you mighty Gods!
This would I do renounce, and in your fight

Shake
The Tragedie of King Lear.

Lear. Pafs.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! General with a white beard? They flatter'd me like a Dogge, and told mee I had the white hair in my Beards, for the blacke ones were there. To say I, and no, to every thing that I said; and no too, was no good Difference. When the rainie came to vex me once, and the wind to make me chasse: when the Thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I found em, there I sent em out. Go too, they are not men o' the words: they told me, I was every thing: Tis a Lye, I am not Ague-proof.

Glo. The trinke of that voyage, I do well remember:

Is't not the Kings?

Lear. I, every inch a King.

When I do flaire, fee how the Subie&quakes,

I pardon that mans life. What was thy cause?

Adultery? thou shalt not dye dye for Adultery?

No, the Wren goes too's, and the small guided Fly

Do's lecher in my fight. Let Copulation thrice:

For Cowlers buffard Son was hinder'd to his Father,

Then my Daughters got twixt we the lawfull wives.

Too's Luxury pellionell, for Hacckes Soules:

Behold yond simpning Dame, whose face between her

Forkes presages Snows, that minces Vertere, & di's shake

the head to heare of pleasures name. The Pitcher, nor

the fouled House goes too's with a more vigorous appetite:

Downe from the waffe they are Centaures, though

Women all about; but to the Guild do the Gods indure,

beneath is all the Friends. There's hell, there's darkenesse,

there is the sulphurous pit; burning, scalding, stench,

consumption: Bye, Bye, Bye, pah, pah. Give me an Ounce of Guilt; a good Apothecary sweeten my imagination:

There's money for thee.

Glo. O let me kife this hand.

Lear. Let me wipe it off,

It smellles of Mortality.

Glo. O rudiments of Nature, this great world;

Shall I be weare out to naught.

Don't thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough: dost thou

squiny at me? No, do thy worth blinde Cupid, Hee not love. Reade thou this challenge, markke but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all thy Letters Sunnes, I could not see.

Edg. I would not take this from report,

It is, and my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What with the Cafe of eyes?

Lear. Oh ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your

head, nor many in your purpe? Your eyes are in a heavie cafe, your purpe in a light, yet you see how this world goes.

Glo. I fee it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may fee how this world
goes, with no eyes. Lookke with thine eares: See how yond lattice riales upon yond simple theefe. Harkke in thine eare: Change places, and handy-dandy, which is the lattice, which is the theefe: Thou hast feete a Farmers dogge baize as a Begger?

Glo. I Sir.

Lear. And the Creature run from the Curr: there thou

mightst behold the great image of Authoritie, a Dogge obey'd in Office. Thou, Raffell Beadle, hold thy bloody

hand: why dost thou falsifie that Whore? Strippe thy owne

baize, thou bolty knaps to vie her in that kind, for which

thou whipp't her. The Viser hangs the Cozenet, Thorough

out.
The Tragedie of King Lear.

Vpon a wheel of fire, that mine owne teares
Do fall, like molten Lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit I know, where did you dye?

Cor. Still, till I hear wide.

Gen. He's sick a while.

Lear. Where hast thou bin?

Where am I? Fare day light?

I am mighfully about: I should en't, a dye with pity
To see another thus: I know not what to say;
I will not forease these are my hands: let's see;
I see this pin pricker, would I were afo'd
Of my condition.

Cor. O look upon me Sir,
And hold your hand in benediction o'v me,
You must not kneele.

Lear. Pray do not mocke me.

I am a very foolish fund old man,
Fourescore and upward,
Not an hour more, nor less,
And to deal pleasantly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.

Me thinkes I should know you, and know this man,
Yet I am doublet: For I am mainly ignorant
Of that place this is and all the skill I have
Remembered not these garments nor I know not
Where did I slop last night. Do not laugh at me,
For (as I am a man) I think this Lady
To be my childe Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am.

Lear. Be your teares wet?

Yes faith: I pray weepen.

If you have peny for me, I will drink it.

I know you do not love me, for your Siffness
Hase (as I do remember) done me wrong,
You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause,

Lear. Am I in France?

Gen. In your owne countrey Sir,

Lear. Do not shag me,

Gen. Be comforted good Madam, the great rage
You see is kill'd in him to design him to go in,

Truble him no more till further staying.

Cor. Will please your Highness walkes?

Lear. You shall bear with me;

Pray you now forget, and forgive,
I am old and foolish.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter with Drumme and Cuirassors, Edmund, Rogen,
Gentlemen, and Servants.

Tis know the Duke is his last purpose hold
Or whether since he is admitt'd by night,
To change the course, he's full of alteration,
And selfe-renowning, bring his constant pleasure.

Reg. Our Siffness man is certainly miscarried,

Reg. 'Tis to be doubted Madam.
You know the goodnede I intende upon you: Tell me but truly, but then speake the truth. Do you not love my Sister?

Bail. An honour & Love, sir. But have you never found my Brothers way, To the faire-landed place?


Bail. Fear not, the and the Duke her husband.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Albany, General & Soldiers.

Alb. Our very loving Sifter, well he met: Sir, that I heard, the king is come come Daughter With others, whom in the rigour of our State For'd to cry out.

Gon. Combing together against the Enemy: For these domesticks & particular brooches, Are not the question here.

Alb. Let them determine with the ancient of warre.

On our proceeding.

Reg. Sister you go with us?

Gon. No.

Reg. This most convenient pray go with vs.

Gon. Oh ho, I know the Riddle, I will goe.

Exeunt both the Armiers.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. If ere your Grace had speech with man so poor, Hear ye one word.

Alb. He overhears you speake.

Edg. Before you fight the Battle, write this Letter: If you have vigour, let the Trumpet sound. For him that brought in warre though Heume, I can procure a Champion that will praise. What is amonished thee. If you consider, Your businesse of the world hath no end, And machination cease. Fortune loves you.

Edg. Stay till I have read the Letter.

Edg. Ladies forbid it.

When time shall serve, let but the Herald cry:

And he appeares again.

Alb. Why fairethee well, I will o'the looke thy paper.

Enter Edmund.

Edg. The Enemie is in view, draw up your powers, Herein is the greate of their true Strength and Forces, By diligent discurrise, but your brests.

Is now written. Exit.

Edg. We will greee the time.

Edg. To both these Sisters have I sworn my love: Each in their lot, as the Junx. Are of theadder. Which of them shall I take? Both? One? Or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd. If both remaine alive: To take the Widdow, Exasperate, makes mad her Sister Gonerill, And herself shall weary out my life. Her husband being alive. Now then where is his counterpart for the Battle, which being done, Let her who would ill rid of him, declare His speedy taking off. As for the mercie Which he intends to Lear and Cordelia, The Battle done, and they within our power.
The Tragedy of King Lear.

Bent, Sir, you have forced to dry your valiant strain
And Fortune led you well: you have the Captains
Who were the oracles of the army, if they
Had not the merit of their name, and the safety
May equally determine.

Esc. Sir, I thought it fit,
To fend the old and miserable King to some retainer,
Whose age had charm’d in it, whose title more,
To placate the common bosome on his fate,
And turn the Impeachment of our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the Queen;
My reason all the fame, and they are ready
To morrow, or at further pace, appear
Where you shall hold your Session.

All. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this Ware,
Not as a Brother.

Esc. That’s as we lift to grace him;
Methinks our pleasure might have bin demanded
Ere you had spoke to fairese. He led our Powers,
Howe the Commission of my place and person,
Which the immeasurably well stand
And call it selfe your Brother.

Esc. Not to ho:
In his own grace he doth exalt himselfe,
More than in your addition.

Esc. In my right,
By me assized, be compleates the best.

All. That was the most, if he should husband you.

Esc. Letters do of proue Prophets.

Holla, holla,
That eye that told you, look’d but a squint.

Esc. Lady I am not well, else I should anwre
From a full flowing bosom. Generally,
Take thou my Soldiers, potions, patrimony,
Dispoze of them, of me, the walls is thine;
Witnesse the word, that I create the heere
My Lord, and Master.

Esc. Meane you to enjoy him?

All. The let alone lies not in your good will.

Esc. Not in thine Lord.

All. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Esc. Let the Drum strike, and prove my title thine.

All. Stay yet, the reason: Edmund, I arrest thee
Greenfield, Treason, and in thy arrest
This guarded Serpent; for your claim faire Sisters,
I bare it in the interest of mine wife,
Tis she is sub-contracted to this Lord,
And I her husband contrived your Banter.
If youwill many, make your loues to me,
My Lady is before.

Esc. An entertule.

All. Thou art armed Glisle.

Esc. If one appear to prove upon thy person,
Thy sayes, manifolds, and many Treasons,
There is my pledge: I have wrote it on thine heart
Ere I slake bread, thou art in nothing left
Then I have here proclaim’d thee,

Esc. Sirke, 0 lucke.

Esc. If not, I dare not trust medicine.

Sc. There’s my exchange, what in the world the
That names me Trairoe, villain-like he is,
Call by the Trumpet; he that dares approach;
On him, on you, who not, I will maintain
My truth and honor firmly.

Enter a Herald.

All. A Herald, ho.

Trull to thy single verset, for thy Soulliers
All luten’d in my name, have in my name
Tooke their discharge.

Esc. My false new growthes upon me.

All. She is not well, convey her to thy Tent.
Come hither Herald, let the Trumpeter sound,
And read out this.

A Trumpet sounds.

If any man of quallity or degree, within the limits of the Army,
Should have made some open Edmund, supped Earl of Gloster,
that here a manifolds Traitor, let him appear by the third
sound of the Trumpet; he is in his defence.

1 Trumpet.

Herald.

2 Trumpet.

Herald.

3 Trumpet.

Herald.

Enter Edgar armed.

All. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this Call o’th Trumpet.

Esc. What are you?

Edg. Know my name is left
By Treasons toot; base-gouwne, and Canker-bit;
Yet am I Noble as the Aderfary
I come to cope.

Edg. Which is that Aderfary?

Esc. What’s he that speaks for Edmund Earl of Gloster,
Himselfe, what fault thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy Sword.

That if my speech offend a Noble heart,
Thy same may do thee Justice, here is mine
Behold it is my privilege,
The privilidge of mine Harrys,
My oath, my profession, I protest,
Mayst thy strength, place, youth, and eminence,
Defie thy victor-Sword, and fire new Fortune,
Thy valor, and thy heart, thou art a Traitor
Falls to thy Gods, thy Brother, and thy Father,
Confirm’d against this high Illustrious Prince,
And from thy extremity upward of thy head,
To the distant and depth below thy feet,
A most fast-sighted Traitor. Say thou no,

This Sword, this arm, and my best spirits are bent
To prove upon thy head, wherefore I speake,
Thou lyest.

Baf. In wofull case I should ask thy name,
But since thy out-side doth hide thy face and Warlike,
And that thy tongue (some say) of breeding breathes,
What safe, and nicely I might well delay,
By rule of Knight-hood, I disdain and spurne.

Backe do I telle thee Treacons to thy head,
With the hell-hated Eye, once-wheres ye thy heart,
Which for they ye glance by, and scarcely bruise.
This Sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest for ever. Trumpets speake.


Gan. This is practife clyster.

By this law of Warr, thou wert not bound to answer
An unknowne oppositor, thou art not vanquisht,
But earend, and be guilt.

Alb. Shut your mouth Dames,
Or with this paper shall I stop it: hold Sir,
Thou woulde then any name, reade thine owne eull:
No tearing Lady, I perceive you know it.

Gan. Say if I doe, the Lawes are mine owne thing,
Who can stonge me for't? Exit.

Alb. Most monstrous! O, know'st thou this paper?

Baf. Ask me not what I know.

Alb. Go after her, she is desperate, gouerne her.

Baf. What you have charg'd me with,
That hate I done,
And more, more, more, the time will bring it out.
This paff, and to my I: But what art thou
That hast this Fortune on me? If thou'rt Noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchage charity:
I am no leffe in bold then thou art Edmund,
If more, the more thast wrong'd doe.
My name is Edgar and thy Fathers Sonne,
The Gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruuments to plague vs:
The darke and vious place where thee he got,
Confine his eyes.

Baf. Th'haft spoken right, it's true,
The Wheelke is come full circle, I am here.

Alb. Me thought thy very gale did prophesie
A Royall Nobleman: I must embrace thee,
Let sorrow fill my heart: Fiercely I
Did hate thee, or thy Father.

Edg. Worthy Prince I know'st.

Alb. Where haue you hid your selfe?
How haue you knowne the miseries of your Father?

Edg. By nursing them my Lord. Lift a breake tale,
And when'tis told, O that my heart would burn.

The bloody proclamation to clepe
That follow'd me no more. (O our lines sweetnesse,
That we the paine of death would botterly dye,
Rather then die at once,) taught me to flisse
Into a mad man's rage, to assume a semblance
That very Dogges diano'd and in this habit
Met I my Father with his bleeding Rings,
Their precious Stones now lost became his guide,
Lent him begg'd for him, and him from dispute.
Never (O fault) reveal'd my selfe vnto him,
Vntil some halfe hour past when I was set't,

For I had a belyng, and from first to last
Told him our pilgrimage. But his flaw'd heart
(Alack too weake the conflict to support)
Twist two extremes of passion, joy and griefe,
Burr't smilingly.

Baf. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall receivance do good, but speake you on,
You looke as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woeful, hold it in,
For I am almost ready to dissolute,
Hearing of this.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gen. Helpe, helpe: O helpe?

Edg. What kindes of helpe?

Alb. Speake man.

Gen. O what means this bloody Knife?

Edg. Tis here, 'tis smokes, it came eu'n from the heart
of her. O she's dead!


Gen. Your Lady Sir, your Lady; and her Sister
By her is popp'd out: she confesses it.

Baf. I was contracted to them both, all three
Now marry in an instant.

Edg. Here comes Kent.

Enter Kent.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead.

Gen. Sereweth and Begnea bodies brought out.

This judgement of the Heauen that makes vs terrible,
Touches us not with pity: O is this he?
The time will not alyow the complement
Which very manner seems.

Kent. I am come.

To bid my King and Mother ayde good night.

Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of vs forgot,
Speake Edmund, where's the King? and where's Cordelia?

Gen. Seekst thou this obiect: and Kent?

Kent. Alack, why thus?

Baf. Yet Edmund was belou'd?

The one the other position I for my sake,
And after flew her life.

Alb. Euer to conuer their facts

Edg. To who my Lord? Who ha's the Office?
Send thy token of repropree.

Baf. Well thought on, take my Sword
Give it the Captaine.

Edg. Hath thee for thy life,

Baf. He shall Commission from thy Wife and me,
To hang Cordelas in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her owne dispair,
That she for-did her selfe.

Alb. The Gods defend her, preserve him hence awhile.

Enter Lear with Cordelas in his armes.

Lear. Howe, howe, howe! O our are men of Stone,
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd aie them so,
That Heauen's vault should crack: she's gone for ever.
I know when one is dead, and when one lives,
She's dead as earth: lend me a Looking-glass,...
The Tragedy of King Lear.

If that her breath will still or sit on the stone,
Why then the stone,
Kent. Is this the promis'd end?
Edg. Or image of that horror.
Alb. Fall and cease.
Lear. This, heaven strikes, I lived here in's life, if it's so,
It is a chance which do's seduce all sorrowes
That ever I have felt.
Kent. O my good Master,
Lear. Pr'ythee away.
Edg. Ten Noble Kent your friend.
Lear. A plague upon you, Murderers, Traitors all,
I might have fad'd her, now she's gone for ever:
Cordelia Cordelia, by a little, Ha:
What is it thou fain? Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.
I kill'd the Slave that was a hanging thee.
Kent. 'Tis true (my Lords) he did.
Lear. Did I not tell you?
I have seen the day, with my good biting Faulcon.
I would have made him skip; I am old now,
And these same crofs spoile me. Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o'th'beef, 1 tell you straight.
Kent. If Fortune beg of two, she fea'd and hated,
One of them we behold.
Lear. This is a dull fight, are you not Kent?
Kent. The name's your Seruice Kent,
Where is your Seruice Caius?
Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that,
He'll flinke and quickly too; he's dead and rotten.
Kent. No my good Lord, I am the very man,
Lear. He fee that straight.
Kent. That from your first of difference and decay,
Have follow'd your fad stept.
Lear. Your are welcome hither,
Kent. Nor no man else:
Alp. cheerless, darke, and deadly,
Your eldest Daughters have bore done themselves.
And desperatly are dead.
Alb. He knows not what he faiers, and vaine is it.

That we present was to him.

Enter a Messenger.

Edg. Very bootless.

Off. Edmund is dead my Lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle here.
You Lords and Noble Friends, know our intent,
What comfort to this great decay may come,
Shall be appli'd. Perse we will esqipe,
During the life of this old Malesy
To him our absolute power, you to your rights,
With boote, and such addition as your Flamours
Have more then merited. All Friends shall
Take the wages of their vertue, and all Fees
The cup of their deferving: O see, see,
Lear. And my powre ftoole is hang'd; no, no, po life?
Why should a Dog, a Horse, a Rat have life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou't come no more,
Neter, neter, neter, neter, never,
Pray you vndo this Baston. Thank you Sir,
Do you see mist? Looke on her? Looke her lips,
Looke there, looke there.

Edg. He faints, my Lord, my Lord.
Kent. Breaks heart, I prythee break.

Edg. Look e my Lord.

Kent. Vee no his ghost, O let him passe, he hates him,
That would upon the wracke of this tough world
Strech him out longer.

Edg. He is gone indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long,
He but wrapt his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence, our present business
Is general woe: Friends of my rule, you sawne,
Rule in this Realme, and the gur'd faire fulhaine.

Kent. I have a journey Sir, shortly to go,
My Master calls me, I must not say no.

Edg. The weight of this sad time we must obey,
Sppke what we speake, not what we ought to say:
The eldest hath borne moft, we that are young,
Shall never fee so much, nor live fo long.

Excited with a dead March.

FINIS.
THE TRAGEDY OF
Othello, the Moor of Venice.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Othello, and Iago.

Iago. Enter Iago, and Othello.

Othello. Thou knowest, Iago, that I have heard of such a matter, and I bear thee my hate.

Iago. Othello, dost thou bear me your hate?

Enter Iago, and Othello.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Iago. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.

Othello. Thou dost not. Thou dost not.
Your heart is burst, you have lost half your lute.
Even now, now, very now, an old blacke Ram,
Is tupping your white Ewe. Art thou right?
Awake the nipping Citizens with the Bell,
Or else the devil will make a Grand fire of you.
Art thou right?

Bra. What, hast thou lost thy wits?
Rom. Most reverend Signior, do you know my voice?
Bra. Not I; what are you?
Rom. My name is Rubens.
Bra. The worser welcome:
I have charged thee not to burn about my doomes;
In honest plaine, they shall all hear me say,
My Daughter is not for thee. And now in madness
(Being full of supper, and distempering drunkeuce)
Upon malicious knaue, doth thou come?
To hark my quiet.

Rom. Sir, Sir, Sir.

Bra. But such a night needs be fine,
My spirits and my place have blunt power
To make this better to thee.

Rom. Patience good Sir.
Bra. What be the thing of Robbing this?
This is Venetian: my house is not a stage.

Rom. Most grossly Treason,
In my house and in my faile, I come to thee.

Bra. What prophane wretch art thou then?

Rom. I am one Sir, that comes to tell you, your Daughter
and the Moore, are making the Beest with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a Villain,

Rom. Sir, you are one of those that will not secure God,
If the deull bid you. Because we come to do you feruite,
And you think we are Ruffians, you'll have your Daughter
couched with a Barbary libertie, you'll have your Nephews
near to you, you'll have Counsellors for Corens
and Generous for Germanes.

Bra. What prophane wretch art thou then?

Rom. I am one Sir, that comes to tell you, your Daughter
and the Moore, are making the Beest with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a Villain,

Rom. Sir, you are one of those that will not secure God,
If the deull bid you. Because we come to do you feruite,
And you think we are Ruffians, you'll have your Daughter
couched with a Barbary libertie, you'll have your Nephews
near to you, you'll have Counsellors for Corens
and Generous for Germanes.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, Iago, Attendants, with Tormentors.

Iag. Though in the trade of Warre I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very profitable and confident
To do no contriu'd Murder; I lacke Inquirie
Sometime to do me feruite. Nine, or ten, times,
I had thought I were yeeld'd him here under the Ribbes,
Oth. 'Tis better as it is.

Iag. Nay but he prated,
And spoke such furieus, and provoking terms,
Against your Honor, that with the little godomesticke
I have, I did full hard forbear him. But I pray you Sir,
Are you yet married? Beside the of this,
That the Magnifique is much beholden,
And I have in my hand without question:
As double as the Dukes. He will dower you,
Or put upon you, with restraint or greatnesse,
Enter Othello, with Torches.

Oth. To see the lady's father, and his Friends: You were best go in.

Iag. Not I: I must be found.

My Parts, my Title, and my perfect Soule shall manifest me rightly: Is it they?

Iag. By Jove, I think no.

Oth. The Servants of the Dukes, and my Lieutenant?

The goodwelf of the Night upon you (Friends) What is the News?

Caff. The Duke doth great you (General) And he requires your hasty, Pedestall appearance, Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Caff. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine: It is a buffon of some hecche. The Gallies have sent a dozen sequent Messengers This very night, of one another hecches: And many of the Commissions, send and meet, As at the Duke's already. You have bin hastily called for, When being not at your Lodging to be found. The Senate hath sent about three thousand Quaests, To fetch you out.

Oth. 'Tis well! I am found by you: I will but send a word here in the house, And goe with you.

Caff. Ancient, what makes he heere?

Iag. A man, he to night hath boarded a Land Caract, His proue lawfull proue, he made for ever.

Caff. I do not understand.

Iag. He's married.

Caff. To who?

Iag. Marry to — Come Captaine, will you go?

Oth. Have with you.

Caff. Here come another Troope to seeke for you.

Enter Desdemona, Roderigo, with Officers, and Torches.

Des. It is Breach! - General beastrid'd, He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Holla, stand there.

Roderigo. Signior, it is the Moore.

Oth. Down with him, Theefe.

Des. Your, Roderigo, Come Sir, I am for you.

Oth. Keep vp your bright Swords, for the deed will ruff them. Good Signior, you shall more command with yearets, than with your Weapons.

Des. Oh thou foolish Theefe, Where hast thou found my Daughter, Aun't as thou art; thou hast enchanted her.

For he referre me to all things of state.
(If the in Chains of Magick we not bound) Whether a Maid, to tending, Paire, and Hippie, So opposite to Marriage, that she fliant The wealthy court Desiring of our Nation, Would ever hate (as encreas a general mocke) Run from her Guardians the loothe foleme, Of such a thing as thou dost fear, nor to delight? Judge me the world, if it's not groafe in foleme, That thou hast practised on her with hood Charms, Abused her delicate Youth, with Drugs or Minerals, That weakens Motion. Hee hath dispued on, 'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking: I therefore apprehend and do attach thee, For an abuser of the World, a practicer Of Arts inhibited, and out of warrant; Lay hold upon him, if he do refit Subdue him, at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands.

Both you of my inclination, and the rest, Were it my Care to fight, I should have known to it. Without a Promoter. Whether you will you that I goe to answer this your charge? Bra. To Prison, till some time Of Law, and course of due Sission Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey? How may the Duke be therewith satisfied, Where Messengers are beseige my side, Upon some present business of the State, To bring me to him.

Off. 'Tis true most worthy Signior, The Duke in Council, and your Noble selfe, I am sure is sent for.

Bra. How? The Duke in Council? In this time of the night? Bring him away, Mine's not an idle cause. The Duke himselfe, Or any of my Brothers of the State, Cannot but take this wrong, as 'twere their owne: For if such Actions may have passage free, Bond-slaves, and Pagans shall our Statemen be. Except.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Duke, Senator, and Officers.

Duke. There's no composition in this Newes, That gives them Credence.

1. Sen. Indeed, they are disproportionate;
My Letters say, a Hundred and sevene Gallies.

Duke. And mine a Hundred fortie.

2. Sena. And mine two Hundred: But though they slippe not on a suft account, (As in these States where the synew reports, To off with difference) yet do they all concur To a Turkish Fleece, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgement. I do not to secure me in the Error, But the maine Article I do approve In fearfull sense.

Sylver wilson. What hau'e, what hau'e, what hau'e.

Enter Senator.

Officr.
the Moore of Venice.

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 Signor Angelo.

Duke. How say you by this change?

Sailor. This cannot be
By surest way of reason. I was a Pageant,
To keep, as in safe gaze, when we consider
The importance of Cyprus to the Turk;
And let our felicity gain but understand,
That as it much concerns the Turk then Rhodes,
So may it with more facile question bear it,
For that it stands not in such Warwick's brace,
But altogether lacks this abilities.
That Rhodes is drest in. If we make thought of this,
We must not think the Turk is so vanquish'd,
To leave that last, which concerns him first,
Neglecting as attempt of sake, and gain
To wake, and wage a danger profusely.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence he's not for Rhodes.

Officer. Here is more News.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. The Ottoman, Resolved, and Gracious,
Striving with due course towards the Isle of Rhodes,
Have there interposed them with an other Fleece.

1. Sw. I, so I thought: how many, as you guess?

Messenger. Of thirty Sails: now they do re-fleet,
Their backward course, bearing with frigate appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signor Montagua,
Your faithful and most Valiant Senator,
With his free duty, recommends you thus,
And prays you to beleeve him.

Duke. 'Tis certain then for Cyprus?

Marcus Leccecy, is not he in Towne?

1. Sw. He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from vs,
To him, Post, Post-chaise, dispatch.

1. Sw. Here comes Evandino, and the Valiant Moore,

Enter Brabantio, Othello, Cassio, Iago, Rodrigo, and Officer.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you,
Against the general Enemy Ottoman,
I did not see you: welcome gentle Signior,
We lack't your Counsels, and your helpe to night.

Sw. So did your honour; your Grace pardon me.

Neither my place, nor ought I heard of business
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general care
Take hold on me. For my particular griefe
Is of so blood-gate, and over-bearing Nature,
That it englut, and swallowes other sorrowes,
And is full of feele.

Duke. Why? What's the matter?

Sw. My Daughter: oh my Daughter!

1. Sw. Dead?

Duke, I to me.

She's abus'd, stolen from me, and corrupted
By Spies, and Medicines, bought of Mountebanks,
For Nature, so preposterously to err,
(Being so deficient, blind, or lame of taste,) Sans witchcraft could not.

Duke. Who ere he be, that in this foule proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your Daughter of her selfe,
The Tragedie of Othello

How I did thrice in this faire Ladies lone,
And she in mine,

Duke. Say it Othello.

Oth. Her Father lou'd me, of induced me:
Still quest for the Storie of my life,
from yeares to yeares the Battall, Sieges, Fortune,
That I have paid.
In rain through, even from my boyish days,
Touched me so much, that he bid me tell it.
When I spoke of most diificultsous cases:
Of moving Accidents by Flood and Field,
Of great-breadth fears in imminent deadly breach:
Of being taken by the Infolent and Enraged,
And fell to laury. Of my redemption thence,
And portance in my Traulouris historie.
Whoerin of great and Desires idle,
Rough Quarries, Rocks, Hills, whose head touch heauen,
it was my hini to speake. Such was my Procresse,
And of the Canals that each others care,
This an allyes and men whose heads
Grew beneath their shoulders. These things to bear,
Would Disfame seriously incline:
But still the houte Affairs would draw her hince:
Which ever as she could with hafte dispatch,
She'd come againe, and with a greete care
Desire in my discourse. Which I obseruing,
Tooke once a plant bount, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of easiess heate;
That I would all my Pilgrimage disire,
Whereof she had something heard,
But not infinitely: I did confest,
And often did beseech her of her heate.
When I did speake of some differetial stroke
That my youth suffer'd: My Scotie being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of kille.
She swore in faith's twas strange: twas passing strange,
Twas pitifull: twas wondrous pitifull.
She wish'd she had not hear'd it yet the wish'd
That Heaten had made her such a man. She thank'd me,
And beseech'd me, if I had a friend that lou'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would wone her. Upon this hint I speake,
She loud for the dangers I had pass'd,
That I would her, that she did try me.
This onely is the witchcraft I have w'd.
Here comes the Ladie: Let her witnesse in.

Enter Desdemona, tinge, Attendant.

Duke. I think this tale would win my Daughter too,
Good Serathus, take vp this mangled matter at the belt:
Men do their broken Wombes rather soe:
Then their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you hear her speake?
If thou confesse that she was halfe the wonder,
Distracted in thy head, in thy mad blame,
Light on the main. Come hither gentle Mistris,
Do you perceive in all this Noble Company,
Where meett you owe obedience?

Des. My Noble Father,
I do perceive here a divided dutie.
To you I am bound for life, and education:
My life and education both do faile me,
How to requite you. You are the Lord of duty,
I am hither to your Daughter. But hither's my Husband;
And so much dutie, as my Mother shew'd

To you, preferring you before her Father:
So much I challenge, that I may professe
Due to the Moore my Lord.

Bra. God be with you! I have done.
Pleaze it your Grace, on to the State Affairs,
I had rather to adopt a Child, then get it.
Come hither Moor,
There doth one that with all my heart,
Which thou hast alreayd, with all my heart,
I would keep from thee. For your sake (Jovell)
I am glad at heart, I have no other Child.
For thy escape would teach me Titianne.
To hang doggers on them. I have done my Lord.

Duke. Let me speake like your selfe:
And lay a Sentence,
Which as a grieve, or stop may help these Louers.
When remedies are past, the griefes are ended.
By seeing the worl, which late on hoples depended.
To mourne a Mischete that is past and gone,
is the next way to draw new mischete on.
What canst be preferred, when Fortune takes:
Patience, her Injury a mockst to makes.
The rod that imites, stales something from the Thief,
He robs himselfe, that spend a boastle grieve.

Bra. So let the Turk of Cyprus vs beguile,
We losse it not so long as we can smile:
He must be brought to the Sentence well, that nothing beares
But the free comfort which from thence he beares.
But he bears both the sentence, and the sorrow,
That to professe, much of poor Patience borrow.
These Sentences, to Sugar, or to Gall,
Being strong on both sides, are Equisocal.
But words are words, I must yet did heare of
That the bruised heart was pierce'd through the cares.
I humbly beseech you proceed to this Affairs State:

Duke. The Turk vs with a most mighty Preparacion makes for Cyprus: Othello, the Fortitude of the place is best knowne to you. And though we have there a publice of motto allowed sufficiency; yet opinion, a more eyghtage Miftiss of Eftics, throwes a more sadst voice on you you must therefore be content to flatter the glasse of your new Fortunes, with this more Rubborne and boyishnes expedition.

Oth. The Turky Caffon, most Grave Senators,
Hath made the flamy and Steele Coach of Warre,
My thrice-drunken bed of Downe. I do agnize
A Naturall and prompt Alacritie,
I finde in harrassed: and do undervastke
This present Warre against the Ottomane.
Moff humbly therefore bending to your State,
I crave the dispension for my Wife,
Due garnish of Place and Expedition,
With such Accomodation and befert
As leveys with her breeding.

Duke. Why at her Fathers?
Bra. I will not have it so.
Oth. No I.

Des. Nor would I the rest decide,
To put my Father in improvery thoughts.
By being in my eye. Most Greate Duke,
To my unfolding, lend your prosperous care,
And let me finde a Charter in your voice
To shift my simplefesse.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona?

Des. That I have the Moore, to live with him,
My downes-right violence, and fortune of Fortunes.
May trumpet to the world, My heart's solace'd.
E'en to the very quality of my Lord;
I saw Othello's virtue in his mind,
And to his Honor and his shame parts.
Did my soul be transported? evolve.
So that (speak Lord) I be left behind
A Month of Peace, and the go to the War.
The Rites for which I love him, are bereftence.
And a hearse interin shall support.
By his dese absence. Let me go with him.
Oth. Let her have your voice.
Vouchsafe me Heaven, I therefore beg it not.
To please the presence of my Audience.
Nor to comply with heat, the your affections
in my defunct, and proprietious.
But to be free, and bounds to her mind.
And Heaven defend your good soules, that you think.
I will your letters and great business read.
When she sees me, No, what light wing'd doyes
Of various nutt Cephal, with wanting subtile.
My particular, and effect'd Instrument:
That my Difparts corrupt, and want my businesse,
Let hand-writings make a Skillet of my Helmet,
And all incents, and safe advenitures.
Make all in my estimation.
Duke. Be as you shall postulatively determine.
Eather for her flay, or going: the affaire sets half.
And speed must answer it.

Sen. You must away to night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine this morning, here we'll meete again.

Otho. I have some Officer behind.

And he shall our Comission bring to you:

And such things else of quality and respect.
As death import you.

Otho. So please your Grace, my Ancient,
A man be in of honesty and mirth.

To his conscience, affixed my wife,

With what else 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 Veronica do signifie Beaumarchase,
Your Son-in-law is faire more Fair; then Blakke.

Sen. Adieu briefe, Most Wise, Defensam well.

Bras. Look't to her (his) Motion if thou hast eyes to see;
She he's deceiv'd his Father, and may thee.

Exit. My life upon her faith. Honest Iago.

My Defensam I leave to thee:
I pray thee let thy wife attend on her,
And bring them after in the best advantage.

Come Defensam, I have but an hour
Of Love, of wordly matter, and direction
To spend with thee. We must obey the time.

Exit. Iago.

Iago. What fault hath Noble heart?
Iago. What will I do? think'st thou?
Iago. Why go to bed and sleep?
Iago. I will immediately drown my selfe,
Iago. If thou dost, I shall not love thee after. Why dost thou, Gentlemess?
Iago. It is fullfitt to live, when to live is torment,
And then have we a description to dye, when death is
our Physitian.
Iago. Oh villainous, I have look'd upon the world
for ten times seven years, and since I could distinguish
beautifull, and an Injurie of never found a man that
knew how to love himselfe. Ere I would say, I would
drown my selfe for the love of a Gyney Hen, I would
change my Humanity with a Baboon.

Red. What should I do? I confess it is my shame
to be so fond, & yet it is not in my power to amend.
Iago. Venice! A Ringe! "sic in our cities: that we are thus, or thus.
Our Bodeys are our Garden, to the which,
our Wills are Gardiners. So that if we will plant
Trees, or lowe Lettice; Set Histo, and weede up Time.
Supply it with one gender of Herbes, or distraits it with many:
Either to haue, terrify with idlenesse, or
marr'd with Industry, why the power and Controllable
authority of this lies in our Wills. If the bane of purpose
had not one Scale of Reason, to prove another of Sensibility,
the blood, and beneficent of our Nature would
conduct us to most prejudiciours Conclusions. But we
have Reason to cool our raging Motions, our carnall
Stings, and ourbitter Lutis whereof I take this, that you
call Lune, to bee a Sea, or Seyen.

Red. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a Stuff of the blood, and a permission
of the will. Come, be a man, drown thy life! Drown
Car, and blind Puipiers. I have proved the my friend,
and I confess me hurt to thy detangling, with Chales of
pernicious stuffinesse. I could better feed thee than
now. Put Money in thy purse: follow thou the
Waries, defeat thy fancies, with a whisp'd Beard. I lay
Put Money in thy purse: it cannot be that Dissonous
should continue his love to the Moore. Put Money in
thy purse: nor be his to her. It was a violent Condemn
ment in her, and thou think for an unalterable Speci
fication, put Mooney in thy purse. These Moores
are changeable in their wills: all thy purse with
Money. The Food that to him now is as licentious as Luscious,
fairish to him shortly, as bitter as Celosquins.
She must change for youth when she is fixed with his body.
Therefore, put Money in thy purse. If thou wilt needs 다만 thy liske, do
a more delicate way then drowning, Make all the
Money thou canst: If Sandamone, and a frile vow, be
twixt an erring Barbarian, and super-ficile Venetian be
not too hard for my will, and all the Tene of Hell, thou
thou enloy her: therefore make Money a pass of drowning
thy selfe: it is cleanse out of the way. Seeko thou
rather to be hang'd in Compelling thy Ioy, then to be
drown'd, and go without her.

Red. Will thou be fitt to my hopes, if I depend on
the life?

Iago. Thou art sure of me: Go make Money: I have
told thee often, and I willt tell thee again, and again.
I hate the Moore. My cuite is hearted; thinke he hath no leffe
reason. Let vs be commindive in our revenge, spirit him.
I thou canst Cuckold him, thou dost thy selfe a pleasure, me a sport. There are many Events in the
Wombbe of Time, which wilbe delered. Trusteee, go,
prostate thy Money. We will have none of this to morrow.
Adeu.

Red. Where shall we meete this morneing?

Iago. At my Lodging.

Red. I'le be with thee betimes.

Red. So to. Farewell. Do you hear Roderige?

Red. He fell all my Land.

Iago. Thus do I ever make my Foole, my purse:
For I have owne gain'd knowledge should prophane.
I'le would time expend with such songs,
The Tragodie of Othello

For I have set him, and the man commands
Like a good man, to the Sea-side (ho)
As well as to see the Yeashell that's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for braves Othello.

Enter Caffo.

Caffo. Thanks ye, the valiant of the warlike State,
That approache the Moore. Oh let the Heavens
Give him defence against the Elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous Sea.

Moor. Is he well ship?'

Caffo. His Basse is hastily Timber'd, and his Pyle
Of very expert, and approved Assurance;
Therefore my hope's not furthest to death.

Stand in bold Care.

Moor. A Saile, a Saile, a Saile;

Caffo. What news?

Moor. The Towne is empty; on the brow of the Sea
Stand ranks of People and they cry a Saile;

Caffo. My hope do shape him for the Gouernour.

Moor. They do discharge their Shot of Counsell;
Our Friends at last.

Caffo. If you pray Sir, go forth,
And give vs truth, who 'tis that is master'd.

Moor. I shall.

Caffo. But good Lieutenant, is your General well?

Moor. Most fortunately: I hear they have a Maid
That paragon of description, and noble Fame:
One that excels the quires of Bazinging pens,
And in the ephemerall Vesture of Creation,
Do's tyrde the Ingenuery.

Enter Gentleman.

How now! Who's he that's in?

Gent. 'Tis one Fadesman, Auncient to the General.

Caffo. He's in most favourable, and happy speed:
Tempell's themselves, high Seas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd-Decks, and Congregated Sand's,
Traitors entep'd, to enloge the guilesome Kleere,
As having sense of Beauty, do omit
Their mortal Nature, letting go falsely by
The Divine Fadesman.

Gent. What is he?

Caffo. He that I spoke of:
Our great Captains Captaine,
Left in the conduct of the bold Age,
Whole footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A Sensoria speed. Great Foad, Othello guard,
And swell his Saile with thine own powerfull breath,
That he may fleaste this Bay with his tall Ship,
Make Ioues quicke patts in Fadesman's Armes,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted Spirits.

Enter Fadesman, Iago, Rodrigo, andلتession.

Oh behold! All Iago.
The Riches of the Ship is come on shore:
You men of Cyprus, let her have your knees,
Hail to the Ladie and the grace of Heaven,
Before, behinde thee, and on every hand
Enwhelke thee round.

Dis. I thank you, Valiant Caffo,
What tidings can you tell of my Lord?

Caffo.
He is not yet arriv’d, nor know I ought
But that he’s well, and will be shortly here.

Def. Oh, but I fear:
How lost you company?

Caff. The great Contention of Sea, and Skies
Paired our fellowship: But heark, a Salle:

Within. A Salle, a Salle:
Here the treat this greeting to the Citizen:

This likewit is a Friend.

Caff. See for the Neavers:
Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome Mistris:
Let it not grieve your patience (good Eng).
That I extend my Manners. ‘Ts is my breeding,
That gives me this bold show of Curtezz.

Eng. Sir, would you give you so much of her lippes,
As of a tonge the oft belowes on me,
You would have enough.

Def. Alas! she has no speech.

Eng. Infatia too much:
I foule it still, when I have leene to geaze.
Marry, before your Ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tonge a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Æmil. You have little cause to lay fo.

Eng. Come on, come on; you are Pictures out of
door. Bells in your Parliours; Wild-Cats in your Kitchens:
Salt in your Jars, yet your Jinkers; Duels being offended;
Players in your Hufwitears, and Hufwites in your Beds.

Def. Oh, sir, you thesander.

Eng. Nay, it is true; or else I am a Turk.
You rise to play, and go to bed to work:

Æmil. You shall not write my prate.

Eng. No, let me not.

Def. What would you write of me, if you shouldn’t praise me?

Eng. Oh, gentle Lady, do not put me too t.
For I am nothing, if not Criticall.

Def. Come on, alitv.
There’s one gone to the Hailour.

Eng. I Madam.

Def. I am not merry: but do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.
Came how would I t prone praise me?

Eng. I am about it, but indeed my intent was:
From my path, as Birdyens do’s from frezz, it plucks
our Brainses and all, But my Mufe labours, and thus she
is delivered.

If she be faire, and withe faire, and wise,
The one for us, the other with us.

Def. Verpraise it.

How if she be Black and Witty?

Eng. If she be black, and loretto have a wit,
Shall she make a white that shall her blackness et.

Def. Wote, and wise.

Æmil. How if faire, and Foolish?

Eng. She ne’er yet was so foolish that was faire,
For then her folly helps her to an heire.

Def. These are old fond Paradoxes, to make Foolies
Laugh athe Arheous. What miserable praise hath thou
For her that’s Foul, and Foolifh.

Eng. There’s one so faire, and withe faire, and wise,
But she’s so foolish, which is faire, and wise ones do

Def. How heavy ignorance thou praisest the worst
But what praise couldn’t thou below on a defecting
Woman indeed? One, that in the authoty of her
merit, did unjustly put on the vouch of very malice in

Eng. She that was ever faire, and never proud,
Had Tongue as will, and yet was never loud:
Never lucky Gold, and yet went never gay:
Plays from his wife, and yet saith now I may.
She that was groveling, her revenge being wise,
And her witts for quire: she
That in my chase never was so free,
To change the Cods-bread for the Salmon’s tale:
She that could choose, and never disfain’d her free:

See suitors following, and not looking behind:
She was a weight, (if ever such weights were)

Def. To do what?

Eng. To tackle Foes, and chinelc small Beere.

Def. Oh, most lame and impute conclusion, Do
not learn of him Æmilus, though he bethy husband.
How lay you (Caff.) is he not a most prophane, and
liberal Counsellor?

Caff. He speaks home (madam) you may sell
him more in the South, then in the North.

Eng. He takes her by the palate: I, well trial blister.
With as little a word as this, will ensure as great a
Fly as Caff, I smile upon her, do; I will give thee
in thine owne Courtship. You say true, ’tis so indeed.
If such tricks as these, trip you out of your Lieutenant,
it had been better you had not kist’d your three fingers
off, which now again you are must apt to play
the Sirin. Very good: well kist’d, and excellent Curtez;
’tis to indeed. Yer again, your fingers to your lippes? Would they were Clitter-pipes for your
fake.

The Moore I know his Trumpet.

Caff. ’Tis truly so.

Def. Let’s mette him, and recuile him.

Caff. Lor, whereto he comes.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. O, my faire Warrilour.
Def. My deere Othello.

Oth. It givess me wonder great, is my content
To see ye here before me.

Oth. My Soules say:
If after every Tempest, come such Calmness,
May the winds blow, till they have waken’d death:
And let the labouring Bees climb hills of Sas,
Olympus high; and duck again, as low,
As hill’s from Heaven. If these now to dye,
These now to be most happy. For I fear.
My Soule hath her content to abolish,
That not another comfort like to this,
Succeeds in unknowne Fate.

Def. The Heavens forbid.

But that our Lones
And Comforts should entrepart.
Euen is oer days do grow.

Oth. Amen to that (sweet Powers)
I cannot speake enough of this content.
It happens me here: it is too much of joy.
And this and this the greatest discoures are.
That our hearts shall make.

Oth. Oh you are well tum’d now: But Ile set downe
The peggs that make this Muficke, as honest as I am.
The Tragedie of Othello.

Enter Otello, his Herald with a Proclamation.

Herald. Othello's pleasure, our Noble and Valiant Generals. That we do threaten you not without a due respect to the History of Loue and Loue Thoughts. They met with so muche that they do not see her paddle with the paddle of her hand. Othello will not have her, the Madre Belle's bed. Did it not see her paddle with the paddle of her hand? Did it not mark this?

She. Yes, that I did; but that was but extremity.

Herald. Let all bear in mind, and obscure what is visible to the History of Loue and Loue Thoughts. They met with so muche that they do not see her paddle with the paddle of her hand. Othello will not have her, the Madre Belle's bed. Did it not see her paddle with the paddle of her hand? Did it not mark this?

Otello. I cannot believe in her, she's full of most blaspheimous condition.

Herald. Enter Othello, with a Proclamation.

Enter Othello, with a Proclamation.

Herald. Othello's pleasure, our Noble and Valiant Generals. That we do threaten you not without a due respect to the History of Loue and Loue Thoughts. They met with so muche that they do not see her paddle with the paddle of her hand. Othello will not have her, the Madre Belle's bed. Did it not see her paddle with the paddle of her hand? Did it not mark this?

She. Yes, that I did; but that was but extremity.

Herald. Let all bear in mind, and obscure what is visible to the History of Loue and Loue Thoughts. They met with so muche that they do not see her paddle with the paddle of her hand. Othello will not have her, the Madre Belle's bed. Did it not see her paddle with the paddle of her hand? Did it not mark this?

Otello. I cannot believe in her, she's full of most blaspheimous condition.
Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night.
Let's teach them sleights that Honourable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion.
But not in standing with my personal eye
Will I question you.
Oth. I am myself honest.
Michael, goodnight. To morrow with your earliest,
Let me have speech with you. Come my dear Louis. The purchase made, the fruiterer is to entertain.
That profit's yet to come: hence, and you.
Goodnight.

Enter Iago.

Cas. Welcome Iago: we must to the Watch.
Iago. Not till this hour Lieutenant: 'tis not yet ten
of the clock. Our General first off thus early for the
love of his Desdemona: Who, lets, we not therefore blame;
he hath not yet made wanton with her: and
the rest for Iago.
Cas. She's a most exquisite Lady.
Iago. And he warrant her, full of grace.
Cas. Indeed desires it, I think, and delicate creature.
Iago. What an eye she has?
Men think it does a parcel to pronunciation.
Cas. An insipting eye.
And yet I think 'tis right modest.
Iago. And when they speak,
Is it not an Almighty to Loie?
Cas. She is indeed perfection.
Iago. Well: a Happie little to their Sweetes. Come Lieuten-
ant, I have a scope of Wine, and here without are a
brace of Cyprus Gallants, that would fain have a
measure to the health of blacke Othello.
Cas. Not to night, good Iago. Those very poor,
and unhappy Braines for drinking. I could well
with Caelus would invent some other Cullome of
entertainment.
Iago. Oh, they are our Friends: but one Cup, Sir,
Drink for you.
Cas. I have drunk but one Cup to-night, and that
was creditably qualified too: and behold what imitation
it makes here. I am not to night in the infirmity, and
dare not taxe my wantoness with an error.
Iago. What man? 'Tis a night of Reuels, the
Gallants desire it.
Cas. Where are they?
Iago. Here, at this door. I pray you call them in.
Cas. I'll go, but it displeases me.
Exit.
Iago. If I can eftin but one Cup upon him
With that which he hath drunk, to night alcedie,
I'll be as full of Quarrell, and offence
As my yong Mistresses dogge.
Now my sickle Foolo Redardo,
Whom lone hath turned almost the wrong side out,
To Desdemona hath to night Carrow'd ed.
Passions, posture-deepes and he's to watch.
Three elses of Cyprus, Noble dwelling Spiritus,
(That hold their Honours in a wary distance,
The very Elements of this Warelike Ille)
Have I to night flutter'd with flowing Cups,
And they Watch too.

Now 'mongst this Flocke of drunkards
Am I put to our Coffin in some Action
That may offend the Ille. But here they come.

Enter Cassio, Montano, and Gentlemen.
If Consequence do but approve my dreames,
My Boke lealest, both with whinse and Streame.
Cas. Fore beateyn, they have given me a bowle already.
Mont. Good-taish a little one; not past a pin, so I am a
Soldier.
Iago. Some Wine bros.

And let me see the Camallon, clinking clinking,
And let me see the Camallon clinking.
A Soldier a man: Oh my life, but he's a poor
Why should I see a Soldier drink?
Some Wine Boys.

Cas. Fore Heaven: an excellent Song.
Iago. Heard I in England: where indeed they are
most potent in Porting. Your Dane, your Germane,
and your swag-belly'd Hollander, (drinke hole) are
nothing to your English.
Cas. Is your Englishmen to exulte in his drinking?
Iago. Why, he drinks you with facilitee, your Dane
death drunk. He sweats not to oncrow your
Almaine. He gives you Hollander a woman, and the next
Portie can be fill'd.
Cas. To the health of our Generall.
Mont. I am for it. Lieuante: and I do you justice.
King Stephen was an estamourous Peace.
His Brother left him but a Crowne,
He held them Six peres all to deere.
With that he call'd the Tailor Lion
He was a night of bough leavies,
And then was lou of low degree,
Tis pride that pulls the Country downe,
And taketh they would Clowde alight.
Some Wine bros.
Cas. Why this is a more exquisite Song then the
other?
Iago. Will you heare againe?
Cas. No: for I hold him to be unworthy of his Place,
That doth these things. Well; he's abowd all, and
there be foules must be fisted, and there be fowles must
not be fusted.
Iago. It's true, good Lieuante.
Cas. For mee owne part, no offence to the Generall,
not upon man of qualitte: I hope to be fisted.
Iago. And to doe too Lieuante.
Cas. It (but by your leave) not before me. The
Lieuante is to be fusted before the ancient.
Let's have no more of this: let's to our Affaires.
Forgive us our faults: Gentlemen, let's locke to our business:
Do not think 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 speak well enough.
Gent. Excellent well.
Cas. Why very well then: you must not fust them,
that I am drunk.
Exit.
Mont. To the Plathorne (Mastiers) come, let's see the
Watch.
Iago. You see this Fellow, what is gone before,
He's a Soldier, fit to stand by Cassio.
And give direction. And siche be his vice,
'Tis to his service, I will Equinox,

E. T. 3. The
The Tragedie of Othello.

Enter one as long as this other. Tis pity of him:
I leave the ill Othello, him in,
On some and some time of his Infirmity
Will make this Island.

{Mus.} But is he often thus?

{Lug.} Tis more his progress to his sleepe,
He'll watch the Horologe, a Double Set,
It Dronks a Soc, not his Cudgel.

{Mus.} It was well
The General was put in mind of it:
Perhaps he feares it not, or his good nature
Prizes the vertue that appears in Caffio,
And locks not on his Sullis: is not this true?

{Enter Rodrigo.}

{Lug.} How now Rodrigo?
I pray you from the Lieutenant, go,
And this great pity, that the Noble Moore
Should have a place; as is to an own.
With one of an Image of Infirmitie,
It were so beneficial, to say so
To the Moore.

{Lug.} Not for this fair Island,
I do line Caffio well; and would do much
To cure him of this enuell. But hearke what noise?

{Enter Caffio pursuing Rodrigo.}

{Caf.} Hang Rogue; you scall.

{Mus.} What's the matter, Lieutenant?

{Caf.} A Knave teach me my duty; he break the
Knaves into a Twiggeng Bottle.

{Rod.} Betise me.

{Caf.} Dost thou prize, Rogue?

{Mus.} Nay good Lieutenant,
I pray you sir, hold your hand.

{Caf.} Let me go (Sir)
Or he knocks you out the Razoud.

{Mus.} Come, come: you're drunk.

{Caf.} Drunk?

{Mus.} Away! I say, go out and cry a Matine.

{Mus.} Nay good Lieutenant, alas Gentleman:
Help Master. Here's a goodly Watch indeed,
Who's that which rings the Bell? Doble hoa.
The Towne will rise. Fire, fire Lieutenant,
You'll be a friend for ever.

{Enter Othello, and Attendants.}

{Oth.} What is the matter here?

{Mus.} I saw Pillar, I am hurt to death. He dies.

{Oth.} Hold for your lives.

{Lug.} Hold hoa: Lieutenant, Sir Montano Gentlemen.
Have you forgot all place of ten and dune?
Hold. The General spake to you: hold for blame.

{Oth.} Why how now hoa! from whence arise this?
Are we turn'd Turks and to our felues do that
Which Heaven hath laid for the Ottomans?

{Mus.} But Christian flame put by this barbarous Brawl.
He holds his point, to save his own rage.

{Oth.} Holds his foule light. He dies upon his Motion,
Silence that deafeful Bell, it frights the land,
From her propriety. What is the matter, Masters?

{Honest Lug.} That looks dead with greening,
Speak: who began this? On thy toye I charge thee.

{Lug.} I do not know: Friends all, but now, now, now.
In Quarter, and in terms of this Bride, and Cromeno
Deceiving them for Bed: and then, but now:
(As if some Planet had nustred men)
Iago. Come, come: good wine, is a good familiar creature, if it be well v'd exclaim no more against it. And good Lieutenant, I think, you think I love you.

Cass. I have well apprais'd, Sir, I think.

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at a time, I tell you what you shall do: Our General's Wife, is now the General. I may lay to, in this respect, for that he hath deserved, and given him humble to the Contemplation, make and ornament of her part and Grace. Conside your self freely to her: Impose her help to put you in your place again. She is of too free, too kind, too apt, to blest a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness, nor to do more then she is requested. This broken joint between you, and her husband, entreats to be splinterd. And my Fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crackle of your Joint, shall grow thron'd, then it was before.

Cass. You advise me well.

Iago. I profess in the miscarriage of our, and honor kindnest.

Cass. I think it freely; and besides in the morning, I will beseech the chances, to vouchsafe for me: I am desirous of my Fortunes, if they check me.

Iago. You are in the right: a good night, Lieutenant, I must to the Watch.

Cass. Good night, honest Iago.

Iago. And what's he then, That states I play the Villain? When this advice is free I give, and honest, Probable to thinking, and indeed the course To win the Moore again.

For, in's self true.

Th' inclining Desdemona to wed...
The Tragedie of Othello

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Caffio, Murdrant, and Claud.

Caffio. Misters, play here, I will content your pains, Something that's brief, and bid good-morrow General. Cla. Why Mister, have you your Instruments bin in Naples, that they speak with Nature? Maf. How sit I now? Cla. Are these I pray you, wind Instruments? Maf. I marry are they fir. Cla. Oh, thereby hangs a tale. Maf. Whereby hangs a cale, sir? Cla. Sir, marry, by many a wondre Instrument that I know. But Misters, here's money for you, and the General do likes your Musicke, that he defires you for loves sake to make no more noise with it. Maf. We'll sit, we will not. Cla. If you have any Musick that may not be heard, take my part. But if they say, they hear Musick, the General do not greatly care. Maf. We have none such, sir. Cla. Then put up your pipes in your bagge, for I'll away. Go, mirth into oyer again. Exit Maf. Caffio. Dost thou hate me, honest fellow? Cla. No, sir. I hate not your honest Friend: I understand you. Caffio. By the Queen's Grace, there's a poor piece of Gold for thee. If the gentle Woman that attends the General be Usher, tell her, there's one Caffio entreats her a little favour of Speech. Will thou do this? Cla. She is Usher, sir: if she will write haste, I shall seeme to not be with her. Exit Cla.

Enter Jas.

In happy time, Jas.

Jas. You have not bin a bed then?

Caffio. Why no? the day hath broke before we pasted, I have made bold (Jas.) to send in to your wife; my fate to hear is, that the will so virtuous Disdemona

Procure me some accettas.

Dis. I send her to you presently:

And I desire a uern to draw the Moor.

Out of the way, that your comers and businesse

May be more free.

Caffio. I humbly thank you for it: I never knew

A Florentine more knave, and honest.

Enter Amilia.

Amilia. Good morrow (good Murdrant) I am sore

For your displeasure: but all will sure be well.

The General and his wife are talking of it,

And the speaks for you slowly. The Moor replies,

That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus,

And great Affectionate: and that in whose wife he

He might not but refuse you, but he protests he loves you

And needs not other Suitors, but his likenings

To bring you in spinne,

Caffio. Yet I beseech you,

If you can find it, or that it may be done,

Give me advantage of some breve Discouer

With Disdemona alone.

Amilia. Pray you come in:

I will beway you where you shal have time

To speake your boone freely.

Caffio. I am much bound to you.

Scene Secunda.

Enter Othello, Jas, and Gentlemen.

Oth. These Letters gave (Jas.) to the Pilot,

And by him do my duties to the husbands.

That done, I will be walking on the Warke,

Repare there to mee.

Jas. Well, my good Lord, I do't.

Oth. This Discovery (Gentlemen) will you see?

Canst. We'll wait upon your Lordship. Exit.

Scene Tertia.

Enter Desdemona, Caffio, and Amilia.

Des. Be thou assured (good Caffio) I will do

All my abilities in the behalf.

Amilia. Good Madam do.

I warrant it grieves my Husband,

As in the case were his.

Des. Oh, that's an honest Fellow. Do not doubt Caffio

But I will have my Lord, and you again.

As friendly as you were.

Caffio. Honest Madam,

What ever shall become of Michael Caffio,

He's heir to my thing but your true Servant.

Des. I know't: I thank you; you do him our Lord;

You have knowed him long, and be you well assured

He shall in various shape find no farther off,

That is a politicall adherence.

Caffio. But, Lady's,

That polite the other last to long,

Of feast upon such victuals and waterdrink,

Of Breath it little to our Circumstances,

That I being absent, and my place supply'd,

My General will forget my Love, and Service.

Des. Do not doubt it: before Amilia here,
I give thee warrant of thy place. Affirm thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last Article. My Lord shall never rest,
Yet watch him come, and take him out of patience;
His Bed shall be a School, his Board a Shrift,
He intermingle every thing he doth.
With Caffio's fate: Therefore be merry Caffio,
For thy Solicitor shall rather dye,
Then give thy cause away.

Enter Othello and Iago.

Iago. Madam, here comes my Lord.

Caffio. Madam, I take my leave.

Oth. Why stay, and hear me speak.

Caffio. Madam, not now: I am very ill at ease,

Vide for mine own purpose.

Oth. Well, do your business.

Caffio. If I have any grace, or power to move you,

Oth. What dost thou say?


Oth. Wast thou that Caffio parted from my wife?

Caffio. My Lord, I knew no Caffio.

Oth. I cannot think this

That such a villain could be guilty-like,

Seeking your comming.

Oth. I do believe 'twas he.

Oth. How now my Lord?

I have been talking with a Suitor here,

A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is he you mean?

Oth. Why your Lieutenant Caffio: Good my Lord,

If I have any grace, or power to move you,

His present reconciliation take,

For if he be not one, that truly loves you,

That erris in Ignorance, and not in Cunning,

I have no judgement in an honest face,

I prity thee call him back.

Oth. He be here now.

Oth. I know it so humble,

That he hath left part of his griefs with me

To suffer with him. Good Caffio, call him back.

Oth. Not now (lovett Dignam) some other time.

Oth. But shall't be short?

Oth. The sooner (Sweethearts) the sooner.

Oth. Shall we be to night, or Supper?

Oth. No, not to night.

Oth. To-morrow Dine?

Oth. I shall not dine at home.

I meet the Captains at the Citadell.

Oth. Why then to morrow night, or Tuesday-morn,

On Tuesday-morn, or night on Wednesday-morn.

I prity thee some time the better is not

Exceed three days. Insha he's pensent:

Yet her Trepsief, in case he is not men.

Out of her Belf, it's not almost a fault

To secure epiphany. What shall I be come to?

Tell me, I know it the wonder in my Soule.

What would you ask me, that I shoul deny

Or stand to marry on? What? Michael Caffio,

That came to writing with you hand so many a time.

(When I have spoke of you dishonourful)

Hath your part, to have so much to do

To bring him in? Truth they should do much.

Oth. Prity thee no more I Letchin come when he will:

I will deny thee nothing.

Oth. Why, this is not so:

I dare be implore, I think he is honest.

Oth. This is too:

Men should be what they seem.

Oth. Or that be not, they might seem more.

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Oth. Why then I think Caffio's an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this:

I prity thee speake to me, as to thy thinkings

As thou dost ruminate, and give thy word of thought.

The
The Tragedie of Othello

324

The word of words.

Iago. Good my Lord, pardon me,

Though I am bound to every Act of duty,

I am not bound to that: All States are free.

 styre my Thoughts? Why say, they are wild, and false?

As where's that place, where into fonic things

Sometimes intrude not? Who's that has to see pure,

Wherein wdeny apprehensions

Keeps Letters, and Law-suits, and in Session sit

With necessities of law.

Oth. Thou dost confound against thy Friend (Iago)

If thou but think 't is wrong'd, and ask 't in haste

A stranger to thy Thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you,

Though I subscribe my Name in my Heart's heart,

As I count 't is my Nature's plague

To spy into Abuses, and of my zeal.

Shapes fruits that are not; that your wifedone

From one, that so imperfectly conceives,

Would take no notice, nor build you sel's a trouble

Out of his flattering, and nature obedience.

It were not for your quiet, nor for your good:

Nor for my Mind's, Hoonfly, and Wise done,

To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name in Man, & woman (deere my Lord)

Is the immediate Jewell of their Souls.

Who bees my pursuice, fals and crafty:

Tis something, nothing:

Twice mine, 'tis his, and has a bin flu to thousand:

But he that riches from me a good Name,

Robbs me of that, which not enriches him,

And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. He knoweth thy Thoughts.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,

Nor shall no, whith 'tis in my custodie.

Oth. Has?

Iago. Oh, beware my Lord, of envious,

It is the green-eyed Monster, which both mocks

The Fear it sees on. Thum Cuckolds live in buffet,

Who certain of his Fate, loses not his wrongs:

But oh, what damned minutes els he lose,

Who dores, yet doubts: Suspects, yet fondly loves?

Oth. O misfortune!

Iago. Poure, and Content, is rich, and rich enough,

But riches blindeth, is as poor as Wintir,

To him that ever fees he shall be poor:

Good Heauen, the Soler's of all my Tribe defend
From Sustenance.

Oth. Why? why is this?

I think there Tis made a life of Jealousie:

To follow all the changes of the Moone

With fresh Suppositions. No: to be once in doubt,

Is to be Refu'd: With this I may not go:

When I shall turn the inconstancy of my Soole

To such exacitude, and blunt Sarmes,

Marching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me Jealous,

To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,

Is free of Speech, Sings, Plays, and Dances,

Where Vertue is, there are more vertuous.

Nor from mine own weaknesse vertues, will I draw

The smalllest fear, or doubt of her renow,

For she had eyes, and chole me. No, Iago,

I shall see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;

And on the prove, there is no more but this,

Away at once with Loue, or Jealousie.
The Moore of Venice.

Act. My Lord, I would have more interest in your Honor.
To find this thing to no further: Leave it to time.
Although he is that Caius have his Place.
For he is full to do it with great Ability.
Yet if you please, to him off awhile.
You shall by that procure him, and his means:
No if your Lady presence his entertainmen;
With any strong, or vehement importunity.
Much will be done in that: In the meantime,
Let me be thought too but in my fears.
(As worthy cause I have to fear am)
And hold her fees, I do believe, your Honor.
Oth. Fear not my government.

Act. I come more to take your leave.

Exit. This fellow's of exceeding honesty.
And knows as high Quantities with a learned Spirit
Of human and divine grace. If I do prate her Haggard,
Though her talents were my deare heart-heartstrings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind.
To pray at Fortune. Happly, let I am able.
And have not those soft dews of Conversation.
That Chamber-hous: Or for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years (yet that's not much)
She's gone, I am absconded, and my relief
Must be to lose her. Oh! Curs'd Marriage!
That we can call the dearest Creatures ours,
And not their Appetites! I had rather be a Bear,
And live upon the vapour of a Dung-en,
Then keep a corner in the thing I choose.
For others vies. Yet this the plague to Choose.
Peter-grain of what they slight then the Bake,
'Tis death with them, the like death.
Even then, that forked plague is Pared to vs,
When we do quiver. Look where she comes:

Enter Desdemona and Emilia.

If the be false, Heaven mock'd it false:
I hear beleene.

Des. How now, my deare Otello?
Your dinner, and the generous strangers,
By you received, do attend your presence.
Oth. I am too blame.

Des. Why do you not speak so faintly?
Are you not well?

Oth. I have a paine upon my Forehead, here.

Des. Why that's with watching. 'Twill way again.

Let me but bind it hard, within this house.
It will be well.

Oth. Your Napkin is not too little.

Let it alone: Come, I'll go in with you.

Emil. I am glad I have found this Napkin:
This was her first remembrance from the Moore.
My wayward Husban had a hundred times,
Wood'd me to redeem it. But the few hours the Token.
(For he conjured her, she should ever keep it)
That she refers it more and more about her,
To kiss, and talk too. He have the works taken out,
And gis't Iago: what will he do with it?
Heaven knows, not I:
Nothing, but to please his Farris:

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. Hah?

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Emil. Oh, is that all? What will you give me now
For that same Handkerchief?

Iago. What Handkerchief?

Emil. Why that the Moore first gave to Desdemona,
That which so often you did bid me steale.

Iago. Had it: Take it from her?

Emil. No but she set it drop by negligence,
And to the advantage, I being here, took it up.

Look, here's this.

Iago. A good wench, give it me.

Emil. What will you do with's, that you have been
So earnest to have me fetch it?

Iago. Why what is that to you?

Emil. If it be not for some purpose of import,
Gut me again. Poor Lady she's run mad.
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not acquaintance
I have vic'ry for it. Go, leave me.

Exit. I will in Caius's Lodging loose this Napkin,
And let him find it. Traffic light as a screw,
Are to the jealous, confirmations strong.
As proofs of holy Writ. This may do something.
The Moore already changes with my poison:
Dangerous conceives, are in their Nature poysons;
Which at the ghost are lost to be dissipated:
But with a little glee upon the blood,
Burns like the Mines of Sulphure. I did say so.

Enter Otello.

Look where he comes: Not Pappy, nor Mandragora,
Not all the droewi Syrups of the world
Shall enter medicine thee to that sweete sleep:
Which thou owest it yesterday.

Oth. Ha, ha, fait to mee?

Iago. Why how now General? No more of that.

Oth. Ay ane be gone. Thou hast me on the Racket.
I swear'ts better to be much abus'd,
Then but to know a little.

Iago. How now, my Lord?

Oth. What 'tis had I in her flourino hours of Life?
I say 'tis not, thought it not. It harm'd not mee.
I slept the next night well, &d well, was free, and merry.
I found not Caius's kifles on her Lappes:
He that is rob'd, not wanting what is thine,
Let him not know it, and he's not rob'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this?

Oth. Had he been happy, if the general Cape?
Powers and all, had ralled her sweet Body,
So I had nothing knowne. Oh now, for her.
Fare well the Tranquill minds; farewell Content;
Farewell the planed Troopes, and the bigge Warrers,
That makes Ambition, Venere! Oh, farewell,
Farewell the neighing Steed, and the Thrill Trumpe,
The Spirit-flouring Drum, th' Ear-picking Flute,
The Royall Banner, and all Qualifie.
Pride, Pomme, and Circumstance of glorious Warrers:
And O you mortall Engines, whose rude thunders
Th' immortal sound doth drench the Heavens, counterfeits,
Farewell: Otello's Occupation's gone.

Iago. It's possible, my Lord?

Oth. Villain, be sure thou profane my Louis a Whores:
Be sure of it: Give me the Ocular proofs,
The Tragedie of Othello

Or by the worth of mine eternall Soule,
That had yet bin better then bin borne a Dog,
Then answer my dark wrack.

Iago. It's come to this?

Oth. Make me to see's; or at the least to prove it,
That the probatior beare no Hindge, nor Loope,
To hang a doube on: Or woe upon thy life.

Iago. My Noble Lord.

Oth. If thou dost banish her and torture me,
Never pray more: Abandon all remorse
On Horrors head, Horrors accumulate:
Do deeds to make Heaven weep, all Earth smart:
For nothing can thou to damnation add,
Greater then that,

Iago. O Grace, O Heaven forgive me!
Are you a Man? Have you a Soul? or Sense?
God buy you; take mine Office. Oh wretched Fool,
That loo't to make thine Honesty a Vice!
Oh monstrosus would: Take note, take note (O World)
To be direct and honest, is not safe.
I wish for this piece, and hence
He left no Friend, fifth Louise breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay stay; thou shouldest it be honest.

Iago. I should be wise; for Honesty's a Fool;
And foules that worketh for.

Oth. By the World,
I think my Wife be not free, and thinke she is not:
I thinke thou art still, and thinke thou art not:
I have some proofs. My name that was as fresh
As Diana Venus, is now browed and blacke
As mine owne face. If there be Cords, or Knives,
Poyson or Fire, or suffocating firemanes,
He is, or he is not. Would I were false read.

Iago. Let you see you are eaten up with Fation:
I do repent me, that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?

Oth. Would I, Nay, and I will.

Iago. And may I but show? How satisfied my Lord,
Would you the Super Vision grossly goe by?
Behold her top?

Oth. Death, and damnation. Oh!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty I think,
To bring them to that Proper: Dame then then,
If ever mortalls doe see them blossom
More then their owne. What then? How then?
What shall I say? Where's Satisfaction?
It is impossible you should fee this,
Were they as prime as Goates, as hot as Monkeys,
As sale as Wolves in pride, and Fools as grossly
As Ignorance, made drunk. But yet, I say,
If imposture, and strange circumstancies,
Which lead directly to the doore of Truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you might haue.

Oth. Give me a living reason she's displau'd all,

Iago. I do not like the Office.

But fust I am stred in this case to farce
(Voiced too by foole Honesty, and Love)
I will go on. I lay with Caffo lately,
And being troubled with a singing tooth,
I could not sleepe. These are a kinde of men,
So loose of Soul, that in their sleepe they will murder
Their Affayres one of this kinde is Caffo:
In sleepe I heard him say, Sweet Desdemona,
Let vs be weary, let us hide our Lovers,
And then, Sir, would be a giper. and writing my hand:
Cry, oh sweet Creature: then I'll take the hard,

As I he plucked up knives by the roots,
That grew upon my lipes, laid his Leg on me Thigh,
And high and kifte, and at last cutt Fate,
That gave her to the Moor.

Oth. Monstrosus! monstrosus!

Iago. Nay, this was but his Dream.

Oth. But this denoted a fore-gone conclusion,
To his fateful doubt, though it be but a Dream.

Iago. And this may help to shenken other proofs,
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. It can bear all to pieces.

Iago. Nay yet be wise; yet see nothing done,
She may be honest yet: Tell me but this,
Have you not sometimes seen a Handkerchief
Spotted with Strawberries, in your wifes hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one: I swear my first gift.

Iago. I know not that: but such a Handkerchief
(I am sure it was your wines) did I to day
See Caffo wipe his beard with.

Oth. I fear be.

Iago. If I be not, what is it, or any, it was hers?
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Oth. O thus the Slave had forty thousand lies:
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.
Now do I see its true. Look here Iago,
All my fond love thus do I blow to Heaven. 'Tis gone,
And all my vengeance, from the hollow hell.
Yield vp (O Love) thy Crown, and hand in hand
To tyrannous Hate. Swell before with thy fraught
For his of Apiuseng tongues,

Iago. Yet be content.

Oth. Oh blood, bloody blood.

Iago. Patience I say: your minde may change.

Oth. Next day. Like to the Ponticke Sea,
Whole Icic current, and compulsion couse,
Neat's keepers returning esbe, but keepes due on
To the Pronnicke and the Hellepope;
Euen to my bloody thoughts, with violent pace
Shall near look keene, neate's esbe to humble Love,
Till that a capable, and wise Revenge
Swallow them vp. Now by yond Marble Heaten,
In the due reverence of a Sacred vow,
I there engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet:

With thousand ever-burning Lights above,
You Elements, that clip we round about,
Wintiffe that hearres Iago doth give vp
The excretion of his Witt, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's Service. Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse
What bloody businesse ever.

Oth. I waft thee to the lour;
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee too:
Within these three days let me hear thee say,
That Caffo's not alive.

Iago. My Friend is dead:

'Tis done: Good Night. Requiesce,
But let her live.

Oth. Dame, her sweare Minx.

O damned her, damned her.

Come go with me a part, I will withdraw
To furnish me with some slight means of death
For the faire Desdem
Now set thou my Lieutenant

Iago. I am your own for ever.
Scena Quarta.

Def. Hereau my Lord.
Oth. That which I gave you.
Def. I have it not about me.
Oth. Not?
Def. No indeed, my Lord.
Oth. That's a fault: That Handkerchief did an Egyptian to my Mother give:
Def. I have a fult and forty: And she was a Charmer, and could almost read The thoughts of people. She told her, while she kept it, 'T would make her Amiable, and subdue my Father.
Oth. Intirely to her love: But if she lost it, Or made a Gift of it, my Father's eyes Should hold her loathed, and his Spirits should hunt After new Fancies. She dying, gave it me,
Def. And bid me (when my Fate would have me Win'd) To give it her. I did so; and take heed on't,
Oth. Make it a Darling, like your precious eye; To lose't, or gain't away, were such prediction, As nothing else could match.
Def. 'Tis providish.
Oth. 'Tis true: There's Magicke in the web of it:
A Skill that had numbed in the world
The Sun to course, two hundred companys,
In her Propheticke russe from'd the Works:
The Wormes were hallowed, that did breathe the Silkes,
And was dyed in Mommyce, which the Skillful
Confounded of Maidens hearts.

Def. Indeed! 'tis true.
Oth. Moll's veritable, therefore looke too't well.
Def. Then would to Heauen, that I had never seen't.
Oth. His! wherefore?
Def. Why do you speak so flattering and soft?
Oth. He's lost! Let's go: Speak, it's out of the way?
Def. Blows vs.
Oth. Say you?
Def. It is not lost: but what and if it were?
Oth. How?
Def. I say it is not lost.
Oth. Fetch, let me see't.
Def. Why so I can't but I will not now:
This is a trick to put me from my suit,
Pray you let Caffio be receiv'd a game.
Oth. Fetch me the Handkerchief.

My mind is agitten.
Def. Otho, come, come: you'll never meete a more sufficient man.
Oth. The Handkerchief.
Def. A man that all his time
Hath bounded his good Fortunes on your love;
Shall dangers with you.
Oth. The Handkerchief.
Def. Insoough, you are too blame.
Oth. Away.
Def. Is this man jealous?
Oth. I ne'er saw this before.
Sure, there's none wonder in this Handkerchief:
I am most unhappy in the lose of it.

Def. I am not a yeare or two shewes vs a man:
They are all but Stomackes, and we all but Food,
They eate vs hungrily, and when they are full They believe vs.

Enter Toss, and Caffio.

Looke you, Caffio and my Husband.
Lego. There is no other way: 'tis the butt don't:
And for the happiness of a man, and importance her.
The Tragedy of Othello

Def. How now (good Caffo) what's the news with you?

Caffo. Madam, my former suitor. I do beseech you,
That by your virtuous means, I may again
Exit, and be a member of his state.

Whom I, with all the Office of my heart
Thus enterently honour, I would not be delayed.
If my offence, be of such mortal kind,
That nor my Service past, nor present Sorrowes,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so, must be my benefit:
So shall I cloath me in a more content,
And that my service in some other course
To Fortunes Altar.

Def. Alas (thrice-gentle Caffo)

My Adowation is not now in Tune;
My Lord, is not my Lord nor should I know him,
Wrote he in Passion, as in Favour alter'd.

So help me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best,
And stood within the blanke of his displeasure
For my free speech. You must awhile be patient:
What can I do, I will: and more I will.
Then for my self, I dare. Let that Exercise you.

Iago. Is my Lord angry?

Aemilius. He went hence but now:
And certainly in strange equitienne.

Iago. Can he be angry? I hate soon the Cannon
When it hath blowne his Rantakes into the Ayre,
And like the Duell from his very Ayme.

Push'st his owne Brother? Is he angry?
Something of moment then, I will go meet him,
There's matter in't indeed; if he be angry.

Def. I pray thee do so. Something sure of State,
Either from Venice, or some vaunche'd pracie
Made demonstrable here in Cyprus, to him,
Has labored his clear spirit: and in such cale:
Messen Natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so,
For let our finger shew, and it endures
Our other healthfull members, cast to a sense
Of paine. Nay, we must think men are not Gods,
Nor of them looke for such obtrouerse.
As fit the Bridal. Refract me much, Aemilius;
I was (unhandsome Warrior, as I am)
Aranging his vnkindnesse with my foule;
But now I finde, I had fauln'd the Writere,
And been Indicted safely.

Aemilius. 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 caufe.
Aemilius. But jealous foules will not be answer'd so;
They are not euer jealous for the caufe,
But in thought, for they're illoues. It is a Moufter
Begot upon it false, borne on't false.

Def. Heauen keeps the Moufter from Othello's mind,
Aemilius. Lady, Amen.

Def. I will go seeke him. Caffo, walke here about:
If I doe finde him fit, He meete your suire,
And make to effect it to my vertue.

Caffo. I humbly thank your Ladyship.

Enter Bianca.

Bianca. Save you (Friend Caffo.)

Achus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Othello, and Iago.

Iago. Will you thinke so?

Othello. Thine 6o, Iago?

Iago. What, to kill in private?

Othello. An unlook'd'd Effire?

Iago. Or to be nakhed with her Friend in bed,
An hour, or more, not meaning any harne?

Othello. Naked in bed (Iago) and not meanes harne?

It is a hypocrisi against the Duell:
They that meanes vertuoud, and yet do so,
The Duell their vertue repays, and they teme Heaven.

Othello. But if they do nothing, its a Veniall?

But if I give my wife a Handkerchift.

Othello. What then?

Iago. Why then the harne (my Lord) and being here,
She may (I thinke) beholous on any man.

Othello. She is Prome *(perhaps)* of her honor too.

May the guest that?
the Moore of Venice

Iago. Her honor is an Efficace that's not seen,
They have it very oft, that have it not.
But for the Handkerchief.

Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot its
Thou faithfull spirit comes on my memorie,
As doth the Rauen o're the infectious hone.
Bawling to all, he had my Handkerchief.

Iago. Is what of that?

Oth. That's stole so good now.

Iago. What have I lost? I had as I had seen him do wrong?
Or heathen him sas Knavess be such abroad,
Who having by their own purpose in my,
Or voluntary storage of some Mistake,
Commenced or supplied them, cannot chuse
But they must blash.

Oth. Hath he said anything?

Iago. He hath (my Lord) but be you well affir'd,
No more then he's vulnerrate.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. Why that he did; I know not what he did.

Oth. What? What?

Iago. Lye.

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her. On her; what you will,
Oth. I ye with her lye on her? We say lye on her,
When they be lye on her. Lye with her; that's suffism:
Handkerchief: Confession: Handkerchief. To confese,
And be hang'd for his labour. First, to be hang'd, and
That to confesse; I tremble at it. Nature would not
Infest her self in such floodowing passion, without some
Indurction. It is not words that shakes me thus; (pith)
Nover Barren, and Lippes is not possible. Confesse? Hand-
kerchief? O disswell.

Poesis in a Thresme.

How now Coffe?

Coffe. What's the matter?

Iago. My Lord is taken in an Epilptic.

This his second fit: he had one yesterday.

Coffe. Rob him about the Temples.

Iago. The Lethargie must have his qyer course:
If not, he comes at mouth; and by and by
Breakes out to be so much mazzeke. Looks, he arrre;
Do you withdraw thine selve a little while,
He will recuer straight; when he is gone,
I would on great occasion, speake with you
How it is Generall? Have you not hung your head.

Oth. Doth shou muckeme?

Iago. I mocke you not, by Heauen.
Would you have borne your Fortune like a Man.

Coffe. A Horse's man's a Monstref, and a Brat.

Iago. They're sairly a Beast they in a populase City,
And manny's a good Monstref.

Oth. Did he confesse it?

Iago. Good Sir, be a man:
Thinke eney bearded fellow that's but yond'd
May draw with you. There's Millions now a-bitt
That mightly lye in those improper beds,
When they are forrimer. Your cause is better.
Oh, 'tis the sight of all the Fieids Arch-muck,
To imp a wanton in a secure Coucll
And to suppoze her chift. No, let me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what the slibbe.

Oth. Oh, thou art wise; 'tis certaine.

Iago. Stand you a while apart,
Confute your selve but in a quiet Set.
Whilfe you were here, o're-whelmed with your griefe
(A passione most refin'd such a man)
Coffe came histher. I shifted away,
And layd good soucy on you Excrute,
But him souu retirn: and here spake with me,
The which he promis'd. Do but ensure your selve,
And make the Fieees, the Gybes, and notabla Scrotes
That dwell in every Region of his face,
For I will make him tell the Tale anew;
Wherefore, how off, how long ago, and when
He had, and in again to cope your wife.
I say, but make his gesture; marry Patience,
Or I shall say ye're all in all in Spenee.

And nothing of a man.

Oth. Don't thou heare, Iago,
I will be found most confusing in my Patiences
But do it thou heares last bloody.

Iago. That's not amle,
But yet ye keepe time in all: will you withdraw?

Now will I question Coffe of Bianca,
A Husband that by telling her defers
Bought a fiesse Bread, and a Gost. It is a Create.
This does on Coffe, (as 'tis the Stumprers plague
To be-guile many, and he be-guile'd by one)
He, when he heares of her, cannot retire
From the excess of Laughter. Here he comes.

Enter Coffe,

As he shall slee, Othella shall go mad:
And his voboothes: soloe must confine
Poores Coffe's smilkes, gestures, and light behauours
Quite in the wrong. How do you Lieutenant?

Coffe. The worser, that you give me the addition,
Whose weeps even kills me.

Iago. My Difimmon well, and you are sure on't.
Now, if this Suit lyes in Bianca's dowry,
How quickly should you speed?

Coffe. Alas poor Cofie.

Oth. Lookke how he laughs already.

Coffe. I hope thou know woman lose man fo.

Coffe. Alas poor Rogue, I think indeed the louses me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughes it out.

Iago. Do you heare Coffe?

Oth. Now he impotntes him
Tell Coffee: go too, well said, well said.

Iago. She gives it out, that you shall marry her.

Do you intend it?

Coffe. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Do ye occupy, Romaine? do you triumph?

Some Christies to my wit do not thinke it
So wholesome. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. So, so, so, so: they laugh, that winnes.

Iago. Why the cry goes, that you marry her.

Coffe. Prythee say true.

Iago. I am a very Vilelame valye.

Oth. Have you confirme me? Well.

Coffe. This is the Monkeys owne glunng out:
She is perswade I will marry her.
Out of her owne lose & flaterie,not out of my promisse.
The Tragedie of Othello

Oth. Iago becomes me: now he begins the story.

Cassio. She was here even now: she haunts me in everie place. I was the other day talking on the Seabank with certaine Venetians, and thither comes the Baule, and falls me thus about my neck.

Oth. Cryng ob deeve Cassio, as it were: his silence imparts it.

Cassio. So hanges, and lolls, and weeps upon me:
So shakes, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Now he tells how the plucks him to my Chamber: oh, I see that doe of yours, but not that dogge, I shall throw it to.

Cassio. Well, I must leave her companie.

Iago. Before me: looke where she comes.

Enter Bianca.

Cassio. 'Tis such another fistre, where's a perfum'd one? What do you meane by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the diuell, and his dam haunt you: what did you meane by that sawl, Handkercheif, you gave me even now? I was a fine Fool to take it. I must take out the worke? A likely piece of worke, that you should find it in your Chamber, and know not who left it there.

This is some Minxes token, & I must take out the worke? There, give it your Hobbes-choate, wheretoeuer you had it, let take out no worke out.

Cassio. Now how, my sweete Bianca?

How now? How now?

Oth. By Heauen, that should be my Handkercheif.

Bian. If you're come to flippere to night you may, if you will now, come when you are next prepar'd for. 

Exe. Iago. After her thus after her.

Cassio. I must, I must playe in the streets else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cassio. Yes, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you: for I would very faine speake with you.

Cassio. Prythee come do you?

Iago. Go, go: say no more.

Oth. How shall I wondre him.

Iago. Did you perceive how he laugh'd at his vice?


Iago. And did you see the Handkercheif?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours by this hand; and to see how he prizes the lowest woman your wife: she gave it him, and he had guin'd his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine yeeres a killing:

A fine woman, a faire woman, a sweete woman?

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. I would have him nine yeeres a killing:

A fine woman, a faire woman, a sweete woman?

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ilet her rot and perish, and he damn'd to night, for the shall not live. No, my heart is turn'd to stone: I flieke it, and it burns my hand. Oh, the world hath not a sweeter Creature: she might lie by an Emperour's side, and command him Taske.

Iago. Nay, that shall not your way.

Oth. Hang her, I do budge what she is: so delicate with her Needle: an admirable Surfian. Oh the will fing the Saggitalle out of a Beare: of so high and plentiful wit, and invention?

Iago. She's the worfe for all this.

Oth. Oh, a thousand, a thousand times?

And then of so gentle a condition?

Iago. I so gentle.

Oth. Nay that's certaine:

But yet the pity of it, Iago; oh Iago, the pity of it.
the Moore of Venice

Oth. Mithrie.

Def. My Lord.

Oth. What would you with her, Sir?

Lad. Who is my Lord?

Oth. If you did with her, I would make her turne.

Sir, she can turne, and turne, and yet go on
And turne againe. And she can wepe, Sir, wepe.
And that obedient: as you say obedient.
Very obedient: proceed you in your course.
Concerning this Sir, (oh well-painted passion)
I am commanded home: get you away:
I need not you anow. Sir I obey the Mandate,
And will returne to Venice. Hence, hence, hence:
Coffa shall have my Place. And Sir so nigh
I do entre, that we may fit together.
You are welcome Sir to Cyprus.

Greeks and Monkeys. Exit.

Lad. Is this the Noble Moore, whom our full Senate
Call all in all sufficient? Is this the Name
Whom Passion could not abide? Whole fell of virtue
The fist of Accident, nor dress of Chance.
Could neither grace, nor piece?

Iago. He is much chang'd.

Lad. Are his wits false? Is he not light of Brainne?

Iago. He's that he is! I may not breath my censure.
What he might be, he was not, I would to be some one.

Lad. What? Strike his wife?

Iago. Faith that was not so well: yet would I knew
That stroke would prove the worse.

Lad. Is it his wife?

Or did the Letters, work upon his blood,
And new create his faults?

Iago. Alas, alas,
It is not honest in me to speake
What I have seen, and knowne. You shall observe him,
And his owne counsell will denye him so,
That I may face my speech: do but a go after
And note how he continues.

Lad. I am sorry that I am deceiued in him. Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello and Emilia.

Oth. You have seen nothing then?

Emil Not ever heard nor ever did suppose.

Oth. Yes, you have seen Coffa, and she together.

Emil. But then I saw no harme; and then I heard,
Each syllable that breath made up betweene them.

Oth. What? Did they never whisper?

Emil. Neuer my Lord.

Oth. Nor fend you out of way?

Emil. Neuer.

Oth. To fetch her Fan, her Glove, her Mask, nor no

Emil. Neuer my Lord.

Oth. That's strange.

Emil. I durst (my Lord) to waker, she is honest.

Lay downe my Soule at stake: if you thinke otherwise,
Remoue your thought. It doth abuse your bodome.
If any wretch have put this in your head
Let Heauen requite it with the Serpents curse

For if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy. The pure of their Wives
Is soule as Slander.

Oth. Did her come hither? go.

She faires enough: yet she's a simple sort
That cannot say as much. This is a lujible Whore.
A Cloathet, Laced, and Key of Villous Secrets.
And yet she's kneele, and prays: I have seen her do't.

Exit Delfemio, and Emilia.

Def. My Lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray you Chuckle come hither.

Def. What is your pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your eyes: look in my face.

Def. What horrible Passion's this?

Oth. Some of your Function in Mithrie:
Leave Processe alone, and bate the doore:
Cough, or cry here, if any body come.

Your Mystery, your Mystery: May dispatch. Exit.

Def. Vpon my knee, what doth your speech import?
I understand a Fury in your words.

Oth. Why? What art thou?

Def. Your wife my Lord: your true and loyal wife.

Oth. Come swears it: danse thy tale, lest being like one of Heaven, the devil him self
Shall fear to ceaze thee. Therefore be double damn'd fore ear
Thus art honest.

Def. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heaven truely knowes, that thou art false as hell.

Def. To whom my Lord?

With whom? How am I fall'd?

Oth. Ah Delfemio, away, away.

Def. Als the busy day: why do you wepe?

Am I the mistress of these treasons my Lord?
If happily you my Father do unnest,
An Instrument of this your calling backe,
Lay not your blame on me: if you have told him,
I have told him too.

Oth. Had I pleas'd Heaven,
To try me with Affliction, had they rain'd
All kind of Sorrow, and Shames on my bare head.
Strep me in paine and to the very mouth.
Given to Captivity, mee, and my wretched hopes,
I should have found in some place of my Soule
A drop of patience. But alas, to make me
The fixed Figure for the time of Scone,
To point his flow, and mouing finger, erat,
Yet could I bear that too, well, very well.
But three where I have garnished my heart,
Where either I found life, or peace of life,
The Fountain from which my current runnes,
Or else dries vp, to be discarded thence.
Or keeps it as a Cenfence for foule Toades.
To knot and gather in. Tende thy completion there:
Patience, thou young and Rollick'd Christian,
I here looke grim as hell.

Def. I hope my Noble Lord, erever me honest.

Oth. Oh I, as Sommer Flies are in the Shambles,
That quenches even with blowing. O thou vext me:
Who art so lonely faire, and sweet, to sweare,
That the Sente takes at thee,
Would thou had it never bin borne.

Def. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth. Was this faire Paper? This most goodly Bookes
Made to write Whore upon? What committed,

Y V S

Com.
The Tragedie of Othello,

Committed. Oh, thou publick Commoner,
I should make very Forges of my cheetkear.
That would to Cyders burned vp Modesty.
Did I but speake thy deedes. What committed?
Heauen shuues the Nothe of it, and the Moore winks.
The beast with the head that lacked all his meate,
Was buffled within the hollow Myne of Earth
And will not heart. What committed?
Def. By Heauen you do me wrong.
Othr. Are you a Stumpe?
Def. No, as I am a Christian.
I must preface this seflf for my Lord,
From any other foule will or tould touch.
Became to be a Stumpe, I am none.
Othr. What not a Where?
Def. No, as I shall be sad.
Othr. It's possible?
Def. Oh Heaven forgive vs.
Othr. I cry you meere ye.
I tooke you for that cunning Whore of Venice,
That married with Othello. You Miftris,
Enter Emilia.

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keeps the gate of hell. You you you you,
We have done our courtes; there's money for our poates.
I pray you turn the key, and keep our coumasale. Exit. Emill.
Def. Also, what do this Gentleman conceive?
How do you Madam? how do you my good Lady?
Def. Faith, halle a sleep.
Emill. Good Madam,
What's the matter with my Lord?
Def. With who?
Emill. Why, with my Lord, Madam?
Def. Who is thy Lord?
Emill. He that is yours, sweet Lady.
Def. I have none: do not talke to me, Emill,
I cannot wepe, nor answere have I none,
But what should go by water. Prythee to night,
Lay on my bony wedding sheete, remember,
And call thy husband hither.
Emill. Here's a change indeed.
Def. Ah mee, I should be w'd to very meere.
How have I bin beho'ed, that he might flinde
The smalest opinion on my least mischeve?

Enter Iago, and Emilia.

Iago. What is your pleasure Madam?
How is't with you?
Emill. I cannot tell: I shew these gentle sights do teach yong Babes
To do it with gentle meanes, and easie task es.
He might have c hide me so: for in good faith
I am a Child to chiding.
Iago. What is the matter Lady?
Emill. Alas! (Iago) my Lord hath haued forth her,
Thanne such dishart, and heuie triues upon her.
That true hearts cannot haue it.
Def. Am I that name, Iago?
Iago. What name? (lasse Lady?)
Def. Such as the layd my Lord did say I was.
Emill. He called her whose I Beggar in his drinke,
Could not have laid such terms upon his Clothe.
Iago. Why did he so?
Def. I do not know I am sure I am none such.
Iago. Do not wepe, do not wepe: all the day.
Emill. Hath the forooke to many Noble Matches?
Her Father? And her Country? And her Friends?

To be call'd Where? Would it not make one weep?
Def. It is my wretched Fortune.
Iago. Befrewe him for's.
How comes this Tricke upon him?
Def. Nay, Heauen doth know.
Emill. I'll be hang'd ifsome eternall Villainage,
Some buffer and inuiminating Rogue,
Some cagging, coolansing Slaue, to get some Office.
Heauen not desist'd this Slander: I will be hang'd else.
Iago. For there is no such man: it is impossible.
Def. If any such there be, Heauen pardon him.
Emill. A halter pardon him.
A mid hell griev his bene's.
Why should he call her Whore?
Who keeps her company?
What Place? What Time?
What Forme? What liklyhood?
The Moore's shu'd by some most villonous Knave,
Some base unnotorious Knave, some furious Fellow.
Oh Heauen, that such companion shou'd be as Dest.
And put in every honest hand a whip
To lash the Ruffians naked through the world,
Even from the East to th' West.
Iago. Speak we two out.
Emill. Oh sir you charm, some such Squires was
That turn'd your wit, the feasty-side without,
And made you to suspece me with the Moore.
Iago. You are a Foele: go too.
Def. Also Iago,
What shall I do to win my Lord again?
Good Friend, go to him: for by this light of Heauen,
I know not how to hold him. Here I kneele:
Ifere my will did reape's gainst his Lorne,
Either in discourse of thought, or actual deed,
Or that mine Eyes, mine faire, or any Sense
Delighted them or any other Foure.
Or that I do not ye, and ever did,
And euer will, though he do shake me off
To beggerly discourse. Lorn hee deeply,
Comfort forwarne me. Noble heauen may do much,
And his wondrable may defeat my life,
But never the mine Lorne. I cannot say Whore,
Nor that I am here: now I speake the word.
To do the Act that might the addition earn.
Not the worlds Maffe of vanitee could make me.
Iago. I pray you be content: 'tis but his humour:
The businesse of the State do's him offence.
Def. If there were no other.
Iago. It is her fa, I warrant.
Hearke how these Instruments summon to supper:
The Messengers of Venice states the meate,
Go in, and wepe not: all things shall be well.

Exit Desdemona and Emilia.

Enter Roderigo.

How now Roderigo?
Rodi. I do not finde
That thou deal'dst lightly with me,
Iago. What in the contrarie?
Rodi. Every day thou dares me with some denif
Iago, and rather, as it seems to me now, keepit from
I do not haue the least advantage of hope: I will indeed no longer endure it.
Nor am I yet persuad to put vp in peace, what already I
have foolishly suffered.
Iago. Will you heare me Roderigo?
Rodi. 1
Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, Emilia, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, Sir, trouble your self no further.
Oth. Oh pardon me: I will do me good to walk.
Lod. Madam, good night: I humbly thank your Ladyship.

Diff. Your Honour is most welcome.
Oth. Will you walk Sir? Oh Desdemona,

She. My Lord.
Oth. Get you to bed on this Instant, I will be return'd forthwith; I will dismiss your Attendant there: look not to be done.

Exit.

Diff. I will my Lord.

She. How goes it now? He looks gentler than he did.
Diff. He fakes he will remise incontinence,
And hath command'd me to go to bed,
And bid me to dismiss you.

She. Dismiss me one.
Diff. God's blessing: therefore good Emilia,
Give me my nightgown wearing and asleep.
We must not now dispute him.

Emil. I, you would had never seen me.
Diff. So would not I: my love doth foreshow him,
That soon his face and heart will speak his (Pray thee unpin me) have grace and favour.

Emil. I have said those Sheets you had me on the bed.

Diff. All's one: good Father, how farth long are our minds?
If I do die before, prye thee dawn me

In one of these same Sheets.

Emil. Come, come, you talk.

Oth. My Mother had a Maid call'd Barkarie,
She was in love: and he the Lord proud man,
And did for sake her. She had a Song of Willough, an old thing, was but she expressed her Fortune,
And the light it went its Song to night,
Will it not go from my mind? I have must go,
But to go hang my head all as one fold
And sing it like a poor Barkarie: prye thee dispatch,

Emil. Shall I go fetch your Night-gown?

Diff. No. unpin me here,
This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emil. A very handsome man.
Diff. He speaks well.

Emil. I know a Lady in Venice would have walk'd barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.

Diff. The poor Smit for going by a Sicamour tree.

Sing all a green Willough:

Her hand on her bosom her hand on her knee,
Sing Willough, Willough, Willough.
The spring Streames ran by her, and murmur'd her measure,
Sing Willough, &c.

Her fair teares fall from her, and smrand the flowers,
Sing Willough, &c.
(Lay by thee)

Willough (Pay thee high there: he come anon)
Sing all a green Willough much is my Garland.
Let me only blame him, his forme I approve,

(Cay that's not next) Harke, who is that that knocks?

Emil. It's the wind.

Diff. I call'd my Love fife Love: but what said he then?

Sing Willough, &c.

If I were no women you'd couch with me men.
The Tragedie of Othello

So get thee gone, good night: mine eyes do itch:
Doth that boaste weeping?

*Amid.* Tis neither here, nor there.

*Def.* I here heard it said so. O thee Men, thee menDo I thou in conscience think (tell me *Amid.*
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such groo. kindes?

*Amid.* There be some such, no question.

*Def.* Would it do thus does such a deed for all the world?

*Amid.* Why, would you so?

*Def.* No by this Heavenly light.

*Amid.* Nor I neither, by this Heavenly light:
I might do as well it's darke.

*Def.* Would I thou thus do such a deed for all the world?

*Amid.* The world's a great place, for a small wise.

*Def.* Introit, I think withou'tt nor.

*Amid.* Introit I think it should, and wando't when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a loynt Ring, nor for meaures of Lawne, nor for Gowne, Patents, nor Cups, nor all the world's a great place, for a small wise. But for all the world's a great place, for a small wise. With Aitbars, to make him a Monarch, I should venture Purgatory for.

*Def.* Behype, if I would do such a wrong
For the whole world.

*Amid.* Why, the wrong is but a wrong in such a woman, and having the world for your labour, it's a wrong in your owne world, and you might quietly make it right.

*Def.* I do not think there is any such woman.

*Amid.* Yes, a dozen: and as many to her taste, as would store the world they played for.

But I do think it is their husbands fault.

If Wives do fall: (Say, that they lacke their duties, And pour out treasures into foreign laps; Or else break out in peeces) (Say, that they lacke their duties, And pour out treasures into foreign laps; Or else break out in peeces)

Throwing restraint upon vs. Or say they strike vs, Or count our former having in dispight.)

Why we have galles: and though we have some grace, Yet hate we some Revenge. Let husbands know, Their wives have flaws like them: They fee, and swell, And bane their Palats both for sweet, and sour; As husbands have. What is it that they do, When they change vs for others? Is it Sport? I think it is: and dot Affection breeds it?

I think it doth, is it Frailty that thus ever? It is so: And have we such Affections? Desires for Sport? and Frailty, as men have? Then let them fee vs well: else let them know, The lils we do, their lils instruct vs so.

*Def.* Good night, good night.

Heauen me such ildere send:
Not to pike ild, from bad but by bad, mend.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Iago and Roderigo.

_Iago._ Here stand and behind this backe, Straight will he come:

Weare thy good rapier bare, and put it home:
Quick, quick, quicke, fear nothing, be at thy Elbow,
It makes vs, or it moves vs, think on that, And fixe molt some thy Revolution.

*Red.* Be not at hand, I may mee carry in.

*Iago._ Heree, in thy hand: Be bold, & take thy hand, And yet he hath given me satisfying Reapons:

*Tis but a man gone. Forth my sword: he dies.

*Iago._ I have sub'd this yong Quarto almost to the frate,
And he groves angry. Now, whether he kill *Cassio,* Or *Cassio,* or me to kill the other,
Every way makes my goone. *Lucio Roderigo.*

He calls me to a restitution large
Of Gold, and jewels, that I bob'd from him,
As Gifts to *Dessmonas,*

It must not be: if *Cassio* doe reromise,
He hath a dayly beauty in his life,
That makes not ugly: and besides, the Moore
May enfold me to him: there stand I much peril:
No, he must dye. But so, I heard him coming.

*Enter Cassio.*

*Red.* I know his gate, tis he: *Villain* thou dyes.

*Cassio._ That thrust me had beene mine enemy indeed, But that my Coste is better then thou knowst I, I blow the pride of thine.

*Red._ Oh, I am line.

*Cassio._ I am maynd to foreer.

Help me hoos: *Murter, Murter,*

*Enter Iago.*

*Oth._ The voyce of *Cassio,* I ake keepes his word.

*Oth._ Villain* that I am.

*Oth._ It is euen so.

*Cassio._ Oh help hoos: *Light,* a Surgeon.

*Oth._ *Tis he: O brave *Age,* honest, and inffit,
That hatch not Noble sense of thy Friends wrong,
Thou teachst me. *Minion,* thine eyes deadly,
And thy noble Fire higher: *Strumpet,* I come;
For of my heart, their Charge: thine Eyes, are blotted.
Thy Bed full of affright, shall with Luks blood be spreded.

*Exit Iago.*

*Enter Lodovico and Gratians.*

*Cassio._ What hoal no Watch? No paflage?

*Murter, Murter,

*Oth._ Tis *some mischance, the voyce is very disceulf.*

*Cassio._ Oh help.

*Lod._ *Hearte.*

*Red._ Oh, wretched *Villain*.

*Oth._ Two or three groene. *Tis heavy night;
These may be counterfeiters: *Let* think'st vs infect
To come into the cry, without more helpe.

*Red._ Nobody comes then I shall I bleed to death.

*Exit Iago.*

*Lod._ Hearte.*

*Gro._ Here he comes in his shirt, with *Light,* and *Weapons.*

*Iago._ Who's there?

*Gro._ Who's soe safe is this that cries on monther?

*Lod._ We do not know.

*Iago._ Do you not hear a cry?

*Cassio._ *Heere,* *heere* for heaven sake helpe me.

*Iago._ What's the maters?

*Gro._ *This is Othello's Ancient, as I take it.*

*Iago._ What are you here, that cry so grievously?

*Cassio._ *Oh I am spoild, undone by *Villain*;

Give me some helpe,

*Iago._ O mee, Lieutenent!

What Villains have done this?

*Cassio._ I think that one of them is heereabout,
And cannot make away.

**Lys.** Oh treacherous Villaines: What are you there? Come in, and give some helpe. 

**Oth.** O helpe me ther.

**Cail.** That's one of them.

**Lys.** Oh mad doge Slave! O Villaine!

**Red.** O damn'd Lys! O Inhuman Dogge!

**Lys.** Kill men ril-dark?

Where be these bloody Thieves?

How silent is this Towne? Has murder insinuther.

What may you be? Are you of good or evil?

**Lys.** Anyhow you shall prove a profirce.

**Cail.** Suspior Loaund?

**Lys.** He Sir.

**Red.** I cry you mercy! Here's a Coffe burnt by Villaines.

**Oth.** Coffe?

**Lys.** How is your Brother?

**Cail.** My Lys is cut in two.

**Lys.** Merry betren for you.

**Red.** Light Gentlemen, he binde it with my shert.

**Enter Bis.**

**Bis.** What is the matter here? Who is that cry'd?

**Lys.** Who is that cry'd?

**Bis.** O my dear Coffe.

**Lys.** My sweet Coffe: Oh! Coffe, Coffe, Coffe.

**Cail.** O notable Strumpet. Coffe, may you fipit

Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?

**Cail.** No.

**Lys.** I am fوري to find you thus;

I have brenn to fetch you.

**Lys.** Lead mee a Gattere. So — Oh for a Chaire To bear him mildly hence.

**Bis.** Alas he baines. Oh Coffe, Coffe, Coffe.

**Lys.** Gentlemen all, I do inform this Truth

To be a party in this Instant.

**Lys.** Patience while, good Coffe. Come, come;

**Oth.** Lead mee Light: I know wee this face, or no?

**Lys.** Alas my Friend, and my dear Countryman

**Bis.** Rogerio! No; Yes sure! Yes, its Rogerio.

**Oth.** What, of Venice?

**Lys.** Even he Sir. Did you know him?

**Bis.** Know him! I.

**Lys.** Signior Graziano! I cry your gentle pardon:

These bloody accidents must excuse my Manners,

That so neglected you.

**Bis.** I am glad to see you.

**Lys.** How do you Coffe? Oh, a Chaire, a Chaire.

**Bis.** (to the Gentlemen) What ratle is between you?

**Cail.** None in the world: nor do I know the man?

**Lys.** What look ye pale? Oh bear him oh? Aye!

Stay you good Gentlemen. Look you pale, Mallisters?

Do you perceive the gallant safe of her eye?

Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.

Behold her well! I pray you look upon her.

Do you see Gentlemen? Nay, guiltless will speak

Though tongues were out of use.

**Bis.** (to Lys.) Alas, what is the matter?

**Bis.** What is the matter, Husband?

**Lys.** Coffe hath here been in the dark

**Bis.** (to Lys.) COffe hath here been in the dark.

**Red.** Gentlemen, and Fellowes that are scap'd?

He's almost slain, and Orange quite dead.

**Aem.** Alas good Gentlemen; alas good Coffe.

**Oth.** This is the fruit of whoring. Psyche, Psyche,

Go know of Coffe where he slept to night.

**Lys.** What do you thake at that?

**Bis.** He slept at my house; but I therefore thake not.

**Lys.** Oh did he for I chang'd you with me.

**Bis.** Oh fie upon thee, Strumpet.

**Lys.** I am no Strumpet, but of life as honest,

As you that thus abuse me.

**Oth.** As I live upon thee.

**Lys.** Kinde Gentlemen,

Let's go see point Coffe die.

Come Mithus, you must tell another Tale.

**Aem.** (to Oth.) Can you to the Citadell,

And tell my Lord and Lady, what hath hap'd?

Will you go on shore? This is the night

That either makes me, or forced does me swift.

---

**Scene Second.**

**Enter Octavio, and Desdemona in her bed.**

**Oth.** This is the Caufe, it is the Caufe (my Soule)

Let me not name it to you, your chaste Starter,
It is the Caufe. Yet he not thred her blood,
Nor scarce that whiter skin of hers, then Snow,
And smooth as Monumentall Alabaster.

Yet she must dye, else she'll betray more men.

Put out the Light, and then put out the Light.

If I quench the, thou flaming Minifter,

I can against thy former Light before.

Should I repent me. But once put out thy Light,

Then coming'll Partake of excelling Nature,

I know not where is this Promisca, whence

That can thy Light re-lume.

When I have pluck'd thy Ro's,

I cannot guie it well grown again,

It needs must wither. He smell thee on the Tree.

Oh Balmy breaths, that dost almost perfuse

Juicke to break her Sword. One more, one more:

Be this when thou art dead, and I will kill thee.

And soe thee after. One more, and that's the last,

So sweet, was ne'to for all. I must weep,

But they are cruel Tear's: This sorrow's heavenly

Itrikes, where it doth loue. She wakes.

**Def.** Who's there?  

**Oth.** I Desdemona.

**Def.** Will you come to bed, my Lord?

**Oth.** Have you pray'd to night, Desdemona?

**Def.** I my Lord.

**Oth.** If you belieke your selfe of any Crime

Vortume[d] as yet to Heaven, and Grace,

Solicite for it straight.

**Def.** Alacke, my Lord,

What may you meane by that?

**Oth.** Well, do it, and be brieue, I will walke by:

I would not kill thy unpropered Spirit.

No, Heauens force -fend I would not kill thy Soule.

**Def.** Talk aye thy killing?

**Oth.** I, I do.

**Def.** Then Heaven have mercy on me.
The Tragedie of Othello

Oth. Amen, with all my heart.

Def. If you say, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Humer.

Def. And yet I fear you: for you're fust all then.

When your eyes owle to.

Why should I fear? I know not.

Since guiltiness I know not: but yet I fear I fear.

Oth. Think on thy fortune.

Def. They areLoues I bear to you.

Oth. I, and for that thou dy'st.

Def. That death's inhuman, that kills for lusting.

Alas, why know you to your nether-lip?

Some bloody passion shakes your very Frame:

These are portents: but yet I hope, I hope,

They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still.

Def. I will fi3: What's the matter?

Oth. That I amkerchief.

Which I had, and gave thee, thou gav'st to Caffo.

Def. No by my life, and Soule: send for the man,

And ask him.

Oth. Sweet Soule, take heed, take heed of Periawy,

Then aron thy death-bed.

Def. I, but not yet to dye.

Oth. Presently.

Therefore confess the freely of thy fust:

For to deny each Article with Oath,

Cannot remove nor chase the strong Conception

That I do gone withall. Thou art to dye.

Def. O Heauen have mercy on me.

Oth. I say, Amen.

Def. And have you mercy too. I never did

Omnipotent; in my life: never lord Caffo,

But wish such general warrant of Heauen,

As I might lose. I never gave him Token.

Oth. By Heauen I saw my Handkerchief in his hand,

O perish'd woman, thou dost it from my heart,

And makes me call, what I intend to do,

A Murder, which I thought a Sacrifice.

I saw the Handkerchief.

Def. He found it then:

I never gave it him: Send for him hither.

Let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confess.

Def. What, my Lord?

Oth. That he hath va'd thee.

Def. Have unlawfuly?

Oth. L.

Def. He will not say so.

Oth. No: his mouth is stop'd:

Honest lady hath't in order for't.

Def. Oh, my fear interpreteth. What is he dead?

Oth. Had all his fairest bin lines, my great Revenge

Had fram'd over them all.

Def. Alas, he was betray'd, and I undone.

Def. Out Strumpet: won't thou for his face to me?

Def. O banish me, my Lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down Strumpet.

Def. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.

Oth. Nay, if you thrive.

Def. Beshirk an house.

Oth. Being done, it's over some parts.

Def. But whilst I say one prayer.

Oth. It is too late.

S многие her.

Emil. My Lord, my Lord? What has he?

My Lord, my Lord.

Def. What noise is this? Not dead? not yet quite dead?

I that am cruel, am yet merciful.

I would not have thee linger in thy pains.

So, so.

Emil. Within, what hope? my Lord, my Lord?

Oth. Who's there?

Emil. Oh good my Lord, I would speak in word

With you.

Oth. Yes! This is Amilia: by and by. She's dead. This is the noise to speake of Caffo's death:

The noise was high. Hah! no more mourning.

Still in the Grave. Shall we come in? We're good? I think he lives again: No, what's best to do?

If the noise be, I'll sure speake to my wife:

My wife, my wife! what wife? I have no wife.

Oh incomparable! Oh heiny hour!

Oth. Me thinks it should be now a huge Eclipse!

Of Sunne, and Moore, and that there's glittered Globe

Did y'sume the Alteration.

Emil. I do beseech you

That I may speake with you, Oh good my Lord.

I, I had forgot thee: oh come in Amilia.

Soft, by and by, let me the Curtisines draw,

Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?

Enter Amilia.

Emil. Oh my good Lord, yon'st enter Murther's done.

Oth. What! now?

Emil. But now, my Lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the Moore,

She comes more nearer Earth then the was wont,

And makes men mad.

Emil. Caffo, my Lord, hath kille'd

A young Venetian, call'd Rodrigo.

Oth. Rodrigo? what is Caffo? and Caffo is kill'd?

Emil. No, Caffo is not kill'd.

Oth. Not Caffo kill'd? Then Murther's out of tune,

And sweet Revenge grows hard.

Def. OhVKiously, fillye murder'd.

Emil. Ah! what cry is that?

Oth. What?

Emil. Out, and alas, that was my Ladies voice.

Helpes, helpes hoa, helpes. Oh Ladie speake again,

Sweet Desperation, oh sweet Misfirs. speake.

Def. A quicke death, I dye.

Emil. Oh, who hath done this deed?

Def. No body: I my selfe, farewell.

Commend me to my kind Lord: oh farewell.

Oth. Why should he be murthred?

Emil. Alas, who knowes?

Oth. You hear not her say her 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.

I was I that killeth her.

Emil. On the more Angell fife, and you the blacker Disseil.

Oth. She turn'd to silly, and she was a whore.

Emil. Thos' she doth bely her, and thou art a disseil.

Oth. She was falle as water.

Emil. Thou art rash as fire, to say

That she was falle. Oh she was heavenly true.

Oth. Caffo did cop her: ask thy husband elle.

O, I were damn'd beneath all depths in hell.

But that I did proceed upon high grounds

To this extremity. Thy Husband knew it all.
Emil. Villany, villany, villany; I think ye well; I think ye ill; O Villany; I thought so then; I kill my foe for griefe; O villany! villany!

Iago. What, are you mad?

I charge you get you home.

Emil. Good Gentlemen, let me have leave to speake;

'Tis proper I obey him; but not now;

Perchance Iago, I will we're go home.

Oth. Oh, oh, oh.

Emil. Nay, lay thee downe, and roare;

For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,

That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. Oh file was flewe!

I fear'd, I did know you Vindice, there lies your Niece,

Whose breath (indeed) these hands have newly stopp'd;

I know this acte flewe was horrible and grim.

Gra. Poore Desdemona:

I am glad thy Father's dead;

Thy death was mortall to him; and pure greece

Shore his old thread in twaine. Did he live now,

This light would make him do a desperate turne;

Yes, cut his better Angel from his fade,

And fell to Reprobation.

Oth. To pittifull, but yet Iago knows

That she with Caffe, hath the Act of frame;

A thousand times committed. Caffe confest it,

And the did gratifie his amorous workes

With that Recognizance and pledge of Louise

Which Iago gave her; I saw it in his hand:

It was a Handkerchief, an Antique Token

My Father gave my Mother.

Emil. Oh Heaven! Oh heavenly Power's!

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Emil. 'Twilfore, 'twill out. I peace?

No, it will speak as liberall as the North;

Let Heaven, and Men, and Devils, let them sit,

All, all, crie flame against me, yet Ie speake.

Iago. Be wife, sue get you home.

Emil. I will not.

Gra. Fye, your Sword vpon a Woman.

Emil. Oh thou dull Moore,

That Handkerchief thou speakest of

I found by Fortune, and did gave my Husband;

For often, with a solene eame-thiffe,

(More than indeed belon'g'd to such a Trifle)

He begg'd of me, to fleaste;

Iago. Villainous Where

Emil. She giveth Caffe? No, alas I found it,

And did give my Husband,

Iago. Flih, thou lyest.

Emil. By Heaven I do not, I do not Gentlemen:

Oh mordrana Coxtombe, what should fetch a Poole

Do with so good a wife?

Oth. Are there no flowers in Heaven,

But what flower for the Thunder?

Precious Villain.

Gra. The woman falls:

Sure he hath kill'd his Wife.

Emil. If I, I lay me by my Miftir's side.

Gra. Her's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Men. This is a notorious Villain, take you this weapon

Which I have recover'd from the Moore;

Come guard the door without, let him not passe,

But kill him rather. He after that same villain,

For 'tis a damned Slave.

Oth.
The Tragedie of Othello

Why he hath thus enflamed my Soul, and Body.
Lod. Demand me nothing; what you know, you know.
From this time forth, I never will speak more.
Lod. What not so pray?
Oth. Torments will ope your lips.
Lod. Well, thou dost well.
Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befallen,
(Which, I think, you know not): here is a Letter
Found in the pocket of the villain
Roderigo,
And here another, the one of them imports
The death of Cassio, to be undertook.
By Roderigo.
Oth. O Villaine!
Cassio. Most Heathenish, and most groans.
Lod. Now, here's another disconsolate paper
Found in his pocket too: and this it seemes
Roderigo sent this damned villain:
But that (belike) I saw in the interim
Came in, and fasten'd him.
Oth. O Cassio! To what purpose didst thou permit this Cassio
How came you (Cassio) by these Handkerchiefs
That was my loving?
Cassio. I found it in my Chamber:
And he himselfe confess'd it, but even now,
That he did it (belike) for his service,
Which wrought to his destroy.
Othel. O Fool, O Hoole, Hoole! Fool.
Cassio. There is besides, in Roderigo's Letter,
How he reproaches Iago, that he made him
Endure upon the Watch: whereas it came
That was but: and even but now he spoke
After long seeming dead, Iago hurt him,
Lod. Let him on.
Lod. You must forsooke this room, and go with vs
Your Power, and your Command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this Sluice,
If there be any cunning Cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
I shall be his. You shall close Prisoner reef
Till that the Nature of your fault be knowne
To the Venetian State. Come, bring away:
Lod. Say you a word or 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 shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am, Naching extemate,
Not for Downe ought in mistake.
Lod. Then must you speake.
Of one that could not wisely, but too well.
Of one, not easily bewitching, but being wrought.
Perplexed in the extreme: Of one, whose hand
(Like the base Iedmon) threw a Pearle away.
Riche and all his Tribe: Of one, whose subdu'd Eyes,
Albice wou'd, to the melting Moon.
Drops tears as fast as the Arabian Trees
Their Medicinal Gum. Set you downe this:
And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant, and a Turboud,Turke
Beate a Venetian, and traduc'd the State,
I tooke by the throat the circumcised Dogge,
And smote him, thus.
Lod. Oh bloody period.
Oth. All that is spoke, is mar'd.
Oth. I spit thee, ere I kill'd thee; No way but this,
Killing my selfe, to dye upon a kiffe.
The Moore of Venice.

FINIS.

The Names of the Actors.

Othello, the Moor.
Brabantio, Father to Desdemona.
Iago, a Villaine.
Rodrigo, a Guild Gentleman.
Duke of Venice.

Senators.
Montano, Governor of Cyprus.
Gentlemen of Cyprus.
Lodouco, and Gratiano, two Noble Venetians.
Salvius.
Clowne.

Desdemona, Wife to Othello.
Emilia, Wife to Iago.
Bianca, a Courtesan.
THE TRAGÉDIE OF
Anthonie, and Cleopatra.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

Phil. Ay, but this doage of our Generals
One flower the measure: those his goodly eyes
That o'the Files and Musters of the Warre,
Have Iglow'd like plated Mars:
Now bend, now turne
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a base front: His Captaines heart,
Which in the subtilties of great Epigons hath burnt
The Buckles on his breast, reneages at temper,
And doth become the Bealeoves and the Fan
To cool a Gypsite Luff.

Enter Antony Cleopatra her Ladies, the
Travels with a watch forestalling her.

Look where they come a
Take but good note, and you shall see in him
(The triple Pillar of the world) transformed
Into a Sunnest Fool. Behold and see.
Cleo. It's he, he's he, indeed, tell me how much.
Ant. There's baggage in the house that can bereckon'd
Cleo. I feel a bounne how farre to be bold'd.
Ant. Thou multipli needes finde out new Heauen,
new Earth,

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Newes, my good Lord written from Rome.
Ant. Give me the Papiere, Cleopatra:
Cleo. Nay harken them Antony.

Phil. Whence perchance is angry: Or who knowes,
If the bearded Cleopatra hare not sent
His powerful Massach to you. Do this, or this;
Take in that Kingdome, and Infranchise thee:
Perfortt, or I will make thee.

Ant. How, my Love?
Cleo. Perchance? Nay, and most like:
You must not play heere longer, your dismission
Is come from Caesar: therefore haste to Antony.
Where's Caeasar? Proceeds? (Caesar I would say) both?
Call in the Messengers: As I am Egyptes Queene,
Thou shalt see it. Antony, and that blood of thine
Is Caeasar hommage: else so thy cheekes will shame,
When thrice-ron'd Fulvia colds. The Messengers,

Ant. Let Romane in Tybertye, and the wide Arch
Of the round'd Empire fall: Here is my space,
Kingdoms are clay: Our dungie earth alike
Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good Fortune.

Seath. I make not; but for a cup.

Char. Pray then, for Othere me once.

Seath. You shall be yet faire faire then you are.

Char. He means in jest.

Iren. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid.

Alex. Vr a not his preference, he djetter.

Char. Hah.

Seath. You shall be more beloving, then beloved.

Char. I had rather heare my Liter with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now some excellent Fortune; let me be married to three Kings in a forenoon, and Wilowe them all: Let me have a Child as fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do Homage. Find me to marrie me with Octavia Cesar, and companion me with my Militis.

Seath. You shall out-live the Lady whom you ferue.

Char. Oh excellent, I lose long life better then Fig's.

Seath. You hate etc, and proved a faire Fortune; Him that which is to approch.

Char. Then belike my Children shall have no names.

Pythsee how many Boyes and Wenchis must I bote,

Seath. Euer of your wishes had a wome, & for tell ever with a Million.

Char. Out Fool, I forgive thee for a Witch.

Alex. We'll know all our Fortunes.

Emw. Mine, and most of our Fortunes to night, shall be drinken to be.

Iren. There's a Palm prefages Chaffisy, if nothing else.

Char. Eate as the re flowing Nylas prefageth Famine.

Iren. Go you wilde Bedellow, you cannot Soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oyle Palm bee not a fruitfull Prognostication, I cannot ferach mine care. Prythee tell her, but a worke day Fortune.

Seath. Your Fortunes are sike.

Iren. But how, but how, give me particulars.

Seath. I hate said.

Iren. Am I not an inch of Fortune better then she?

Char. Well, if you were as an inch of Fortune better then I, where would you place it.

Iren. Not in my Husband's noce.

Char. Our worser thoughts Heavens need.

Alex. Come, his Fortune, his Fortune. Oh let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Iss, I beeeth thee, and let her dye too; and give him a worse, let his worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty fold a Cuckold. Good Iss hear me this Prayer, thou letting me a master of more weight: good Iss I beeeth thee.

Iren. Amend thee, Goddesse, hear that prayer of the people. For, as it is hear-breaking to see a handones man looke, Wurd, so is it a deadly sorrow, to behold a faule Kneve wrockedled. Therefore deere Iss keep dis, and Fortune him accordingly.

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo now, Iss Iay in their hands to make mee a Cuckold, they would make themselves Whores, but they'd loo't.

Enter Cleopatra.

Emw. Hah, heeret comes Anthony.

Char. Not he, the Queene.

Alex. Save you, my Lord.

Emw. No Lady.

Char. Was he not here?

Alex. No Madam.

Char. He was disposed to mistrust, but on the Sublime

A Roman thought hath frooke him.

Endearus?

Emw. Madam.

Char. Seeks him, and bring him hither; where's Alexas?

Alex. Here at your seruice,

My Lord approaches.

Enter Anthony, with a Missinger.

Char. We will not looke upon him:

Exeunt.

Missinger. Fulvia thy Wife,

Fist came into the Field.

Ant. Against my Brother Latina?

Missinger. 1: but soone that Warse had end,

And the times Lace

Made friends of them, inuyting their force 'gainst Cesar,

Whose better issue in the warre from Italy,

Upon the first encounter drave them.

Ant. Well, what word.

Missinger. The Nature of bad newes infects the Teller,

Ant. When it concerTes the Feale of Coward: On

Things that are past, are done with us. 'Tis that,

Who tells me true, though in his Tale lye death,

I hear him as he flatter'd.

Missinger (this is false news)

Hath with his Parthian Force

Extended Aias from Ephraimes his conquering

Bomae floncke, from Syria to Lydia,

And to Ionia, whilst-

Ant. Anthony thou wouldst lay,

Missinger. Oh my Lord.

Ant. Speak to me home.

Missinger. Mine not the general tongue, name

Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome:

Rise thou in Fulvia's Image, and taunt my faults.

With such full Licentice, as both Truth and Malice

Have power to utter. Oh then we bring forth weeds,

When our quicke windes lyke filth, and our illes told as

Is as our eyes, as a face too well white.

Missinger. At your Noble pleasure.

Enter another Missinger.

Enter another Missinger.

Ant. From Sticinus how the newes? Speakes there.

1. Missinger: The man from Sticinus.

Is there such an one?

2. Missinger: He failes upon your will,

Ant. Let him appere:

Thee strong Egyptian Feare, I must breake,

Or loose my selfe in daage.

Enter another Missinger with a Letter.

What are you?

3. Missinger. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where dyed she.

Missinger. In Sticinus, the length of fickness,

With what effe more seruious,

In one thine to know, this breake.

Ant. Pardon me

There's a great Spirit gone, thus did I desire it.

What our contemps doth of ten hurle from vs,
The Tragedie of

We will it ours againe. The present pleasure,
By resolution to women, does become
The opposite of it the selfe; she's good being gon;
The hand could pluck her backe, that should her on.
I must from this enchanting Queene break of,
Ten thousand harms, more then the illes I know
My idellie doth hatch.

Enter Cleopatra.

How now Empharius?

Eno. What's your pleasure, Sir?

Amb. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why then we kill all our Women. We see how
mortally an villainie is to them, if they suffer our
departure, death's the word.

Amb. I must be gone.

Eno. Vnder a coumpelling occasion, let women die:
It were pitty to cast them away for nothing, though betwixt
them and a great cause, they should be eftected
nothing. Cleopatra catching the least noyse of this,
dies instantly: I hate from her dye twenty times yopen
fare poorer moments: I do think there is mister in death,
which commits some lasting scote vpon her, the hatch such
a celebracy i in dying.

Amb. She is cunning past mans thought.

Eno. Alas Sir no, her patiences are made of nothing
but the finest part of pure Love. We cannot cal her winds
and waters, fights and tares: They are greater fromes
and tempests then Almanacks can report. This cannot
be cunning in her: if it be, she makes a theatre of Rainie
as well as love.

Amb. Would I had never seen her.

Eno. Oh Sir, you had then lost a wonderfull
peace of worke, which not to have beene blest within,
would have discredited your Trauatie.

Amb. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir.

Amb. Fulvia is dead.

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why sir, give the Gods a thankfull Sacrifice:
when it please them. Destiny to take the wife of a man
from him, she was to man the Talions of the eartliforcing therein,
that when these Robes are sworne out, there are members to make new. If there were no more
Women but Fulvia, then had you indee a cut, and the
cafe to be lument. This griefe is crowned with Confusion,
your old Smocke brings forth a new Peticostes,
and indeed the seates line in an Onion, that should water
this forrow.

Amb. The businesse the last broach'd in the State,
Cannot endure my silence.

Eno. And the businesse you have broach'd here cannot
be without you, especially that of Cleopatra's, which
wholly depends on your abode.

Amb. No more light Answere:
Let our Officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall breake
The cause of our Expeditious to the Queene,
And get her loose to part. For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent toaches
Do strongly speake to vs: but the Letters too
Of our avenging diends in Rome,
Petition vs at home, Suavio Tempesti
Hast glucose the dace to Calor, and commands
The Empire of the Sea, Our slippery people,
Whose Love is never limit'd to the defender,
Anthony and Cleopatra.

Cleo. I would that thy inches, thou shouldst know
There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hearst me Queen:
The strong necessity of Time, commands
Our Serpent—she's a while—but my full heart
Remains in us with you. Our ally,
Shines o'er with dismal Swords; Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approach to the Port of Rome,
Equality of two Dominical powers,
Bred in revolution: The swept round to strength
Are newly grown to Loues: The condemned Pompeius,
Rich in his Fathers Honor, creeps space
Into the hearts of Irish, as huge as staid
Your present rage, whose Numbers threaten,
And quiets you—grows sick of reek—would purge
By any desperate change: My more particular,
And that which moat wish you should save my going,
Is Feste's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom
It does from childishness. Can Feste dye?

Ant. She's dead my Queen,
Look here, and at thy Souersige sight use read
The Garibayles the add a: I say the lifeable,
See when, and where he died.

Cleo. O most false Loues!
Where be the Sacred Violets thou shouldst it fill
With sorrowfull water? Now I see, I see,
In Feste's death, how mine oceane shall be.

Ant. Quartel no more, but bee prepared to know
The purposes I bear: which are, to work,
As you shall give it advice. By the fire
That quickens Nysus flame, I go from hence
Thy Souledier, Seruant, making Peace or Warre,
As thou effects.

Cleo. Cut my Lace, Charamian come,
But let it be, I am quickly ill, and well.
So Anthony lutes.

Ant. My precious Queen bee bear.
And gult true estence to his Loues, which stands
An honourable Trill.

Cleo. So Feste told me,
I prey you turn aside, and weep for her,
But this not to me, and say the lesse.
Belong to Egypt. Good now, play one Scene
Of excellent dimpling, and let it looke
Like perfect Honor.

Ant. You'll beat my blood no more?
Cleo. You can do better yet: but this is merely.
Ant. Now by Sword.

Cleo. And Target. Still he mends,
But this is not the best. Looke prythee Charamian,
How this Herculean Roman do's become
The carriage of his chaise.

Ant. Heleave you Lady,

Cleo. Courteous Lord, one word:
Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it.
Sir, you and I havee but, there's not it.
That you know well, something is in it:
Oh, my Oftusion is a very Anthony,
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your Royalty
Holds Idleness your Subject, I should take you
For Idleness it self.

Cleo. Tis sweating Labour.
To bear such Idleness to mere the heart
As Cleopatra this. But Sir, forgive me,

Since mycomings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you. Your Honor calls you hence,
Therefore be steafe to my appetit Poy,
And all the Gods go with you. Vpon your Sword
Sir Lawrence victory, and smooth successe
Be friends... before your freese.

Ant. Let vs go,
Come: Our separation fo abides and lies,
That thou receding here, goes yet with mee;
And I hence fleeting, hence remaine with thee.
Away. 

Enter Othello reading a Letter, Leptinus,
and their Traine.

Cof. You may see Leptinus, and henceforth know,
It's not Caesar natural Vice, to hate
One great Competitor. From Alexantina.
This is the news: He fifte, thirty, and sixties
The Lamps of night in reuell: Not more mislike
Then Cleopatra: nor the Queane of Pithony
More Womane then he. Hardly gate audience
Or wonsafe to think he had Partheses.
You shall find there a man, who is in all the faults of all faults,
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not thinke
There are, calls know to darken all his goodnesse:
His faults in him, feerie at the Spots of Heauen,
More fierce by nightse Blis Knete; Her divinete,
Rather then purchas: what he cannot change,
Then what he choothes.

Cof. You are too indulgent. Let's grant is it not
Amisse to tumble on the bed of Fideity.
To give a Kingdom for a Mirth, to st
And kepe the turne of Tippeling on a Stane,
To cede the streets at noon, and spend the Butle.
With knaves that drivell ofiue: Say this become him
(As his companion must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish) yet must Anthony
No way excute his foynes, when we do bear.
So great weight in his lightenesse. The fillid
His vacune with his Voluptuerit,
Full forset, and the dreinite of his bones.
Call on him for't. But to confound such time,
That drumms him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his owne State, and ours, us to be clad.
As we rate Boyes, who bringe mature in knowledge,
Pawne their experience to their present pleasures,
And so rebell to judgment.

Enter a Messinger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mes. They biddings have beene done, & euerie house
Moft Noble Caeas, fille them hate report
How his abroad. Pompeey is strong to Sea,
And it appears, he is beloofd of those
That only have feared Caeas: to the Ports
The discontentes repair, and men reports
Gleue him much wele.

Cof. I should have knowne no lesse,
It rash him taughe vs from the primit stile.
That behich he was wisft, ystee he was
And the ebb'd tane,
Ne're loud, till ne're worth lone,
Comes feard, by being Jack'd. This common boodie,
Like to a Vagabond Flagge upon the Streem,
Goes too, and bucke, lacking the varyng tyde.
The Tragedie of

To rot if feele with motion.
Mef. Caifar: I bring thee word,
Memories and Men famous Pyres.
Makes the seas frown them, which they care and wound
With keels of every kind. Many hot brodes
They make in Italy, the Borders Maritime.
Lacke blood to thine out, and fluff youth resolv.
No Venus can appease forth: but this is soon
Tales as fencare: For Pyres somerike more
Then could his Were refilled.

Caifar, Anthony.
Lease thy lauificious Vassails. When thou once
Wast beaten from Herodes, where thou sellest
Herum, and Janus Confuence, in thy home.
Did Famine follow, whom thou broughtest against,
(Though大厦tly brought vp) with a wine more
Then Sausages could suffice. Thou didt drink
The stale of Horus, and the gilded Pudding.
Which Beasts would drink at. Thy pallat didst daile
The roughset Barry, on the intell Hedge.
Yes, like the Stagge, when Snow the Pasturee steers,
The banks of Trees thou browsd. On the Alps,
It is reported thou didst eate strange fifty,
Which some did dye to looke on: And all this
(If wounding thine Honor that I speake it now)
Was borne fo like a Soldier, that thy checke
So much as shank'd not.

Lep. This pity of him.

Caifar. Let his sinner quickly
Drive him to Rome, to time we twaine.
Did shew our felices Pet Child, and that end
Assemble me immediate counsel, Pompere.
Thrifts in our Idleness.

Lep. To Morrow Caifar,
I shall be furnish to inform you right.
Both what by Sea and Land I can be able
To front this present time.

Caifar. Doubt not for, I know it for my Bond. Exarce,
Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Marsian.

Cle. Charmian.

Cle. Madam.

Cle. Haha, give me to drinke Mandragora.

Cle. Why Madam?

Cle. That I might sleepe out this great gap of time:

My Anthony is away.

Ch. You thinke of him too much.

Cle. O'sit Treat, Charmian, I trust not so,
Charmian, Eunuch Marsian?

Mar. What's yours, Highness pleasure?

Cle. Nor now to heare thee fing, I take no pleasure
In oath without such as: 'Tis well for thee.
That being vndemenst'd, thy thee thouse.
May not be for ever Egypt. Hal thor Affections?

Mar. Yes gracious Madam.

Cle. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed Madam, for I can do nothing
But what in deed is bespoke to be done:
Yet have I fierce Affections, and think
What Venus did with Mars.

Cle. Oh Charmian,

Where think it thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?

Or does he walk? Or is he on his Horse?
O happy here to beare the weight of Anthony?
Do brenely Horse, for will drift whom thou moult,

The deny Aege of this earth, the Arme
And Burganat of men. He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, where's my Serpent of old Nyde.
(For so he calleth) Now I feele my selfe
With more deft louing passion. Thinker on me
That am with Phoenix amorous pitchers blacke,
And winked depe in time. Broad-fronted Caifar,
When thou wast here aboue the ground, I was
A morssell for a Monarke: and great Pompere.
Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow.
There would be anchor his Aspe, and dye
With looking on his life.

Enter Alexus from Caifar.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, halle.

Cle. How much unlike art thou Mark Anthony?
Yet comming from him, that great Medicin hath
With his Tintes guided thee.
How goes it with my braue Mark Anthony?

Alex. Laft thing he did (stere Qu eone)
He led the left of many doubled kille.
This Orient Pearle. His Speech flittes in my heart.

Cle. Mine ear must plucke it thence.

Alex. Good Friend, quench he.
Say the Time Roman to great Egypt lends
This treasuue of an Oyster at whole foote.
To mend the pety pretence, I will peece
Her opulent Throne, with Kingdomes. All the Earth
(Say thou) shall call him Mifritis. So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an Arme-grant Steele,
Who neath'd to hye, that what I would hauie spoke,
Was beautly done by him.

Cle. What was he fad, or merry?

Alex. Like to the time of'ly year, between 5 extremites
Of hot and cold, he was not fad nor merrile.

Cle. Oh well deuised disposition. Note him,
Note him good Charmian, in the man; but note him.
He was not sad, for he would thinke on those
That make their looks by his. He was not merrile,
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his toy, but between both.
Oh heavenly mind! Be not thou sad, or merrile,
The violence of either thee becomes.
So do's it no man else. Mer it thou my Poets?

Alex. I Madam, twenty severall Messengers.
Why do you fende so thickly?

Cle. Who's borne that day, when I forget to send to Anthony, shall dye a Bigger. Inke and paper Char-

Alex. Welcome my good Alexus. Did I Charmian, e-

Cle. Oh that braue Caifar!

Cle. Be chow'd with such another Emphatic,
Say the braue Anthony.

Cle. The valiant Caifar.

Cle. By life, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Caifar Perago magazine:
My man of men.

Cle. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

Cle. My Selfe dayses,
When I was greene in tendenesse, cold in blood,
To say, as I fake then. But come away,
Get me Inke and Paper.

Cle. Oh Charmian,
Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.

Enobarbus: Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to interest your Captain
To such and gentle speech.

Enobarbus: I shall interest him
To answer like himselfe: if Caesar mouse him,
Let Antony looke on Caesar's head,
And speake as low as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were it the weather of Antony's head,
I would not thase it to day.

Lepidus: 'Tis nor a time for private fromsticking.

Enobarbus: Every time foresees for the matter, that is then
borne in:

Lepidus: But small to greater matters must give way.

Enobarbus: Not if the small come first.

Lepidus: Your speech is pathet. But pray you stire.

No Embassies. Here comes the Noble Antony.

Enter Antony and Ptolemy.

Antony: And yonder Caesar.

Enter Caesar, Mezentius, and Agrippa.

Antony: If we compose well here, to Ptolemais:

Enter Ptolemy.

Ptolemy: I do not know Mezentius, ask Agrippa.

Lepidus: Noble Friends:

That which combin'd vs was most great, and let not
A lesser action rend vs. What's amiss,
May it be genly heard. When we debate
Our several difference loud, we do commit
Murthere in healing wounds. Then Noble Ptolemes,
The rather I call'd hereby before,
Touch ye the lowest points with sweetest treasons,
Nor curtness grow to th' matter.

Antony: Thy speech well:

Were we before our Armys, and to fight,
I should do thus. (Flourish.)

Caesar: Welcome to Rome.

Antony: Thank you.

Caesar: Sir.

Antony: Sir for.

Caesar: Nay then.

Antony: I heare, you take things ill, which are not false
Or being, concerne you not.

Caesar: I must be thought of, if for nothing, or a little, I
Should say my selfe offended, and with you
Christianly I would: More laught, that is, I should
Once name you diuinely, when to found your name
It is concern'd me.

Antony: My being in Egypt Caesar, what was't to you?

Caesar: No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt; yet if you there
Did practice on my State, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.

Antony: How intend you, Caesar?

Caesar: You may be pleased to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befal me. Your Wife and Brother
Made warres upon me, and their contention
Was Theisme for you, you were the word of warre.

Antony: You do mistake your business, my Brother neer
Did urge us in his Act: I did inquire it,
And have my Learning from some true reports
That drew their swords with you, did he not rather
Differed my authority with yours,
And make the warres alike against my stomacke.
Hasting alike your cause. Of this, my Letters
Before did declarate you. If you'll pacch a quarrell,
As matter whole you have to make it with,
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet if I knew,
What Hoop should hold vs from the edge to edge.
Articul: I would perfect it.
Agri. Give me leave Caesar.
Caesar. Speak Agrippa.
Agri. Thou hast a Soldier by the Mothers side admirst
Of mine Great Mark Antony is now a widower.
Caesar. Say not, say Agrippa, if he heard you, your
proofs were well deliver'd of rashness.
Articul. I am not married Caesar: let me here Agrippa
further speak.
Agri. To hold you in perpetuall smilce,
To make your Brothers, and to knot your hearts
With an en-flipping knot, sake Antony,
Obliaus to his wife: whose beauty claims
No worse a husband then the best of men: whose
Venus, and whom genarall graces, spake,
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little Inconstancies which now I reigne great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing. Truth's would be tales,
Where now half tales be truth's: her lowe to both,
Would each to other, and all loues to both
Draw after her. Passion what I have spoke,
For this judged not or present thought,
By duty illuminated.
Articul. Will Caesar speake?
Caesar. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd,
With what is spoke already.
Articul. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say Agrippa be it or,
To make this good?
Caesar. The power of Caesar,
And his power into Obliaus.
Articul. May I shew
(To this good purpose, that so fairly browe)
Dread of impendings do me baste thy hand
Further this set of Grace: and from this houre,
The hearts of Brothers gouernce in our loues,
And sway our great Deligions.
Caesar. There's my hand:
A side: I beseech you, whom no Brother
Did ever love so dearly. Let her live,
To own our kingdom, and our hearts, and never
Lie out Louis again.
Articul. I did not think to draw my Sword 'gainst Pompey,
For he hath laid down France, and great
Of face upon me, I must think him only,
I must in remembrance, fifteen months.
At its end of that, defie him.
Lep. Time calls upon's.
Oft must Pompey pretend to be fought,
Or else he texture out vs.
Articul. Where lies he?
Caesar. Aboue Mount-Méfena.
Articul. What is his strength by land?
Caesar. Great, and exceeding.
But by sea he is an absolute Master.
Articul. So is the Paine,
Wou'd we had spoke together. Haste we for it,
Yet ere we put our selves in Army, dispatch we
The businesse we have talk of.
Caesar. With most gladness,
And do invite you to my Siders view.
Whether straight he lead you.

Ant. Let us to London not lack your company.

Las. Noble Anthony, our fickle ... should detain me.

Florus. Exit comm. 

Maec. Enter Euphorbus, Agrippa, Mecenas.

Mec. Welcome from Egypt, Sir.


Agri. Good Euphorbus.

Mec. We must cause to be glad that matters are so well digested; you find well by't in Egypt.

Euph. Sir, we did see you at a council: and make the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight Whitsun-Ears robes, a suit of a breakfast: and but twelve persons there. Is this true?

Euph. This was but as a Flye by an Eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of Feasts, which worthy deferred noting.

Mecenas. She's a most triumphant Lady, if report be true; upon her head.

Euph. When she first met Mark Antony, she purช up his heart upon the River of Sidon.

Agri. There she appeal'd indeed: or my reporter did't well for you.

Euph. I will tell you.

The Barge doth lie, like a Barnefist Throne
Burst on the water; the Poole was beaten Gold,
Purple the Sails: so perfumed that
The WIndes were love-lickete.
With them the Ores were Silver,
Which to the tune of Flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat, to follow faster,
As moment of their stroke. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description, the idolize
In her Pavillion, cloth of Gold, of Tissue,
Of-panching that Vens, where we see
The fancie out-worlds Nature. On each side her,
Stood pretty Dimpled Boyes, like smiling Cupids,
With divers coul'd of Fanes whole winde did reigne,
To clothe the delicate checkers which they did clothe;
And what they vndid.

Agrip. Oh rare for Antony.

Euph. Her Gentle woman, like the Nereides,
So many Mermaids tended her: and Eyes,
And made their bands adorning. At the Helm.
A seeming Mermaid Seizeth: The Silken Tackle,
Swell with the taches of those flower-sift hands.
That yarely frame the office. From the Barge
A Brave, Unsuffice perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent Wharfe. The City call,
Her people out upon her. and Antony
Entr'd with a market-place, did sit alone,
Whil'st no one sat, which but for vacunie,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in Nature.

Agri. Rare Egyptian.

Euph. Upon her landing, Antony fou't her to her,
Invited her to Supper: she replied,
It should be better, he became her guest.
Which the enterprised, our Courteous Antony,
Whom were the word of no woman hard speak.
Being bar'd ten times, he goes to the Field;
And for his ordinary, pales his heart,
For what his eyes see only.

Agri. Royall Wench:

She made great Caesar lay his Sword to bed,
He ploughed her, and the crop.

Euph. I saw her once
Hop forty Paces through the publicke streets,
And having left her breath, she spoke, and past,
That she did make defect, perfection,
And breathsweise power breath forth.

Mec. Now Antony, must leave her virely.

Euph. Never he will not.

Age cannot wash her, nor erose some rule
Her infinitevariety: other women joy
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry,
Where most the fatigues. For vilde and tiring things
Become themselves in her, that the holy Priests
Bless the lust, when the fine is Riggith.

Maec. If Beauty, Wisdom, Modesty, can fett le
The heart of Antony. Olibana is
A blested Lottery to him.

Agri. Let us go. Good Euphorbus, make you self
My guest, whilst you abide here.

Euph. Humbly Sir, I thank you.

Enter Anthony, Caesar. Olibana borne ease them.

Ant. The world, and my great office, will
Sometimes depute me from your bosome.

Olia. All which time, before the Gods my knee shall
Bowe my prayers so then for you.

Ant. Goodnight Sir. My Olibana
Read not my blemishes in the worlds report:
I have not kept my square, but that to come
Shall all be done by God's good night dreee Lady:
Good night to you.

Caes. Goodnight.

Ant. Now farewell: you do with your self in Egypt?

Olia. Would I had never come from thence, nor you
This night.

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Olia. See it in my motion shawn it not in my tongue,
But yet hie you to Egypt again.

Ant. Say to me, where Fortunes shall rise higher
Caesar or mine?

Olia. Caesar: Therefore (oh Antony) stay not by his side.

Caes. Thine, which I will keep thee, is
Noble, Couragious, high remembree,
Where Caesar is not. But see me, by thy Angel
Become a Sear: be being o're-pow'd, therefore
Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Olia. To none but shee no more but; when to thee,
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art fain to looke: And of that Natural lucke,
He beats thee, gaine the odds. Thy Luther schuckes,
When he thinkes by: I lay again, thy spirit
Is not afraid to gonne thee neede him:
But he always his Noble.

Ant. Get thee gone.

Olia. Say to Virgins, I would speake with him.

Ant. He shall to Paphi, be it Art or hap,
He hath spoken true. The very Dice obey him,
And in one score my better cunning yields,
Vnder his chance, if we draw lots he spares,
His Cockes do winne the Barstall, fill of mine,
When it is all to night, his Quails ever
Beat mine, in spoons, at odds I will to Egypt.
And though I make this marriage for my peace, 
Ith'En my pleasure lies. Oh come Ventigus. 
Enter Ventigia, 
You must to Parthia, your commission's ready. 
Follow me, and recite. 

Exit. 

Enter Leptis, Mechain, and Agripina. 

Leptis. Trouble your selves no further: pray you 
haften your Generals affairs. 

Agr. Sir, Marry Anthony, will e'ene but kisse Ottavia, 
and weele follow. 

Lept. Till I shall see you, in your Souldiers dress, 
Which will become you both, Fairwell. 

Anthony. Toha, we shall as I conceiue the journey, beat 
Mount before you Leptis. 

Lept. Your way is shorter, my purposes do draw me 
much about you, till I win two dayes upon me. 

Be3th. Sir good beseel. 

Lept. Farewell. 

Exit. 

Enter Clostus, Choromian, frieze, and Alexius. 

Clo. Give me some Mustiker, Musickke, moody sodee 
of a that trade in Lyon. 

Ommes. The Musickke, heed. 

Enter Martius the Eunuch. 

Clo. Let's alone, it's to Billiards: come Choromian. 

Chor. My ame ishere, beth play with Martian. 

Clo. As well a woman, as an Eunuch playse, as 
as a woman. Come you play with me Sir? 

Mard. As well as I can Madam. 

Clo. And when good will be schemaed, 
Thoughts come to sight 
The Actor may please pardon. He none now, 
Give me mine Angle, weele to't River there 
My Musickke playing farre off. I will betray 
Twanye fine fishes, my bended hooke shall sticke 
Their five tails: and as I draw them vp, 
Ibe thank them every one an Anthony, 
And say, ah, they're caught. 

Chor. 'Twas merrily when you wager'd on your Angling, when you diuer did hang a small fish on his hooke 
which he with femenice draw vp. 

Clo. That time 'tis true, 
I caught him out of patiance: and that night 
I caught him into patience, and duee more 
Er came, then houre, I drank his to his bed: 
Then put my Tires and Mantles on him, whilst 
I ware his Sword Philippian. Oh from Italia, 

Ranme them thy fruitfull tidings in mine ears, 
That long time have bin barran. 

Clo. Madam, Madam. 

Clo. Anthony's dead, 
If thou say to Villaine, thou killest thy Ministris: 
But well and free, if thou do yield him. 

There is Gold, and heare 
My bewest vaine to kisse; a hand that knows 
Hair, lip, and trembled killing. 

Clo. Exit. 

Clo. Why there's more Gold, 
But a newe mark, we wite. 

To say, the dead are well: bring it to that, 
The Gold I give thee, will I melt and powre 
Downe thy till ventering throat. 

Clo. Good Madam heare me.
An hour of tongues, but let ill tidings tell themselves, when they be felt.

Me. I have done my duty.

Ces. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worse when I do.

If thou again say yes.

Me. He's married, Madam.

Ces. The gods confound thee.

Dost thou hold thee ill?

Me. Should I be madam?

Ces. Oh, I would thou diest.

So half the world I were submerging and made

A gate for feet to pass. Go get thee hence,

Had it thou Narcissus in thy face to me,

Though shouldst appease my sight, I am married.

Me. I crave your highness' pardon.

Ces. He is married.

Me. Take no offence, that I would not offend you,

To punish me for what you make me do.

Seem as much loving, he's married, Otho.

Ces. Oh, his fault should make a knave of thee,

That are not what thou art for. Get thee hence,

The Marchandiz which thou hast brought from Rome

Are all too dear for me.

Let ye upon thy hand, and be undone by em.

Char. Good your Highness' patience.

Ces. In praying Antony, I have displeas'd Cæsar.

Char. Many times Madam.

Ces. I am paid for. Now let me hence, hence,

I faint; oh, let it be my Chrysis, this is no matter.

Go to the Fellow, give me a message to say,

Report the measure of Otho's power, his years,

Her inclination, let her not know me.

The colour of her hair. Bring me word quickly.

Let him for ever go. Let him not cherish

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

The other ways a Marten. Did you know

Bring me word, how tall she is: pitty me Chrysis,

But do not speak to me. Lead me to my Chamber.

Exeunt.

Flavius. Enter Pompey at the door with Drum and Trumpet at another Cæsar, Lepidus, Antony, Enobarbus, Menæca, Agrippa, Menexus with Sanders Marching.

Pom. Your hostages I have, to have you mine:

And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæsar. Most meet the first we come to words,

And therefore haste we.

Our written purposes before we run,

Which if thou hast considered, let's know,

It will ye both discontented sword,

And carry back to Cicely much tall youth,

That is much pitiful here.

Exeunt. To you all three,

The Senators alone of this great world,

Chief Factors for the Gods. I do not know,

Wherefore my Father should return to them,

Having a Son and Friends, since Julius Cæsar,

Who at Philippi the good Brutus shot,

There is not in all the whole for him. What is it?

That would haste Cæsar to confederate? And what

Made all-honour? I am, Roman Brutus,

With the arm's strength, Counts of Begin with me freedom,

To dress the Capitol, but that they would

Have one man but a man, and that his is

Hath made me beg for my Nation. All's a burden,

The anger'd Ocean rages, with which I mean.

To secure th'gratitude, that despightful Roman

Cæsar on my Noble Father.

Cæsar. Take your time,

Me. Thou canst not bear me Pompey with thy fingers.

Weele speak with thee at sea. At land thou know'st

How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At Land indeed

Thou dost or count me of my Fathers house:

But since the Cuckoo buildes not for himself,

Romine's as thou sayst.

Cæsar. Be please'd to tell us,

(For this is from the present how you take)

The offers we have from you.

Cæsar. There's the point.

Ant. Which doth not enter into you,

But weigh what it is worth imploy'd

Cæsar. And what may follow to try a larger Fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer

Of Cicely, Sardina: and I must

Rid all the Sea of Pirates. Then to fend

Measures of Peace to Rome: this greed spoils,

To part with valuable edges, and begin back.

Our Targets ended.

Omnes. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then I came before you here,

A man prepar'd

To take this offer. But Marly Anthony,

Pom. To some importance, though I know

The prate of it by telling. You must know,

When Cæsar and your Brother were at blows,

Your Mother came to Cicely, and did make

Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it Pompey,

And am well stud'd for a love at thanks,

Which I do owe you.

Pom. I will have your hand:

I did not think, Sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds first East are set, and think'st thou,

That call'd me timelier then my purpose hitter.

Pom. Wait, I know not,

What costs hast Fortune's ca's upon my face,

But in my bosom shall the never come,

To make my heart its vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope to Lepidus, thus we are agreed;

Tis' our composition may be written

And seal'd between us.

Cæsar. That's the next to do.

Pom. We'll feast each other, as we part, and let's

Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That is well Pompey.

Pom. Pompey, No Anthony take the lot: but fift or last,

Of our Egyptian cities, shall have the scene, I have

heard that Julius Cæsar, great fat with feasting there,

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have here meaning Cæsar.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then so much have I heard,

And I have heard Appolodorus carried.

Eros. No more that she did say.

Pom. What I pray you.

Ant. A certain Queen to Cæsar in a Matrim.

Pom. I know them now, how fitt'st thou Soldier?

Eros. Well, and well I am like to do, for I perceive.
The Tragedie of

Micks player.
Enter two or three servants with a Banquet.

1. Here they'll be men; some other their Plants are ill rooted already, the least wind 'tis world will blow then down.
2. Lepids is high. Corded.
3. They have made him drink Almes drink.
4. As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out. No they reconcile them to his entertain "tis, and himself to th' drink.
5. But it raises the greatest warre betwene him & his discretion.
6. Why this it is to have a name in great mens Fellowship. I had as I were a Recede that will doe me no service, as a Partizan I could not abuse.
7. To be call'd into a huge Sphere, and not to be feete to move in't, are the holes where eyes should bee, which pitifully disaffter the cheeks.

A Senate founded.
Enter Cesar, Anthony, Pompey, Lepids, Agrippa, Decemman, Enderbus, Men, with other Captains.

Aut. Thus do they Sir, they take the flow o' th' Nile by certain scales. Th' Pyramid: they know
By th' height, the towne, or the measure. Who said
Of Poitou follow. The higher Nilus swells.
Thus they rise, as it were, the Streamman
Upon the slime and Ooze, scarce their coarse.
And shortly comes to Harueft.

Lep. Y'have strange Serpents there?

Lep. Your Suspence of Egypt is bred now of your mind
by the operation of your Sun: so is your Crocodile.

Aut. They are so.

Pom. Sir, and some Wine: A health to Lepids.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be:
But if none's out.

End. Not till you have slept: I scarce me you'll be in till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard the Trojan Pyramids are very goodly things: without contradiction I have heard that.

Men. Pompey, a word.

Pom. Say in mine ear, what is't?

Men. For the sake I do beseech thee, Captain,
And hear the speech I have.

Pom. Forbear me till anon.

Whispers. Sir's ears.

This Wine for Lepids.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your Crocodile?

Aut. It is thirty feet in length, and it is so broad as it hath breadth; it is so high as it is, and heaves with his owne organ: It lies by that which nourisheth it, and the Elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Aut. Of it owne colour too.

Lep. This strange Serpent.

Aut. This, and the terrors of it are wet.

Caf. Will this description satisfy him?

Aut. With the Health that Pompey gives him, that he is a very Epicure.

Pom. Go hang your head: stern fall me of that! Away.

Do as I bid you. Where's this Cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the sake of Merit then we have none.
Rise from thy floods.
  For the time is mad: the matter?
  Why, I have ever held my cup off to thy fortunes.
  Thou hast flinted me with such faith: what's
e'erd to say? Be jolly Lords.
  These Quinque-vints, I prithee.
  Keppe off, them for you, sir.
  Wilt thou be Lord of all the world?
  What faith thou? Wilt thou be Lord of all the world?
  Twice.
  How should that be?
  But entertaine it, and though thou thinke me
  Poor, I am the man, who shall give thee all the world.
  Hadst thou dranke well?
  No. I have kept me from the cup,
  Thow art if thou shalt be, the earthly base:
  What ere the Ocean pale, or skies inclines,
  I thinke, thou wilt have that.
  Show me which way?
  These three Word-fishers, these Compeirs
  Are in the vellis. Let me out the Cable,
  And when we are put off, fall to their throats:
  All there is shine.
  Ab, this thou shouldst have done,
  And not have spake on't. In me'tis villainy,
  Thow hast bin good service: thou must know,
  Thow canst not profit that does lend mine Honour:
  Mine Honour is. Repent that ere thy tongue,
  Hath to betray thee in the base. Being done unknowne,
  I should have found it afterwards well done,
  But must condemn it now: defile, and drink.
  For this, I ne'er follow
  Thy proud in Fortunes more,
  Who seekes and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
  Shall never finde it more.
  This to Lydium.
  Bear him thither, sir.
  He pledges it for him. Pomey.
  Here's to Lydium.
  Pull till the cup be hid.
  There's a strong fellow Lydium.
  Why?
  A bearers the third part of the world man: see
  But?
  The third part, then he is drunk: would it were
  all that it might go on wheels.
  Drink thou: encreas the Rees.
  Come.
  This is not yet an Alexandrian Feast.
  It is open towards it: like the Vellis has,
  Here's to Cesar.
  I could well forbear it, it is monstruous labour
  When I wash my braine, and it grows fouler.
  Bear a child's delight.
  Poffle it, I'll make answer: but I had rather
  Fall from all, a full day, then drink to much in one.
  Enflame my braine. What mean you, shall we dance now
  The Egyptian Becketts, and celebrate our drinks?
  Let's be good Soldier.
  Come, let's all take hands,
  Till that the conquering Wine hath steep'd our lente,
  In soe, and delicate Lente.
  All take hands:
  Make battery to our ears with the loud Musick,

The while, I'll place you, then the Boy shall sing,
  The holding every man shall bear as loud,
  As his strange sides can volly.

  Musick. Pluck up the harp, and bring
  The Song.
  Come thou, Maesthr of the Tunes.
  Pluck up the harp, with pow'r of sing
  In thy praise we Cours be drawn.
  With thy Grapes our banes by Crowds.
  Cup o'er the world go round,
  Cup in the world go round.

  Caesar. What would you more?
  Pompous goodnight, Good Brother
  Let me request you for our greater manes.
  Prose X, and let's part.
  You see we have burnt our cheques.
  Strong Sickness,
  Is weaker then the Wine, and mine owne tongue.
  Sleep's what it speaks; the wholesome drink has almost
  Anticks to all.
  Well, there's no more words of goodnight.
  Good Caesar, your hand.
  Henry on the shore.
  And shall Sir, give your hand.
  Caesar. Oh Henry, you have my Father house.
  But, what are we Friends?
  Come down into the Shore.
  Take heed you fall not Minor. lie not on shore.
  No to my Cabin, good Drummer.
  These Trumpers Flutes: what
  Lc. Neptune heare, we bid aduie well
  To these great followers. Sound and be hang'd, sound out.
  Sound a flourish with Drummer.

  Enter Venetians as it were in triumph, the dead body of Pae-
  rius borne before him.

  Ven. Now dar'ing Panteus art thou, art thou.
  Pompous Fortune does of Marcus Crassus death.
  Make the endurers. Bear the Kings Sonnes body,
  Before his Army. Pompous Drumes.
  Pales this for Marcus Crassus.
  Remain. Noble Venetians.
  What ye with Palian blood by Sword is warme,
  The Fugitives Pantathens follow. Spur through Media,
  Methamasthia and the stickes, whether
  The routed file. So thy grand Captainne is
  Shall set thee on triumphant Chair, and
  Put Groans on thy head.

  Ven. Oh Silius, Silius.
  I have done enough. Allowers place note well
  May make too great an aff. For learn'st this Silius,
  Better to loose undone, then by our deed
  Acquire too high a Fame, when he we loose away.
  Cesar and Anthony, have ever worn
  More in their officer, then person, Silius.
  One of my place in Syria, his Lieutenant.
  For quick accession of renowne,
  Which he attained by a little, lost his favour
  Who does this? Warrers more then his Captainne can.
  Becomes his Captainne: and becomes
  The Soldiers versus rather makes choice of life
  Then gaines, which dethers him:
  I could do more to do Anthony good,
  But we'd offend him. And in his offence,
The Tragedie of

Oth., Sir, looke well to my Husbandes house:—
Cesr. What Othello?

Oth. He tell you in your ease.

Aut. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart influence her tongue.

The Swannes downe feather,
That stands upon the Swell at the full of Tide:
And neither way inclines.

Emo. Will Cesr. weep?

Agr. He has a cloud in his face.

Emo. He were the worse for that were he a Horse, so is
he being a Man.

Agr. Why Enthusiasmus?

When Cesr. found Julian Cesr. dead,
He cried almost to roaring:— And he wept,
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Emo. That yeare, indeed, he was troubled with a rheume,
What willingly he did confound, he woul'd,
Believe it ill weep too.

Cesr. No sweeter Othello,
You shall this from me full: the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

Cesr. Come Sir, come,
He weep with you in my Strength of Lure.
Looke here: I have you, thus I let you go,
And give you to the Gods.

Cesr. I am happy.

Let. Let all the number of the Starres give light.
To thy faire way.

Cesr. Farewell, farewell.

Kifets Othello.

Aut. Farewell, Farewell.
Tragems Found.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iris, and Alcetas.

Cle. Where is the Fellow?

Alc. Halfway toward it come.

Iris. Go on, go on. Come hit, Sir,

Enter the Messenger aforesay.

Alc. Good Maefic. Hear'd of Jules dare not look
Upon you, when you are well pleas'd.

Cle. That Iheres head, he haue: but how? When
Cesar is gone, through whom I might command it.

Cle. Have thou more.

Mef. Moll grateful Maefic.

Cle. Didst thou behold Othello?

Mef. I did not see.

Cle. Where?

Mef. Madam in Rome, I lookt her in the face: and
Saw her side between her Brother, and Mark Antony.

Cle. Is she as tall as me?

Mef. She is not Madam.

Cle. Didst hear her speake?

Is she thril long'd or low?

Mef. Madam, I heard her speake, she is low voice'd.

Cle. That's not so good: he cannot like her long.

Char. Like her? Oh Isis! it's impossible.

Cle. I thinke to Charmian; dull of tongue, & dwarfing
What Maefic is in her gait, remembre
If ere thou lookt it on Maefic.

Mef. She creeps: her motion, & her station are as one.
She shows a body, rather then a life.

A Statue, then a Breather.

Cle. Is this certaine?

Mef. Or I have no obseruation.

Char. Three in Egypt cannot make better note.

Cle. He's very knowing: I do perceiue,
There's nothing in her yet.
The Fellow he's good judgement,
Char. Excellent.
Cle. Guest she were years, I prythee.
Moff. Madam, she was a wondrow
Cle. Widow ? Charman, heare.
Moff. And do I thinke it's thirtie.
Cle. Beate her face in mind, is't long, or round?
Moff. Round, even to faultine.
Cle. For the most part too, they are foolish that are
fe. Her hair what colour?
Moff. Browne Madam: and her forehead
As low as she would with it.
Cle. There's Gold for thee,
Thou must not take my former shippeness ill,
I will employ thee back againe. I finde thee
Most fit for businesse. Go, make thee ready,
Our Letters are prepar'd.
Char. A proper man,
Cle. Indeed he is so: I repent me much
That I left himd. Why me thinke's by him,
This Creature's no such thing.
Char. Nothing Madam,
Cle. The man hath seene some Masterly, and should
know.
Char. Hath he beene Maitre ? his self defend : and
sering you so long.
Cle. I have one thing more to ask him yet good
Charman : but his nature, since first bring him to me
where I will write; all may be well enough.
Char. I warrant you Madam. Exeunt.
Ant. Nay, may Office, not only this,
That were excusable, and thousands more
Of sensiblae import: but he hath wagg'd
New Warrs against Pompey. Made his will, and read it,
To publique care, spoke scanty of them,
When perforce he could not.
But pryze our care of Honour : cold and fastly
He vented them narrow meanes to extermate,
When the best hint was given him: he lookt not,
Or did it from his teeth.
Ollon. Oh my good Lord,
Believe not all, or you must beleue,
Steake not all.
A more unhappie Lady,
If this deuision chance, we're fet to becomme
Praying for both parts:
The good God will mould us presently,
When I shall prays, Oh beleeve my Lord, and Husband,
Vando that prayser, by crying oes as loud,
Oh beleeve my Brother. Husband winne, winne Brother,
Prays, and destroy the prayser, no midly
Twist these extremities at all,
Ant. Gentle Ollione,
Let your best loue draw to that point which seeks
Belte to preference, if I loose mine Honour,
I booke myself better I was not yours
Then your to brancheffe. But as you requrested,
You felte shall go between we, she was thence lady,
He take the preparation of a Warr
Shall flame your Brother, make your soothes halit,
So your desires are yours.
Oll. Thank your my Lord,
The losse of power make me eattle weake, molt weake,
You reconcil, Warrs twise you waine would be,
As if the world should cleare, and that flame more
Should cover vs vp the Rift.

Anthony and Cleopatra.
That his high Authority abut'd,
And did declare, that he was conquer'd,
I grant him part: but then in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd Kingdoms, I demand the like.
Ces. He'll never yield to that,
Ces. Not must not then be yielded to in this.
Enter Othello with a Vase.
Oth. Halie Caesar, and my L. hall most dear Caesar.
Ces. That ever I should call thee Call-away?
Oth. You have not call'd me so; nor have you caugt.
Ces. Why have you taken upon you thus? you come not
Like Caesar Siflet, the wife of Anthony
Should have an Army for an Officer, and
The neighs of Horse to call of her approache.
Long ere the fire did appear. The trees by this way
Should have borne men, and expeditation fainting.
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the duff
Should have ascended to the Roof of Heaven.
Raised by your populous Trooper: But you are come
A Market-maid to Rome, and have presented.
The ostentation of our love, which left unharm'd,
Is often left unkind: we should have met you
By Sea, and Land, supplying every Stage.
With an augmented greeting.
Oth. Good my Lord,
To come to this as I not contemn'd it, but did it
On my free-will. My Lord Mark Anthony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for Warre, acquainted
My grieved care withall: whereon I begg'd
His pardon for return.
Ces. Which soon he granted,
Being an abstract to keep his Lucre, and him.
Oth. Do not stay, my Lord.
Ces. I have eyes upon you.
And his efforts come to me, and on the wind: which is he now?
Oth. My Lord, in Athens.
Ces. No, most of all, Siflet, Cleopatra
Hath morded him to death. He hath given his Empire,
Erecting the King of Lybia, Archibius.
Of Capadocia, Philadelphia King.
Of Paphlagonia: the Thrasyan King, Adulas.
King, Monarch of Arabia, King of Ponts.
Herod of Jericho, Medebdes King.
Of Cymeas, Pelomen and Aemilius.
The Kings of Meade and Leonias.
With a more large List of Scepters.
Oth. Ay me most vexed,
That have my heart pertain'd between two Friends,
That does affly each other.
(Claudius, breaking forth)
Ces. Welcome hither, your Letters did with-hold our
Till we perceiv'd but how you were wronged,
And we in neglectfull dangers were your heart.
But you not troubled with the time, which drives
Ov't your content, the living necessities,
But let determin'd things to determine.
Holi the way we'd: welcome to Rome.
Nothing more dear to me. You are abased,
Beyond the marks of thought: and the high Gods
To do you justice, unless his Ministers
Of yeas, and no's: take ye, Bed of comfort,
And erect welcome to's. Agrie. Welcome Lady,
Ces. Welcome dear Mark, dear Mariana,
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you,
Onely the fire is no small damage.
Enter Scarr.  

Scar. Goddesse, & Goddefses, all the whoe synod of them!  

Ent. What's thy passion?  

Scar. The greattes Cande of the world, is loft  

With very ignorance, we have lost it away.  

Kingdomes, and Provinces.  

Ent. How appears the Fight?  

Scar. On our side, like the Token'd Pefillence,  

Where death is sure, You bounted Nagge of Egypt,  

(Whom Lepreca use, & use) I'm midst of the fight,  

When vantage like a preyre of Tusinesse appeare'd  

Both as the home, or rather ours the elder;  

(The Breeze upon her) like a Cow in June,  

Hath Salles, and veyes,  

Ent. That I beheld.  

Mine eyes did flacken at the fight, and could not  

Induce a furthre view.  

Scarr. She once being Joost,  

The Noble raune of her Magicke, Anthony,  

Claps on his Sea-wing, and (like a dotting Mallard)  

Leuing the Fight in height, veyes after her:  

I recuit an Action of enchantment.  

Experience, Man-hood, Honor, he're before,  

Did violate to it selfe.  

Emph. Alake, alake.  

Enter Cambises.  

Cam. Our Fortune on the Sea is out of breadth,  

And takes most lamentably. Had our General  

But what he knew himselfe, it had gone well:  

Oh his he's gven example for our Fight,  

Most grozstly by his owne.  

Emph. I, are you thereabouts? Why then goodnight indeed.  

Cam. Toward Peloponnese are they fled.  

Ent. To the foot.  

And there I will attend what further he therein.  

Camb. To Cesar will I render  

My Legions and my Hors, like Kings alreadie  

Shew me the way of yealding,  

Ent. He yet follow  

The wounded chance of Anthony, though my reason  

Sits in the windes against me.  

Enter Anthony with the Train.  

Ant. Hark, the Land bids me trade no more upon't,  

It is abused to beare me. Friends, come hither,  

I am forlorn in the world, that I  

Have lost my way for ever, I have a shippe,  

Laden with Gold, take that, divide it: veyes,  

And make your peace with Cesar.  

Omm. Fly! Not we.  

Ant. I have bid my selfe, and have instructed cowards  

To runne, and shew their Shoulders. Friends be gone,  

I have my selfe resolv'd upon a course,  

Which has no needs of you. Be gone,  

My Treasure in the Harbour, Take it: Oh,  

I follow'd that I might to looke upon,  

My very names do many, for the white  

Repraze the browne for rainnesse, and they them  

For feare, and doing. Friends be gone, you shall  

Have Letters from me to some Friends, that will  

Sweep up your way for you. Pray you looke not sad,  

Nor make replies of Iamhade, take the hino  

Which my despairs proclameth. let them be left  

Which leaves it selfe, to the Sea-like straight way  

I will poisse you of that ship and Treasure.
The Tragedie of

Cæsar. Our Schoolmaster,
An argument that he is plucks, when thither
He lends to spooze a Pinnion of his Wing,
Which had superfluous Rings for Melseniers,
Not many Moones gone by.

Enter Ambassadors from Antony.
Cæsar. Approach, and speak.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As the Morn—dew on the Merciless Sea
To his grand Seaven.

Cæs. Be't so; declare thine office.

Amb. Lord of his Fortunes he fulfils thee, and
Requires to see in Egypt, which not granted.
He leaves his Request, and to thee goes
To let him breathe between the Heavens and Earth
A private man in Athens: this for him.

Cæs. Enter Cleopatra.

Cleopatra loves thee, the Great and Wise,
Submits her to thy reign, and of thee craves
The Circle of the Phoenicians' fires, and hies
Now hasted to thy Grace.

Cæs. For Antony,
I have no cares to his request. The Queen
Of a great House late fallen to the Earth,
From Egypt drags her all-disgraced Friend,
Or take his life there. This if thee please,
She shall not be vouchsafed. So to them both.

Amb. Fortune pursues thee.

Cæs. Bring him through the Bands;
To try thy Eloquence, now in his time, dispatches
From Antony with Cleopatra, promise
And in our Name, what she requires, add more:
From thine invention, offers. Women are not
In their wish: Fortune strong; but want will persuade
The more touch'd Vellum. Try thy cunning Thesaur,
Make thine own Edict for thy palace, which we
Will answer as a Law.

Thes. Cæsar, I go.

Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw,
And what thou thinkst of his very action speaks
In every power that movestr.

Thes. Cæsar, I shall.

Enter Cleopatra, Eubulbus, Charmian, & Iras.

Cleop. What shall we do, Eubulbus?

Eub. Think'st, and dye.

Cleop. Is Antony, or we in fault for this?

Eub. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his Reason. What though you fled,
From that great face of Ware, whose eftملابrages
Frighted each other? Why Should he follow?
The itch of his Affection should not run
Hasting to his Captain-in-ship, at such a point,
When hasted to the world oppos'd, he being
The metered question? Twice a shame no less
Then was his lose, to course your blazons
And lease his Naiad vexing.

Cleop. Prythee peace.

Enter the Ambassador, with Antony.

Ant. Is that his answer? Am. I say Lord,

Ant. The Queen shall then have course it,
So the will yield thee.

Am. He says so.

Ant. Let her know, To the Boy Cæsar lend this
Grizzled head, and he will fill thy wishes to the brim,
With Principality.

Cleop. That head my Lord?
Anthony and Cleopatra.

Act I, To him again, tell him he weares the Robe
Of youth vpon him: from which, the world should note
Something particular: His Coine, Ships, Legions,
May be a Cowards, whose Ministers would praiue
Under the service of Childrens sons.
As Ith Command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore
To lay his gay Comparisons a part,
And answer me, declin'd, Sword against Sword,
Our fates alone: He writes it: Follow me.

Ene. Yes like enough he of the Gallic will
Visit his haunches, and be Stag'd to the trees.
Against a sword: I see men judgement 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 Cæsar will
Answer his eminence: Cæsar thou hast fab'd duce
His judgement too.

Enter a Seruant.

Sir, a Messenger from Cæsar.

Clot. What no more Ceremony? See my Women,
Against the blowe the Roë may they flap their nose.
This indeed'vnto the Gods. Admit him in.

Ene. Mine honestly, and I beginne to square.
The Loyalty well liald to Fools, does make
Our Faith meetly: yet he that can endure
To follow with Allegiance a faire Lord,
Does conquer him that did his Master conquer,
And earns a place in his Story.

Enter Thidias.

Clot. Cæsar will
Thid. Have it so.

Clot. None but Friends: say boldly.

Thid. So liars are they Friendis to Anthony.

Ene. He needs as many (Sir) as Cæsar has,
or needs not. If Cæsar please, our Master
Will leape to be his Friend: For youay know,
Whose heirs we are, and that it is Cæsar.

Thid. So, thus thou must not wonder, Cæsar interest,
Not to consider in what estate thou stand'st,
Further then he is Cæsar.

Thid. Go on, right Royally.

Thid. He knows that you embrace not Anthony
At you did long, but as you feared him.

Clot. Oh.

Thid. The fear'st of your Honor, therefore he
Does pitty, as constrained blemishes,
Not us defac'd.

Clot. He's a God,
And kno's what is must right. Mine Honour
Was not yeeld'd, but conquer'd merely.

Ene. To be sure of that, I will ask Anthony.

Sir, thou art so lekisike
That we must issue this to thy thinking, for
Thy defense quit thee.

Thid. Shall I try to Cæsar.

What you require of him is, he partly begges
To be def'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his Fortunes you should make a staffe
To lean upon, but it would warme his spirits
To hear from you he had left Anthony,
And put your selfes under his command, the vinaerable Land

Clot. What is your name?

Thid. My name is Thidias.

Clot. Most kind Mr. Mellenger.

Say to great Cæsar this in disposition,
The Tragedie of

Cæs. Call all his Noble Captaines to my Lord,

Ant. Do so, wee'll speak to them,

And to-night the force

The Whore perep through their dooryest

Come on (my Queene)

There's lap six yet. The next time I do fight

He make death lone me: for I will content

Even with his petrifiencye

Exeunt.

Now hee's out-sterke the Lightning, to be pursuits

It's to be frighted out of fear, and in that mode

The Dute will peck the Elyger; and I see still

A diminution in our Captaines braine,

Refores his heart: when valour prayers in resion,

It eats the Sword it fights with: I will seake

Some way to leave him.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, & Meenons with his Army

Cæsar reading a letter.

Cæs. He calleth me Brey, and ciphers as he had power

To beare me out of Egypt. My Messenger

Of war with Rodhe daret me to personal Combat.

Cæs. To Antony, let the old Russian know

I have many other ways to dye in some time,

Laugh at his Challenge.

Meas. Cæsar saith thinks,

When one to great begins to rage, he's hunted

Enter to falling. Give him no breath, but now

Make bome of his distraction: Never anger

Made good guard for it selfe.

Cæs. Let our brest heads know,

That to morrow, the last of many Batailles

We mean to fight. Within our Files there are

Of those that fraud'd Mark Antony but late,

Enough to fetch him in. See it done,

And lest the Army, we have done to don't,

And they have earn'd the waife, Poor Antony.

Exeunt.

Enter Antony, Cleopatra, Eusanbros, Charonios,

Iris, Alacan, with others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitian?

Exe. No.

Ant. Why should he not?

Exe. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,

He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To morrow Soldiers,

By Sea and Land lie fight: or I will live,

Or else my dying Honor in the blood

Shall make it live again. Who's thou fight well?

Exe. He friske, and cry. Take all.

Ant. Well said, come on:

Call fists my Halsbold Session, lest to night

Be bounteous at our Meale. Give me thy hand,

Thou hast bin rightly honest, in last thee,

Thou, and thee, and thee: you have sent us well,

And Barge have bene your fellowes,

Cæs. What means this?

Exe. Two of those odd tricks which forceth those

Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too:

I wish I could be made so many men,

And all of you chaper together, in

An Antony: that I might do you service,

So good as you have done.
Enter Anthony and Cleopatra, with others.

Act. Enter, mine Armure, Eros.

Eros. Sleepes a little.


Enter, Eros.

Eros. Come good Fellow, put the Iron on, if Fortune be not ours to-day, it is because we brat her. Come,

Clos. Nay, he helps too, Anthony.

What's this for? As he lets be be, but, be, thou art the Armourer of my heart. Etes, fille; This, this, Souch-lawt ile helpe: Thus it must bee.

Act. Well, well, we shall through now,

Seeth thou my good Fellow, Gopas on thy defence,

Enter, Briefly Sir.

Clos. Is not this buckled well?

Act. Rarely rarely;

He that crouckles this, till we do please,

To daff for our Repose, shall have a storme,

Thou Dumbell, Eros, and my Queens a Squire,

Right well at this, then shoue a Dispatch, O Love,

That those could love my Wives to-day, and knew it.

The Royall Occupation, thou shoulde it see.

A Workman's wife.

Enter a Company of Soldiers.

1. sol. Brother, good-night, tomorrow is the day.

2. sol. It will determine one way; Fare you well,

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

Nothing, what news?

2. Belike 'tis but a Rumour, good night to you.

Well for good night.

They meet other Soldiers.

2. Soldiers, here carefull watch.

1. And your Goodnight's goodnight.

They place themselves in every corner of the Stage.

Here we, and to-morrow

Our Naiue churche; Than an absolute hope

Our Landmen will stand up.

1. To a brave Army, and full of purpose,

Musicke of the Elcholls under the Stage.

1. Peace, what noise?

2. Lift, lift.

2. Heakte.

1. Musicke 1st 'Ayce,

1. Vader the earth.

4. It begins well, do's it not?

No.

1. Peace I say: What should this mean?

2. To the God Forcule, whom Anthony loved,

Now leaves him.

1. Walk, let the other Watchmen do hear what we do.

Do hear what we do?

2. How now Master?

Now how now? do you hear this?

1. Is't not strange?

2. Do you see these Master? Do you hear?

Follow the noise so far as we have quarter.
The Tragedie of

Cesar, Campe:
Say I am none of thine.
Ant. What sayest thou?
Sold. He is with Cesar.
Eros. Sir, his Chefs and Treasure he has not with him.
Ant. Is he gone?
Sold. Most certain.
Ant. Go Eros, send his Treasure after, do it.
Detain no more I charge thee; write to him,
(I will fabrithe) gentle treaties, and greetings;
Say, that I wish he never finde more cause
To change a Master. Oh my Fortune's hue
Corrupted honnest men. Delpatch Embarrass.

Cesar. Go forth Agrippa, and begin the fight:
Our will is Anthony be took alive:
Make it so knowne,
Agrippa, Cesar, I shall.
Cesar. The time of witterfull peace is neere:
Prerome this a prosp'rous day, the three Iook'd would
Shall bear the Olieve freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Anthony is come into the Field.
Cesar. Go charge Agrippa,
Plant those that have receiv'd of the Vast;
That Anthony may seeme to spend his Fury
Upon his selfe.

Emb. Alexas did return, and went to Lery to
Affaires of Anthony, there did dispaire
To incline him to a Cesar.
And leave his Master Anthony. For this purpose,
Cesar hath hang'd him: Commodius and the rest
That fell away, have entertainement, but
No honorable trait: if I have done ill,
Of which I do accuse my selfe so freely,
That I will lay no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cesar.

Sold. Embarrass, Anthony
Hath after thee sent all thy Treasure, with
His Bounty out-plus, The Messenger,
Came on my guard, and thy Tent is now
Vesel of his Mulct,
Emb. I give it you,
Sold. Mocce not Embarrass,
I tell you true: Bell you fat'th the bringer
Our of the house, I must attend mine Office,
Ye would have don't my selfe. Your Emperor
Continues still a issue.

Emb. I am alone the Villaine of the earth,
And feel I am sore. Oh Anthony,
Thou Mine of Bounty, how would'th thou have payed
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so Crowne with Gold. This blowses my hart,
If swift thoughts brake it nor a twiter means.
Shall our. Soe thou thought, but thought will doot. I feel
I fights against thee: No I will goe fecke
Some Ditch, wherein to dye: the snitt'll beth his
My last part of life.

Agrippa. Retire, ye that have cause'd our friends too farre:
Cesar himselfe he's workes, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected.

Alarum. Enter Anthony and Scar'non wounded.

Scar. O my brave Emperor, this is fought indeed,
Had we done so at first, we had drown'd them home
With slow taborous their heads,
Ant. Then blest it space.
Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T
But now'ts made an H.
Ant. They do return.
Scar. We're drest: borne into Benke-holes, I have yet
Roome for six scrothes more.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They are beaten Sir, and our advantage serves
For a faire victory.
Scar. Let vs score their baxkes,
And march tempests, as we take Hares behinds,
This sport to mail a Runner.
Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy spightfull comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.
Scar. He halts after.

Alarum. Enter Anthony again in a March.
Scar'non, with others.

Ant. We have beat him to his Campe: Runne one
Before, & let the Queen know of our ghests: to morrow
Before the Sun shall rise, we'll spile the blood
That's to day espand, I thank you all,
For doughty landed are you, and haue fought
Not as you lern'd the Caule, but as'ts had beene
Each man like mine: you have thence call Helots.
Enter the Caues, clip your Wyses, your Friends,
Tell them your success, while they with joyfull tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The Honour'd-gathers whole.

Enter Cleopatra.

Giv me thy hand,
To this great: Fairey, Ie commend thy selfe,
Make her thankes blest thee three. Oh thou day o'th World,
Chaine mine arm'd necke, leape thou, Agry and all,
Through proofs of Harnesse to my heart, and thence
Ride on the pants triumphing.

Ches. Lord of Lords,
Oh infinite Vener, committ thou smilling from this
The worlds great fear vs withall,

Ant. Mine Nightingale,
We have beat them to their Beds,
What Gyrie, though gray
Do somthing minge with my younger borne, yet ha we
A Braine that nourishes our Nerves, and can
Get gale for gale of youth. Behold this man,
Command into his Lips the favouring hand,
Kiffle is my Worrior: He hath fought to day,
As it's God in hate of Mankind, ha,
Destroyed in inch a figure.

Ches. He give thee Friend
An Armour all of Gold it was a Kings
Ant. He has deserved it, were it Carabundled
Like holy Phoebe Carre. Giv mee thy hand,
Through Alexandra makes a kolly March,
Be ake our backs Targets, like the men that owen them
And our great Palace the capacity.
To Campe this baliol, we all would sup together,
And drinke Carows to the next dayes Fate.

Which
Anthony and Cleopatra.

Which promises Royall peril, Trumpetts
With brusen dinner blaff all the Citie, &c.
Make mingles with our rating Tabours,
That heart and earth combine their sounds together,
Appolling our approach.

Enter a Centurion and his Company, Exodus 8:12.

Cent. If we be not releau'd within this hour,
We must return to the Court of Guard: the night
Is dim, and they say, we shall shew battle
By a second hour, [Sthr.]

M'tch. This late day was a tear'd one too.
Exe. Oh bear me winne the night.

Cent. What man is this?
Exe. Be wise to me. (O then blessed Moone)
When men requited stiull upon stiull,
Bearst halffull memory: poor Ezechauus did,
Before thy face repents.

Cent. Ezechauus?
Exe. Peace; Hearke further.

Ezechauus. Oh Sovereign Mistres of true Melancholy,
The poyneous danger of night dispous'd upon me,
That Life, a very Rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart
Against the hind and hardnese of my fault,
Which being dritt with greese, will break to powders,
And finis with all my thoughts. Oh Anthony,
Nobler than my rudest intemperate,
Forgive me in this one particular,
But let the world rank me in Reggiler
A master lesser, and a fugitive.

Oh Anthony! Oh Anthony!

1. Let's speak to him.
Cent. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern the Caesar.
2. Let's do so, but be secrete.
Cent. Swoonds rather, for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for flees.

3. Go we to him.
2. Awake, awake, speak to the Caesar.
1. Hear you?

Cent. The hand of death hath taken him.

Drummers arse off.

Hark the Drummers demurely wake the sleepers:
Let vs bear him to the Court of Guard: he is of no note:
Our house is fully out.
2. Come, then, he may recover yet.

Enter Anthony and Scarris, with their Army.

Ant. Their preparation is too day by sea,
We plesse them not by land.

Cent. For both my Lord.

Ant. I would I should fight for the fire, or the Ayre,
We'd fight there too, but this is, our Foute
Upon the hillis adjoining to the City
Shall stay with vs, Order for Sale a genent,
They have pur fick the Hauen:
Where their appointment we may discon, or
And looks on their endeavours.

Enter Caesar and his Army.

Cae. But being charg'd, we shall be full by land,
Which as I tak we shall, for his belt force
Is forth to Man his Gallies, To the Vales.

And hold our belt advantage.

Enter Anthony and Scarris.

Ant. Yet they are not found:
Where you're Pinte does stand, I shall discon all,
He bring their word bright, how his like to go.

Scarr. Swallows have build
In Cleopatra's Sails their nests;
The Auguries
Say they know not, they cannot tell, looks plainly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Anthony,
I volant, and directed, and by hurls
His treated Fortune give him hope and fear.
What he has, and has not.

Enter Anthony.

Ant. All is lost:
This foule Egyptian hath betrayed me:
My Pinte hath yeelded to the time, and wonder.
They call their Cops vp, and Corrode together.
Like Friends long lost. Triple turn'd Where, at the
Half fold me to this Notice, and my heart
Makes only Waters on thee. Bid them all flye
For when I am raging upon my Charms,
I have done all. Bid them all flye, be gone.
Oh Sunne, the spire shall I see no more.
Fortune, and Anthony part here, even here
Do we shake hand? All come to this: The hearts
That pined me at hekels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do off-Candle, melt their fires.
On bloossoming Caesar: And this Pint is but new
That onceipp'd them all. Hey, hey, I say.
Oh this faire Source of Egypt. This grace
Oh this faire Source of Egypt. This grace
Whole eye'd back'd forth my Way, and all them house.
Whole Before us was my Crowne, my chietest end,
Like a right Gyrpee, bath athat and foule.
Beguin me to the very heart of joy.

What Eras, Eras?

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou Spell! Assure.

Cle. Why is my Lord errag'd against his Love?

Ant. Vasthill, or I shall glee thee dry delining,
And break'ss Caesar, Trumpet. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee vp to the Rising Pleiades.
Follow his Chariot, like the greatst spyer
Of all thy Sex. Most Monier-like be he theone
For poor't Dignities, for Dotes, and age:
Patient Olianna, plough thy village vp.
With her proper mals.

Era. The's well the art gone
It be well to live. But better to weare
Thou fell'tt into my fate, for one death
Might have prevented many. Eras, hoas.
The shirt of Nephe is vpon me, teach me
Althea, thou mine Andever, thy rage.
Let me lodge Lice on the bones of the Moone,
And with those hands that grasp the heaven's club,
Subdue my worthlie life: The Witch shall fall.
To the young Roman boy the hatch fold me, and I fell.
Vinder this plot: She dyes for't, Eras, hoas.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Igra, Marcella.

Cle. Help me my women: Oh he's more mad
Then Telames for his Shield, the Bowre of the Sky.
Was never to imb'd.

Char. To this Monument, there lookke your life.
And send him word you are dead.
The Tragedie of

362

The Soule and Body rise not more in parting,
Then great relief going off.

Act. Toth's Monument:

Mardian, go tell him I have slain my selfe.
Say, that the last I spoke was Antonio,
And word it pitheth pitifully, Hence Mardian,
And bring me how he takes his death in that Monument.

Enter Anthony, and Eras.

Ant. Eras, thou wert behold't me?

Ant. Noble Lord.

Ant. Sometimes we set a cloud that's Dragonish,
A spout sometimtes like a Bear, or Lyon,
A toward Caradell, a pugnous Rocke,
A forke Mountain, or blew Promontorie
With Trees vpon, that nodde into the world,
And mocke our eyes with Ayre.
Then haft seene those Signes,
They are blacke Vipers Pagantes.

Ant. Noble Lord.

Ant. That which is now arose, even with a thought
The Racke distilles, and makes it indibinct.
As water is in water.

Eras. It does my Lord,

Ant. My good kinsman Eras, now thy Captaine is
Even such a body: Heere I am Antonio,
Yet cannot hold this vifible shape (my Knage)
I made these wares for Egypt, and the Queene,
Whose heart I thought had, for the bad mine
Which while it was mine, had annexe vnto't
A Million mor. (Now left) five Eras
Packs Cards with Caffier, and false playd my Glory
Vnto an Enemies triumph.

Nay, woe be gentle Eras, there is left vs
Our felicities to end our felicities.

Enter Mardian.

Oh thy wile Lady, she has sold me of my Sword.

Act. No Anthony.

My Mirths loud then, and her Fornaines ringed
With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence away Buanch peace, the hath betrayed me,
And shall dye the death.

Ant. Death of one person, can be pride but once,
And that the las's disdaining, What should I do
Is done vnto thy hand: the left the spake
Was Anthony, most Noble Anthony.
Then in the middle a tearing grone did breake
The name of Anthony is was divid'd
Between her heart, and lips: the tendred life
Thy name fo buried in her.

Ant. Dead then?

Ant. Dead, Eras,

Act. Vnto Eras, the long days taskes is done,
And we must sleepe: That thou departest hence safe
Does pay thy labour richly. Go, exit Mardian.

Off, plucke off

The feaun-gold field of Asien cannot keepe
The battery from my heart. Oh cleare my sides.
Heart, once be stronger then thy Continent,
Crack thee thy sadle. Apace Eras, space;
Now every Soldier brained pieces go,
You haste bin Noble borne. From me awhile, exit Eras.
I will o're-take thee Cleopatra, and
Weep the my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is incurr: since the Torch is out,
Eye downe and stay no farther. Now all labour

Marre what it does: yes, very force entangles
It fell with strength: Scale upon and all is done.

Eras. I come my Queene, Eras. Stay for me.
Where Soules do couche on Flowers, wee hand in hand,
And with our spirits so Post make the Goblet gase.
Dido, and her Actium shall want Troopes,
And all the haunt be ours. Come Eras. Eras.

Eras. What would my Lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra dyed,
I have li'd in such disquiett, that the Gods
Dethet my balsamic. I, that with my Sword
Quarter'd the World, and e're green Neprun's backe
With ships, made Cities; condemn me my feet, to lacke
The Courage of a Woman, left Noble amnde
Then the which by her death, our Cesar call'd
I am Conqueror of my selfe. Thou art the onerous
That when the exigent should come, which now
Is come indeed: When I should fee behind me
An uncontrollable disposition of disgrace and horror,
That on my command, thou then would it kill me.
Dont, the time is come: Thou shalt not print
'Tis Cesar thou descent's. Pull colour in thy Cheek.

Eras. The Gods with-hold me,

Shall I do that which all the Parthenian Dart's,
(Thais Enemy) loft ayme, and could not.

Ant. Eras.

Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy Master thus with pleaseth Armes, bending downe
His corrigible necke, his face subdu'd
To penetrative flame: whil'st the wheel'd scare
Of Fortune Cesar atone before him, branded
His Batenard that inflamed.

Eras. I would not see.

Ant. Come then: for with a wound I must be ca'd.

Draw that thy honsell sword, which thou hast borne
Must vffall for thy Country.

Eras. Oh, in pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, sweerly not then
To do this when I bad thee? Do it at once,
Or thy precedent Services are all
But accidents vpperp's. Draw, and come.

Eras. Turne from me then that Noble contemnante,
Wherein the worship of the whole world yses.

Ant. Lee thee.

Eras. My sword is drawne.

Ant. Then let it do at once.

The thing why thou haft drawne it.

Eras. My dear Matter,

My Captaine, and my Emperor. Let me say
Before I strike this bloody stroke, Farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said man, and farewell.

Eras. Farewell great Cheefe, Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now Eras.

Killest thyselfe.

Eras. Why there then?

Thus I do espave the sorrow of Anthony's death.

Ant. Thrice-Nobles chere my selfe.

Thou teachest me: Oh whate Eras, what
I shoul'd, and thou couldl'nt, my Queene and Eras
Hone by their brave instruction gut upon me
A Noblenesse in Record. But I will bee
A Bride-goome in my death, and run into't
As to a Lovers bed. Come then, and Eras,
Thy Master shee thine Scholler; to do this
I learnt of thee. How not dead? Not dead?
Thy Guard, how? Oh dispatch me.
Enter a Guard.

1. Guard. What's the noise?

Ant. I have done my work! Friend.

Oh make an end of what I have begun.

2. The Star is false.

And time is at his Period.

All. Alas, and woe.

Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead,

Not I.

Nor I.

3. Nor one.

Dier. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.

This sword but the wise to Caesar with this tyding,

Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomede.

Dier. Where's Anthony?

Deere. There Diomed there.

Diom. Art thou there Diomed?

Dier. Thy sword, and glaive, use,

Suffing strokes for death.

Diom. Most absolute Lord:
My Mith list Cleopatra fear me to thee.

Ant. When did first send thee?

Diom. Now my Lord.

Where is she?

Diom. Lock'd in her Monument: she had a Prophecying

Of what shall come to passe: when she was

(Which never shall be found) you did suspect

She had dispos'd with Caesar, and that your rage

Would not be purg'd, the scent you joy'd was dead:

But fearing since how it might work, hath sent

Me to proclaim the truth, and I am come

I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late good Diomede: call my Guard I pray thee.

Deere. What has the Empress Guard:
The Guard, what has the. Come, your Lord calls.

Enter 4, or 5 of the Guard of Anthony.

Ant. Bear me good friends where Cleopatra Stands,
To the left service that I shall command you,

You, you, we are for it, you must not like to wear

All your true Followers out.

All. Most heavy day.

Ant. Nay good my Fellows, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrow. Did that welcome
Which comes to punish vs, and we punish it
Seeming to beezing it lightly. Tis me vp.

I have led you off, carry me now good friends,
And have my thanks for all.

Enter Cleopatra, and her Ministers, with

Charmian & Iras.

Cleo. Oh Charmian, I will never go hence.

Charm. Be consider'd, dear Madam.

Cleo. No, I will not.

All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we dispise; our fire of sorrow
Proportion'd to our cause, must be in great
As that which makes it.

Enter Diomede.

How now is he dead?

Diom. His death's upon him, but not dead.

Looke o' th' other side, strike your Monuments,
His Guard have brought him thither.

Enter Anthony, and the Guard.
The Tragedie of

The Soldier's pole is faire: young Bayes and Gydes.
Are levell now with men: the oddes is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable.
Beneath the visiting Moone.
Char. Oh quietnesse, Lady.
Fare. She's dead too, our Soveraigne.
Char. Lady.
Fare. Madam.
Char. Oh Madam, Madam, Madam.
Fare. Royall Egypt: Empresse.
Char. Peace, peace, peace.

Cleo. No more but in a Woman, and commanded
By such poorpoor passion, as the Maid that Milkes,
And doe's the meanest actresses. It were for me,
To throw my Sceptre at the infamous Gods,
To tell them that this World did equal theyrs,
Till they had fill'd our Jewell. All's but naught
Patience is forthis, and impatience does
Become a Dagon: that's mad: Then is it finnes,
To fill's into the secret house of death,
Ere Death Grace come to us. How do you Woman?
What, what good cheere? Why how now Cleon?
My Noble Gyres? Ah Women, women! Look
Our Lampes is spent, it's out. Good fires, take heart,
We'll bury him. And then, what's brave, what's Noble,
Let's doo's after the high Roman is floun,
And make death proude to take vs. Come, away,
This case of that huge Spirit now is cold,
Ah Women, Wom-en! Come, we have no Friend
But Resolution, and the bereft end.

Enter Cesar, Agrippa, Dulebella, Monar, with his Consul of Warre.

Cesar. Go to him Dulebella, bid him yield,
Being to frustrate, tell him,
He makes the paws that he makes.
Dul. Cesar, I shall.

Enter Decius with the sword of Anthony.

Cesar. Wherefore is that? And what art thou that darst
Appeare thus to vs?
Dec. I am called Decius,
Mark Anthony Lerd, who left was worstie
Best to be serv'd: whilst he stood vp, and spake
He was my Master, and I wore my life
To spend upon his harts. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him,
He be to Cesar: if my gladest now, I yield thee vp my life.
Cesar. What is this to me?
Dec. I say (Oh Cesar) Anthony is dead.
Cesar. The breaking of so great a thing, should make
The round World shoule shooke, Lyons into cill streets,
And Civilians to huge enimes. The death of Anthony
Is not a single soune, in the name say
Moury of the world.

Dec. He is dead Cesar,
Not by a publick minister of Justice,
Nor by a tried Knife, but that tofill-hand
Which with his Honor in the Ads it did,
Hath with the course which the heart did lend it
Splitted the head. This is his Sword,
I rob'd his wounde cutt: beheld it stain'd
With his most Noble blood.
Cesar. Look ye this Friends.

Cesar. Why the Gods rouse me, but it is Tyrtings
To wait the eyes of Kings,
Del. And strange is it,
That Nature could compel vs to lament
Our most gifted deede.

Mars. His rains and Honours, wag'd equal with him.
Del. A fairer spirit never
Did pierre humanity or but you Gods will give us
Some fault to make vs men. Cesar is touched.

Mars. When such a famous Mirror's set before him,
He needes must see him selfe.

Cesar. Oh Anthony,
I have followed thee to this, but we do launch
Diacles in our Bodies. I must perfarce
Have the wine to thee such a declining day,
Or looke on thine: we could not fill together
In the whole world. But yet let me lament
With tears as Soveraigne as the blood of hearts,
That thou my Brother, my Competitor,
In top of all designe my Matre in Empire,
Friend and Companion in the front of Warre,
The Anse of mine owne Body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle, that our States
Vocablest to, should divide our equal share to this,
Hear me good Friends,
But I will tell you at some meeting Seasan,
The business of this man looks out of him,
Well I hear him what he lays.

Enter an Egyptian.

Where are you?

Egyp. A poor Egyptian yet, the Queen my mistress
Confined me all, she has her Monument
Of thy interest, desires, insatiation,
That she preparedly may frame her felle.

tothÂ¨way there's forced too.
Cesar. Bid her have good hearts,
She shoule shal know of vs, by some of ours,
How honourable, and how kindly Wes
Determine for her life. Cesar cannot issue to be ungrate.

Egyp. So the Gods preteribe thee.

Cesar. Come hither Prouinciun. Go and say
We purpose her no shame: give her what comfort
The quality of her passion shal require.
Left in her greatnesse, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat vs. For her life in Rome,
Would she eminall in our Triumph. Go,
And with your speedest bring in what the layes,
And how you find of her.

Pre. Cesar shall.

Exit Prouinciun.

Cesar. Gallia go you along: where's Dulebella, to
Second Prouinciun?

All. Dulebella.

Cesar. Let him alone: for I remember now
How she's employ'd: she shal in time be ready.
Go with me to my Tent, where you shal see
How hardly I was drawne into this Warre,
How calmely and gently I proceeded still
In all my Writings. Go with me, and see
What I can shewe in this.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Irias, and Mardian.
To do those things that ends all other deeds,
Which shockes accidents, and bolls ye change;
Which steepe, and never pallates more the dung,
The beggars Nurse, and Caius.

Enter Princesse.

Pr. Caius sends greeing to the queene of Egypt,
And bids shee study on what faire demands
Than mean't not to have him grant thee.

Cle. What's thy name?

Pr. My name is Princesse.

Cle. Anthony,

Did I tell you of, bid me trust you, but
I do not greatly care to be desir'd
This house is nothing but a studying.
If your Master
Would have a Queene his beggar, you must tell him,
This Malady to keep, is want of murre.

No left beggar then a kingdonne! for I please
To gin the soveraigne Egypt for my Sone,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneele to him with thanks.

Pr. Be of good cheere;
Yare false into a princely hand, fear nothing,
Make your full presents freely to my Lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flowes out
On all that need. 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 kneel'd too.

Cle. Pray you tell him
I am his Forrester Visall, and I find him
The Greatnesse he has got. I hourly learn
A Doctrine of obedience, and would gladly
Looke him th'Face.

Pr. This I'll report (deere Lady)
Have comfort, for your wish is piented
Of him that caned it.

Pr. You see how easily the may be surpriz'd:
Guard her till Caius come.

Iam. Royall Queene.

Caius. Oha Caius! thou art taken Queene.
Cle. Quickly, quickly, good hands,
Iam. Hold worthy Lady, hold,
Do not your selfe, such wrong, who are in this
Relent'd, but not betrayed.

Caius. What of death too that rids our dogs of anguish.

Pr. Caius! do not abuse my Master's bounty, by
The end of your selfe: Let the world see
His Noblenesse well attest, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cle. Where art thou Death?
Come hither come, come, come, and take a Queene
Worth many Babes and Beegers.

Iam. Oh temperance Lady

Cle. Sir, I will eat no more. Ie not deere fit,
Hicke ope mine Once he necessary.
He not stepp'd on either. This mortal house Ie mine,
Do Caius what he can. Know, that I
Will not write unjustly at your Mawsters Court,
Nor once be chaste with the tober eye
Of all Gods. Shall they bough me vp,
And show me to the showing Varloasie.
Ocexporturing Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt,
Be gentle grace upon me, rather on Nyles noddle
Lay me stakke'd, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring; rather make
My Countries high pyramides my Gibber,

And hang me vp in Chalnes.

Pr. You do extend
Their thoughts of horrors further then you shall
Finde caufe in Caius.

Princesse.

Entry Dolehite.

What thou hast done, thy Master Caius knowes,
And he hath sent for thee: for the Queene,
Ie take her to my Guard.

Pr. So Dolehite,
It shall content me best: Be gentle to her,
To Caius I will speake, what you shall please,
If you'll imployme to me.

Enact Princesse.

Cle. Say, I would dye.

Pr. Most Noble Empresse, you have heard of me.

Cle. I cannot tell.

Pr. Affrrently, you know me.

Cle. No matter, that I have heard or knowne:
You laugh when Buyers or Women tell their Dreames,
It's not your stucks?

Pr. I understand not, Madam.

Cle. I despare there was an Emperour Anthony,
Oh such another Dreame, that I might see
But such another man.

Pr. If it might please ye.

Cle. His face was at the Heaulms, and therein slilde
A Sunne and Moonne, which keep the course, & ligthed
The True o' the earth.

Pr. Most Sovereigne Creature.

Cle. His legses behind the Ocean, his heades same
Crested the world, his voyage was proportioned
As all the tuned Spheres, and to Friends:
But when he meant to quale, and shake the Ocean,
He was as ruling Thunder. For his Bounty,
There was no winterinct. An Anthoy was it,
That grew the more by repaying, His delights
Were Dolphin-like, they thry'd his backe above
The Element they lod'd in: In his Lutey
Walk'd Crownes and Crownetts:Reams & Islands were
As plates drop from his pockets.

Pr. Caius.

Cle. Think you there was, or might be such a man
As this I dreamt of?

Pr. Gentle Madam, no.

Cle. You Lye vp to the hearing of the Gods
But if there be, nor ever were one such
It's past the faze of dreaming, Nature ventes, stuffes
To the strange forms with fancy, yet imagining
An Anthoy were Natures peace, & genti Fancie,
Condemning shadows quite.

Pr. Hear me, good Madam?
Your loffe is as your selfe, great, and you bewray it
At confessing to the Worldes, would make thy never
One take purpole's stecce: But I do hope
By the rebound of yours, a greefe that looses
My very heart at roose.

Cle. I thank you Sir.

Know you what Caius means to do with me?

Pr. I am loth to tell you what I didd you know.

Cle. May pray you.

Pr. Though he be Honourable.

Cle. Hee shall to some in Triumph.

Pr. Madam he will, I know.

Entry Princesse, Caius, Callin, Maccus, and others of his Train.

All. Make way there Caius.
Cæs., Which is the Queen of Egypt.

Del. It is the Emperor's Madam. Cæs., kneels.

Cæs. Whence, ye shall not kneel: I pray you rise, the Queen.

Cæs. Sir, the God whom I have it thus, My Master and my Lord I must obey.

Cæs. Take away my wrathful thoughts, The Record of what inspires you doth,
Though written in our blood, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cæs. Sallus! Sir, who is to be your friend?

Cæs. The merchant, who makes prizes with us
Of many that Merchants find. Therefore be chaste,
Make not your thoughts your prations: No Queen, for us,
For we intend to dispose of yours, as
Your fete shall give us counsel: Peef and sleep:
Our care and pity is to make your rule,
That we remain your friend, and so advis.


Florus.

Cæs. We will proceed rather than inform:

Cæs. If you apply your fete to our intents,

Churf. This is the brief of Money, Price, &c.

Cæs. And may through all the world: this yours, &c.

Cæs. And my signet: here is the signet of our Queen.

Churf. This is the brief of Money, Price, &c.

Cæs. And make me of every thing so well,

Cæs. I am, and so exactly visited,

Cæs. Not petty things admired, Where's your Queen?

Cæs. Here, Master.

Cæs. This is my privy, let him speak (my Lord),

Cæs. And I have rather feel my ligature,

Cæs. This flame that I receiv'd,

Cæs. What have I receiv'd?

Cæs. Enough to purchase what you have made known,

Cæs. Nay, blash not Cæs, I apprize

Cæs. See Cæs: Oh behold,

Cæs. How people are followed: Mine now becomes yours,

Cæs. What's your's? What goest thou backe, I shall

Cæs. Go backe: I warrant thee: but I catch the fire,

Cæs. Though they had wings, Slaue, Sansaffe, Villain, Dog,

Cæs. Good Queen, let us interest.

Cæs. O Cæs, upon a wondering theme is this,

Cæs. That thou wouldest have to wit, me to wit,

Cæs. Doing the Honour of the Lucrum.

Cæs. To one to meek, that mine own Servant should

Cæs. Parcell the summe of my gratitudes, by

Cæs. That I receive, that I shall receive,

Cæs. As we meete moderate Friends withall, and say

Cæs. Some Nobles, their Trust kept apart

Cæs. To Lucern and Oliviens, to intice

Cæs. Their meditation, must I be unfolded.

Cæs. Wish one that I have bred: The God that guides me

Cæs. Or I shall shew the Cyders of my spirits

Cæs. Though of after of my chance: We'thout a man,

Cæs. Wouldst' not have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear all Services.

Cæs. It is best known, that we the greatest are mischiged

Cæs. For things that others do: and when we fall,

Cæs. We answer others merits, in our name.

Cæs. Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. Cleopatra, Not what you have refer'd, nor what acknowledg'd

Cæs. We're not of our Count,s Full see yours,

Cæs. Below to my pleasure, and believe Cæs. To a Merchant, to make prize with you

Cæs. Of things that Merchants find. Therefore be chaste,

Cæs. Make not your thoughts your prations: No Queen, for us,

Cæs. For we intend to dispose of yours, as

Cæs. Your fete shall give us counsel: Peef and sleep:

Cæs. Our care and pity is to make your rule,

Cæs. That we remain your friend, and so advis.


Florus.

Cæs. We will proceed rather than inform:

Cæs. If you apply your fete to our intents,

Churf. This is the brief of Money, Price, &c.

Cæs. And make me of every thing so well,

Cæs. I am, and so exactly visited,

Cæs. Not petty things admired, Where's your Queen?

Cæs. Here, Master.

Cæs. This is my privy, let him speak (my Lord),

Cæs. And I have rather feel my ligature,

Cæs. This flame that I receiv'd,

Cæs. What have I receiv'd?

Cæs. Enough to purchase what you have made known,

Cæs. Nay, blash not Cæs, I apprize

Cæs. See Cæs: Oh behold,

Cæs. How people are followed: Mine now becomes yours,

Cæs. What's your's? What goest thou backe, I shall

Cæs. Go backe: I warrant thee: but I catch the fire,

Cæs. Though they had wings, Slaue, Sansaffe, Villain, Dog,

Cæs. Good Queen, let us interest.

Cæs. O Cæs, upon a wondering theme is this,

Cæs. That thou wouldest have to wit, me to wit,

Cæs. Doing the Honour of the Lucrum.

Cæs. To one to meek, that mine own Servant should

Cæs. Parcell the summe of my gratitudes, by

Cæs. That I receive, that I shall receive,

Cæs. As we meete moderate Friends withall, and say

Cæs. Some Nobles, their Trust kept apart

Cæs. To Lucern and Oliviens, to intice

Cæs. Their meditation, must I be unfolded.

Cæs. Wish one that I have bred: The God that guides me

Cæs. Or I shall shew the Cyders of my spirits

Cæs. Though of after of my chance: We'thout a man,

Cæs. Wouldst' not have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear all Services.

Cæs. It is best known, that we the greatest are mischiged

Cæs. For things that others do: and when we fall,

Cæs. We answer others merits, in our name.

Cæs. Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. Cleopatra, Not what you have refer'd, nor what acknowledg'd

Cæs. We're not of our Count,s Full see yours,

Cæs. Below to my pleasure, and believe Cæs. To a Merchant, to make prize with you

Cæs. Of things that Merchants find. Therefore be chaste,

Cæs. Make not your thoughts your prations: No Queen, for us,

Cæs. For we intend to dispose of yours, as

Cæs. Your fete shall give us counsel: Peef and sleep:

Cæs. Our care and pity is to make your rule,

Cæs. That we remain your friend, and so advis.


Florus.

Cæs. We will proceed rather than inform:

Cæs. If you apply your fete to our intents,

Churf. This is the brief of Money, Price, &c.

Cæs. And make me of every thing so well,

Cæs. I am, and so exactly visited,

Cæs. Not petty things admired, Where's your Queen?

Cæs. Here, Master.

Cæs. This is my privy, let him speak (my Lord),

Cæs. And I have rather feel my ligature,

Cæs. This flame that I receiv'd,

Cæs. What have I receiv'd?

Cæs. Enough to purchase what you have made known,

Cæs. Nay, blash not Cæs, I apprize

Cæs. See Cæs: Oh behold,

Cæs. How people are followed: Mine now becomes yours,

Cæs. What's your's? What goest thou backe, I shall

Cæs. Go backe: I warrant thee: but I catch the fire,

Cæs. Though they had wings, Slaue, Sansaffe, Villain, Dog,

Cæs. Good Queen, let us interest.

Cæs. O Cæs, upon a wondering theme is this,

Cæs. That thou wouldest have to wit, me to wit,

Cæs. Doing the Honour of the Lucrum.

Cæs. To one to meek, that mine own Servant should

Cæs. Parcell the summe of my gratitudes, by

Cæs. That I receive, that I shall receive,

Cæs. As we meete moderate Friends withall, and say

Cæs. Some Nobles, their Trust kept apart

Cæs. To Lucern and Oliviens, to intice

Cæs. Their meditation, must I be unfolded.

Cæs. Wish one that I have bred: The God that guides me

Cæs. Or I shall shew the Cyders of my spirits

Cæs. Though of after of my chance: We'thout a man,

Cæs. Wouldst' not have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear all Services.

Cæs. It is best known, that we the greatest are mischiged

Cæs. For things that others do: and when we fall,

Cæs. We answer others merits, in our name.

Cæs. Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. Cleopatra, Not what you have refer'd, nor what acknowledg'd

Cæs. We're not of our Count,s Full see yours,
Why that’s the way to foole their preparation, 
And to conque their most abused intent. 

Enter Cloten.

Now, Faramant, 
Shew me my Women like a Queen: Go fetch 
My best Actreses; I am gone to cite them, 
To meette. Mark Anthony, Sirs, we go. 
(Now Noble Faramant, we’ll dispatch indeed.) 
And when they have done this charge, he gives the issue 
To play all. Do not meddle, bring our Crownes, and all. 
A wife wise.

Wherefore this noise?

Enter a Guardian.

Guard. Here is a sweet Fellow, 
That will not deny to your Highness presence, 
He brings you Faggins.

Cloten. Let him come in.

Enter Guardian.

Guard. This is the man.

Cloten. Away, and leave him. 

Enter Guardian. 

Hast thou the pretty Woman of Nylus there, 
That lilles and paints noot? 

Cloten. Truly I have him; but I would not be the partie 
That should desire you to touch him, for his bying is 
immortal: thegote that doth dye of it, doth blame or 
never recover.

Cloten. Remember, thou say that have dyed on’t? 

Cloten. Very many, men and women too. I heard of 
one of them no longer then yestreday, a very honest wo 
man, but something given to lye, as a woman should not 
do, but in the way of honesty, how the dyed of the 
bying of it, what pains the fell: Truly, she makes a very 
good report of it to women, that they will believe all that 
they say, shall never be vexed by tale that they do; but 
this is most fallable, the Woman’s so odd Woman. 

Cloten. Get thee hence, farewell. 

Cloten. I wish you all joy of the Woman.

Cloten. Farewell.

Cloten. You must think this (looke well,) that the 
Woman will do his kindes.

Cloten. I, I, farewell. 

Cloten. Look where, the Woman is not to be trusted, 
but in the Keeping of wise people: for indeed, there is 
no goodness in the Woman. 

Cloten. Take thou no care, it shall be nedd. 

Cloten. Very good: give it nothing pray for it, it is 
not worth the lending.

Cloten. Will it cost me? 

Cloten. You must not think I am so simple, but I know 
the diuell himselfe will not eate a woman: I know, that 
a woman is a dist for the Gods, if the diuell dree it her, 
but truly, these women that portion ducts doe the Gods 
guaine in their women: for in every token that they 
make, the diuell marrie sue. 

Cloten. Well, get thee gone, farewell. 

Cloten. Yes forsooth: I will with you o’ th’ woman. 

Cloten. Give me my Robe, put on my Crownes, I have 
Immortal longings in me. Now no more 
The nurse of Egypts Grape shall move this lip, 
Yea, yea, good Jesu: quicker: Me thinks I here 

Anthony call’d I see him rowe himselfe 
To prisse my Noble A.B. I hear him moat 
The lucke of Cesar, which the Gods giveth me 
To excurse their after wrath. Husband, I come. 
Now to the name, my Courage preue my Title. 
I am Fire, and Ayre; my other Elements 
I glue to bater life. So have you done? 
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lippes. 
Farewell kindle Charmin, Jesu, long farewell! 
Hast I the Alpicks in my lippes? Doft call? 
If thou, and Nature can in gently part, 
The stoke of death is as a women’s pinch, 
Which hurts, and is distill’d. Doft thou thee fill? 
If this thou wost, thou tell’st the world, 
It is not worth love-taking. 

Chery. Dissemble thickly closed, & Raines, that I may lay 
The Gods themselves do weep. 

Cloten. This provest me bale. 
If the first meete the Curset Anthony, 
He shall make demand of her, and speake the like 
Which is my honours to have. Come thou moste wathch, 
With thy sharp teeth this knot intruestrate, 
Of life at once vbyte; Poor venomous Foolie, 
Be angry, and distill. Oh couldst thou speake, 
That I might hear thee call great Cesar Asis, vnployd. 

Anthony. On Eastern Sartie. 

Cloten. Peace grant. 

Cloten. Dost thou not see my Baby at my breast, 
That suckes the Nurse asleep? 

Chery. O breake! O breake!

Cloten. A sweeter as Balme, as soft as Ayre, as gentle. 

O Anthony! Nay I will take thee too. 

What should I say. 

Cloten. In this wide World? So fare thee well, 
Now beest thee Death. In thy position eyes 
A Laffe unparrallel’d. Downie Windowes close, 
And golden Perleus never be behold 
Of eyes against Roayll. your Crownes away, 
He mendeth, and then play. 

Enter the Guard being in, and Dolabella. 

Dolabella. 

Guard. Where’s the Queene? 

Dolabella. Speak softly, write her not. 

Cesar hath sent. 

Chery. Too looke a Messenger. 

Dolabella. Oh came space, dispatch, I partly fee thee. 

Chery. Approach box. 

All’s not well: Cesar’s begild. 

Dolabella. There’s Dolabella from Cesar: call him. 

Chery. What works is here Charmin? 

Dolabella. Is this well done? 

Chery. It is well done, and fitting for a Prince. 

Chery. Descended so many Royall Kings, 
Ah Sounder. 

Chery. Charmin dyes. 

Enter Dolabella. 

Dolabella. Where goes it here re? 

Guard. All dead. 

Dolabella. Cesar, thy thoughts 
Touch their effects in this: Thy fellese are comming 
To see perform’d the dreadde Act which thou 
So sought to hinder. 

Enter Cesar and all his Trains, marching. 

All. A way there, a way for Cesar.
The Tragedie of Anthony and Cleopatra.

Dal. Oh sir, you are too sure an Augurer:
That you did feare, is done.
Ces. Brentst at the last,
She seem'd at our purposes, and being Royall
Took her owne way: the manner of their deaths,
I do not see them bleed.
Dal. Who was left with them?
Ces. Guard, A simple Countryman, that brought his Figgs:
This was his Basket.
Dal. Poyson'd then.
Ces. Guard. Oh Cesef.
This Charmain liv'd but now, she fled and spake:
I found her tripping up the Diadem;
On her dead Miflits tremblingly she fled,
And on the sods she dropt.
Ces. Oh Noble weakeffe:
If they had swallow'd poyson, I would appeare
By externall dwelling: but the looks like sleepe,
As she would catch another Anthony
In her strong toyle of Grace.

Dal. Here on her brest,
There is a vent of blood, and something blowne,
The like is on her Armes.
Ces. Guard. This is an Aspicks traile,
And these Figge-Ieues have bleeve upon them; such
As th' Aspicks leaves upon the Gates of Nile.
Ces. Most probable:
That is the dyed: for her Physician tells mee
She hath purue de Conclusions infinite
Of saine wayes to dye. Take up her bed,
And bear her Women from the Montament,
She shall be buried by her Anthony.
No Grave upon the earth shall slip in it
A payre to famous; high events as their:
Strike those that make them: and their Story is
No lesse in pitty, then his Glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our Army shall
In solemn'd shew, attend this Funeral,
And then to Rome, Come Dolabella, see
High Order, in this great Solemnity.

FINIS.
THE TRAGEDY OF
Cymbeline.

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCENA PRIMA.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. Gent. We do not meet a man but Frowns. Our bloods no more obey the Heavens than our Countrymen: still seems as do the Kings.

2. Gent. But what's the matter?

1. His daughter, and the heir of her kingdom (whom he purposed to his wise, old Sonne, a Widow) that late she married) hath renounced her fairest youth, to a poor boy, but worthy Gentleman. She's wedded, Her Husband banished, the Embassy, all is overthrown, though I think the King Be touch'd at very heart.

2. None but the King?

1. He that hath left her too is the Queene, That most despises 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 scowl at.

2. And why so?

1. That hath mist'd the Prince, is a thing Too bad, for bad report and he that hath her, (I mean, that married her, a brave man, And therefor banish'd) is a Creature, such As to seek through the Regions of the Earth For one, his like; there would be some thing failing In him, that should compare. I do not think, So far away from, and such flatter Within Endorses a man, but he.

2. You speak him farre.

1. I do extend him (Sir) within himselfe, Crush him to gether, rather then unfold His measure fully.

2. What's his name, and Birth?

1. I cannot dete him to the route: His Father Was call'd Sir Williams, who did owe his Honor Against the Romans, with Carthage, But had his Titles by Tusculum, whom He serv'd with Glory, and admir'd Success. So gain'd the Suit, the Emotions, and had (besides this Gentleman in question) Two other Sonnes, who in the Wars o'er the time Dy'd with their Swords in hand, For which their Father Then old, and fond of his, took such forrow That he quit being; and his gentle Lady

Bigge of this Gentleman (our Theane) deceaseth As he was born. The King he takes the babe To his protection, calls him Posthumus Leonatus, Breeds him, and makes him of his Bed-chamber, Puts to him all the Learnings that his time Could make him the receiver of, which he tooke As we do syre, fast as it was perform'd, And in's Spring, became a Hostess: Lived in Court (Which rare it is to do) most prai'd, most lov'd, A Tame to the yongest; to the more mature, A Jester that feasted them, and to the graves, A Childe that guided Dotards. To his Misfri's, (For whom he now is banish'd) her owne price Proclaims how she esteem'd him; and his Virtue By her elect, may be truly read, what kind of man he is.

3. I honor him, even out of your report. But pray you tell me, is the sole child to the King?

1. His only child.

He had two Sonnes (if this be worth your hearing, Marke it) the elddest of them, at three years old, Dressed in clothes, the other from their Nursery Were faine, and to this house, no gifts in knowledge Which way they went.

2. How long is this ago?

1. Some twenty years.

2. That a Kings Children should be so convey'd, So lackely guarded, and the leach to flow That could not trace them.

1. Even so, his Frague, Or that the negligence may well be laught at: Yet is it true Sir.

2. I do well beleue you.

1. We must forseye. Here comes the Gentleman, The Queene, and Posthumus.

SCENA SECUNDA.

Enter the Queene, Posthumus, and Imogen.

Queen. No, be assur'd you shall not finde me (Daughter) After the hunder of these Step-Mothers, Emill'y'd various. You are my Prisoner, but Your Gaoler shall deliver you the keys.

This.
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

That loss by your request, for you, Pothummus;
So soon as I can win the offended King,
I will be known to your Audience more expressly.
The fire of rage is in him, and were good
You had some of his Sense, with some Respite.
Your wisest men may instruct you.

Poth. Please your Highness.
I will from hence to day.

Qn. You know my request.
I hearken a sudden about the Garden, pitying
The pangs of bard Affections, though the King
Hath charg'd you that should not speak together. 

Imo. O dishonour! Custos! How long this Tyrant
Can tickle where the wounde? My dearst Husband,
I doth fear my fathers wrath, but nothing.
(Always receiv'd my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone,
And I shall hereby abide the hourly list
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
But that there is this I travel in the world,
That I may live again.

Poth. My Queen, my Mirth;
O Lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness.
Then doth become a man, I will remaine,
The loyall husband, that did us plight troth.
My residence in Rome, as one Faustina,
Whose, to my Father, was a Friend, to me
Knowne but by Letter; thither write (my Queen)
And with mine eyes, I do drink the words you tell,
Though like be made of Gall.

Enter Corinna.

Qn. Beliefe, I pray you;
If the King come, I shall incure, I know not
How much of this displeasure; yet I must lose him,
To walk this way: I must do him wrong;
But he doth buy my injuries, to be Friends?
Parke, dear to my offencers.

Poth. Should we be taking leave
As long as terms as yet we have to live,
The fashions to depart, would grow. Adieu.

Imo. Nay, my love, a little:
Were you but rising forth to raise your selfe,
Such stories were too noisy. Look here (Loud).
This Diamond was my Master; take it (Heart).
But keep it till you woe another Wife,
When mine is dead.

Poth. How now? Another?
You gentle God, give me but this I have,
And here up my embracements from a next,
With bonds of death. Remain, remain thou here,
While sente staketh on. And sweepe, fair, fair,
As I (my poor selfe) did exchange for you
To your incomparable bliss in our triues
I will winter on. For my sake weathers,
Is a Masque of love, I place it
Upon this Emerald, so,

Imo. O the Gods !
When first we see again?

Enter Cymbeline and Lords.

Poth. Alacke, the King.

Imo. Thus but thing, sauey here, from my eight:
I after this commend you through the Court
With thy unworthinesse, thou dost. Away,
Thou'rt poison to my blood,

Poth. The Gods protect you,
And blest the good Reminders of the Court.
I am gone,

Imo. There cannot be a splint in death
More sharp, then this is.

Cyn. O dishonour.
That should so repaire my youth, thou hast not
A yeares age on mee.

Imo. I beseech you, Sir;
Harm not your self with your respect;
I am tender of your Wretch; a Touch, more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cyn. Paff Grace? Obedience?
Imo. Paff hope, and despaigne, that way paff Grace.
Cyn. That might'lt have had
The sole Sonne of my Queene.

Imo. O blessed, that I might not: I chose an Eagle,
And did sowa a Puttacke.

Cyn. Thou took'st a Beggar, would'lt have made my
Throne, a Setze for balnepo.

Imo. No, I rather added a lustre to it.
Cyn. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have lost Pothummus;
You bred him as my Play-fellow, and he is
A man, worth any woman: Ouer-buyes mee
Almost the summe he pays.

Cyn. What art thou mad?

Imo. Almoft Sir: Heaven restore me: would I were
A Next-heards Daughter, and my Leonato
Our Neighbour, Shepards Sonne.

Enter Lucius.

Cyn. Thou foolish thing;
They were againe together; you have done
But after our command. Away with her,
And penher vp.

Qn. Befeech your patience. Peace
Decrec Lady daughter, peace, Sweet Sonneraigne,
Leave vs to our loves, and make you vse some comfort
Of your best advice.

Cyn. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day, and being aged
Dye of this Folly.

Enter Pisario.

Qn. Vye, you must give way:
Here is your Servant. How now Sir? What newes?

Pis. My Lord your Sonne, drew on my Master.

Qn. Hah?

Pis. There might have bene,
But that my Master rather plaid, then fought,
And had no helpe of Anger: they were parted
By Gentlemen, as hand.

Qn. I am very glad on.

Imo. Your Son is my Fathers friend, he takes his part
To draw with an Exile, O brave Sir,
I would they were in Affricken both togetheer.
My selfe by with a Needle, that might prickle
The greeke backe. Why care you from your Master?

Pis. On his command she would not suffer mee
To bring him to the Hauen: left these Notes
Of what commands I should be subiect too,
What pleas'd you to employ mee.

Qn. This bast bene

Your faithful Servant, I dare lay mine Honour
He will remaine so.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline

Qu. Pray walk a while.
Imo. About some halfe a house hence. Pray you speak with me a little. You shall (at least) goe see my Lord aboard. For this time leave me.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Chloter and two Lancers.

1. Sir, I would advise you to shift a Shirt: the Violence of Action hath made you seek a Sacrifice; where eyre comes out, eyre comes in: There's none abroad so whole some as that you want.

Clot. If my Shirt were bloody, then to shift it.

Hast I hurt him?

1. No fault: not so much as his patience.
2. Hurst him? His body's a pastake Can neither hee nor not hurt. Is it a thorough Care! A Needele for his not being.
3. His Scabbard was in debts, it was the Decks' side the Towne.

Clot. The Villaine would not stand me.

2. No, but he fled forwarde till, toward your face.

3. Stand you? you have Land enough of your own: But he added to your harms, gave you some ground.

4. At many lodes, as you have Oceans: Popplers.

Clot. I would they had not come between us.

2. So would I, till you had meanes'd how long a Fool you were upon the ground.

Clot. And that this should love this Fellow, and refuse me.

1. If it be a sin to make a true election, she 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.

2. She shines not upon Poole's, least the reflection Should hurt her.

Clot. Come, let to my Chamber: would there had beene some hurt done.

1. I wish not so, whistle it had bin the fall of an Aife, which is no great hurt.

Clot. You'd go with us?

2. He attend your Lordship.

3. Nay come, let's go together.

4. Well my Lord.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Imogen and Pisanio.

Imo. I would thou knewst it were the Nores o' the Hens, and questioned it every side: if it should write, And it no hurt him, there's a Paper lost.

As off'd mercy is: What was the last that he spake to thee?

Pis. It was his Queene, his Queene.

Imo. Then word his Handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss it, Madam.

Imo. Send th' hee Linens, happier than is then I.

And that was all.

Pis. No Madam: for so long.

As he could make me with his eye, or ear, and notes of

Distinguish him from others, he did keep

The Deck, with Cloths, or Harry, or Handkerchiefs, or noes.

Still waiting, as the sees and force of's would. There have

Could best express how slow his Soul was'd on.

How swift his Ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made me

As little as a Crow, or leaf, or tree to

To alter his Eye.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eyes, my

Crack'd them, but to looke on him, till the diminution

Of space, had pointed him in hope as my Needle:

Nay, followed him, till he had melted from

The final taffe of a Goate, to appare him then.

Haste turn'd mine eye, and wept. But good Pisanio

When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assure'd Madam,

With his next smallest.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had

Most pretty things to say: First I could tell him

How I would think on him, at certaine hours,

Such thoughts, and such: Or I could make him sweate,

The Sheeles of Aye should not betray

Muse Incest, and his Honour: or have charg'd him

At the first hour of Morne, at Noone, at Midnight,

To encounter me with Orlando, for then

I am in feare for him: Or I could,

Gibe him that parting kiffe, which I had set

Best: two charming words, come in my Father,

And like the Tyrannous breathing of the North,

Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

La. The Queene (Madam)

Defends your Highnesse Company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd,

I will attend the Queene.

Pis. Madam, I shall.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Petarius, Lucius: a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.

Luc. Beliefe it Sir, I have seene him in France: he was then of a Cresent note, expected to prove for worthy, as since he has 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 tabulated by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

Pht. You speake of him when he was not further'd, then now heere, with that which makes him both without, and within.

French. I have seene him in France were had very many there, could behold the Sunne, with as fine eyes as he.

Luc. This manner of marrying his Kings Daughter, wherein he must be weighted rather by her value, than his own, words him (I doubt not) great deals from the marriage.

French. And then his commission.

Luc. I, and the approbation of choos that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours, are wonderfully
to extend him, be it but so as to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat for taking a Bearer without a legal quality. But how comes it, he is so to twilight with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phe. His Father and I were Soldiers together, to whom I have but often bound for no lesser than my life. Enter Posthumus.

Here comes the Britaine. Let him be in entertainement among you, as faires with Gentlemen of your knowing, to a Stranger of his quality. I beseech you all be better knowne to this Gentleman, whom I commend to you, as a Noble Friend of mine. Where Worthy he is, I will leave to appear thereafter, rather than flory him in his owne hearing.

French. Sir, we have knowne togethe in Orleans.

Post. Since when, I have bin debtor to you for countires, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay full.

French. Sir, you o'ercast my poore kindnesse, I was glad I did attone my Countryman and yeoute had beene pry you should have beene put together, with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so flight and treuell a nature.

Post. By your pardon Sir, I was then a young Traveler, rather than to goe even with what I heard, then in my every motion to be guided by others experiences, but upon my minded judgement (if I offend to say it is esteemed) my Quest was not altogether flight.

French. Faith yes, to be put to the arbitermen of swords, and by such two that would by all likelihood have confounded one the other, or have faire both.

Lach. Can we with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think, it was a contention in publick, which may (without contradiction) suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praisch of our Countryman. This Gentleman, at that time vouching (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more Faire, Virtuous, Wife, Chaste, Content, Qualified, and life apparenter to any, the rarest of our Ladies in France.

Lach. That Lady is not now living, or this Gentleman's opinion by this, were out.

Post. She holds her: Vertue still, and my mind.

Lach. You must not one fear preferre her, for soe ours of Italy.

Post. Being so true, I asso o'ercast as I was in France. I would abate her nothing, though I professe my selfe her Adorer, nor her Friend.

Lach. As faire, and as good; a kind of hands in hand competition, had bene something too faire, and too good for any Lady in Britain, if she went before others. I have seen and seen that Diamond of yours out-lusters many I have beheld. I could not believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious Diamond that is, nor you the Lady.

Post. I praise her, as I rate her: so do I my Stane.

Lach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Lach. Either you suppose non's Misfits is dead, or she's out-priz'd by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be selde or gotten, if there were wealth enough for the purchases or merit for the guite. The other is not a thing for sale, and only the gult of the Gods.

Lach. Which the Gods have given you?

Post. Which by their Grace I will keepe.

Lach. You may wear her in title yours: but you know strange Fowle light upon neighbour Pond. Your Ring may be holme too, so your brace of unprizable Effeminate, and the other Katalyst. A cunning Thief, as a (that way) accomplished Cow adventurers, would hazard the winning both of fish and fowl.

Post. Your Italy containes none so accomplish'd a Courtier to contain the Honour of my Mistress: if in the holding or loffe of that, you term her traitor, I do nothing doubt you have store of Trenore, notwithstanding I fear not my Ring.

Phel. Let us leave here, Gentlemen?

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy Signior I thank him, makes no stranger of me, we are familiar at first.

Lach. With fute times so much conversation, we should get ground of your fare Misfits make her goe back, euen to the yielding, had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Lach. I dare then upon the weight of my estate, to you Ring, which in my opinion o'ercast it something: but I make my weight rather against your Confidence, therfor Reputation. And to bare your office here in, I durst attempt it again Lady in the world.

Post. You are a great-deale abu'd in too hold a perswasion, and I do but not you lasie what your are worthy of by your Attempt.

Lach. What's that?

Post. A Reprueb though your Attempt (as you call it) without a punishment too.

Phel. Gentlemen, enough of this, as I came in too, I must let it as it was brought, and pray you be better acquainted.

Lach. Would I had my Mistresses, and my Neighbours on the probation of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you chuse to affait?

Lach. Yours, whom in confection you think hands so faire, I lay you ten thousand Ducatls to your Ring, that command me to the Court where your Lady is, with no more advantage then the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence, that Honor of hers, which you imagine for reard.

Fullan. I will wage against your Gold; Gold to it: My Ring I bold in stead of your fingers, part of it.

Lach. You are a Friend, and there in the wiser if you buy Ladies both a't a Million a Drom, you cannot purchase it from ranting but I see you have some Religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue you bear a greater purpose. I hope.

Lach. I am the Master of my speeches, and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you I shall but lend my Diamond till your retour, let there be Conventts drawn between's. My Mistress exceedes in goodnight, the humenots of your unworthy thinking, I dare you to this match: here's my Ring.

Phel. I shall take no lay.

Lach. By the Gods it is one: if I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the decrct body part of your Mistis: my ten thousand Ducatls are yours.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Act IV, Scene 6.

Enter Queen, Lords, and Citizens.

Q. Who's at the door? Lord, I hear a voice.

Lad. I know that voice. It's my lady, Madam.

Q. Dispatch, sir. Send word to the doctor.

Now Master Doctor, have you brought those drugs?

Car. I have, sir. I have brought them, Madam.

Q. I thank you, Doctor. I thank you for your kindness.

Car. I am glad to be of service, Madam."

Q. I do suppose you, Madam, but you shall do no harm.

Car. I do not like her. She doth think she has strange looking poultry. I do know her spirit,

And will not trust one of her maids, with

A drudge of such dam'd Nature. Those she's, will betray and sell the house a while.

Which feit's (perchance) there I prove on Cats and Dogs,

Then afterward up higher, but there is

No danger in what show of death it makes,

More than the looking up the Spirits a time,

To be more fresh, reassuring. She is fool'd

With a mock false effect: and I, the true, so

To be false with her.

Car. No further, sir. Doctor, Vntill I find for thee.

Car. I humbly take my leave.

Q. Do weep the full (full cheer?)

Don't think I am in time.

She will not speak, and let instructions enter,

Where fully now postlest. Do thou work a

When thou that bring me word the lives my Sonne,

Tell thee on the instant, thou art there,

As great as is thy Master: Greater, for

His Fortunes all thy speechless, and his name:

Is at large. Reckon he can not

Continue where he is. To shew his being,

Is to exchange one misery with another,

And every day that comes, comes to decay,

A day's work in him. What shall thou expect

To be depend on a thing that leaves?

Who cannot be new built, nor he's no

So much, as but to prop him? Thou tak'st it up

Though 'tis not what: But take it for thy labour,

It is a thing I made, which hath the King

Fine times redeemed from death. I do not know

What is more Cordial. Nay, I prudently take it,

It is an emblem of a further good

That I means to thee. Tell the Mistress how

The cafe stands with her; don't, as from thy felic

Think what a chance thou changest on, but think

Thou hast thy Mistress fill'd, to bone, my Sonne,

Who shall take notice of thee. Hallow the King

To my flame of thy Preference, such

As thou'st desire and then my selfe, I chearfully,

That set thee on to this deft, any bound

To oblige thy merit richly. Call my women. Exit Pisanio.

Think on my words. A life, and comfort

Not to be shak'd; the Agent for his Master,

And the Remembrancer of her, to hold

The hand-fall to her Lord. I have given him that,

Which if he take, I'll quite upon people her

Of Lieges for her Sweetse and which, she after

Except the bend her humor, shall be affait'd

to take of too.

Enter Pisanio, and Ladies.

So, sir: Well done, well done:

The Violins, Cowshipes, and the Prince-Roses

Bore to my Clotilde. Fare thee well. Pisanio.

Think in my words.

Car. I do suppose you, Madam, but you shall do no harm.

Car. I do not like her. She doth think she has strange looking poultry. I do know her spirit,

And will not trust one of her maids, with

A drudge of such dam'd Nature. Those she's, will betray and sell the house a while.

Which feit's (perchance) there I prove on Cats and Dogs,

Then afterward up higher, but there is

No danger in what show of death it makes,

More than the looking up the Spirits a time,

To be more fresh, reassuring. She is fool'd

With a mock false effect: and I, the true, so

To be false with her.

Car. No further, sir. Doctor, Vntill I find for thee.

Car. I humbly take my leave.

Q. Do weep the full (full cheer?)

Don't think I am in time.

She will not speak, and let instructions enter,

Where fully now postlest. Do thou work a

When thou that bring me word the lives my Sonne,

Tell thee on the instant, thou art there,

As great as is thy Master: Greater, for

His Fortunes all thy speechless, and his name:

Is at large. Reckon he can not

Continue where he is. To shew his being,

Is to exchange one misery with another,

And every day that comes, comes to decay,

A day's work in him. What shall thou expect

To be depend on a thing that leaves?

Who cannot be new built, nor he's no

So much, as but to prop him? Thou tak'st it up

Though 'tis not what: But take it for thy labour,

It is a thing I made, which hath the King

Fine times redeemed from death. I do not know

What is more Cordial. Nay, I prudently take it,

It is an emblem of a further good

That I means to thee. Tell the Mistress how

The cafe stands with her; don't, as from thy felic

Think what a chance thou changest on, but think

Thou hast thy Mistress fill'd, to bone, my Sonne,

Who shall take notice of thee. Hallow the King

To my flame of thy Preference, such

As thou'st desire and then my selfe, I chearfully,

That set thee on to this deft, any bound

To oblige thy merit richly. Call my women. Exit Pisanio.

Think in my words. A life, and comfort

Not to be shak'd; the Agent for his Master,

And the Remembrancer of her, to hold

The hand-fall to her Lord. I have given him that,

Which if he take, I'll quite upon people her

Of Lieges for her Sweetse and which, she after

Except the bend her humor, shall be affait'd

to take of too.

Enter Pisanio, and Ladies.

So, sir: Well done, well done:

The Violins, Cowshipes, and the Prince-Roses

Bore to my Clotilde. Fare thee well. Pisanio.

Think in my words.
Scene Septima.

Enter Lago in a fit of passion.

Lago. A Father cruel, a Step-mam-fiale, A Foolish Sower to a Wasted Lady, That hath her Husband benn'd, O that she had, My supercane Crowns of grief, and those repeated Verzations of her. Had she bin Three-fold wise, As she is now three, happy, but most miserable Is the deareness that is glorious. Blessed be those How means so sweet, that have their honest wills, Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? Eyy.

Enter Pisanio and Lachinio.

Pisanio. Madam, a Noble Gentleman of Rome, Comes from my Lord with Letters.

Lach. Change you, Madam, The Worthy Leonatus is in safety, And greeteth your Highness properly.

Imo. Thanks good Sir.

Lach. All other, that is out of doore, most rich: If there be furnish'd with a Watson rate.
She is alone the Arabian-Third and th: Hauc left the wager. Boldnurse be my Friend: Arm me Audacious from head to toe, Or kill the Partian I shall flying fight, Rather directly fly.

Image reads.

He is one of the Noblest men, to whose kindness I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust.

Leonatus.

So farre I read aloud.

But even the very middle of my heart, Is war'd by a threat, and that I thankfull.

You are as welcome (worthy Sir) as I have words to bid you, and shall find it so In all that I can do.

Lach. Thanks fairfaced Lady; What are men mad! Hath Nature given them eyes To see this vanitied Arch, and the rich Crop Of Sea and Land, which can distinguish twixt The fine Orbes above, and the swind Stoves Upon the number'd Beach, and can we not Partition make with Spectacles so precious To twist faire, and foule?

Lach. It cannot be th'y: for Apes, and Monkeys Twist two such Suck'd He's; would chatter this way, and Contemne with me the other. Not i' th' judgment: For Idios in this case ofavour would Be wisely devided: Nor i' th' Appetite. Slony to each near Excellence, and pos'd Should make desire, from emptiness, 

Not to allure, do to feed.

Imo. What is the matter now?

Lach. The Cloyed will:

That fustate yet with his self, then Tuck Both fill'd and running. Ruening hitt the Lambe, Long after for the Carabie.

Imo. What, dese Sirs, Thus rap's you? Are you well?
The Tragedy of Gymbeline.

That which be in, new o'er: And he is one
The truest man now: such a holy Witch,
That he enchanteth Societies into him,
Hath all men hearts and his.

I. A. You make amends.

II. He: He's a wrong man, like a defended God;
He hath a hand of honors set on him,
More than a mortal spanning. But not angry
(Most mighty Prince) that I have advownd:
To try your taking of a false report, which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment,
In the election of a Sir, so rare,
Which you know, cannot err. The less I hear him,
Made me so few this you thus, but the Gods made you
(Unlike all others) a Ashe. Pray your pardon.

I. All's well Sir:

Take my power 1's Court for yours;

II. My humble thanks: I had almost forgot
That you are my Grace, but in small respect,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your Lord, my self, and other Noble Friends.
Are partners in the business.

I. Pray what is it?

II. Some dozen Romans of us, and your Lord
(The best Feather of our wing) have mingled honours
To buy a Present for the Emperor;
Which I (the Factor for the sale) have done
In France; 'tis plate of rare and Isaac;
Of rich, and exquisite forms, their values great,
And I am something curious, being strange
To have them in safe conveyance. May it please you
To take them in protection.

I. Willingly:

And paying mine Honor for their safety, since
My Lord hath interced in them, I will keep them
In my Bed-chamber.

II. They are in a Trunk;

Attended by my men, I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night:
I must aboard to morrow.

I. O no no.

II. Yes, I beseech: or I shall short my word
By lengthening my return. From Gallia,
I crost the Seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your Grace.

I. I thank you for your pains:
But not away to morrow.

II. O I must Madam,
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To grant your Lord with writing, don't to night,
I have out-flood mine time, which is material.
To the tender of our Present.

I. I will write:

Send your Trunk to me, it shall safe be kept,
And trust ye yeelds you, you're very well welcome. 

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Extra Clinton, and the two Lords.

Lor. Was there ever man had such luck as when I cut
the Jack upon an w-p-cut, to be hit away? I had a hundred
pound on't: and then a Whorton Jake-ast-Apes,
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

must take me up 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 Bowle.
2. If you had bin like him, that broke it; it would have run all over.
3. When a Gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any bands by to extort his oathes. Ha?
4. He took my Lord; nor cut the ears of them.
5. Whorish dog! I gave him satisfaction! would he had bin one of my Knave.
6. To have smelt'd like a Fool.
7. I am not a man to do any thing in the dark: a popen. I had rather be no Noble as I am; they do not fight with me, because of the Queen my Mo- ther; every Jack's slave, his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a Cock, that no body can match.
8. You are Cocke and Capon too, and you crow.
9. Cock, with your combes on.
10. Sayst thou?
11. It is not fit you Lordship should undertake any
12. You may go, and I will not know it.
13. He's a strange Fellow himselfe, and knows it not.
14. There's an Italian come, and his thought one of
15. Leonato friends.
16. Leonato? a bastard Rascal, and he's another,
17. One of your Lordship's Pages.
18. Is it fit I went to break upon him? Is there no degradation in it?
21. You are a Fool, granted; therefore your issues being foolish, do not derogate.
22. Come, I go see this Italian, what I have lost
to day at Bowles, he will win to night of him. Come. go.
23. I'll attend your Lordship.
24. That such a crassie Duell as this Mother
Should yield the world this Affe: A woman, that
Bears all downe with her Spouse, and this her Sonne,
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart.
25. And issue light, Alas poor Princeess,
Thou divine Image, what thou endurest,
Betwixt a Father by thy Step-dame nourish'd,
A Mother hourly crying pities: A Wooster.
26. More hardfall, then the tallow-cupion is
Of thy deere Husband. Then that hard Ape
Of the divorce, he'll make the Heavens hold firme
The walls of thy deere Honour. Repease such'd
That Temple thy faire mind, that thou most stand
Tetnely thy bastard Lord: and this great Land.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Imogen, in her Breeches, and a Lady.

2. Please you Madam.
3. What house is it?
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

Winning will put any man into courage: if I could get this toothed image, I should have Gold enough: it's almost morning, it's not?

1. Day, my Lord.

Cio. I would this Museke were come! I am adrift to give her Museke a morning. if I may, it will penetrate.

Enter Adonizilus.

Cio. Come on, too: if you can penetrate her with your finger, so: I'll try with tongue too. if none will do, let her remembe this: he never goe o'er. First: a very excellent, good, deadly thing: she a wonderful sweet, with admirable rich words to it: and then let her consider.

SONG.

Hearts, hearts, the Larks at Heavens gazing wings,
And Phoebus girt his orbs.
His Steeds to water at the Spring's
And waked the flowers that sleep.
And wak'd the little birds to sing to see their golden eyes
With every thing that pretty is, my Lady's sweetest joy.

Arise, arise.

So, get you gone: if this penetrate, I will consider your Museke: the better it doth, it is a voice in her ears: which Horse-sisters, and Galatea's yells, not the voice of unamed Eunuch to boot, can never seem.

Enter Cymbeline and Queen.

2. Here come the King.

Cio. I am glad I was up to see you: for that's the reason I was up so early: he cannot choose, but take this service I have done, fatherly: Good morrow to your Majesty, and to my gracious Mother.

Cio. Attend you here the door of our birth daughter: Will she not forth?

Cio. I have about'd her with Museke, but she is voluble: no notice.

Cio. The Exile of her Motion is so new, She hath not yet forgoy him, some more time: She were the print of his Remembrance on's: Then she's yours.

2. You are most bound to the King, Who's let's go by no vantages: that shall Prescribe you to his daughter: Frame your self To orderly solicitude, and be friend.

With auspice of the feates: make denials: Encroach your services to none, as if you were mpr'st to do those things which you tender on her: that you in all obey her. Sate when command to your submission tends, And therein are your feates.

Cio. Steacie is not to.

Mef. So like you SYR, Ambassadors from Rome, The one is CAESAR, LUCER.

Cio. A worthy Fellow, albeit he comes on angry purpose now; But that's no fault of his: we must receive him According to the Honor of his Sender, And towards himselfe, his good is the best spent on us. We must extend our notice. Our deere Sonne, When you take upon good meaning to your Mistres, Attend the Queene, and we shall have need. Tempoy you towards this Romane.

Enter our Queene.

Cio. If he be up, he speaks with me: not. Let her lye still, and dreame by your leave. She may her women amongst her. what
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Enter Posthumus and Philario.

Post. Farewell, Sir: I would I were so sure
To win the King, as I am bold, her Honour
Will remain her's.
Phil. What means she do you make to him?
Post. Not any; but abide the change of Time,
Quake in the present winters fitter, and with
That winter's days would come: In these fear'd hope
I barely grapple your young, they sayings
I must die much, your debtor.
Phil. Your very goodnesse, and your company,
One says all I can do. By this your King,
Hath heard of Gods. Augustine: Come Lavinia,
Will do's Communion truly. And I think

He'll grant the tribute: send th'Arseages,
Or look upon our Romanes, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grieve.
Post. I do beleue
(Statif though I am none, not like to be)
The Kingdom now in Cymbeline, and you shall have
The Leigion now in Gallia, for ever landed
In our not-fearing Britains, then base tydings
Of any penny Tribut paid. Our Cowtmen
Are men more ord'red, then when Julius Caesar
Smild at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at. Their discipline,
(Now winged with their courage) will make knowne
To their Approvers, they are People, such
That mend upon the world.

Enter Lavinia.

Phi. See Lavinia.
Post. The-twift Harts, have you not seen them,
And Windes of all the Country's kind your Sallies,
To make your retelle humble.
Phil. Welcome Sir.
Post. I hope the briefnesse of your answer, made
The speedinesse of your returne.

Iack. Your Lady,
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.
Post. And therewithal the best, or her beauty
Look'd thorough a Calfemant to all our falte hearts,
And be fall with them.
Jack. Here are Letters for you.
Post. Their tenure good I trust.
Jack. To very like.
Post. Was Casus Lavinia in the Britains Court,
When you were there?
Iack. He was expected then,
But not approch'd.
Post. All his weyl yet,
Sparkles this Stone as it was wont, or is not
Too dull for your good weare?
Iack. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in Gold,
I'le make a Journey twice as farre, to enjoy
A second sight of such sweet sightseinge, which
Was mine in Britains, for the King is woone.
Post. The Stones too hard to come by,
Iack. Not a whit,
Your Lady being so easy,
Post. Make not Sir
Your lye, your Spore: I hope you know that we
Must noe costume Frinds,
Iack. Good Sir, we must,
If you keepe Covenent: had I not brought
The knowledge of your Mistresse home, I grant
We were to question farther, but I now
Proficiency to the winner of her Honor,
Together with your King; and not the wronger
Of her, or you having proceeded but
By both your wishes.
Post. If you can make it apparent
That you have tafted her in Bed; my hand,
And King is yours. If not, the foule opinion
You had of her pure Honours, gains, or lootes,
Your Swore d, or mine, or Mistresse leave both
To who shall finde them.
Iack. Sir, my Circumstances
Being to note the Truth, as I will make them,
Muff first induce you to beleue: whose strength
I will confirm you with each, which I doubt not.
The Tragedie of Gymbeline.

You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall seize
Your credit in it not.'

Polf. Proceed.

Iacob. First, her Bed-chamber
(Where I confess I slept not, nor professe
Had that was well worth watching) it was hang'd
With Tapisery of Silke and Slik, the story
 Proud Grace, when the met her Roman,
And Siddon swell'd about the Bankes, or fur
The prefell of Boxer, or Prise. A piece of Work
So bravely done, for rich, that it did thun
In Workmanship, and Value, which I wonder'd
Could be for rarely, and exactly vouch'd
Since the true life only was--

Polf. This is true:
And this might have been of here, by me,
Or by some other.

Iacob. More particular,
Must justify my knowledge.

Polf. So they may,
Or doe your Honour injury.

Iacob. The Chimney
Is South the Chamber, and the Chimney-piece
Chaffie Dais, bulding, above few Figures
So like to the persons them selves; the Center
Was as another Nature done, out went her,
Motion, and Breath left out.

Polf. This is a thing
Which you might from Relation like wise reape
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iacob. The Roof of Chamber,
With golden Cherubins is terr'd. Her Androclus
(I had forgot them) were two wining Cupids
Of Siluer, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their Brains.

Polf. This is her Honor:
Let it be grantted you have done all this (and praise
Be given to your remembrance) the description
Of what is in her Chamber, nothing fails
The wager you have laid.

Iacob. Then if you can
Be pale, I begge but leave to syze this writ: See,
And now tis up against it must be married
To that your Diamond, (he keeps them)

Polf. I see--
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?

Iacob. Sir (I thank her) that
She shipp'd it from her Arme: I lose her yet:
Her pretty Action, did out-cold her guift,
And yet enrich'd it too: she gave it me,
And laid, the price it once,

Polf. May be, she pick'd it off
To send it me.

Iacob. She writes for you? doth she?

Polf. O no, no, 'tis true. Here, take this too.
It is a Ballas letter into mine eye,
Kill's thee to looke on't. Let there be no Honor,
Where there is Beauty: Truth, where trefemblance: Love,
Where there's another man. The Vowes of Women,
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Then they are to their Vertue, which is nothing:
O, those mensure false.

Polf. Have patience Sir,
And take your Ring again, 'tis not yet wonne;
It may be probable the lett it is.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Or left at first Perchance he spake not, but
Like a still Acorn's Brest, a Larmes on,
Cry'de oh, and mounted: found no opposition,
But what he look'd for, should oppose, and the
Should be or encounter guard. Could I stake out
The Woman part in very her own motion.

That tends to Vice in man; but I mistake
The Woman part she a lying, that he, the
Woman Plaiting, hers, Decaying, hers:
Lust, and Dull thoughts, hers, hers, Reuenges, hers,
Ambitions, Contentions, change of Prizes, Dildanes,
Necessities, Slanders, Maddening,

All foods that name, say, that He knows,
Why hers, in part, or all, but either all For even to Vice.
They are not confessed, but are changing full,
One Vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. To write against them,
Detect them, curse them: yet is greater Skill
In a true Hope, to pray they have their will;
The very Duns cannot plague them better. Exit.

Actus Terceus. Scena Prima.

Enter in State, Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, and Lords at one door, and at another, Caesars, Lictors, and Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Caesar with us?
Loc. When in time Caesar (who, I remember yet
Lives in mens eyes, and will to be ears and tongues
Be Theame, and being ever) was in this Brittan,
And Conquest'd it, Cymbeline thine Earle,
(Famous in Caesars praysies, no white life
Then in his Fests deferring it for him,
And his Succession, granted Rome a Tribute,
Yereely three thousand pounds; which (by thee) lately
Is left uncondemned,
So, and to kill the naturall,
Shall be so ever.

Cym. There be many Caesars,
Ere such another Earle: Brittan's world
By it seizes, and we will nothing pay
For wearing our owne Notes.
Loc. That opportunity
Which then they had to take from's, to revenge
We haue againe. Remember Sir, my Liege,
The Kings your Ancesters, together with
The natural bravery of your Life, which stands
As Neptune's Park, ribb'd, and pal'd in
With Oakes invisible, and roaring Waters,
With Sands that will not beare your Enemies Baster,
But bucke them vp to the Top-mast. A kinde of Conquer
Caesar made heere, but made not heere his bragge
Of Came, and Saw, and Ox came: with Shame
(The first that enter touch'd him) he was carried
From on our Coist, once beaten: and his Shipping
(Poor ignorant Buildings) on our terrible Seas
Like Egg-shells moued upon their Surge's, crack'd
As easily against our Rockets. For joy whereof,
The fam'd Cymbeline was once at point
Of gaiter's fortune to matter Caesar's Sword,
Made Linds-Loaves with rejoicing, Fries bright.
The Tragedie of Cymbeline

Is false into thy Care? Whate fallest thou, Italian? 
[As poynous tonges at handes he spake presi'd] 
On thy too ready hearing? Dillio! No. 
She's punish'd for her Truth, and vengegoes 
More Goddesse-like, then Wife-like. Such Affectuats 
As would take in some Venice. Oh my Matter, 
Thy mind to her, is now as lowe, as were 
Thy Fortunes. How? That I should murder her, 
Upon the Loue, and Truth, and Vowes which I 
Have made to thy command; her her blood? 
If she be so, to do good seruice, rather 
Let me be counted ferculose. How looke I, 
That I should seem to lose the humaunity, 
So much as this Fact comes to? D' you fay the Letter. 
That I have sent her by her true Command, 
Shall gain this opportunitie. Oh Camillus, 
Blacke straits the Ink that's on the thynk-law babbles, 
Are thus a Fredorie for the Act, and look it. 
So Virtue be without? looke for thy self. 

Enter hirself.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded. 

Imo. How now Pisanus? 
Pus. Madam, here's a Letter from my Lord, 

Imo. What say my Lord? That is my Lord Lionatin? 

Of course indeed were that Affectuats 
That knew the States, as he his Charters, 
Heed'd the future open. You good Gods, 
Let what is heere contain'd, poffiss of Lones, 
Of my Lords health, of his content yee not, 
That we two are in the same, lest that greater him, 
Some greates are incommensurable that is one of them, 
be it doth phisickly Lones, of his content, 
All but that. Good Waxes thy learner be. 
You Bees that may loose the Lockes of countenance, 
Louters, 
And mayn in dangerous Bordered prayes not alike. 
Though forty sous you caft in priory, 
You clappe young Citize: Tabbes: good Newes Gods. 

I 

Cast and your fathers wreath should be take me in his 
Doom to secnd so be not to erunto me, as you. 'O the des-
roll of Creatures, should, when reuenue were, as your. They 
notices that I am in Cambert at Milford-Haven: what gaine 
your Lones with one or two of a little, you follow, 
So willing you are, that remains in all to his Vow, and your ever- 
fling in Loun. 

Leonatus Faebbius.

Oh for a Horie with wings: Hear methis Pisanus? 
He is at Milford-Haven: Read, and tell me, 
How fame his thither. If one of meere aires, 
May glad in a week, why may not: 
Glide thither in a day? Then true Pisanus, 
Wholong't doke me, to thee thy Lord, who long'd (Of thee mere bare but like me yet long'd). 
But in a tender kinde, Oh not like me: 
For mine's beyond, beyond a far and speake thickes, 
(Loues Companions bind all the bones of heating, 
To Withering of the Senof) she farre is, 
To this flame blest Milford, and by thy way. 
Tell me how Wales was made to happy, vs. 
Timberd thence a Hauten: But stiff of all, 
How we may sheele from hence: and for the gap, 
That we shall make in Time, from our brest going, 
And our escape, to excuse: but stiffly how hence. 
Who should euerybe borne or ere begun. 
Wecle talle of that hereafter. Prity shee speake, 
How many store of Milers may we well rid.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:
We are healthly; suble as the Fox for prey.
Like warchike as the Wolf, for what we eat:
Our Valour is to chase what flies; Our Cage
We make a Quire, as deth the prouden Bird,
And sing our Bondage freely.

Sid. How you speake?
Did you but know the Citties Wastes,
And felt them knowing: the Arts in Court,
As hard to cleane, as keep: whose top to climb,
In certaine falling: or to flippys, this:
The feare as bad as falling. The coyle o'th'Warre,
A paine that eternly seems to seeke out danger.
Th'great of Fame and Honor, which dyes th'Search,
And hath as of a fullon Eptruph,
As Record of Sirs Acts. Nay, many times
Doth ill defense, by doing well: what's worse
Muff curle't on the Centurie. Oh Boyes, this Storie
The World may see: I, God of the Mark'd
With Roman Swords: and my report, was once
First, with the bell of Note, Cymbeline taid me,
And when a Soul was the Thame, my name
Was not ferre off: then was I ass Tree,
Whose boughes did bend with fruit. But in one night,
A Storme, or Robbery (call it what you will)
Shooke downe my mistrow hanging: my nee: Yeasses,
And left me bare to weatheer.

Ges. Veneratie honnor.
Sid. My fault being nothing (as I have told you of)
But that two Villaines, whose falce Oathes presty'd
Before my perfect Honour, swore to Cymbeline,
I was Confederate with the Romains: to
Followed my Servitude, and this twenty yeares,
This Rocke, and these Demone's, have borne my World,
Where I have li'd at bayonets, paid:
More pleas'd debts to Heav'n, then in all
The fore-end of my time. But, wp to the Mountains.
This is not Hunters Language: he that flitches
The Venion still, shall be the Lord of the Feast,
To him the other two shall minister,
And we will flame no payson, which attends
In place of greater State:
He meet you in the Valleys.

How hard it is to lide the sparkle of Nature?
Theke Boyes know little they are Soone coming,
Nor Cymbeline dances that are 

Th'Case, whereas on the Boxe their thoughts do hit,
The Roofes of Palace, and Nature prompts them
In simple and lowe things, to Princes, much:
Beyond the trice of others. This Philosopher
The heyre of Cymbeline and Brittany, who
The King his Father called Guiderius, Tove,
When on my three-footed I lie, and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits flye out
Into my Story: by thus mine Enemy fell,
And thus I let my tone's necke, event then
The Principall flowers in his Cheere, he sweate,
Strains his young Neokes, and puts himselfe in pursuit
That sets my words, the younger Brother Cadwall.
Once Arring a, as as a figure
Strikes life into my speech, and fethes much more
His own conceiving. Heare, the Game is rowsd, Od Cymbeline. Heare and my Confidence knowes
Thou didst it valiantly banish me a where

As three, and two yeares old, I roile thechee Babes,
Thinking to bere thechee of Succession, as
Thou reits me of my Landis Emphibly:
Thou was't that Night, that I didst git thee for their mother,
And everday do honor to her graces:
My felis Belarius, that am Mergan call'd:
They take for Natural Father. The Game is vp.

Scene Quarta.

Enter Pisanio and Imogen.

Pis. Thou told me when we cause frd house, thy place
Was neere at hand. Now hast thou, my Mother to
To see one first, as I have now: Pisanio, Man.

Where is Pisanus? What is in thy mind
That makes thee flerce thus? Wherefore breaks that figh
From th'inward of thee? One, but painted thus
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond the expression. But the thy fells
Into a hauitor of heffe feare, ere wildmusic
Vanhquish my Flyader Senex. What's the matter?
Why render't thou that Paper to me, with
A looke vnacter'd? If I be Summer Newes
Smile not't before if Winterly, thou need'st it.
But keep it countenance full. My Husband's hand:
That Drugg'd, I may, hath out-created him,
And hee's at some hard point. Speake man, thy Tongue
May take of some extremities, which to reade
Would be even mortall to me.

Plf. Please you reade,
And you shall finde me (wretched man) a thing
The most disdain'd of Fortune.

Imogen reader.

Thy Misfellon (Pisanio) hath plade the Strongest in my
Tied: the Tyfomasines whereof, eyes bleeding in one, I think
not out of weakne'ss, but from proofe so strong as my
Great, and as certaine as I exposp my Life. That part thou
(Pisanio) must deale for me: thy Faith be not tainted with
the breach of th'art; let those come may take away her life: I shall
lose the opportunity at Misfell Hauen. She hath my Letter
for the purpose: where, if thou avoure to wither, and to make me
certaine it is done, thou art the Pander to her discomfiture, and
equality to my desygnyd.

Plf. What shall I need to draw my Sword, the Paper
Hath cut her throat alreadie? No, his Slanderer,
Whose edge is sharper then the Sword, whose tongue
Ouercometh all the Wormes of Nyle, whose breath
Rides on the pocking windes, and death alike.
All corners of the World. Kings, Queenes, and States,
Maides, Masters, may the Secrets of the Graue
This viperous faster enter. What cheere, Madam?

Imo. Falle to his Bed? What is it to be falle?
To lye in watch chere, and to think on him?
To weep'ts wretch clock and clock? If e'er charge Nature,
To break it with a furfall dreame of him,
And cry my fells wake? That's falle to's bed? Is it?

Plf. Alas good Lady,
Imo. I falle? Thy Confidence witness the Lament.
Thou didst not accule him of incontinencie,
Thou then look'd ill like a Villaine now, me thinke.
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

Thy favour's good enough. Som's Iay of Italy
(Whose mother was her painting) hath beset him;
Poor I am rate, a garment out of fashion,
And for I am richer than to hang by e'w's wallers,
I must be tripe. To peeces with me? Oh!
Mens vrors wome'n Trainurs. All good deputy
By thy reticings (As it is) shall be thoug'd:
Put on for Villainy; not borne where's grov's
But worn, a haste for Ladies.
Pfjs. Good Madam, hear me.
Imo. True hon'nf men being heard, like faithful 
Were it not in his time thought fable: and Susse' sleeping
Did feast all night a holy sacred musing.
From most tene' tred as the duke. So thou, PISANNUS
Wilt by the thatcen on all proper men;
Goodly, and gallant, shall be right and per'p'ri'd
From thy great fable. Come fellow, be thou honest,
Do thou thy .Masters bidding. When thou behest him,
A little vrible my obedience. Lookke
I draw the Sword my title, take it, and hit
The innocent Mansion of my Lone (my heart);
Fear not, 'tis empty of all things, but trouble;
Thy Master is not there, who was indecree
The riches of. Do his bidding, strike,
Thou must be in a better cause;
But now thou must in a Coward.
Imo. Thou shalt not daun my hand,
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy Master. Against Stills-slaughter,
There is a prohibition to Duine,
That crazes my weak hand. Come, here's my heart;
Something's a foot. Soft, soft, we're no defence,
Obedient as the Seaborn. What is here,
The Scriptures of the Loyall Leuanus,
All men'd to Herocles? Away, away
Corruptors of my Faith, ye shall no more
Be stalk'mers to my heart: thus may poor Poole
Believe false Teachers: Though those that are beread
Do see the Vraieon sharpe, yet the Traitor
Stands in worse case of war. And thou PISANNUS,
That didst fret up my disobedience against the Duke
My Father, and makes me put up into countenance the furies
Of bloody fellowes. Frail hereafter finde
It is no saue of common passage, but
A traine of Rascall. And I creeue my selfe,
To think, when thou shalt be falle'd by her,
That now thou tyrrel on, how thy memory
Will then be paug'd by thee. Pity the dispatch:
The Lumber exceeds the Butcher. Where's thy knife?
Thou art too low to do thy Masters bidding
When I de'cide it too.
Pfjs. Oh gracious Lady!
Since I receiued command to do this business,
I have not flung one wink.
Imo. Do no, go to bed then.
Pfs. I wakke mine eye-ballees first.
Imo. Wherefore then
Didst' undertake it? Why haft thou abus'd
So many Miles, with a presence? This place?
Mine Action? and thine owne? Our Forces about?
The Time inviting thee? The remembr'd Court
For my being shent? Wherein is it never
Purpose return. Why hast thou gone to faire
To be a v-nest? When then haft taken thy stand,
The selected Deere before thee?
Pfs. But to win time.
To lose so bad employment, in the which
I haue consider'd of a courser good Ladie.
Imo. Take my tongue wary speake.
I haue heard I am a Strumpet, and mine ered
Therein false freecoes, can take no greater wound,
Nor tect, to bottom that. But speake.
Pfs. Then Madam,
I thought you would not backe again.
Imo. Mothlike,
Bringing me here to kill me.
Pfs. Not to anoth'r.
But if I were as wise, as honnest then
My purpose would prove well; it cannot be,
But that my Master is abus'd. Some Villaine,
In and singular in his Art, hath done you both
This curtied mantle.
Imo. Some Roman Curian?
Pfs. No, on my life:
I lie glue but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody signe of it. For tis commanded
I shalldo: you shall be must at Court,
And that will well conforme it.
Imo. Why good Fellow,
What shall I do the while? Where bide? How live?
Or in my life, what comforne, when I am
Dead to my Husband?
Pfs. If you backe to'th' Court.
Imo. No Court, no Father, nor no more ado
With that haile, noble, simple nothing:
That Clowes, whose Lone'que hath bene to me
As fearfull as a Siege.
Pfs. No note at Court,
Then not in Britaine must you bide.
Imo. Where shall I
Hath Britaine all the Sunne that shin's? Day? Night?
Are they not but in Britaine? I'dwoulde Volume
Our Britaine freedoms as of, but not in t:
In a great Poole, a Swannes-neck, pryshe stinke
There's hurrs out of Britaine.
Pfs. I am most glad
You think me other place: Th'Ambassador,
Lucius the Roman comes to Milford-Haer.
To morrow. Now, if you could were a minde
Dare, as your Fortune is, and but disguise
That which t'appeare it felle, must not yet be,
But by selfe-danger, you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view: ye, happily neere
The residence of PISANNUS, so neere (so eare)
That though his Actions were not visible, yet
Report shound render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moneeth.
Imo. Oh for such means,
Though prittie to my mode stile, not death on't
I would adventure.
Pfs. Well then, here's the point:
You must forget to be a Woman: change
Command, into obedience. Fear, and Nettelesse
(The Hands of all Women, or more truly
Woman is pretie false) into a waggish courage.
Ready in gydes, quicks-anwer'd, fawyce, and
As quarellous at the Westzell: Nay, you shall
Forget that rarest Treasure of your Cheeks,
Exposing it (but ehe the harder heart)
Aleake no remedy to the greedy touch
Of common-ripping Thieves; and forget
Your labours long and dauntly trimmings, wherein
You made great fame angry.

Thus, Nay be brest?
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pof. First, make your felicity but like one.
For thinking this, I have already fixt
(Tis in my Cloake-bagge) Doublet, Hat, Hose, all
That answer to them. Would you in their seeing
And with what limitation you can be now
From youth of such a face, some Noble Lucius
Prefect your selfe, define his honour tell him,
Wherein you are happy, which will make him know,
If that he had such care, in Musick, doublet.
With joy he will dispose of you; for he is so honourable,
And doubting this, think do. You meanes abroad,
You have me rich, and I will never fail
BEGINNING, nor enploymts.

Thus, thou art all the comfort.
The Gods will shew me, with a pure heart,
There's more to be considered; but we'll at once
All that good time will give us. This attempt,
I am Souldier too, and will do a Prince's service.
A PAPER. Courage! Away, my lord.

Pif. Well Madam, we must take a short suspense,
Leaves being wet, I be instructed of
Your carriage from the Court. My Noble Lumin.
Here is a box, I bid it from the Queen,
What's in it so precious? if you are the bearers,
Or Stromske-qnam'd at Land, a Drumme of this
Will drive away distemper. To some Shade,
And fit you to your Manhood; may the God
Direct you to the best.

Imo. Amen: I thank thee.

SCENA QUINTA.

Enter Cymbeline, Seneca, Cloten, Lucius, and Exeunt.

Cym. Thus fare, and to farewell.

Luc. Thanks, Royall Sir.

My Emperor hath wrote, I must from hence;
And am to-day, that I may report ye
My Mistris Enemy.

Cym. Our Subjects will not endure this; nor for our sake
To shew strife; Seneca, and such, must needs
Appear as Thames.

Luc. So Sir I desire of you
A Conduit out of Land, to Milford-Haven.

Cym. So many, and all thy grace and love.

Cym. My Lords, you are appointed for that Office.

Thus, the Duke of Honr, no more to come:
So farewell Nobles Lucius,

Luc. Your hand, my Lord.

Cym. Receive is friendly; but from this time forth
I wear it as your Londony.

Luc. Sit, the Exeunt.

I yet to name the winner. Fare you well.

Cym. Lessee not the worthy Lucius, good my Lords;
Till he have creaste the Seven, Happines.

Exeunt Lucius, &c.
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

Then Lady, Ladies, Woman, from every one
The best she hath, and the best she complicated
Oust-fell to them all. I have therefore, but
Dissaining me, and throwing Favour on
The low Paffumum, flowers for her judgment,
That what's else rare, is should at, and in that part
I will conclude so have her, say indeed;
To be reueng'd upon her. Yet, when Fruits fail-
Enter Puffumum.
Who is here? What, are you paching still? I come hither: All you precious Panther, Villainne,
Where is thy Lady? Is a word, or else
Thou art straightway with the Fruits.
Puff. Oh, good my Lord,
Clo. Where is thy Lady? Or by Incense,
I will not ask again. Close Villainne,
She keeps her seat from thy fears, or tip
Thyself to assault. Is it the with Paffumum?
From whose so many weights of backsey, cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.
Puff. Alas, my Lord,
How can the be within him? When was the mist'd?
He is in Rome,
Clo. Where is the Sir? Come nearer;
No farther halting: statute me hence.
What is become of her?
Puff. Oh, my all-worthy Lord.
Clo. All-worthy Villainne,
Distrust where thy Mistress is, at once,
As the next word is more of worthy Lord's:
Speak, or thy silence on the instant,
Thy condemnation, and thy death.

Puff. Then Sir
This Paper is the hist of my knowledge
Touching his flight.
Clo. Let's see: I will pursue her.
Enters again his Throne.
Puff. Or this, or perish.
She's far enough, and what he learns by this,
May prove his treason, not her danger.

Clo. Haunt.
Puff. He write to my Lord she's dead; Clo. Imogen,
Safe may th'o' thou wan'test, safe present age.
Clo. Sirra, is this Letter true?
Puff. Sir, as I think.
Clo. It is Paffumum hand, I know'n. Sirrah, if thou
wouldst not bee Villain, but do me true service: under
go these employments: when I should have sat, on these
with a friendly, but in that, where villany here;
but thou do to performe it, directly and truly, I would
think thee an honest man; thou shouldst not desire
my means for thy relefe, nor my voyce for thy preferment.

Puff. Well, my good Lord,
Clo. Which thou desirest? For since patiently and
constantly thou hast, at the last, to the best fortune of that
Beggar Paffumum, thou canst not in the course of gratitude,
but be a diligent follower of mine, Will thou desire me?

Puff. Sir, I will
Clo. Come meet thy hand, here's my purse. Haft any
of thy late Misters Garments in thy possession?

Puff. I have (my Lord) at my Lodging, the same
Suite he wore, when he took off me of my Lady & Mi-
flisse.
Clo. The first since thou dost meet, fetch that Suite
thither, let it be dry first; fetch go.

Puff. I shall my Lord.

Clo. Meet thee at Milford. Haunt: (I forgot to take
him one thing, he remember'd' then:) this thou vil
name Paffumum will I kill thee then; these Garments
were come. She side upon a time (the bitterness of
it, I now be bare from my heart,) she then held the very
Garment of Paffumum, in more expense, then my Noble
and natural persons together with the adornment
of my Qualities. With that Suite upon my back will I
ra

Scena Sexta.

Enter Imogen alone.

Fowr. I see a mans life is a tedious one,
I have try'd my life, and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me: Milford,
When from the Mountaine top, Puffumum sh'd thee,
Then was't within a league. Oh, Four, I think
Foundations eye the wretched; such I mean,
Where they should be releas'd. Two Beggers told me,
I could not move my way. Will poor Folkes lye
That hate Affliction on them, knowing its
A punishment, or Trial? Yet no wonder.
When Rich'mans flare terrifie. To lap in Fullese
Is fitter, than to lye for Neddle; and Fullese
Is wore in Kings, then Beggess. My deere Lord,
Thou seest one of the faire Ones. Now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone; but ere before, I was
At point to finde, for Fond. But what is that
Here is a pack too. 'As from Fatiga loid
I were before, call I dare not call: yet Famine
Ere cleans is a re-throw Nature, makes it valiant,
Plente, and Peace breeds Cowards. Hardinece ever
Of Hardinece is Mother. Ho! who's here?

If any thing that's civill, speak: If ruggage,
Scena Septima.

Enter Belarius, Cuchurin, and Aruanus.

Bel. Ye falseness haue prou'd us, and Woodman, and
Are Master of the Feast. Cadmus, and I
Will play the Cook, and Seyant, 'twas our match;
The worst of industry would dry, and dye
But for the end it works too. Come, our Romahces
Will make what's honestly, Luxury. We make
Can serve you to the chaste, when rettig Sloth
Finds the Downe-pillow hard. Now peace be here,
Drecall the house, that keep it thy lively.

Gus. I am thoroughly weary.

Arum. I am awake with toyle, yet strong in appetite.

Gus. There is cold meat, if you will, that we may put on that
Whisht what we have kill'd, be Cook'd.

Bel. Stay, come not in
But that it ress our virtuall, I should think
Heere were a festivity,

Gus. What's the matter, Sir?

Bel. By Jupiter an Angels; or if not.
An earthily part, behold Diurneissette
No elder then a Boy.

Imo. Good masters harme me not:

Bel. Before I enter the house, I call'd, and thought

Gus. I have some meat, nor would not, though it had been
Gold strew'd th' flource. Here's money for my Meate,
I have left it on the Board, 1 do some
As I have made my Meate, and pasted
With Pres'y's for the Prowder.

Gus. Money? Youth.

Bel. All Gold and Silver rather turne to durt,
As 'tis no better reckoned, but of those
Who worship durt, Gods.

Imo. I see you're angry?

Gus. Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have done, had I not made it,

Imo. To Milford-Haven.

Bel. What's your name?

Imo. Fidelis Sir: I have a Kindman, who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford,
To whom being going, some friend with hunger,
I am false in this occurrence.

Bel. Physician (fayre youth)

Think at no Charitee, nor measure our good minders
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd,
'Tis almost eight, you shall have better cheer
Ere you abate, and thanks to pay, and eat it.

Boyes, bid him welcome.

Gus. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but your Groom in honesty:
I bid for you, as I do bury.

Arum. He makes not my Comfort

Gus. He is a man, he loves him as my Brother:
And such a welcome as I'd give to him

(After long absence) such is yours. Most welcome:

Bel. Be frightly, for you fall; most friend.

Imo. Most friend?

Bel. If other's would had bin so, that they
Had bin my Father's Sonnes, then had my praise
Bin left, and so more equall ballasting.
To the Forthames.

Gus. He wrang at some diffreace.

Imo. Would I could free't.

Arum. Or I what ere it be,
What paine is evil, what danger: Gods!

Bel. Heaske Boyes.

Imo. Great men

That had a Court no bigger then this Caeve,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their owne Conference feald them laying by
That nothing quit of differing Multitudes
Could not oue-peeche thieves wite. Pardon me Gods,
I'd change my face to be Companion with them,
Since Laisanus falfe.

Bel. It shall be so:
Boyse weel go dere: our Hum. faire youth come in:
Diouce is heavy, falling: when we have imp'd
We'll manerely demand shew of thee Story,
So faire as thou will speake in.

Gus. Pray draw nearer.

Arum. The Night o'th'Oyle,
And Morn to th' Lake les welcome.

Imo. Thanks Sir.

Arum. I pray draw nearer.

Exeunt.

Scena Octava.

Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.

Sen. This is the sense of the Emperors Writ:

That since the common men are now in Action
Gainst the Pannonians, and Dalmatians,
And that the Legion's now in Gallia, are
Bell, we are to take our Wares against
The false-off Bro's, that we do intice
The Gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius Pro-Coffull: and to you the Tribunes
For this immediate use, he commands
His absolute Commission. Long live Caesar.

1. Sen. Is Lucius General of the Forces?

Trib. Remaining now in Gallia?

2. Sen. I.

Trib. With those Legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto ye lese
Must be lispisant: the words of your Commisston
Will ye to the numbers, and the time
Of their elapsace.

Trib. We will discharge our duty.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clutesi alone.

Clue. I am neere to the place where they should meet.
If Putsa has made it true, How fit his Garments frueme? Why should his Militia who was made by him that
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Belarius, Gremium, Aristogit, and Iago, with Aegina in the Cage.

Bel. You are not well. Remain here in the Cage.

Aeg. We will come to you after Hunting.

Bel. Brother, stay here.

Are we not Brothers?

Iago. So man and man should be.

But Clay and Clay, differs in essence.

Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick,


Iago. So sick I am not, yet I am not well:

But not so Citizen a wanton, as

To fence to dyes, etc. dyes: So please you, leave me,

Sticks to your Journal course; the breach of Justice,

Is breath of all. I am ill, but your being by me

Cannot amend me. Society is no comfort.

To one not soluble: I am not very sick,

Since I can reason of it: pray you tell me here,

He rob done but my selfe, and let me dye

Stealing so poorely.

Grei. I trow thee. I have ioke it,

How much the quantity, the weight is much,

As I do lose my prayer.

Bel. What know how?

Aeg. If be it fine to say so (Sir) I ioke me.

In my good Brothers fault: I know not why

I lose this youth, and I have heard you say,

Loves reason, without reason. The Beere at doores,

And a demand who isn't shall dye, I'll say.

My Father, most this youth.

Bel. Oh noble straine!

O worthinesse of Nature, breed of Greatness!

A Cowards father, Cowards & Bafe things Syre Race;

Nature hath Made, and Brain: Contempt, and Grace,

I see not their Father, yet who this should bee,

Dost's miracle is selfe, but before me.

The ninth hour of this Morn.

Aeg. Brother, farewell.

Iago. I with ye spurt.

Bel. You health.

Aeg. So please you Sir.

Iago. These are kine Creatures.

Grei. What joyes I have heard.

Our Couriers say, all haste, but at Court;

Experience, all that does prooue, an report.

The tempester Sea breeds Monsters for the Dof,

Poore Tribute Ridders, as sweet Elysia:

I am sick full, heart-sick. Pity me,

He now raffle of thy Drooggy.

Grei. I could not sitt him.

He said he was gentle, but unfortunate;

Diffrarily afflicted, but yet honest.

Aeg. Thus did he answer me: yet said hereafter,

I might know more.

Bel. To thee Field, to the Field:

We'll leave you for this time, go in, and rest.

Aeg. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray be not sick.

For you must be our Huwifie.

Iago. Well is ill.

I am bound to you.

Bel. And shall be ever.

This youth, how ere difficult, appears he hath had

Good Ancesters.

Aeg. How Angell like he sings?

Grei. But his near Cookezie?

Aeg. He cut our Rootes in Characters,

And sawe't our Brothers, as Ione had bin sick,

And he bin Dieter.

Aeg. Nobly he iokest.

A smiling, with a sigh: as if the sigh

Was that it was, for not being such a Smile:

The Smile, mocking the Sigil, that it would flye

From so divine a Temple, so commit

With winde, that Saylors raile at.

Grei. I do none.

That greef and patience rooted in them both,

Mingle their sperres together, with

Aeg. Grow patient,

And let the windling Elder (Greife) swine

His perishing rouse, with the encreasing Vine

Bel. It is great morning. Come away: Who's there?

Enter Cliton.

Grei. I am content to those Runnagates, that Villaine

Hath mock'd me. I am faint.

Bel. Those Runnagates?

Menes he not us? I partly know him, 'tis;

Cliton, the Sonne of the Queene. I hear some Ambush;

I saw him not these many yeares, and yet

I know the he. We are held as Out Laws: Hence.

Grei. He is but one you, and my Brother hear s:

What Company are neere: pray you away,

Let me alone with him.

Cliton. Soft, what are you

That flye me thus? Some Villaine-Mountaineer?

I have heard of such. What Slave art thou?

Grei. A thing.

More loathful did I ioke, then answering

A Slave without a knocke.

Cliton. Thou art a Robber,

A Law-breaker, a Villaine: yield thee Thieves.

Grei. To whom? To whom? What art thou? Have we not

An arm as bigge as thine? An heart as bigge:

Thy words I grant are bigger: for I were not

My Dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art.
Why should I yield to thee?
Coriolanus: Thou wilt not
Know if I do not by my Clauses?
Cæsar: No, nor thy Taylor, Raisell;
What is thy Grandfather? He made those cloathes,
Which (as it seems) make thee.
Coriolanus: Thine precious Violets,
My Taylor made them not.
Cæsar: Hence then, and thanke.
This man that gave them thee. Thou art some Foole,
I am loath to bear thee.
Coriolanus: The infamous Tiresias;
Farewell my name, and trouble.
Cæsar: What's thy name?
Coriolanus: Cæsar, than Villain.
Cæsar: Cæsar, that double Villain be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it, were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,
I would move me sooner.
Coriolanus: To my further fare,
Nay, to thy more Corruption, thou shalt know
I am Some to thy Queen.
Cæsar: I am sorry: for't is seeming
So worthy as thy Birth.
Coriolanus: Are not afraid?
Cæsar: Those that I reverence, those I fear:
At Foole I laugh not, nor fear them.
Dye the death:
When I die that with my proper hand,
He follow those that even now fled hence:
And on the Gates of Life, I lorn for your heads:
Yeild Rufticke Mountainer, Figures and Eternity.
Coriolanus: No Company's abroad?
Coriolanus: None in the world; you did mistake him sure.
Coriolanus: I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of Favour
Which then he wore: the snatches in his voice,
And burn of speaking were as his: I am absolute
That is very Cæsar.
Coriolanus: In this place we lorn them;
I whith my Brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.
Coriolanus: Being so made up.
I meant to make, he had not apprehension
Of fearing errors; For defect of judgement
Is not the cause of fear.
Enter Cæsar.
But thy brother.
Cæsar: This Cæsar was a Foole, an empty part;
There was no money in't; A Nest Herifer;
Could have knout'd out his Brains, for he had none:
Yet not doing this, the Foole had borne my head, as I do his.
Coriolanus: What shall I done?
Cæsar: I am perfect what: cut off one Coriolanus head,
Some to the Queen; (after his owne report)
Who call'd me Tumor, Mountainer, and (wrote
With his own single hand) he'll take vs in,
Displace our heads, where (thanks the Gods) they grow
And set them on Jove's Tomes.
Coriolanus: We are all radone.
Cæsar: Why, worthy Cæsar, what have we to doo,
But that he suppose to take, our Lives: the Law
Prohibits vs, then why should we be tender,
To let an arogant piece of Blast the test vs?
Play Judge, and Executioner, all himself?
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

I have sent Clament Claudio le downe to the streame,
In Embassie to his Mother; his Bodie's hostage
For his returne.

Beli. My ingenious Instruments,
(Heare Tostere it founds): but what occasion
Hath C a d r o now to give it motion? Heare he?
Guin. Is he at home?
Beli. He went hence even now.
Guin. What does he mean?
Since death of my dear'it Mother
It did not speake before. All fulsome things
Should answer to me. Accidents. The mistred?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting Tanes.
Insolence for Apes, and greete for Boyes.
Is Cadwall mad?

Enter Arringna, with Image dead, bearing
her in his Arms.

Beli. Look, here he comes,
And brings the true occasion in his Arms,
Of what we blame him for.
Arin. The Bird is dead
That we had made so much on. I had rather
Have slept from dinnere yeares agoe, to lazy
To have coud my leaping time into a Crutch,
Then have seen this.
Guin. Oh sweeterly, layret Lilly
My Brother weares then not the one half so well,
As when thou grew'it fairest.

Beli. Oh Melancholy,
Who euer could found thy bottome? finde
The Ooze, to knew what Coast thy flippish case
Might'nt easell harbour in. Thou blest thing,
Joue knowes what man thou might made: but I,
Thou dyed'st a small rare Boy, by Melancholy.
How found you him?
Arin. Starie as you see:
Thus smiling, as some Fly had quilled thebe,
Not as death's dart being laugh'd da his right Cheek,
Reposing on a Cushion.
Guin. Where?
Arin. Och'th'beore:
His armes thus laug'd, I thought he slept, and put
My closest Brogges from off my feetes, whose tudente
Answer'd my steps too lowd.
Guin. Why, he but sleepe.
If he be gone, hee maketh his Grane, a Bed:
With female Fayries will his Tombbe be haunted,
And Wommes will not come to thee.
Arin. With sallayt Flowers.
Whil'st Sommer lauite, and I true bere, Fidelet,
I saineth thy fav'rite grane: thou that not saile
The Flower that slike the face, Pale-Priuety, nor
The saul'd Harr-bell, like thy Vaine: so nor
The leafe of Begantine, whom not to flander,
Our-sweeten'th not thy breath: the Raddocke would
With Charitable bill (Oh bill fare fishing)
Thone rich-leef-boyets, that lets them Fathers lye
Without a Mournings) bring thee all this
Yet, and for I'd Moffe Bether. When Flowers are none
To winter-ground thy Coarit

Guin. Priythee haste done,
And do not play in Wench-like words with that
Which so serious. Let vs bury him,
And not prosect with admiration when
Is now due done. To the grave.

Arin. Say, where shall's lay him?
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

Yes Sir, to Milford-Haun, which is the way? I thank you, by your humblest pray how farre the nearer? 'Ods pitkittins! can I not be five mile yet? I have gone all night: Painlesly I lay doverne, and sleepe. But no; no Bedfellow! On God, and Goddesles! These floweres are like the pleasures of the World; This bloody man the care not. I hope I dreame. For so I thought I was a Cane-keeper, And Cooke for such Creatures. But it's not so: Twas but a bout of nothing, shot as nothing, Which the Braine makes of Fumes. Our very eyes, Are sometime like our Judgements blinde. Good faith, I tremble full with feare: but if there be Yet left in Heaven, as small a drop of proue As a Wrent eye; fear'd Gods, a part of it. The Dreame's mere fill: sen when I wake it is Without me, as within me: not imagin'd, felt. A headlesse man? The Garments of Palamussus? I know the shape of Pygge; this is his Hand: His Face Mercenarly: this man's Thigh. The brownes of Hercules: he had a sovran face. Murther inheaven! how? 'tis gone. Pifana, All Curles maded Hercula gave the Greekes, And mine to bestow, be darted on thee thou Complais'd with that irregulous distill Chute, Hath heer cut of my Lord. To write, and read, Be henceforth treacherous. Darn'd Pifana, Hath with his forged Letters (damn'd Pifana) From this most brackett vessel of the world. Stroke the maine top! Oh Pyllammon, alas, Where is thy voice where is thy Aye me? Where's that? Pifana might have kill'd thee at the heart, And left this head on. How should this be, Pifana? 'Tis he, and Clever: Malice, and Lucre in them. Have laid this Woe heere. Oh! his pregnant, pregnant! The Drugge he gave me, which hee said was precious And Cordial to me, have not found it. Mercours to th' Senhores! That continuance is home: This is Pifana's degree, and Clever: Oh! Glise colour to my pale cheekes with thy blood, That we the horride myse fayne to those Which chance to finde vs. Oh! my Lord! my Lord! Enter Lucius, Captaines, and a Servietter.

Luc. So hee. To them, the Legions garrisson'd in Gallia.

Cop. After you will, have erott the Sea, and sound the Coast. You heare at Milford-Haun, with your Ships: They are here in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cop. The Senate hath order'd up the Confoederes, And Gentlemen of Italy, most willing Spirits, That promis' Noble Service: and they come Under the Conduite of bold Lucitnne, Syrmaus Brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cop. Within the next benefit of the wind.

Luc. This is wonderful.

makes our hope faire. Command our pretence number.

Ismetris: Lord the Captaines look too: Now Sir, What haply you dreamt of late of this warres purpose.

Sedec. Left since the very Gods shew'd me a vision (In faith, and power for their Intelligence) thus: I saw sweet Bird, the Romane Eagle wing'd, From the uppy South, to this part of the West, There rish'd in the Sun-beames, which persweat (Whilese my minnes abut my Distraction) Successe to this Roman host.

Luc. Dreame often to.

And never falle. Soft hea, what truncke is here? Without his cap! The rains rinde, that sometime It was a wert by building. How? 2 Page?

Or dead, or sleepeing on him? But dead rather: For Nature doth abhorre to make his bed With the defunct, or sleepe on the dead.

Luc. Let's see the Boys face.

Cap. He's alive my Lord.

Luc. He's then infirme of this body: Young one, Informe vs of thy Fortune, for it concernes.

They craine to be demand'd: who is this? Thou mak'st it thy bloody Pillow? Or who was he? That (other wise then noble Nature did) Hath shew'd thee that good Picture? What's thy interest In this sad woake? How camest thou? Who is it?

What ars thou? Inso. I am nothing, or if not, Nothing to be worse: This was my Maste.

A very valiant Britaine, and a good,

That here by Mountainenes eyes Elaine: Alas, There is no more such Masters: I may wandere From East to Occident, cry out for Service, Try many, all good: feste truly: never

Find such another Master.

Luc. Lack'y good youth.

Thos ma'tn't no lefle with thy complaining, then Thy Maste in bleeding a Fay his name, good Friend. Inso. Richard du Champ: if I do ly, and do

No harme by it, though the Gods heare, I hope They'll pardon it. Say you Sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Inso. Fidele Sir.

Luc. Thou dostn't approve ty selfe the very same:

Thy Name well fits thy Faith, thy Faith, thy Name: Wilt take thy chance with me? Wilt not try

Thou shalt be with much matter'd, but be sure

No leffe behind. The Roman Emperors Letters Sent by a Courtefull to me, should not move

Thou hast owne worth preferre thee: Go with me.

Inso. He follow Sir. But Brit, and I please the Gods,

He hide my Maste from the Fines, as deep.

As these poore Pickaxes can digge: and when

With wild wood-leaves, & woods, IJa fire'd him glades

And on it is said a Century of prayers

(Such as I) Branc eye, I weep, and shigge, And leaving so his fructose, follow you,

So please you entertain me.

Luc. I good youth.

And rather Father thee, then Maste thee: My Friends,

The Boy hath taught vs manly duties, let vs

Find out the prettiest Davied-Piot we can,

And make him with our Pickers and Partizans

A Graue: Come, Arme hain: Boy he's prette'ed

By thee, to vs, and he shall be int'rest'd

As Soldiers can. Be cheerefull, wipe thine eyes,

Some Pallets are the happier to arise.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pifana.

Cym. Against: and bring me word how 'tis with her. A Peasants with the absence of her Sonne;
The Tragedie of Cymbeline.

A maddeffe, of which her life's in danger: Heauen, How deeply you at once do touch me. Imagin The great part of my comfort, gone: My Queene Upon a deere pery bed, and in a time When fearfull Wares point at me: Her Sonne gone, So needful for this present? It strikes me, paff The hope of comfort. But for thee, Fellow, Who needs must know of her departure, and Deft seeme to ignorane, we'll enforce it from thee By a sharpe Torture.

Pijf. Sir, my life is yours, I humbly set it at your will: But for my Mistris, I know nothing where she remaines: why gone, Nor when she purposes returne. Beleeche your Highnes, Hold me your loyall Servant.

Lord. Good my Liege, The day that she was missing, he was bere; I dare be bound he's true, and shall perfome All parts of his fidelitie loyally. For Cym, There wants no diligence in seeking him, And will no doubt be found.

Gym. The time is troubleome: We'll fly you for a seacion, but our leave Do's yet depend.

Lord. So please your Majestie, The Romaine Legions, all from Gallus drawn, Are landed on your Coast, with a supply Of Romaine Gentlemen, by the Senate sent.

Gym. Now for the Counsale of my Son and Queen, I am amisse'd with matter. Lord. Good my Liege, Your preparation can afford no leef (ready) Then what you heare of. Come more, for more you're The want is, but to put those powers in motion, That long to move.

Gym. I thank you: let's withdraw And meete the Time, as it proceeds. We scarce not What can from Italy annoy us, but We see easie at chances here. Away, Exit.

Pijf. I heard no Letter from my Master, since I wrote him: Imagin was blame, 'Tis strange: Nor her I from my Mistris, who did promise To yeeld me any thing. Neither know I What is best to Cym, but remaine Perplex in all. The Heavens full must work: Wherein I am safie, I am honest: not true, to be true. These present wares shall finde House my Country, Even to the note of King: or He fall to thorn; All other doubles, by time let them be elect'd, Fortune brings in some Boast, that are not seene. Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Later Belarius, Guilielmus, & Arviragus.

Gui. The nevets is round about vs.

Bel. Let vs work from it.

Arv. Whateuer Sir, we finde in life, to locke it From Aetna, and Adventure.

Gui. Nay, what hope Have we in hiding vs? This way the Romaines Must, or for Britanniens saye vs, or receive vs For barbarous and vnastratill Renolts During the vse, and play vs ther.

Bel. Sonnes, We'll higher to the Mountains, there see'te v's To the Kings party there's no going; newen The CLAEST death (we being not knowne, no matter'd Among the Bands) may druce us to aender Where we have hid; and to extor from's that Which we have done, whole anothers would be death. Drawne on with Torture.

Gui. This is (Sir) a doubt In such a thing, nothing becoming you, Nor satisfying vs.

Arv. It is not likely That when they bear their Roman heads noyght Behold their quarter'd lives, have both their eyes, And cares for cloyd importanly now, That they will wstrate their time upon our note, To know from whence we are.

Bel. Oh, I am knowne Of many in the Army: Many peers (Though CLAEST then but young) you see, not wore him From my remembrance. And besides, the King Hath not deferr'd my Senate, nor your Lords, Who finde in my Exile, the want of breeding; The certainty of this heard life, ye hope stiffe To have the course off your Cradle promis'd; But to be still hot Summers Tanlings, and The thinning Sulues of Winter.

Gui. Then be it to Better to cease to be. Pray Sir, in the Army: I, and my Brother we not knowe; your life So out of thought, and thereto so over-grown, Cannot be questioned.

Arv. By this Sonne that dieth He chaithe: What thing yet, that I never Did see man dye, searcie ever look'd on blood, But that of Edward Husk, hot George, and Yenobion? Never beheld a Horst saue one, that had A Rider like my selfe, whom we wore Rowell, Nor iron on his heele? I am amiss'd To looke upon the holy Sunne, to have The benefit of his bright Beams, remaining So long a poore wakeman.

Gui. By heavens I go, If you will stiffe me Sir, and give me some, I take the better care, but if you will not, The hazard therefore due fall on me, by The bands of Romaines.


Bel. No reason I (face of your lines you see) So flight a valaucation should returne My crack done to more care. Have with you Boys; Is in your Country warres you chance to dye, That is my bed too (Ladys) and there I ly. Lead lead, the time seems long, their blood thins feares Till it fly out, and shew them Princes hose.
For crying but a little? O Pity me!
Every good Surname do not all Command us
No Band, but to do just ones. God by you
Should have no revenge on my faults, I rather
Had like to put on this: had you sound
The noble Images, to repeat, and brooke
Me (writin) more worth your Vengeance. But slack
You watch some hence for little faults; that's late
To have them fall no more: you (some permit
To second lives, whiles, each other, the words,
And make them dead; to the doors that
But Images in your own, do your best willer,
And magage both to obey. I am brought hither
Among this Italian Geneva, and to fight
Against my Ladies Kingdom: This enough
That (Brittan) I have kill'd thy Master a Peace
He gave no sound to the peace, therefore good Heaven's
Heare patiently my purpose. I did do some
Of these Italian weeder, and find my selfe
As do's a Brittan Peace; so He fight
Against the part I come with no lie dye
For thice (or Images) even for when my life
Is every breath, a death and duels, unknown me,
Pitted, not hated, to the face of peril
My selfe He dedicate: Let me make men know
More valour in me, then my habit shew
God, put the strength of it: Land me in me:
To frame the gaine of this world, I will begin,
The fashion free, worn, and more within. Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lucius, Lachimo, and the Roman Army at one shore:
and the Brittan Army at another: Leonatus, Puffumus
following like a poor Soldier. They march one, and go out.
Then enter again, as hevanly Lachimo and Puffumus
in vangueio of the, and disperse Lucian, and
then leaves him.

Leg. The head's off, and guilt within my bosome.
Tak'd off my manhood: I have belied a Lady,
The Prince of this Country, and the ayre can't
Respecting this city, or could this Caste,
A very drudge of Nature, have subdus'd me
In my profession (Knightlike, and Honors borne
As I were none) are titles but of chaste.
I find thy Country (Brittan) go before
This Lawe, as he exceeds our Lords, the odds
It, that we feare are men, and you are Guedes.
Exit.

The Brittan side continues, the Brittan Army
Is tocking: I hear to his refuge, Belatio, Onserto,
and Armogon.

But, Stand, stand, we have th'advantage of the ground,
The Leg, are guard'd: Nothing to wro'ts, but
The villany of our frends.

Gas. Aris. Stand, stand, and fight.

Enter Puffumus, and second the Brittan Army. They Beset
Gymbeline, and Engage.

Then enter Lucius, Lachimo, and Images.

Luc. Arrive boy from the Troops, and lost thy selfe:
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Puffumus, a a Brittan Lord.

Por. Can't thou from where they made the stand?

Por. I did,

Por. No blame be to you Sir, for all was left,
But that the heunous fought: the King humils
Of his wings defilte, the Army broken.
And but the backes of Brittan Army, all flying
Through a shrait Lane, the Enemy full-heated,
Filling the Tongue with slaughter, having worke
More piteous, than Tooles to do: frouk'd down
Some mortally, some highly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fears; that the pratt Safe was dam'd
With deadmen, hurt behind, and Cowards lauing
To dye with longish shore.

Por. Where was this Lane?

Por. Cloe by the basell, deck'd, & wall'd with top,
Which gave advantage to an ancient Soldier
(Ah no slip one I warrant) who defend
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for Country. Atnown the Lane,
He, with two thripings (Lads more like to run
The Country safe, then to committ such daughter,
With faces fit for Muskes, for plates byrres,
Then thet for pretensions end'd, or else
Made good the passagge, ejoyd to thote that fled.
Our Brittan hearts dye flying, not our men,
To daunt thee there father that fye backward's; stand.
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like breath, which you flun butly, and may you
But to looke back in frome: Stand, stand.
These three, Three thousand confirm'd, in act as many:
For three performers are the file, when all
The rest do nothing. With this word stand, stand,
Accommodated by the Peace more charming
With their own Noblemens, which could have turn'd
A Diffice, to a Lance, guarded pale looket.
Part time, part spirit renew'd, that some turn'd coward
But by example (Oh a fine in Warre,
Dam'd in the first beginner's) gan to looke
The way that they did, and to grim like Lyons
Upon the Pikes of the Brittan, and then begine
A flop till 's Chafar, a Recye: Anno
A Row, confusion thick's forth they fyle
Chicken, the way which they flogg Emergency
The bridet the Victirys made, and now our Cowards
Ike Fragments in hard Voyages became
The life charger: having found the back door open
Of the vanguerd hearts: e cured, how they wound,
Some flaine before some dying: some their Friends
One borne in's former waite, ren ched by one,
Are now eache the slaughter-man of twenty:
Those that would dye, or ere arch, are grown
The morall bags of the Field.
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Lord. This was strange chance:
A narrow lane, an old man, and two Bowers.

Polt. Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Then to see any. Will you ride with me?
And with me? I think it is a Mockery.
Here is one:
"Two Bowers on a Stone (twice a Boy) in Lane,"

Polt. Professed the Bower, that the Bowerman be.

Lord. Nay, be not angry Sir.

Polt. Lacke, to what end?

Who dares not hand his Foe. He be his Friend:
For other's do, as he is made to do,
I know he quickly live my friendship too.

You brought me into Rome.

Lord. Farewell, you're angry. Exit.

Polt. Still going? This is a Lord: Oh noble mercy
To be in this field, and ask which newes of me:
To day, how many would have guesst their Honours.
To hate and the then Carlaffek: To be hecfe to dose't,
And yet dose't too. I am more awe with charmed.

Could not find death, where I did hear him groane,
Nor feel him where he fletek: Being so ugly, Menter,
Tis strange he hides him in fresh Cups, soft Beds,
Sweer words: or have more ministres then we.

That draws his knaves in't War. Well I will finde him:
For being now a Favourer to the Britane
No more a Britane, but hasten'd againe
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
But yeeld me to the verse Hinde, that shall.

Once touch my shoulder. Great the saunter is,
Here is made by the Bower; great the Answer be
Britaine must take. For me, my Roundtree's death,
On eyther side I can't to spend my breath:
Which nether heere he keepes, nor heare again.
But cut it by some meanes for Imagier,

Enter two Captaines, and Soldiers.

1. Great topker be prais'd, Lucius is taken,
Tis thought the old man, and his somes, were Angels.
2. There was a fourth man, in a fitty habit,
That gau'e th' Assent with them.

1. So is reported.

But none of them can be found. Stand, who's there?

Polt. A Roman,
Who had now made drooping here, if Seconds
Had helped him.

2. Lay hands on him: a Dogge,
A legge of Rome shall not returne to tell
What Crowes have peck'd them here: he bags his senetle
As if he were of none: bring him to the King.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Cludiorus, Arvagus Pisonius, and
Rome Captaines. The Captaine profess Pufflunus to
Cymbeline, who deliveres him over to a Gater.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Pufflunus, and Gater.

Gat. You shall not now be hoile,
You shall not now be hoile.
You shall not now be hoile.
So graze, as you finde Patience.

Polt. Most welcome bondage: for thou art a way
(I think) to liberty: yet am I better.

Then one that's shake old of Gowre, since he had rather,
Grosse in perpetuity, then be cur'd.

By our, our Physicians, Death: who is the key?
To shew thee the key. My Confidence, thee Art thar'st
More then my thanks, & will you good Gods give me
The penitent Instrumet to picke that Ball.
Then free for ever. 1's enough I am sorry.
So Children temporal Fathers do appealing,
Gods are more full of mercy. Mift I repeat,
I cannot do better then in Gyues;
Deh'd, more then confound'd, that I must be.
If of my Freedom 'tis the maine part, take
No finster render of me, then my All.
I know you are more element then vilde men,
Who of their broken Debts confess a third,
A fine, a tenth, letting them thirteine space.
On their abatement: that's not my deere,

Pufflunus. Enter (as in Appearance) Sextus Lucius
Lavinus, Father to Pufflunus, an old man stripped like a warrior,
leading in his hand an ancient Aureus (his wife, &
Mother to Pufflunus) with Misticke before them. Then,
after other Misticke following the two young Leonats (brothers to Pufflunus) in bonds at they died in the war.

They circle Pufflunus round as he is speaking.

Sext. No more show Thunder-Mater
Shew thy plight on Mortall Flies:
With Mars fall out with Juno childe, that thy Adulteries
Rates, and Reuenge.

Hath my gorte Boy done ought but well,
Whole face I never saw:
Idly like in the Womb he steals,
Sitting Natures Law,
Whole Father then (as men report),
Thou should'lt have bin there, and eldesed him,
From this earth-vexing mart.

Moth. Lucius lent me her ayde,
but couke me in my Throes,
This from me was Pufflunus thet,
came lying through his Foes.

A thing of pity.

Sext. Great Nature like his Ansecrie,
moulded the fuste to faire:
That he'd send the prize of the World,
so great Sextus heyre.

Bro. When on he was late to man,
in Britain where was she:
That could stand up his patirall?
Or fruitfull Childe & be:
In eye of Imagier, that brei could cense
his dignities.

Moth. With Marriage wherefore was he meek,
to be exiled and throwing
From Leonats State, and cast from her,
his decrefull oar.

Sext. Why did you suffer: Dicomo flight thing of Italy,
To paint his noble and braine, with needles skillfully,
And to become the geese and corne in others' vaine?

2. Bess. For this, from fullers seats we came,
Our parents, and the swaine.

That shewing in our countries case,
Tell braves, and we were blame.
Our feastes, & transmition right, with honor to maintain;

1. Bess. Like harden'd, pestiferous bath
To Cymbeline perform'd:

Then Jupiter, King of Gods, why last ye thus adioun'd
The Graces for his Merits due, being all so dolorous sumpt?

Shall. Thy Christall window open, look out,
Look not, no longer exercise.

Upon a valiant race, thy harps, and potent injuries:

Meth. Since Jupiter your Son is good,
take off his ministers.

Shall. Passe through thy Marble Mansion, help,
or we poor Ghosts will cry

To unhomely sound of the reef against thy Deity.
Brothers, Help (Jupiter) or we appeal,
And from thy Junice fly.

Jupiter defends in Thunder and Lightning, sitting upon
An Eagle, his throns a Thunder-bolt. The Ghosts fall on
Their knees.

Enter. No more you petty spirits of Region low
Offend our hearing: thus. How dare you Ghosts
Accuse the Thunders, whose bolts (you know)
Sky-planted, bars all rebellious Cosites.
Poor shadow of Elisium, hence, and rest
Upon your newer withering banks of Flores,
Be not with mortal accidents oppress'd.
No care of yours is it, you know'tis ours.
Whom beft I love, I crofe; to make my gait
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content.
Your low-aside Sonie, our Godhead will uplift:
His Comforts thrice, his Tribes well are spent:
Our foundling Stare reign'd at his Birth, and in
Our Temple was he married: Life, and fade,
He shall be Lord of Lady Imogen.
And happier much by his Affection made.

This Tablel try upon his Sieft, wherein
Our pleasure, his full Fortune, does confine,
And the way to a further win your dame.
Express all impatience, leave you jettre up mine,
Mount Eagle, to my Palace Christalline.

Aunten. Scatt. He came in Thunder, his Celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy Eagle
Stoop'd, as to fonce vs: his Affection is
More sweet than our blond Fields: his Royal Bird
Punishes the immortall wing, and cloys his Beke,
As when his God is pleas'd,

All. Thanks Jupiter.

Sir. The Marble Pavement cloathes he is enter'd
His radiant Roofe; Away, and to be blest
Letters with care performe his great behel.

Pufh. Sleep, then half bin a Grandifie, and begot
A Father to me: and then half created
A Mother, and two Brothers. But (oh yeone)
Gone, they went hence so loome as they were borne:
And so I am awake. Poor Wretches, that depend
On Creators, Fauns; Dreames as I have done,
Wake, and finde nothing. But (fals) I fave:
Many Dreames not to finde; neither deere,
And yet are flipp'd in Favours; so am I.

That have this Golden chance, and know not why:
What Projectors stand this ground A Book? Oh rare one,

Be not, as in our fangled world, a Garment
Nobler then that it covers. Let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our Courtiers,
As good, as premiere.

Enter. God's.

Goo. Come Sir, are you ready for death?
Poff. On. rosted rather; ready long ago.

Goo. Hanging is the word, Sir, if you see ready for
that, you are well Cook'd.

Poff. So if I prove a good repast to the Spectators, the
dish pays the fhit.

Goo. A heayy reckoning for you Sir. But the comfort
is you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more
Tsente Bits, which are often the trufhistry of perishing,
at the procuring of mirth: you come in faite for want of
meate, deat relieving with too much drinke; fore that
you have paied too much, and forry that you are paied too
much: Purse and Braine, both empty: the Brain the
heavier, for being too light; the Purse too light, being
drawne of heaviness. Oh, of this contradiction you shall
now be quit: On the charity of a penny Cord, it summs
up thousand in a minute: you have no true Debitor, and
Creditor but it; at what's past, is, and to come, the dif-
charge: your necke (Sir) is Pen, Book, and Counters: so
the Acquittance followes.

Poff. I am merrier to dye, than thou art to live.

Goo. Indeed Sir, that heepe, feels not the Tooth
Ache; but a man that were to fleepe thy Sleepe, and
a Hanger to help him to bed, I think he would change
places with his Officers: for, look you Sir, you know not
which way you shall go.

Poff. Yes indeed do I, fellow.

Goo. Your death has eyes in'is head then: I have not
seene him to pickat It: you must either bee directed
by one that take upon them to know, or to take upon
your selfe that which I am sure you do not know; nor jump the
after-courtesy on your owne peril: and how you shall
speed in your lossmes end, I think you'll never returne
to tell one.

Poff. I tell thee, Fellow, there are none want eyes, to
direct them the way I am going, but such as winke, and
will not vie them.

Goo. What an infinite mockery is this, that a man shold
have the best vife of eyes, to see the way of blindness: I
am sure hanging's the way of winkeing.

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. Knockes off his Manacles, bring your Prisones to
the King.

Poff. Thou bring'lt good newes, I am call'd to bee
made free.

Goo. Ile be hang'd then.

Poff. That's he shall be then free: then a Gaoler goe.

for
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Cymbeline, Britannia, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pallas, and Lords.

Cym. Stand by my side, you, whom the Gods have made Pretenders of my Throne: woe is my heart, That she so coldly bids me bid you farewell, Whose rage, than a vixen's, more than a wind's breath's Brief, before Targets of proof, cannot be found: He shall be happy that can find him, If he无人 can make him so.

Bel. Never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds, in one that promis'd no more;
But beggary, and poor looks;

Cym. No sylings of him?

Pode. He hath bin los'd among the dead, & living;
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my griefe, I am
The heyre of his reward, which I will add;
To you (the Liver, Heart, and Braine of Britaine) By whom (1 grant) the lives: Till now the time To ask of any where you are. Repit it.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria we are gone, and Gentlemen;
Further to boast, were neuer true, nor modest;
Vilest I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees
And meet my Knights of warre, I create you
Companions to our person, and will by you
With Dignities becoming your estate.

Enter Cornelius and Ladies.

Thiere's butsill in their faces: why so sadly
Greet you your victory? you looks like Romans,
And not a th' Court of Britaine.

Cym. Nay, great King,
To foresee your happiness, I must report
The Queenes is dead.

Cym. Who worke then a Physician
Would this report become? But I consider,
By Mercie life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will grace the Doctore too. Have ended the?

Cor. With horror, sadly dying, like her life,
Which (being close to the world) concluded
Mort cruel to her selfe. What she confesse,
I will report, to please you. Tis her Women
Can tripe me, if 1 care, who with weet checkers
Were present when she finisht.

Cym. Prayse thy selfe.

Cor. First, the confesse the never loud you; only
Affected Greatness got by you: not you;
Marryd your Royalty, was wise to your place:

Abhor'd your person.

Cym. She alway knew this:
And but she spoke it dying, I would not
Beleeue her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom I bare in hand to louse
With such integrity, she did confesse
Was a Scorpion to her flesh, whole life
(But that her flight prevented it) she had
Tane off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate Friend!
Who is't can make a Woman? Is there more?

Cor. More Sir, and worse. She did confesse she had
For you a mortal Manus, which being taken,
Shoulde by the minute feed on life, and living,
By inches waste you. In which time the purpurs'd
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissting, to
Survive you with her thaw, and in time
(When she had fitted you with her craft, to work
Her fortune into the adoption of the Crowne:
But saying of her end by her strange absence,
Grew thenceall desperate, open'd (in delight)
Of Heauen, and Men) her purposes: repented
The em'ss the hatch'd, were not effected: so
Dispairing, dyed,

Cym. Hadst thou all this, thy Women?

Lac. We did, to please thy Highness.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears that heare her flattery, not my heart,
That thought her like her form. It had beene vicitous
To have mistrusted her: yet (Oh my Daughter)
That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,
And proued it is, in thy feeling. Heauen mend all.

Enter Lucinius, Tachoss and other Roman prisoners,

Lac. Thou committ'st not Caeus now for Tribune, that
This Britains have receiv'd out, though with the little
Of many a bold one: whole Kinshan have made fate
That their good soules may be appear'd, with daughters
Of you the Captives, which our selfs have granted,
So think of your estate.

Luc. Consider Sir, the chance of Warre, the day
When yours by accident had gone with vs,
We shoulde 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 lines
May be call'd randome, let it come: Sufiit,
A Roman, with a Romans heart: it can suffer:

Anguish lives to think on it: and so much
For my particular care. This one thing only
I will entreate, my boy (a Britaine borne)
Let him be rando'md: Never Matter hard
A Page is kind, to dourous, diligent,
So tender o'er his occupations, true,
So Rare, so Naritish, to let his venue lyne
With my seconde, which He make bold, your Highness.
Cannot deny: he hath done no Britaine harme,
Though he have fam'd a Roman, Sacke him (Sir)
And spare no blood before.

Cym. I have barely seen him:
His name is familiar to me: Boy,
I haue theke d thy selfe into my grace,
And art mine own: I know not why, wherefore,
To say, true boy; I'll thank thy Matter, live;
And ask of Cymbellus what Boone thou wife,
Fitting my boomy, and thine face, He give it.
Yes, though thou dost demand a Prisoner.
The Noblest Lord.

LUC. I humbly thank your Highness for the grace I have received in getting my love, good Lady, and that I know you wilt.

Table. No, no, no, no, no.

Luc. There's no more, I grant it; I'll try it again.

Cym. What wouldst thou have, Boy?

LUC. I love thee more, and more; thou art more and more to me.

Cym. What is thy name? Or is thy name Whose name is it?

LUC. He is a Roman, no more can I tell thee.

Cym. Wherefore do I call him so?

LUC. Tell me, Sir, I'm private, if you please.

To a friend in love.

Cym. I, with all my heart,

And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Cym. Fidelis.

Cym. Thou art my good youth; my Page.

Bel. Is this Boy round' from death?

LUC. One and another.

Cym. Who dyed, and was Fidelis? What think you of a dead thing alive?

Bel. Peace, peace, peace; ever other: he eyes us not, forbear.

Cym. He was my first love: and the grace of it (Which is our Honor) bitter torture shall Winnow the truth from falsehood. One speaks to him.

In time of peace, and in time of war.

Cym. My boon, and that this Gentleman may render

Of whom he had this Ring.

Por. What's that to him?

Cym. That Diamond upon your Finger, say

How came it yours?

LUC. Thou canst not torture me, unless we speak, that Which to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. Honest man!

LUC. I am glad to see you, my Lord.

Cym. Who has been a deceiver, and that Which to be spoke, would torture thee.

LUC. Wherein did it shine? I have a jewel.

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Cym. That Pate-got, my daughter,

For whom my heart, drops blood, and my false spirits

Queen. To remember, give me leaue, I faint.


I had rather thou shouldst live, while Nature will,

Then die, for I have more: live, live, man, and speake.

LUC. Upon a time, unhappy was the clocke.

That stroke the hour, it was in Rome, accurst.

The Marston, where the Jews were at Pease, oh would Our Wives had but our pennyworth (or at least)

That which I meant to do, the good Portland,

(What should I say?) was too good to be true.

Where men were, and was the best of all.

Among them were good ones) fitting, fain, lastly,

Hearing us pray for our Lovers in Italy.

For Beauty, that made barren the well's boast.

Of him that best could speak for Feature, naming,

The Shire of Devon, or bravest-light, Minerva,

Positively, beyond the bounds of Nature.

For Condition, a shop of all the qualities, that man

Loves woman for, besides that heeke of Wilding,

Fairest, which delight the eyes.

Cym. Look on fire. Come, picture to the matter.

LUC. All too soon I fall,

Vilest thou wouldst die quicker, This Portland,

Most like a Noble Lord, in loue, and one

That had a Royal Lovers, spoke his hint,

And (not displeasing whom we prayed, therein)

He was as cold as water, he began.

His MILTICE picture, which by his tongue, being made,

And then a made put in: either our bravest

Were crack'd, our Kitchin-Tailors, or his description

Proud was his speaking forces.

Cym. Nay, may, to the purpose.

LUC. Your daughters Chalifay, (there is beginning)

He spoke of her, as did she her dreams,

And he at once, was cold, Whereat, I wrote

Made sculpure of his praise, and waker'd with him

Pieces of Gold, lest this, which then he wore

Upon his hand (one finger) to attain

In time of peace, and in time of war.

Cym. Come, hand bow, for the sake of

Methinks thou dost allow. Sir, keep your word,

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely,

Or by my God, and the grace of it (Which is our Honor) bitter torture shall Winnow the truth from falsehood. One speaks to him.

In time of peace, and in time of war.

Cym. My boon, and that this Gentleman may render

Of whom he had this Ring.

Por. What's that to him?

Cym. That Diamond upon your Finger, say

How came it yours?

LUC. Thou canst not torture me, unless we speak, that Which to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. Honest man!

LUC. I am glad to see you, my Lord.

Cym. Who has been a deceiver, and that Which to be spoke, would torture thee.

LUC. Wherein did it shine? I have a jewel.

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Cym. That Pate-got, my daughter,

For whom my heart, drops blood, and my false spirits

Queen. To remember, give me leaue, I faint.

Some upright Justice. Thou King, send out
For Tortures ingenious, and
That all the bloudy things o' th'earth amend
By being worse then they. I am Puck, I say,
That kill'd thy Daughter: villain-like, I say,
That caus'd a sullier villaine then my self,
A serpentine Thieves to do so. The Temple
Of Venus was the yde, and Ier the yde.
Spite, and throw them, God and my selfe, and
do I the dogges o' th'street to buy me every villain
Be call'd Puck, I say, and
Be villain left then was. O h Image!
My Queene, my life, my wife: oh Image,
Images Images;
Imo. Peace my Lord, hear me hear.
Puff. Shall I have a play of this?
Thou tormentor Page, there lies thy part.
Puff. Oh Gentlemen, help, help,
And your Masters: Oh my Lord Puck, you
Were kill'd Image, Image, help, help, help;
Mine honour'd Lady.
Cym. Does the world go round?
Puff. How comes these flaggers on me?
Puff. Wake my Master.
Imo. If this be so, the Gods do mean to sink me
To death, with mortal joy.
Puff. How faces my Master?
Imo. O, get thee from my sight,
Thou sainte men: you are dangerous, depairly hence,
Breath nor where Princes are.
Cym. The tone of Image.
Puff. Lady, the Gods throw stones of sulphur on me,
That box I gave you, was not thought by me
A precious thing; I had it from the Queen.
Cym. New matter still,
Imo. It pays't, I say.
Cym. Oh God's!
I let out one thing which the Queene confesse,
Which must approve the benefit. If Puck's
Have (said I) shone his Master that Confession
Which I gave him for Cordially, she is tendid,
As I would favour a Rat.
Cym. What's this, Christian?
Cym. The Queene? Sir, very discomfitted
To temper potions for her child, pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge. Solely
In killing Creatures vile, as Cats and Dogges
Of so eschewes, I dreeding, that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certaine hooch, which being sure, would ease
The present power of life, but in short time,
All Offices of Nature, shoul'd againe
Do their due Function. Have you tasted it?
Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.
Puff. My Boyes, there was our error.
Cym. This is true, Puff.
Imo. Why did you throw your wicked Lady fro you?
Think that you are upon a Rocke, and now
Throw me again.
Puff. Hang there like finnec, my soul,
Till the Tree dye.
Cym. How now, my Puff, my Child?
What made thou mine headhard in this Aff?
Wilt thou not speak to me?
Imo. Your blessing Sir.
Puff. Though you did loose this youth; I blame ye not,
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

I know not how, a Traitor.

Cymb. Take him hence,
The whole world shall not fence him.

Edm. Not too hot;

First pay me for the Nursing of my Sonne,
And let it be confiscate all to one
As I have receiv'd of it.

Cymb. Nursing of my Sonne?

Edm. I am so blind, and fawcy: there's my knee.

Cymb. I will preserve my Sonne,

Then spare not the old Father. Mighty Sir,
The two young Gentlemen that call me Fathers,
And think they are my Sons, are none of mine,
They are the gibe of your Loyne, my Liege,
And blood of your prating.

Cymb. How's my Illue?

Edm. So jure you, your Fathers; I (old Aferen) Am that Belerne. Whom you sometimes banish'd?

Your pleasure was my nere offence, my punishment
It stood, and all my Treason that I suffer'd,
Was all the harme I did. The se vere Princes
(Such as they are) to me twenty years
Have I train'd vp into Arms they have, as I could put into them. My breeding was of
A your Highnesse knowes: Their Name is Stertelle
(Whom for the Theft I wedde) doe these Children
Upon my Banishment I mout'd be too,
Having receiv'd the punishment before
For that which I did then. Buten for Loyalty,
Excused me to Treson. Their deere doth,
'Twas more of you, you was felt, the more it shou'd
Upon my end of stealing them. But gracie Sir,
Hercue your Sonnes againe, and I must loose
Two of the sweetest Companions in the World,
The benediction of these covering Heavens
Plai'd on their heads like dew, for they are worthy
To lay Heafter with Stertelle.

Cymb. Thou weepst, and speakest:
The Service that you three have done, is more
Valuable, than this thou tell'st. I love my Children,
If there be they, I know not how to wish
A price of worthies Sonnes.

This Gentleman, whom I call Pulciner,
Worthy Prince, as yours, is true Guiders
This Gentleman, my Cawall, Armagony.
Your younger Prince is he, and sir, was last
In a morose Mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his Queen Mother, which for more probate
I can with ease produce.

Cymb. Guiderm had
Upon his neck a Mole, a sanguine Starre,
it was a mark of wonder.

This is he,

Who hath upon him full that natural stampes;
it was wise Natures's own, in the donation
To be his evidencing.

Cymb. Oh, what am I

A Mother to the byrhth of three? Nere Mother
Retyed deliuersance restore. Befall, pray you be,
That after this strange slaving from your Olde,
You may reign in them now: Oh, Imogene,
Thou hast left by this a Kingdome.

Juno. No, my Lord:
I have got two Worlds by. Oh my gentle Brothers,
Hawe we this men? Oh never say hereafter

But I am truest speaker. You call'd me Brother,
When I was but your Sifer; I you Brothers,
When we were so indeed,

Cymb. Did you ere meets?

Armi. I my good Lord.

Cymb. And at first meeting loud'd,

Continued so, you I thought he dyed.

Cymb. By the Queenss Dammage the swallow'd.

Cymb. O rare infinty!

When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgment,
Hath it to se Contemplatio grounds, which
Distraction should be tick in. Where is he bold ven?
And when the year to our Romanse Captivate?
How parted with your Brother? How first met them?
Why fled you from the Court? And whether he?
And your three motives to the Barreille? with
I know not how much more should be demanded,
And all the other by-dependence
From chance to chance? But nor the Time nor Place
Will ferue our long Interrogatory storie. See,

Posthumous Anchors upon Imogene

And she (like harnelle Lightning) throwes her eye
On him of her Brother, Me: her Matter hing
Each obliquity with a key: the Change-shock
Is generally in A. Let's set this ground,
And smake the Temple with our Sacrifices
Thou art my Brother, to thee I hold thee ever.

Juno. You see my Father too, and did release me:
To feth this gracious favours,

Cymb. All are joy'd

Sue the thee in bonds, let them bejoyful too,
For they shall tast our Comfort.

Juno. My good Master, I will yet you service.

Luce. Happy be you.

Cymb. The forliome Souldier, thence Nobly taught
He would have well becom'd this place, and grace'd
The thankings of a King.

Posth. I am Sir

The Souldier that did company thes three
In nose before'ning it was a lument for
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speake Imogene, I had you downe, and might
Have made you finish.

Juno. I am downe againe

But now my brave Confidence sinkes my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, be shocked you
Which I often owe: but your King fitt,
And here the Breaches at the truth extracting
That ever forse her Faith.

Posth. Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you, to spare you:
The praise towards you, to forgive you. Lierre
And deals with others better.

Cymb. Nobly done'd.

We'll learnt our Free desse of a Sonne-in-Law
Pardon's the word to all.

Armi. You holpe vs Sir,

As you did mean indeed to be our Brother,
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Posth. You Servant Princes. Good my Lord of Rome,
Call forth your Sonne over: As I first, me thought
Great Jupiter upon his Eagle back'd
Appear'd to me, with other frightandly bright
Of mine owne Kinded. When I wak'd, I found
This Label on my forehead; whole containing
Is so from fume in hardhine, that I can

Make
The Tragedy of Cymbeline.

FINIS.
