



# ALL'S Well, that Ends Well.

## *Actus primus. Scœna Prima.*

*Enter yong Bertram Count of Rossillion, his Mother, and Helena, Lord Lafew, all in blacke.*

*Mother.*

**I**N deliuering my sonne from me, I burie a second husband.

*Ros.* And I in going Madam, weep ore my fathers death anew; but I must attend his maiesties command, to whom I am now in Ward, euermore in subiection.

*Laf.* You shall find of the King a husband Madame, you sir a father. He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessitie hold his vertue to you, whose worthinesse would stirre it vp where it wanted rather then lack it where there is such abundance.

*Mo.* What hope is there of his Maiesties amendment?

*Laf.* He hath abandon'd his Pleisirs Madam, vnder whose practises he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other aduantage in the processe, but onely the loosing of hope by time.

*Mo.* This yong Gentlewoman had a father, O that had, how sad a passage tis, whose skill was almost as great as his honestie, had it stretch'd so far, would haue made nature immortall, and death should haue play for lacke of worke. Would for the Kings sake hee were liuing, I thinke it would be the death of the Kings disease.

*Laf.* How call'd you the man you speake of Madam?

*Mo.* He was famous sir in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: *Gerard de Narbon.*

*Laf.* He was excellent indeed Madam, the King very latelie spoke of him admiringly, and mourningly: hee was skilfull enough to haue liu'd stil, if knowledge could be set vp against mortallitie.

*Ros.* What is it (my good Lord) the King languishes of?

*Laf.* A Fistula my Lord.

*Ros.* I heard not of it before.

*Laf.* I would it were not notorious. Was this Gentlewoman the Daughter of *Gerard de Narbon*?

*Mo.* His sole childe my Lord, and bequeathed to my ouer looking. I haue those hopes of her good, that her education promises her dispositions shee inherits, which makes faire gifts fairer: for where an vncleane mind carries vertuous qualities, there commendations go with pittie, they are vertues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simplenesse; she deriues her honestie,

and atcheeues her goodnesse.

*Lafew.* Your commendations Madam get from her teares.

*Mo.* 'Tis the best brine a Maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father neuer approaches her heart, but the tirrany of her sorrowes takes all liuelihood from her cheek. No more of this *Helena*, go too, no more least it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, then to haue—

*Hell.* I doe affect a sorrow indeed, but I haue it too.

*Laf.* Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessiue greefe the enemy to the liuing.

*Mo.* If the liuing be enemy to the greefe, the excessie makes it soone mortall.

*Ros.* Maddam I desire your holie wishes.

*Laf.* How vnderstand we that?

*Mo.* Be thou blest *Bertrame*, and succeed thy father: In manners as in shape: thy blood and vertue Contend for Empire in thee, and thy goodnesse Share with thy birth-right. Loue all, trust a few, Doe wrong to none: be able for thine enemy Rather in power then vse: and keepe thy friend Vnder thy owne lifes key. Be checkt for silence, But neuer tax'd for speech. What heauen more wil, That thee may furnish, and my prayers plucke downe, Fall on thy head. Farwell my Lord, 'Tis an vnseason'd Courtier, good my Lord Aduise him.

*Laf.* He cannot want the best That shall attend his loue.

*Mo.* Heauen blesse him: Farwell *Bertram*.

*Ros.* The best wishes that can be forg'd in your thoughts be seruants to you: be comfortable to my mother, your Mistris, and make much of her.

*Laf.* Farewell prettie Lady, you must hold the credit of your father.

*Hell.* O were that all, I thinke not on my father, And these great teares grace his remembrance more Then those I shed for him. What was he like? I haue forgott him. My imagination Carries no fauour in't but *Bertrams*. I am vndone, there is no liuing, none, If *Bertram* be away. 'Twere all one, That I should loue a bright particuler starre, And think to wed it, he is so aboue me In his bright radiance and colaterall light,

Must



Must I be comforted, not in his sphere;  
Th'ambition in my loue thus plagues it selfe:  
The hind that would be mated by the Lion  
Must die for loue. 'Twas prettie, though a plague  
To see him euerie houre to sit and draw  
His arched browes, his hawking eie, his curles  
In our hearts table: heart too capeable  
Of euerie line and trick of his sweet fauour.  
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancie  
Must sanctifie his Reliques. Who comes heere?

*Enter Parrolles.*

One that goes with him: I loue him for his sake,  
And yet I know him a notorious Liar,  
Thinke him a great way foole, folie a coward,  
Yet these fixt euils sit so fit in him,  
That they take place, when Vertues steely bones  
Lookes bleake ith cold wind: withall, full ofte we see  
Cold wisdom waighting on superfluous follie.

*Par.* Saue you faire Queene.

*Hel.* And you Monarch.

*Par.* No.

*Hel.* And no.

*Par.* Are you meditating on virginitie?

*Hel.* I: you haue some staine of souldier in you: Let mee aske you a question. Man is enimie to virginitie, how may we barracado it against him?

*Par.* Keepe him out.

*Hel.* But he assailes, and our virginitie though valiant, in the defence yet is weak: vnfold to vs some warlike resistance.

*Par.* There is none: Man setting downe before you, will vndermine you, and blow you vp.

*Hel.* Blesse our poore Virginie from vnderminers and blowers vp. Is there no Military policy how Virgins might blow vp men?

*Par.* Virginie beeing blowne downe, Man will quicklier be blowne vp: marry in blowing him downe againe, with the breach your selues made, you lose your Citty. It is not politicke, in the Commonwealth of Nature, to preserue virginie. Losse of Virginie, is rationall encrease, and there was neuer Virgin goe, till virginie was first lost. That you were made of, is mettall to make Virgins. Virginie, by beeing once lost, may be ten times found: by being euer kept, it is euer lost: 'tis too cold a companion: Away with't.

*Hel.* I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a Virgin.

*Par.* There's little can bee saide in't, 'tis against the rule of Nature. To speake on the part of virginie, is to accuse your Mothers; which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himselfe is a Virgin: Virginie murders it selfe, and should be buried in highways out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate Offendresse against Nature. Virginie breeds mites, much like a Cheese, consumes it selfe to the very payring, and so dies with feeding his owne stomacke. Besides, Virginie is peeuish, proud, ydle, made of selfe-loue, which is the most inhibited sinne in the Cannon. Keepe it not, you cannot choose but loose by't. Out with't: within ten yeare it will make it selfe two, which is a goodly increase, and the principall it selfe not much the worse. Away with't.

*Hel.* How might one do fir, to loose it to her owne liking?

*Par.* Let mee see. Marry ill, to like him that ne're it likes. 'Tis a commodity wil lose the glosse with lying: The longer kept, the lesse worth: Off with't while 'tis vendible. Answer the time of request, Virginie like an olde Courtier, weares her cap out of fashion, richly futed, but vnfuteable, iust like the brooch & the tooth-pick, which were not now: your Date is better in your Pye and your Porridge, then in your cheeke: and your virginie, your old virginie, is like one of our French wither'd peares, it looks ill, it eates drily, marry 'tis a wither'd peare: it was formerly better, marry yet 'tis a wither'd peare: Will you any thing with it?

*Hel.* Not my virginie yet:  
There shall your Master haue a thousand loues,  
A Mother, and a Mistresse, and a friend,  
A Phenix, Captaine, and an enemy,  
A guide, a Goddesse, and a Soueraigne,  
A Counsellor, a Traitorese, and a Deare:  
His humble ambition, proud humility:  
His jarring, concord: and his discord, dulcet:  
His faith, his sweet disaster: with a world  
Of pretty fond adoptious christendomes  
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he:  
I know not what he shall, God send him well,  
The Courts a learning place, and he is one.

*Par.* What one faith?

*Hel.* That I wish well, 'tis pittie.

*Par.* What's pittie?

*Hel.* That wishing well had not a body in't,  
Which might be felt, that we the poorer borne,  
Whose baser starres do shut vs vp in wishes,  
Might with effects of them follow our friends,  
And shew what we alone must thinke, which neuer  
Returns vs thanks.

*Enter Page.*

*Page.* Monsieur Parrolles,  
My Lord calls for you.

*Par.* Little Hellen farewell, if I can remember thee, I will thinke of thee at Court.

*Hel.* Monsieur Parrolles, you were borne vnder a charitable starre.

*Par.* Vnder Mars I.

*Hel.* I especially thinke, vnder Mars.

*Par.* Why vnder Mars?

*Hel.* The warres hath so kept you vnder, that you must needs be borne vnder Mars.

*Par.* When he was predominant.

*Hel.* When he was retrograde I thinke rather.

*Par.* Why thinke you so?

*Hel.* You go so much backward when you fight.

*Par.* That's for aduantage.

*Hel.* So is running away,  
When feare proposes the safetie:  
But the composition that your valour and feare makes in you, is a vertue of a good wing, and I like the weare well.

*Par.* I am so full of businesses, I cannot answere thee acutely: I will returne perfect Courtier, in the which my instruction shall serue to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capeable of a Courtiers counsell, and vnderstand what aduice shall thrust vpon thee, else thou diest in thine vnthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away, farewell: When thou hast leysure, say thy praiers: when thou hast none, remember thy Friends:



Get thee a good husband, and vse him as he vses thee :  
So farewell.

*Hel.* Our remedies oft in our selues do lye,  
Which we ascribe to heauen : the fared skye  
Giues vs free scope, onely doth backward pull  
Our slow designes, when we our selues are dull.  
What power is it, which mounts my loue so hye,  
That makes me see, and cannot feede mine eye ?  
The mightiest space in fortune, Nature brings  
To ioyne like, likes ; and kisse like natiue things.  
Impossible be strange attempts to those  
That weigh their paines in sence, and do suppose  
What hath beene, cannot be. Who euer stroue  
To shew her merit, that did misse her loue ?  
(The Kings disease) my proiect may deceiue me,  
But my intents are fixt, and will not leaue me.

Exit

*Flourish Cornets.*

*Enter the King of France with Letters, and  
diuers Attendants.*

*King.* The Florentines and Senoys are by th'eares,  
Haue fought with equall fortune, and continue  
A brauing warre.

*1. Lo. G.* So tis reported sir.

*King.* Nay tis most credible, we heere receiue it,  
A certaintie vouch'd from our Cofin *Austria*,  
With caution, that the Florentine will moue vs  
For speedie ayde: wherein our deere friend  
Preiudicates the businesse, and would seeme  
To haue vs make deniall.

*1. Lo. G.* His loue and wisdom  
Approvd so to your Maiesty, may pleade  
For amplest credence.

*King.* He hath arm'd our answer,  
And *Florence* is deni'd before he comes :  
Yet for our Gentlemen that meane to see  
The *Tuscan* seruice, freely haue they leaue  
To stand on either part.

*2. Lo. E.* It well may serue  
A nurserie to our Gentry, who are sicke  
For breathing, and exploit.

*King.* What's he comes heere.

*Enter Bertram, Lafew, and Parolles.*

*1. Lo. G.* It is the Count *Rosignoll* my good Lord,  
Yong *Bertram*.

*King.* Youth, thou bear'st thy Fathers face,  
Franke Nature rather curious then in haist  
Hath well compos'd thee : Thy Fathers morall parts  
Maist thou inherit too : Welcome to *Paris*.

*Ber.* My thanks and dutie are your Maiesties.

*King.* I would I had that corporall soundnesse now,  
As when thy father, and my selfe, in friendship  
First tride our souldiership : he did looke farre  
Into the seruice of the time, and was  
Discipl'd of the brauest. He lasted long,  
But on vs both did haggish Age steale on,  
And wore vs out of act : It much repaires me  
To talke of your good father ; in his youth  
He had the wit, which I can well obserue  
To day in our yong Lords : but they may iest  
Till their owne scorne returne to them vnnoted  
Ere they can hide their leuitie in honour :  
So like a Courtier, contempt nor bitternessse

Were in his pride, or sharpnesse ; if they were,  
His equall had awak'd them, and his honour  
Clocke to it selfe, knew the true minute when  
Exception bid him speake : and at this time  
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him,  
He vs'd as creatures of another place,  
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,  
Making them proud of his humilitie,  
In their poore praise he humbled : Such a man  
Might be a copie to these yonger times ;  
Which follow'd well, would demonstrate them now  
But goers backward.

*Ber.* His good remembrance sir  
Lies richer in your thoughts, then on his tombe :  
So in approofe liues not his Epitaph,  
As in your royall speech.

*King.* Would I were with him he would alwaies say,  
(Me thinks I heare him now) his plausiue words  
He scatter'd not in cares, but grafted them  
To grow there and to beare : Let me not liue,  
This his good melancholly oft began  
On the Catastrophe and heele of pastime  
When it was out : Let me not liue (quoth hee)  
After my flame lackes oyle, to be the snuffe  
Of yonger spirits, whose apprehensiue senses  
All but new things disdain ; whose iudgements are  
Meere fathers of their garments : whose constancies  
Expire before their fashions : this he wish'd.  
I after him, do after him wish too :  
Since I nor wax nor honie can bring home,  
I quickly were dissolued from my hie  
To giue some Labourers roome.

*L. 2. E.* You'r loued Sir,  
They that least lend it you, shall lacke you first.

*King.* I fill a place I know't : how long ist Count  
Since the Physitian at your fathers died ?  
He was much fam'd.

*Ber.* Some six moneths since my Lord.

*King.* If he were liuing, I would try him yet.  
Lend me an arme : the rest haue worne me out  
With feuerall applications : Nature and sicknesse  
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome Count,  
My sonne's no deerer.

*Ber.* Thanke your Maiesty.

Exit

*Flourish.*

*Enter Countesse, Steward, and Clowne.*

*Count.* I will now heare, what say you of this gentle-  
woman.

*Ser.* Maddam the care I haue had to euen your con-  
tent, I wish might be found in the Kalender of my past  
endeuours, for then we wound our Modestie, and make  
foule the clearnesse of our deservings, when of our selues  
we publish them.

*Count.* What doe's this knaue heere ? Get you gone  
sirra: the complaints I haue heard of you I do not all be-  
leeue, 'tis my slownesse that I doe not : For I know you  
lacke not folly to commit them, & haue abilitie enough  
to make such knaueries yours.

*Clow.* 'Tis not vknown to you Madam, I am a poore  
fellow.

*Count.* Well sir.

*Clow.* No maddam,  
'Tis not so well that I am poore, though manie  
of



of the rich are damn'd, but if I may haue your Ladiships good will to goe to the world, *Isbell* the woman and w  
ill doe as we may.

*Con.* Wilt thou needes be a begger?

*Clo.* I doe beg your good will in this case.

*Con.* In what case?

*Clo.* In *Isbels* case and mine owne: seruice is no heri-  
age, and I thinke I shall neuer haue the blessing of God,  
ill I haue issue a my bodie: for they say barnes are ble-  
ssings.

*Con.* Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marrie?

*Clo.* My poore bodie Madam requires it, I am driuen  
by the flesh, and hee must needes goe that the diuell  
riues.

*Con.* Is this all your worships reason?

*Clo.* Faith Madam I haue other holie reasons, such as  
they are.

*Con.* May the world know them?

*Clo.* I haue beene Madam a wicked creature, as you  
and all flesh and blood are, and indeede I doe marrie that  
may repent.

*Con.* Thy marriage sooner then thy wickednesse.

*Clo.* I am out a friends Madam, and I hope to haue  
friends for my wiues sake.

*Con.* Such friends are thine enemies knaue.

*Clo.* Y'are shallow Madam in great friends, for the  
naues come to doe that for me which I am a wearie of:  
he that eres my Land, spares my teame, and giues mee  
eare to Inne the crop: if I be his cuckold hee's my  
rudge; he that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of  
my flesh and blood; hee that cherishes my flesh and  
blood, loues my flesh and blood; he that loues my flesh  
and blood is my friend: *ergo*, he that kisses my wife is my  
friend: if men could be contented to be what they are,  
there were no feare in marriage, for yong *Charban* the  
Puritan, and old *Poytam* the Papist, how somere their  
heartes are seuer'd in Religion, their heads are both one,  
they may ioule horns together like any Deare i'th Herd.

*Con.* Wilt thou euer be a foule mouth'd and calum-  
nious knaue?

*Clo.* A Prophet I Madam, and I speake the truth the  
next waie, for I the Ballad will repeate, which men full  
true shall finde, your marriage comes by destinie, your  
Cuckow sings by kinde.

*Con.* Get you gone sir, Ile talke with you more anon.

*Stew.* May it please you Madam, that hee bid *Hellen*  
come to you, of her I am to speake.

*Con.* Sirra tell my gentlewoman I would speake with  
her, *Hellen* I meane.

*Clo.* Was this faire face the cause, quoth she,  
Why the Grecians sacked *Troy*,  
Fond done, done, fond was this King *Priams* ioy,  
With that she sighed as she stood, *bis*

And gaue this sentence then, among nine bad if one be  
good, among nine bad if one be good, there's yet one  
good in ten.

*Con.* What, one good in tenne? you corrupt the song  
sirra.

*Clo.* One good woman in ten Madam, which is a pu-  
rifying ath' song: would God would serue the world so  
all the yeere, weed finde no fault with the tithe woman  
if I were the Parson, one in ten quoth a? and wee might  
haue a good woman borne but ore euerie blazing starre,  
or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the Lotteriewell, a  
man may draw his heart out ere a plucke one.

*Con.* Youle begone sir knaue, and doe as I command  
you?

*Clo.* That man should be at womans command, and  
yet no hurt done, though honestie be no Puritan, yet  
it will doe no hurt, it will weare the Surplis of humilitie  
ouer the blacke-Gowne of a bigge heart: I am go-  
ing forsooth, the businesse is for *Helen* to come hither.

*Exit.*

*Con.* Well now.

*Stew.* I know Madam you loue your Gentlewoman  
intirely.

*Con.* Faith I doe: her Father bequeath'd her to mee,  
and she her selfe without other aduantage, may lawfullie  
make title to as much loue as shee findes, there is  
more owing her then is paid, and more shall be paid  
her then shee demand.

*Stew.* Madam, I was verie late more neere her then  
I thinke shee wisht mee, alone shee was, and did  
communicate to her selfe her owne words to her  
owne eares, shee thought, I dare vowe for her, they  
toucht not anie stranger sence, her matter was, shee  
loued your Sonne; Fortune shee said was no god-  
desse, that had put such difference betwixt their two  
estates: Loue no god, that would not extend his might  
onelic, where qualities were leuell, *Queene of Vir-*  
*gins*, that would suffer her poore Knight surpris'd  
without rescue in the first assault or ransome after-  
ward: This shee deliuer'd in the most bitter touch of  
sorrow that ere I heard *Virgin* exclaime in, which I held  
my dutie speedily to acquaint you withall, sithence in  
the losse that may happen, it concernes you something  
to know it.

*Con.* You haue discharg'd this honestie, keepe it  
to your selfe, manie likelihoods inform'd mee of this  
before, which hung so tottring in the ballance, that  
I could neither beleue nor misdoubt: praie you  
leau me, stall this in your bosome, and I thanke  
you for your honest care: I will speake with you fur-  
ther anon.

*Exit Steward.*

*Enter Hellen.*

*Old. Con.* Euen so it vvas vvith me when I was yong:  
If euer vve are natures, these are ours, this thorne  
Doth to our Rose of youth rightlie belong  
Our blood to vs, this to our blood is borne,  
It is the show, and seale of natures truth,  
Where loues strong passion is imprest in youth,  
By our remembrances of daies forgon,  
Such were our faults, or then we thought them none,  
Her eie is sicke on't, I obserue her now.

*Hell.* What is your pleasure Madam?

*Ol. Con.* You know *Hellen* I am a mother to you.

*Hell.* Mine honorable Mistris.

*Ol. Con.* Nay a mother, why not a mother? when I  
fed 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 enwomb'd mine, 'tis often seene  
Adoption strives vvith nature, and choise breeds  
A native slip to vs from forraine seedes:  
You nere opprest me with a mothers groane,  
Yet I expresse to you a mothers care,  
(Gods mercie maiden) dos it curd thy blood  
To say I am thy mother? vvhat's the matter,  
That this distempered messenger of wet?



The manie colour'd Iris rounds thine eye?

Why, that you are my daughter?

*Hell.* That I am not.

*Old. Cou.* I say I am your Mother.

*Hell.* Pardon Madam.

The Count *Rossillon* cannot be my brother :

I am from humble, he from honored name :

No note vpon my Parents, his all noble,

My Master, my deere Lord he is, and I

His seruant liue, and will his vassall die :

He must not be my brother.

*Ol. Cou.* Nor I your Mother.

*Hell.* You are my mother Madam, would you were

So that my Lord your sonne were not my brother,

Indeede my mother, or were you both our mothers,

I care no more for, then I doe for heauen,

So I were not his sister, cant no other,

But I your daughter, he must be my brother.

*Old. Cou.* Yes *Hellen*, you might be my daughter in law,

God shield you meane it not, daughter and mother

So strue vpon your pulse; vvhath pale agen?

My feare hath catcht your fondnesse! now I see

The mistrie of your louelineesse, and finde

Your salt teares head, now to all sence 'tis grosse :

You loue my sonne, inuention is asham'd

Against the proclamation of thy passion

To say thou doost not : therefore tell me true,

But tell me then 'tis so, for looke, thy cheekes

Confesse it 'ron tooth to th'other, and thine eies

See it so grosely showne in thy behauiours,

That in their kinde they speake it, onely sinne

And hellish obstinacie tye thy tongue

That truth should be suspected, speake, ist so?

If it be so, you haue wound a goodly clewe :

If it be not, forswear't how ere I charge thee,

As heauen shall worke in me for thine auaille

To tell me truelie.

*Hell.* Good Madam pardon me.

*Cou.* Do you loue my Sonne?

*Hell.* Your pardon noble Mistris.

*Cou.* Loue you my Sonne?

*Hell.* Doe not you loue him Madam?

*Cou.* Go not about; my loue hath in't a bond

Whereof the world takes note : Come, come, disclose :

The state of your affection, for your passions

Haue to the full appeach'd.

*Hell.* Then I confesse.

Here on my knee, before high heauen and you,

That before you, and next vnto high heauen, I loue your

Sonne :

My friends were poore but honest, so's my loue :

Be not offended, for it hurts not him

That he is lou'd of me ; I follow him not

By any token of presumptuous suite,

Nor would I haue him, till I doe deserue him,

Yet neuer know how that desert should be :

I know I loue in vaine, strue against hope :

Yet in this captious, and intemible Siue.

I still poure in the waters of my loue

And lacke not to loose still ; thus *Indian* like

Religious in mine error, I adore

The Sunne that lookes vpon his worshipper,

But knowes of him no more. My deereft Madam,

Let not your hate incounter with my loue,

For louing where you doe ; but if your selfe,

Whose aged honor cites a vertuous youth,

Did euer, in so true a flame of liking,

Wish chafly, and loue dearely, that your *Dian*

Was both her selfe and loue, O then giue pittie

To her whose state is such, that cannot choose

But lend and giue where she is sure to loose ;

That seekes not to finde that, her search implies,

But riddle like, liues sweetly where she dies.

*Cou.* Had you not lately an intent, speake truly,

To goe to *Paris*?

*Hell.* Madam I had.

*Cou.* Wherefore? tell true.

*Hell.* I will tell truth, by grace it selfe I sweare :

You know my Father left me some prescriptions

Of rare and prou'd effects, such as his reading

And manifest experience, had collected

For generall soueraigntie : and that he wil'd me

In heedfull't reseruatiou to bestow them,

As notes, whose faculties inclusue were,

More then they were in note : Amongst the rest,

There is a remedie, approu'd, set downe,

To cure the desperate languishings whereof

The King is render'd lost.

*Cou.* This was your motiue for *Paris*, was it, speake?

*Hell.* My Lord, your sonne, made me to think of this;

Else *Paris*, and the medicine, and the King,

Had from the conuersation of my thoughts,

Happily beene absent then.

*Cou.* But thinke you *Hellen*,

If you should tender your supposed aide,

He would receiue it? He and his Phisitions

Are of a minde, he, that they cannot helpe him :

They, that they cannot helpe, how shall they credit

A poore vnlearned Virgin, when the Schooles

Embowel'd of their doctrine, haue left off

The danger to it selfe.

*Hell.* There's something in't

More then my Fathers skill, which was the great't

Of his profession, that his good receipt,

Shall for my legacie be sanctified

By th' luckiest stars in heauen, and would your honor

But giue me leaue to trie successe, I'de venture

The well lost life of mine, on his Graces cure,

By such a day, an houre.

*Cou.* Doost thou beleue't?

*Hell.* I Madam knowingly.

*Cou.* Why *Hellen* thou shalt haue my leaue and loue,

Meanes and attendants, and my louing greetings

To those of mine in Court, Ile staie at home

And praie Gods blessing into thy attempt :

Begon to morrow, and be sure of this,

What I can helpe thee to, thou shalt not misse. *Exeunt.*

## Actus Secundus.

Enter the King with diuers yong Lords, taking leaue for

the Florentine warre : Count, Rosse, and

Parrolles. Flourish Cornets.

*King.* Farewell yong Lords, these warlike principles

Doe not throw from you, and you my Lords farewell :

Share the aduice betwixt you, if both gaine, all

The guift doth stretch it selfe as 'tis recei'd,

And is enough for both.

*Lord. G.* 'Tis our hope sir,

After



After well entred souldiers, to returne  
And finde your grace in health.

*King.* No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart  
Will not confesse he owes the mallady  
That doth my life besiege: farwell yong Lords,  
Whether I liue or die, be you the sonnes  
Of worthy French men: let higher Italy  
(Those bated that inherit but the fall  
Of the last Monarchy) see that you come  
Not to woee honour, but to wed it, when  
The brauest questant shrinks: finde what you seeke,  
That fame may cry you loud: I say farewell.

*L.G.* Health at your bidding serue your Maiesty.

*King.* Those girles of Italy, take heed of them,  
They say our French, lacke language to deny  
If they demand: beware of being Captiues  
Before you serue.

*Bo.* Our hearts receiue your warnings.

*King.* Farewell, come hether to me.

*1. Lo.G.* Oh my sweet Lord y you wil stay behind vs.

*Parr.* 'Tis not his fault the spark.

*2. Lo.E.* Oh 'tis braue warres.

*Parr.* Most admirable, I haue scene those warres.

*Rossill.* I am commanded here, and kept a coyle with,  
Too young, and the next yeere, and 'tis too early.

*Parr.* And thy minde stand too't boy,  
Steale away brauely.

*Rossill.* I shal stay here the for-horse to a smocke,  
Creeking my shooes on the plaine Mafonry,  
Till honour be bought vp, and no sword worne  
But one to dance with: by heauen, Ile steale away.

*1. Lo.G.* There's honour in the theft.

*Parr.* Commit it Count.

*2. Lo.E.* I am your accessary, and so farewell.

*Ref.* I grow to you, & our parting is a tortur'd body.

*1. Lo.G.* Farewell Captaine.

*2. Lo.E.* Sweet Mounsier Parolles.

*Parr.* Noble Heroes; my sword and yours are kinne,  
good sparkes and lustrous, a word good mettals. You  
shall finde in the Regiment of the Spinij, one Captaine  
*Spurio* his sicatrice, with an Embleme of warre heere on  
his sinister cheeke; it was this very sword entrench'd it:  
say to him I liue, and obserue his reports for me.

*Lo.G.* We shall noble Captaine.

*Parr.* Mars doate on you for his nouices, what will  
ye doe?

*Ross.* Stay the King.

*Parr.* Use a more spacious ceremonie to the Noble  
Lords, you haue restrain'd your selfe within the List of  
too cold an adieu: be more expresse to them; for they  
weare themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster  
true gate; eat, speake, and moue vnder the influence of  
the most receiud starre, and though the deuill leade the  
measure, such are to be followed: after them, and take a  
more dilated farewell.

*Ross.* And I will doe so.

*Parr.* Worthy fellowes, and like to prooue most si-  
newie sword-men.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Lafew.*

*L. Laf.* Pardon my Lord for mee and for my tidings.

*King.* Ile see thee to stand vp.

(pardon,

*L. Laf.* Then heres a man stands that has brought his  
I would you had kneel'd my Lord to aske me mercy,  
And that at my bidding you could so stand vp.

*King.* I would I had, so I had broke thy pate

And askt thee mercy for't.

*Laf.* Goodfaith a-crosse, but my good Lord 'tis thus,  
Will you be cur'd of your infirmitie?

*King.* No.

*Laf.* O will you eat no grapes my royall foxe?  
Yes but you will, my noble grapes, and if  
My royall foxe could reach them: I haue seen a medicine  
That's able to breath life into a stone,  
Quicken a rocke, and make you dance Canari  
With sprightly fire and motion, whose simple touch  
Is powerfull to arayse King *Pippen*, nay  
To giue great *Charlemaine* a pen in's hand  
And write to her a loue-line.

*King.* What her is this?

*Laf.* Why doctor she: my Lord, there's one arriu'd,  
If you will see her: now by my faith and honour,  
If seriously I may conuay my thoughts  
In this my light deliuerance, I haue spoke  
With one, that in her sexe, her yeeres, profession,  
Wisedome and constancy, hath amaz'd mee more  
Then I dare blame my weakenesse: will you see her?  
For that is her demand, and know her businesse?  
That done, laugh well at me.

*King.* Now good *Lafew*,  
Bring in the admiration, that we with thee  
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine  
By wondring how thou tookst it.

*Laf.* Nay, Ile fit you,  
And not be all day neither.

*King.* Thus he his speciall nothing cuer prologues.

*Laf.* Nay, come your waies.

*Enter Hellen.*

*King.* This haste hath wings indeed.

*Laf.* Nay, come your waies,  
This is his Maiestie, say your minde to him,  
A Traitor you doe looke like, but such traitors  
His Maiesty seldome feares, I am *Cresseds Vncle*,  
That dare leane two together, far you well.

*Exit.*

*King.* Now faire one, do's your busines follow vs?

*Hel.* I my good Lord,  
*Gerard de Narbon* was my father,  
In what he did professe, well found.

*King.* I knew him.

*Hel.* The rather will I spare my praises towards him,  
Knowing him is enough: on's bed of death,  
Many receipts he gaue me, chieflie one,  
Which as the dearest issue of his practice  
And of his olde experience, th'onlie darling,  
He bad me store vp, as a triple eye,  
Safer then mine owne two: more deare I haue so,  
And hearing your high Maiestie is toucht  
With that malignant cause, wherein the honour  
Of my deare fathers gift, stands cheefe in power,  
I come to tender it, and my appliance,  
With all bound humbleness.

*King.* We thanke you maiden,  
But may not be so credulous of cure,  
When our most learned Doctors leaue vs, and  
The congregated Colledge haue concluded,  
That labouring Art can neuer ransom nature  
From her inaydible estate: I say we must not  
So staine our iudgement, or corrupt our hope,  
To prostitute our past-cure malladie  
To empericks, or to disseuer so  
Our great selfe and our credit, to esteeme  
A sencelesse helpe, when helpe past sence we deeme.

*Hel.* My



*Hel.* My dutie then shall pay me for my paines :  
I will no more enforce mine office on you ,  
Humbly intreating from your royall thoughts,  
A modest one to beare me backe againe.

*King.* I cannot giue thee lesse to be cal'd gratefull :  
Thou thoughtst to helpe me, and such thanks I giue,  
As one neere death to those that wish him liue:  
But what at full I know, thou knowst no part,  
I knowing all my perill, thou no Art.

*Hel.* What I can doe, can doe no hurt to try,  
Since you set vp your rest 'gainst remedie :  
He that of greatest workes is finisher,  
Oft does them by the weakest minister :  
So holy Writ, in babes hath iudgement showne,  
When Iudges haue bin babes; great fouds haue flowne  
From simple sources : and great Seas haue dried  
When Miracles haue by the great't beene denied.  
Oft expectation failes, and most oft there  
Where most it promises : and oft it hits,  
Where hope is coldest, and despaire most shifts.

*King.* I must not heare thee, fare thee wel kind maide,  
Thy paines not vs'd, must by thy selfe be paid,  
Proffers not tooke, reape thanks for their reward.

*Hel.* Inspired Merit so by breath is bard,  
It is not so with him that all things knowes  
As 'tis with vs, that square our guesse by shoves:  
But most it is presumption in vs, when  
The help of heauen we count the act of men.  
Deare sir, to my endeauors giue consent,  
Of heauen, not me, make an experiment.  
I am not an Imposstrue, that proclaime  
My selfe against the leuill of mine aime ,  
But know I thinke, and thinke I know most sure,  
My Art is not past power, nor you past cure.

*King.* Art thou so confident? Within what space  
Hop'st thou my cure ?

*Hel.* The greatest grace lending grace,  
Ere twice the horses of the sunne shall bring  
Their fiery torcher his diurnall ring,  
Ere twice in murke and occidentall dampe  
Moist *Hesperus* hath quench'd her sleepy Lampe:  
Or foure and twenty times the Pylots glasse  
Hath told the rheeuish minutes, how they passe :  
What is infirme, from your sound parts shall flie,  
Health shall liue free, and sicknesse freely dye.

*King.* Vpon thy certainty and confidence,  
What dar'st thou venter ?

*Hel.* Taxe of impudence,  
A strumpets boldnesse, a divulged shame  
Traduc'd by odious ballads : my maidens name  
Seard otherwise, ne worse of worst extended  
With vildest torture, let my life be ended.

*King.* Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth speak  
His powerfull sound, within an organ weake :  
And what impossibility would slay  
In common sence, sence saues another way :  
Thy life is deere, for all that life can rate  
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate :  
Youth, beauty, wisdome, courage, all  
That happines and prime, can happy call :  
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate  
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate,  
Sweet praetiser, thy Physicke I will try,  
That ministers thine owne death if I die.

*Hel.* If I breake time, or flinch in property  
Of what I spoke, vnpietied let me die,

And well deseru'd: not helping, death's my fee,  
But if I helpe, what doe you promise me.

*King.* Make thy demand.

*Hel.* But will you make it euen ?

*King.* I by my Scepter, and my hopes of helpe.

*Hel.* Then shalt thou giue me with thy kingly hand  
What husband in thy power I will command :  
Exempted be from me the arrogance  
To choose from forth the royall bloud of France,  
My low and humble name to propagate  
With any branch or image of thy state :  
But such a one thy vassall, whom I know  
Is free for me to aske, thee to bestow.

*King.* Heere is my hand, the premises obseru'd,  
Thy will by my performance shall be seru'd:  
So make the choice of thy owne time, for I  
Thy resolv'd Patient, on thee still relye :  
More should I question thee, and more I must,  
Though more to know, could not be more to trust:  
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on, but rest  
Vnquestion'd welcome, and vndoubted blest.  
Giue me some helpe heere hea, if thou proceed,  
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

*Florisb.*

*Exit.*

*Enter Countesse and Clowne.*

*Lady.* Come on sir, I shall now put you to the height  
of your breeding.

*Clown.* I will shew my selfe highly fed, and lowly  
taught, I know my businesse is but to the Court.

*Lady.* To the Court, why what place make you spe-  
ciall, when you put off that with such contempt, but to  
the Court?

*Clow.* Truly Madam, if God haue lent a man any man-  
ners, hee may easilie put it off at Court : hee that cannot  
make a legge, put off's cap, kisse his hand, and say no-  
thing, has neither legge, hands, lippe, nor cap ; and in-  
deed such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the  
Court, but for me, I haue an answere will serue all men.

*Lady.* Marry that's a bountifull answere that fits all  
questions.

*Clow.* It is like a Barbers chaire that fits all buttockes,  
the pin buttocke, the quatch-buttocke, the brawn but-  
tocke, or any buttocke.

*Lady.* Will your answere serue fit to all questions?

*Clow.* As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an Attur-  
ney, as your French Crowne for your taffety punke, as  
*Tibs* rush for *Toms* fore-finger, as a pancake for Shroue-  
tuesday, a Morris for May-day, as the naile to his hole,  
the Cuckold to his horne, as a scolding queane to a  
wrangling knaue, as the Nuns lip to the Friars mouth,  
nay as the pudding to his skin.

*Lady.* Haue you, I say, an answere of such fitnesse for  
all questions?

*Clow.* From below your Duke, to beneath your Con-  
stable, it will fit any question.

*Lady.* It must be an answere of most monstrous size,  
that must fit all demands.

*Clow.* But a trifle neither in good faith, if the learned  
should speake truth of it : heere it is, and all that belongs  
to't. Aske mee if I am a Courtier, it shall doe you no  
harme to learne.

*Lady.* To be young againe if we could : I will bee a  
foole in question, hoping to bee the wiser by your an-  
swer.

*Lady.*



*La.* I pray you sir, are you a Courtier?

*Clo.* O Lord sir theres a simple putting off: more, more, a hundred of them.

*La.* Sir I am a poore freind of yours, that loues you.

*Clo.* O Lord sir, thicke, thicke, spare not me.

*La.* I thinke sir, you can eate none of this homely meate.

*Clo.* O Lord sir; nay put me too't, I warrant you.

*La.* You were lately whipt sir as I thinke.

*Clo.* O Lord sir, spare not me.

*La.* Doe you erie O Lord sir at your whipping, and spare not me? Indeed your O Lord sir, is very sequest to your whipping: you would answere very well to a whipping if you were but bound too't.

*Clo.* Inere had worse lucke in my life in my O Lord sir: I see things may serue long, but not serue euer.

*La.* I play the noble hufwife with the time, to enter-taine it so merrily with a foole.

*Clo.* O Lord sir, why there't serues well agen.

*La.* And end sir to your businesse: giue *Hellen* this, And vrge her to a present answer backe, Commend me to my kinsmen, and my sonne, This is not much.

*Clo.* Not much commendation to them.

*La.* Not much imployment for you, you vnderstand me.

*Clo.* Most fruitfully, I am there, before my legeggs.

*La.* Haft you agen.

*Exeunt*

*Enter Count, Lafew, and Parolles.*

*Ol. Laf.* They say miracles are past, and we haue our Philosophicall persons, to make moderne and familiar things supernaturall and causelesse. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrours, enscorning our selues into seeming knowledge, when we should submit our selues to an vknownne feare.

*Par.* Why'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our latter times.

*Ros.* And so'tis.

*Ol. Laf.* To be relinquisht of the Artists.

*Par.* So I say both of *Galen* and *Paracelsus*.

*Ol. Laf.* Of all the learned and authenticke fellowes.

*Par.* Right so I say.

*Ol. Laf.* That gaue him out incurable.

*Par.* Why there'tis, so say I too.

*Ol. Laf.* Not to be help'd.

*Par.* Right, as'twere a man assur'd of a——

*Ol. Laf.* Vncertaine life, and sure death.

*Par.* Iust, you say well: so would I haue said.

*Ol. Laf.* I may truly say, it is a noueltie to the world.

*Par.* It is indeede if you will haue it in shewing, you shall reade it in what do ye call there.

*Ol. Laf.* A shewing of a heauenly effect in an earthly Actor.

*Par.* That's it, I would haue said, the verie same.

*Ol. Laf.* Why your Dolphin is not lustier: fore mee I speake in respect——

*Par.* Nay'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the breefe and the tedious of it, and he's of a most facinerious spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the——

*Ol. Laf.* Very hand of heauen.

*Par.* I so I say.

*Ol. Laf.* In a most weak——

*Par.* And debile minister great power, grear transcendence, which should indeede giue vs a further vse to

be made, then alone the recou'ry of the king, as to bee  
*Old Laf.* Generally thankfull.

*Enter King, Hellen, and attendants.*

*Par.* I would haue said it, you say well: heere comes the King.

*Ol. Laf.* Lustique, as the Dutchman saies: Ile like a maide the Better whil'st I haue a tooth in my head: why he's able to leade her a Carranto.

*Par.* *Mor du vinager*, is not this *Helen*?

*Ol. Laf.* Fore God I thinke so.

*King.* Goe call before mee all the Lords in Court, Sit my preseruer by thy patients side, And with this healthfull hand whose banisht sence Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receyue The confirmation of my promis'd guift, Which but attends thy naming.

*Enter 3 or 4 Lords.*

Faire Maide send forth thine eye, this youthfull parcell Of Noble Batchellors, stand at my bestowing, Ore whom both Soueraigne power, and fathers voice I haue to vse; thy franke election make, Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

*Hel.* To each of you, one faire and vertuous Mistris; Fall when loue please, marry to each but one.

*Old Laf.* I'de giue bay curtall, and his furniture My mouth no more were broken then these boyes, And writ as little beard.

*King.* Peruse them well: Not one of those, but had a Noble father.

*She addresses her to a Lord.*

*Hel.* Gentlemen, heauen hath through me, restor'd the king to health.

*All.* We vnderstand it, and thanke heauen for you.

*Hel.* I am a simple Maide, and therein wealthiest That I protest, I simply am a Maide: Please it your Maiestie, I haue done already: The blushes in my cheekes thus whisper mee, We blush that thou shouldst choose, but be refused; Let the white death sit on thy cheek for euer, Wee'l nere come there againe.

*King.* Make choise and see, Who shuns thy loue, shuns all his loue in mee.

*Hel.* Now *Dian* from thy Altar do I fly, And to imperiall loue, that God most high Do my sighes streame: Sir, wil you heare my suite?

1. *Lo.* And grant it.

*Hel.* Thankes sir, all the rest is mute.

*Ol. Laf.* I had rather be in this choise, then throw Amesse-ace for my life.

*Hel.* The honor sir that flames in your faire eyes, Before I speake too threateningly replies: Loue make your fortunes twentie times aboue Her that so vvishes, and her humble loue.

2. *Lo.* No better if you please.

*Hel.* My wish receive, Which great loue grant, and so I take my leaue.

*Ol. Laf.* Do all they denie her? And they were sons of mine, I'de haue them whip'd, or I would send them to'th Turke to make Eunuches of.

*Hel.* Be not afraid that I your hand should take, Ile neuer do you wrong for your owne sake: Blessing vpon your voves, and in your bed Finde fairer fortune, if you euer wed.

*Old Laf.* These boyes are boyes of Ice, they'le none haue



haue heere : sure they are bastards to the English, the French nere got em.

*La.* You are too young, too happie, and too good To make your selfe a sonne out of my blood.

*4. Lord.* Faire one, I thinke not so.

*Ol. Lord.* There's one grape yet, I am sure thy father drunke wine. But if thou be'st not an asse, I am a youth of fourteene : I haue knowne thee already.

*Hel.* I dare not say I take you, but I giue Me and my seruice, euer whilst I liue Into your guiding power : This is the man.

*King.* Why then young *Bertram* take her shee's thy wife.

*Ber.* My wife my Leige? I shal beseech your highnes In such a busines, giue me leaue to vse The helpe of mine owne eies.

*King.* Know'st thou not *Bertram* what shee ha's done for mee?

*Ber.* Yes my good Lord, but neuer hope to know why I should marrie her.

*King.* Thou know'st shee ha's rais'd me from my sickly bed.

*Ber.* But followes it my Lord, to bring me downe Must answer for your raising? I knowe her well : Shee had her breeding at my fathers charge : A poore Physitians daughter my wife? Disdaine Rather corrupt me euer.

*King.* Tis onely title thou disdainst in her, the which I can build vp : strange is it that our bloods Of colour, waight, and heat, pour'd all together, Would quite confound distinction: yet stands off In differences so mightie. If she bee All that is vertuous (saue what thou dislik'st) A poore Physitians daughter, thou dislik'st Of vertue for the name : but doe not so : From lowest place, whence vertuous things proceed, The place is dignified by th' doers deede. Where great additions swell's, and vertue none, It is a dropstied honour. Good a lone, Is good without a name? Vilenesse is so : The propertie by what is is, should go, Not by the title. Shee is young, wife, faire, In these, to Nature shee's immediate heire : And these breed honour : that is honours scorne, Which challenges it selfe as honours borne, And is not like the fire : Honours thrine, When rather from our acts we them deriue Then our fore-goers : the meere words, a slaue Deboish'd on euerie tombe, on euerie graue : A lying Trophee, and as oft is dumbe, Where dust, and damn'd obliuion is the Tombe. Of honour'd bones indeed, what should be saide? If thou canst like this creature, as a maide, I can create the rest : Vertue, and shee Is her owne dower : Honour and wealth, from mee.

*Ber.* I cannot loue her, nor will strue to doo't.

*King.* Thou wrong'st thy selfe, if thou shold'st strue to choose.

*Hel.* That you are well restor'd my Lord, I'me glad : Let the rest go.

*King.* My Honor's at the stake, which to defeat I must produce my power. Heere, take her hand, Proud scornfull boy, vnworthie this good gift, That dost in vile misprision shackle vp My loue, and her desert : that canst not dreame, We poizing vs in her defectiue scale,

Shall weigh thee to the beame : That wilt not know, It is in Vs to plant thine Honour, where We please to haue it grow. Checke thy contempt : Obey Our will, which trauailes in thy good : Beleeue not thy disdaine, but presentlie Do thine owne fortunes that obedient right Which both thy dutie owes, and Our power claimes, Or I will throw thee from my care for euer Into the staggers, and the carelesse lapse Of youth and ignorance : both my reuenge and hate Loosing vpon thee, in the name of iustice, Without all termes of pittie. Speake, thine answer.

*Ber.* Pardon my gracious Lord : for I submit My fancie to your eies, when I consider What great creation, and what dole of honour Flies where you bid it : I finde that she which late Was in my Nobler thoughts, most base : is now The praised of the King, who so ennobled, Is as'twere borne so.

*King.* Take her by the hand, And tell her she is thine : to whom I promise A counterpoize : If not to thy estate, A ballance more repleat.

*Ber.* I take her hand.

*King.* Good fortune, and the fauour of the King Smile vpon this Contract : whose Ceremonie Shall seeme expedient on the new borne brieft, And be perform'd to night : the solemne Feast Shall more attend vpon the coming space, Expecting absent friends. As thou lou'st her, Thy loue's to me Religious : else, do's erre. *Exeunt*

*Parolles and Lafew stay behind, commenting of this wedding.*

*Laf.* Do you heare Monsieur? A word with you.

*Par.* Your pleasure sir.

*Laf.* Your Lord and Master did well to make his recantation.

*Par.* Recantation? My Lord? my Master?

*Laf.* I : Is it not a Language I speake?

*Par.* A most harsh one, and not to bee vnderstoode without bloudie succeeding My Master?

*Laf.* Are you Companion to the Count *Rosillion*?

*Par.* To any Count, to all Counts : to what is man.

*Laf.* To what is Counts man : Counts maister is of another stile.

*Par.* You are too old sir : Let it satisfie you, you are too old.

*Laf.* I must tell thee sirrah, I write Man : to which title age cannot bring thee.

*Par.* What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

*Laf.* I did thinke thee for two ordinaries : to bee a prettie wife fellow, thou didst make tollerable vent of thy trauell, it might passe : yet the scarffes and the bannerets about thee, did manifoldlie disswade me from beleeuing thee a vessell of too great a burthen. I haue now found thee, when I loose thee againe, I care not : yet art thou good for nothing but taking vp, and that th' ourt scarce worth.

*Par.* Hadst thou not the priuiledge of Antiquity vpon thee.

*Laf.* Do not plunge thy selfe to farre in anger, least thou hasten thy triall : which if, Lord haue mercie on thee for a hen, so my good window of Lettice fare thee well, thy casement I neede not open, for I look through thee. Giue me thy hand.

*Par.* My Lord, you giue me most egregious indignity.

*Laf.*



*Laf.* I with all my heart, and thou art worthy of it.

*Par.* I haue not my Lord deseru'd it.

*Laf.* Yes good faith, eu'ry dramme of it, and I will not bate thee a scruple.

*Par.* Well, I shall be wiser.

*Laf.* Eu'n as soone as thou can'st, for thou hast to pull at a smacke a'th contrarie. If euer thou bee'st bound in thy skarfe and beaten, thou shall finde what it is to be proud of thy bondage, I haue a desire to holde my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say in the default, he is a man I know.

*Par.* My Lord you do me most insupportable vexation.

*Laf.* I would it were hell paines for thy sake, and my poore doing eternall: for doing I am past, as I will by thee, in what motion age will giue me leaue. *Exit.*

*Par.* Well, thou hast a sonne shall take this disgrace off me; scuruy, old, filthy, scuruy Lord: Well, I must be patient, there is no fettering of authority. He beate him (by my life) if I can meete him with any conuenience, and he were double and double a Lord. He haue no more pittie of his age then I would haue of——He beate him, and if I could but meet him agen.

*Enter Lafew.*

*Laf.* Sirra, your Lord and masters married, there's newes for you: you haue a new Mistris.

*Par.* I most vnfaignedly beseech your Lordshippe to make some reseruatiō of your wrongs. He is my good Lord, whom I serue aboue is my master.

*Laf.* Who? God.

*Par.* I sir.

*Laf.* The deuill it is, that's thy master. Why dooest thou garter vp thy armes a this fashion? Dost make hose of thy sleeues? Do other seruants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine Honor, if I were but two houres yonger, I'd beate thee: mee-think'st thou art a generall offence, and euery man shold beate thee: I thinke thou wast created for men to breath themselves vpon thee.

*Par.* This is hard and vnderferued measure my Lord.

*Laf.* Go too sir, you were beaten in *Italy* for picking a kernell out of a Pomgranat, you are a vagabond, and no true traueeller: you are more sawcie with Lordes and honourable personages, then the Commission of your birth and vertue giues you Heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knaue. I leaue you. *Exit*

*Enter Count Rossillion.*

*Par.* Good, very good, it is so then: good, very good, let it be conceal'd awhile.

*Ros.* Vndone, and forfeited to cares for euer.

*Par.* What's the matter sweet-heart?

*Rosill.* Although before the solemne Priest I haue sworne, I will not bed her.

*Par.* What? what sweet heart?

*Ros.* O my Parrolles, they haue married me: He to the *Tuscan* warres, and neuer bed her.

*Par.* *France* is a dog-hole, and it no more merits, The tread of a mans foot: too'th warres.

*Ros.* There's letters from my mother: What th'import is, I know not yet.

*Par.* I that would be knowne: too'th warres my boy, too'th warres:

He weares his honor in a boxe vnseene,  
That hugges his kickie wickie heare at home,  
Spending his manlie marrow in her armes  
Which should sustaine the bound and high curuet  
Of *Marses* fierie steed: to other Regions,  
*France* is a stable, wee that dwell in't lades,  
Therefore too'th warre.

*Ros.* It shall be so, He send her to my house,  
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,  
And wherefore I am fled: Write to the King  
That which I durst not speake. His present gift  
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields  
Where noble fellowes strike: Warres is no strife  
To the darke house, and the detected wife.

*Par.* Will this Caprichio hold in thee, art sure?

*Ros.* Go with me to my chamber, and aduice me.  
He send her straight away: To morrow,  
He to the warres, she to her single sorrow.

*Par.* Why these bals bound, ther's noise in it. Tis hard  
A yong man married, is a man that's mard:  
Therefore away, and leaue her brauely: go,  
The King ha's done you wrong: but hush'tis so. *Exit*

*Enter Helena and Clowne.*

*Hel.* My mother greets me kindly, is she well?

*Cl.* She is not well, but yet she has her health, she's very merrie, but yet she is not well: but thanks be giuen she's very well, and wants nothing i'th world: but yet she is not well.

*Hel.* If she be verie wel, what do's she ayle, that she's not verie well?

*Cl.* Truly she's very well indeed, but for two things

*Hel.* What two things?

*Cl.* 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.*

*Par.* Blessie you my fortunate Ladie.

*Hel.* I hope sir I haue your good will to haue mine owne good fortune.

*Par.* You had my prayers to leade them on, and to keepe them on, haue them still. O my knaue, how do's my old Ladie?

*Cl.* So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

*Par.* Why I say nothing.

*Cl.* Marry you are the wiser man: for many a mans tongue shakes out his masters vndoing: to say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to haue nothing, is to be a great part of your title, which is within a verie little of nothing.

*Par.* Away, th'art a knaue.

*Cl.* You should haue said sir before a knaue, th'art a knaue, that's before me th'art a knaue: this had beene truth sir.

*Par.* Go too, thou art a wittie foole, I haue found thee.

*Cl.* Did you finde me in your selfe sir, or were you taught to finde me?

*Cl.* The search sir was profitable, and much Foole may you find in you, euen to the worlds pleasure, and the encrease of laughter.

*Par.* A good knaue ifaith, and well fed.  
Madam, my Lord will go awaie to night,



A verie ferrious businesse call's on him :  
The great prerogative and rite of loue,  
Which as your due time claimes, he do's acknowledge,  
But puts it off to a compell'd restraint :  
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets  
Which they distill now in the curbed time,  
To make the comming houre overflow with ioy,  
And pleasure drowne the brim.

*Hel.* What's his will else?

*Par.* That you will take your instant leaue a'th king,  
And make this hast as your owne good proceeding,  
Strengthened with what Apologie you thinke  
May make it probable neede.

*Hel.* What more commands hee?

*Par.* That hauing this obtain'd, you presentlie  
Attend his further pleasure.

*Hel.* In euery thing I waite vpon his will.

*Par.* I shall report it so.

*Exit Par.*

*Hel.* I pray you come firrah.

*Exit*

*Enter Lafew and Bertram.*

*Laf.* But I hope your Lordshippe thinkes not him a  
souldier.

*Ber.* Yes my Lord and of verie valiant approue.

*Laf.* You haue it from his owne deliuerance.

*Ber.* And by other warranted testimonie.

*Laf.* Then my Diall goes not true, I tooke this Larke  
for a bunting.

*Ber.* I do assure you my Lord he is very great in know-  
ledge, and accordinglie valiant.

*Laf.* I haue then sinn'd against his experience, and  
transgress't against his valour, and my state that way is  
dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent :  
Heere he comes, I pray you make vs freinds, I will pur-  
sue the amitie.

*Enter Parolles.*

*Par.* These things shall be done sir.

*Laf.* Pray you sir whose his Tailor?

*Par.* Sir?

*Laf.* O I know him well, I sir, hee sirs a good worke-  
man, a verie good Tailor.

*Ber.* Is shee gone to the king?

*Par.* Shee is.

*Ber.* Will shee away to night?

*Par.* As you'll haue her.

*Ber.* I haue writ my letters, casketted my treasure,  
Giuen order for our horses, and to night,  
When I should take possession of the Bride,  
And ere I doe begin.

*Laf.* A good Trauailer is something at the latter end  
of a dinner, but on that lies three thirds, and vses a  
known truth to passe a thousand nothings with, should  
bee once hard, and thrice beaten. God saue you Cap-  
taine.

*Ber.* Is there any vnkindnes betweene my Lord and  
you Monsieur?

*Par.* I know not how I haue deserued to run into my  
Lords displeasure.

*Laf.* You haue made shift to run into't, bootes and  
spurres and all : like him that leapt into the Custard, and  
out of it you'll runne againe, rather then suffer question  
for your residence.

*Ber.* It may bee you haue mistaken him my Lord.

*Laf.* And shall doe so euer, though I tooke him at's  
prayers. Fare you well my Lord, and beleue this of

me, there can be no kernell in this light Nur : the soule  
of this man is his cloathes : Trust him not in matter of  
heauie consequence : I haue kept of them tame, & know  
their natures. Farewell Monsieur, I haue spoken better  
of you, then you haue or will to deserue at my hand, but  
we must do good against euill.

*Par.* An idle Lord, I sweare.

*Ber.* I thinke so.

*Par.* Why do you not know him?

*Ber.* Yes, I do know him well, and common speech  
Giues him a worthy passe. Heere comes my clog.

*Enter Helena.*

*Hel.* I haue sir as I was commanded from you  
Spoke with the King, and haue procur'd his leaue  
For present parting, onely he desires  
Some priuate speech with you.

*Ber.* I shall obey his will.

You must not meruaile *Helena* at my course,  
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does  
The ministration, and required office  
On my particular. Prepar'd I was not  
For such a businesse, therefore am I found  
So much vnseel'd : This driues me to intreate you,  
That presently you take your way for home,  
And rather muse then aske why I intreate you,  
For my respects are better then they seeme,  
And my appointments haue in them a neede  
Greater then shewes it selfe at the first view,  
To you that know them not. This to my mother,  
'Twill be two daies ere I shall see you, so  
I leaue you to your wisedome.

*Hel.* Sir, I can nothing say,  
But that I am your most obedient seruant.

*Ber.* Come, come, no more of that.

*Hel.* And euer shall

With true obseruance seeke to ecke out that  
Wherein toward me my homely starres haue faild  
To equall my great fortune.

*Ber.* Let that goe : my hast is verie great. Farewell :  
Hie home.

*Hel.* Pray sir your pardon.

*Ber.* Well, what would you say?

*Hel.* I am not worthie of the wealth I owe,  
Nor dare I say 'tis mine : and yet it is,  
But like a timorous theefe, most faine would steale  
What law does vouch mine owne.

*Ber.* What would you haue?

*Hel.* Something, and scarce so much : nothing indeed,  
I would not tell you what I would my Lord : Faith yes,  
Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kisse.

*Ber.* I pray you stay not, but in hast to horse.

*Hel.* I shall not breake your bidding, good my Lord :  
Where are my other men? Monsieur, farewell. *Exit*

*Ber.* Go thou toward home, where I wil neuer come,  
Whilst I can shake my sword, or heare the drumme :  
Away, and for our flight.

*Par.* Brauely, Coragio.

### *Actus Tertius.*

*Flourish.* *Enter the Duke of Florence, the two Frenchmen,  
with a troope of Souldiers.*

*Duke.* So that from point to point, now haue you heard  
The



The fundamentall reasons of this warre,  
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth  
And more thirsts after.

*1. Lord.* Holy seemes the quarrell  
Vpon your Graces part: blacke and fearefull  
On the opposer.

*Duke.* Therefore we meruaile much our Cofin France  
Would in so iust a businesse, shut his bosome  
Against our borrowing prayers.

*French E.* Good my Lord,  
The reasons of our state I cannot yeelde,  
But like a common and an outward man,  
That the great figure of a Counsaile frames,  
By selfe vnable motion, therefore dare not  
Say what I thinke of it, since I haue found  
My selfe in my incertaine grounds to faile:  
As often as I guesst.

*Duke.* Be it his pleasure.

*Fren. G.* But I am sure the yonger of our nature,  
That surfet on their ease, will day by day  
Come heere for Physicke.

*Duke.* Welcome shall they bee:  
And all the honors that can flye from vs,  
Shall on them settle: you know your places well,  
When better fall, for your auailles they fell,  
To morrow to'th the field. *Flourish.*

*Enter Countesse and Clowne.*

*Count.* It hath happen'd all, as I would haue had it, saue  
that he comes not along with her.

*Clo.* By my troth I take my young Lord to be a ve-  
rie melancholly man.

*Count.* By what obseruance I pray you.

*Clo.* Why he will looke vpon his boote, and sing:  
mend the Ruffe and sing, aske questions and sing, picke  
his teeth, and sing: I know a man that had this trick of  
melancholy hold a goodly Mannor for a song.

*Lad.* Let me see what he writes, and when he meanes  
to come.

*Clow.* I haue no minde to *Isbell* since I was at Court,  
Our old Lings, and our *Isbels* a'th Country, are nothing  
like your old Ling and your *Isbels* a'th Court: the brains  
of my Cupid's knock'd out, and I beginne to loue, as an  
old man loues money, with no stomacke.

*Lad.* What haue we heere?

*Clo.* In that you haue there. *exit*

*A Letter.*

*I haue sent you a daughter-in-Law, shee hath recovered the  
King, and undone me: I haue wedded her, not bedded her,  
and sworne to make the not eternall. You shall heere I am  
runne away, know it before the report come. If there bee  
breath enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My  
duty to you.* *Your unfortunate sonne,  
Bertram.*

This is not well rash and vnbridled boy,  
To flye the fauours of so good a King,  
To plucke his indignation on thy head,  
By the misprising of a Maide too vertuous  
For the contempt of Empire.

*Enter Clowne.*

*Clow.* O Madam, yonder is heauie newes within be-  
tweene two souldiers, and my yong Ladie.

*La.* What is the matter.

*Clo.* Nay there is some comfort in the newes, some  
comfort, your sonne will not be kild so soone as I thoght  
he would.

*La.* Why should he be kill'd?

*Clo.* So say I Madame, if he runne away, as I heare he  
does, the danger is in standing too't, that's the losse of  
men, though it be the getting of children. Heere they  
come will tell you more. For my part I onely heare your  
sonne was run away.

*Enter Hellen and two Gentlemen.*

*French E.* Saue you good Madam.

*Hel.* Madam, my Lord is gone, for euer gone.

*French G.* Do not say so.

*La.* Thinke vpon patience, pray you Gentlemen,  
I haue felt so many quirkes of ioy and greefe,  
That the first face of neither on the start  
Can woman me vntoo't. Where is my sonne I pray you?

*Fren. G.* Madam he's gone to serue the Duke of Flo-  
rence,

We met him thitherward, for thence we came:

And after some dispatch in hand at Court,

Thither we bend againe.

*Hel.* Looke on his Letter Madam, here's my Pasport.

*When thou canst get the Ring vpon my finger, which neuer  
shall come off, and shew mee a childe begotten of thy bodie,  
that I am father too, then call me husband; but in such a (then)  
I write a Neuer.*

This is a dreadfull sentence.

*La.* Brought you this Letter Gentlemen?

*F. G.* I Madam, and for the Contents take are sorrie  
for our paines.

*Old La.* I prethee Ladie haue a better cheere,  
If thou engrossst, all the greefes are thine,  
Thou robst me of a moiety: He was my sonne,  
But I do wash his name out of my blood,  
And thou art all my childe. Towards Florence is he?

*Fren. G.* I Madam.

*La.* And to be a souldier.

*Fren. G.* Such is his noble purpose, and beleeu't  
The Duke will lay vpon him all the honor  
That good conuenience claimes.

*La.* Returne you thither.

*Fren. E.* I Madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

*Hel.* Till I haue no wife, I haue nothing in France,  
'Tis bitter.

*La.* Finde you that there?

*Hel.* I Madame.

*Fren. E.* 'Tis but the boldnesse of his hand haply, which  
his heart was not consenting too.

*Lad.* Nothing in France, vntill he haue no wife:

There's nothing heere that is too good for him

But onely she, and she deserues a Lord

That twenty such rude boyes might tend vpon,  
And call her hourelly Mistris. Who was with him?

*Fren. E.* A seruant onely, and a Gentleman: which I  
haue sometime knowne.

*La.* Parolles was it not?

*Fren. E.* I my good Ladie, hte.

*La.* A verie tainted fellow, and full of wickednesse,  
My sonne corrupts a well deriued nature  
With his inducement.

*Fren. E.* Indeed good Ladie the fellow has a deale of  
that, too much, which holds him much to haue.

*La.* Yare welcome Gentlemen, I will intreate you  
when you see my sonne, to tell him that his sword can  
neuer winne the honor that he looses: more Ile intreate



you written to beare along.

*Fren. G.* We serue you Madam in that and all your worthiest affaires.

*La.* Not so, but as we change our courtesies, Well you draw neere? *Exit.*

*Hel.* Till I haue no wife I haue nothing in France. Nothing in France vntill he has no wife : Thou shalt haue none *Rossillion*, none in France, Then hast thou all againe : poore Lord, is't I That chase thee from thy Countrie, and expose Those tender limbes of thine, to the euent Of the none-sparing warre ? And is it I, That driue thee from the sportiue Court, where thou Was't shot at with faire eyes, to be the marke Of smoakie Muskets ? O you leaden messengers, That ride vpon the violent speede of fire, Fly with falsd ayme, moue the still-peering aire That sings with piercing, do not touch my Lord : Who euer shoots at him, I set him there. Who euer charges on his forward brest I am the Caitiffe that do hold him too'r, And though I kill him not, I am the cause His death was so effected : Better 'twere I met the rauine Lyon when he roar'd With sharpe constraint of hunger : better 'twere, That all the miseries which nature owes Were mine at once. No come thou home *Rossillion*, Whence honor but of danger winnes a scarre, As oft it looses all. I will be gone : My being heere it is, that holds thee hence, Shall I stay heere to doo't ? No, no, although The ayre of Paradise did fan the house, And Angles offic'd all : I will be gone, That pittifull rumour may report my flight To consoleate thine eare. Come night, end day, For with the darke (poore thee) I'll steale away. *Exit.*

*Flourish.* Enter the Duke of Florence, *Rossillion*, drums and trumpets, soldiers, Parrolles.

*Duke.* The Generall of our horse thou art, and we Great in our hope, lay our best loue and credence Vpon thy promising fortune.

*Ber.* Sir it is A charge too heauy for my strength, but yet Wee'll striue to beare it for your worthy sake, To th'extreme edge of hazard.

*Duke.* Then go thou forth, And fortune play vpon thy prosperous helme As thy auspicious mistris.

*Ber.* This very day Great Mars I put my selfe into thy file, Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall proue A loner of thy drumme, hater of loue. *Exeunt oranes*

Enter Countesse & Steward.

*La.* Alas! and would you take the letter of her : Might you not know she would do, as she has done, By lending me a Letter. Reade it agen.

Letter.

I am *S. Iaques Pilgrim*, thither gone : Ambitious loue hath so in me offended, That bare-foot plod I the cold ground vpon With fainted vow my faults to haue amended.

Write, write, that from the bloodie course of warre, My deereft Master your deare sonne, may lie, Blesse him at home in peace. Whilst I from farre, His name with zealous sermour sanctifie : His taken labours bid him me forgive : I his despightfull Iuno sent him forth, From Courtly friends, with Camping foes to line, Where death and danger dogges the heeles of worib. He is too good and faire for death, and mee, Whom I my selfe embrace, to set him free.

Ah what sharpe stings are in her mildest words ? *Rynaldo*, you did neuer lacke aduice so much, As letting her passe so : had I spoke with her, I could haue well diuerted her intents, Which thus she hath prevented.

*Ste.* Pardon me Madam, If I had giuen you this at ouer-night, She might haue bene ore-tane : and yet she writes Pursuite would be but vaine.

*La.* What Angell shall Blesse this vnworthy husband, he cannot thriue, Vlesse her prayers, whom heauen delights to heare And loues to grant, repreece him from the wrath Of greatest Iustice. Write, write *Rynaldo*, To this vnworthy husband of his wife, Let euerie word waigh heauie of her worth, That he does waigh too light : my greatest greefe, Though little he do feele it, set downe sharpely. Dispatch the most conuenient messenger, When haply he shall heare that she is gone, He will returne, and hope I may that shee Hearing so much, will speede her foote againe, Led hither by pure loue : which of them both Is deereft to me, I haue no skill in sence. To make distinction : prouide this Messenger : My heart is heauie, and mine age is weake, Greefe would haue teares, and sorrow bids me speake. *Exeunt*

A Tucket afarre off.

Enter old Widdow of Florence, her daughter, *Violenta* and *Mariana*, with other Citizens.

*Widdow.* Nay come, For if they do approach the City, We shall loose all the sight.

*Diana.* They say, the French Count has done Most honourable seruice.

*Wid.* It is reported, That he has taken their greatst Commander, And that with his owne hand he slew The Dukes brother : we haue lost our labour, They are gone a contrarie way : harke, you may know by their Trumpets.

*Maria.* Come lets returne againe, And suffice our selues with the report of it. Well *Diana*, take heed of this French Earle, The honor of a Maide is her name, And no Legacie is so rich As honestie.

*Widdow.* I haue told my neighbour How you haue bene solicited by a Gentleman, His Companion.

*Maria*



*Maria.* I know that knave, hang him, one *Parolles*, a filthy Officer he is in those suggestions for the young Earle, beware of them *Diana*; their promises, entitlements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go vnder: many a maide hath beene seduced by them, and the miserie is example, that so terrible shewes in the wracke of maiden-hood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigges that threatens them. I hope I neede not to aduise you further, but I hope your owne grace will keepe you where you are, though there were no further danger knowne, but the modestie which is so lost.

*Dia.* You shall not neede to feare me.

*Enter Helen.*

*Wid.* I hope so: looke here comes a pilgrim, I know she will lye at my house, thither they send one another, Ile question her. God saue you pilgrim, whether are bound?

*Hel.* To *S. Iaques la grand.*

Where do the Palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

*Wid.* At the *S. Francis* heere beside the Port.

*Hel.* Is this the way?

*A march as farre.*

*Wid.* I marrie ist. Harke you, they come this way: If you will tarrie holy Pilgrime But till the troopes come by, I will condu& you where you shall be lodg'd, The rather for I thinke I know your hostesse As ample as my selfe.

*Hel.* Is it your selfe?

*Wid.* If you shall please so Pilgrime.

*Hel.* I thanke you, and will stay vpon your leisure.

*Wid.* you came I thinke from *France*?

*Hel.* I did so.

*Wid.* Heere you shall see a Countiman of yours That has done worthy seruice.

*Hel.* His name I pray you?

*Dia.* The Count *Rossillion*: know you such a one?

*Hel.* But by the care that heares most nobly of him: His face I know not.

*Dia.* What somere he is

He's brauely taken heere. He stole from *France* As 'tis reported: for the King had married him Against his liking. Thinke you it is so?

*Hel.* I surely meere the truth, I know his Lady.

*Dia.* There is a Gentleman that serues the Count, Reports but courselfe of her.

*Hel.* What's his name?

*Dia.* Monsieur *Parolles*.

*Hel.* Oh I belecue with him,

In argument of praise, or to the worth Of the great Count himselfe, she is too meane To haue her name repeated, all her deseruing Is a referu'd honestie, and that I haue not heard examin'd.

*Dia.* Alas poore Ladie, 'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife Of a detesting Lord.

*Wid.* I write good creature, wherefoere she is, Her hart waighes sadly: this yong maid might do her A shrewd turne if she pleas'd.

*Hel.* How do you meane?

May be the amorous Count sollicites her In the vnlawfull purpose.

*Wid.* He does indeede,

And brokes with all that can in such a suite

Corrupt the tender honour of a Maide: But she is arm'd for him, and keepe her guard In honestest defence.

*Drumme and Colours.*

*Enter Count Rossillion, Parolles, and the whole Armie.*

*Mar.* The goddess forbid else.

*Wid.* So, now they come:

That is *Anthonio* the Dukes eldest sonne, That *Escalus*.

*Hel.* Which is the Frenchman?

*Dia.* Hee;

That with the plume, 'tis a most gallant fellow, I would he lou'd his wife: if he were honest He were much goodlier. Is't not a handsom Gentleman

*Hel.* I like him well.

*Di.* 'Tis pittie he is not honest: yonds that same knave That leades him to these places: were I his Ladie, I would poison that vile Rascall.

*Hel.* Which is he?

*Dia.* That lacke an-apes with scarfes. Why is hee melancholly?

*Hel.* Perchance he's hurt i'th battaile.

*Par.* Loose our drum? Well.

*Mar.* He's shrewdly vext at something. Looke he has spyed vs.

*Wid.* Marrie hang you.

*Mar.* And your curtesie, for a ring-carrier. *Exit.*

*Wid.* The troope is past: Come pilgrim, I will bring you, Where you shall host: Of inioyn'd penitents There's foure or fve, to great *S. Iaques* bound, Alreadie at my house.

*Hel.* I humbly thanke you:

Please it this Matron, and this gentle Maide To eate with vs to night, the charge and thanking Shall be for me. and to requite you further, I will bestow some precepts of this Virgin, Worthy the note.

*Both.* Wee'l take your offer kindly. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Count Rossillion and the Frenchmen, as at first.*

*Cap.E.* Nay good my Lord put him too't: let him haue his way.

*Cap.G.* If your Lordshippe finde him not a Hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

*Cap.E.* On my life my Lord a bubble.

*Ber.* Do you thinke I am so farre Deceiued in him.

*Cap.E.* Beleue it my Lord, in mine owne direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speake of him as my kinsman, hee's a most notable Coward, an infinite and endlesse Lyar, an houely promise-breaker, the owner of no one good qualitie, worthy your Lordships entertainment.

*Cap.G.* It were fit you knew him, least reposing too farre in his vertue which he hath not, he might at some great and trustie businesse, in a maine daunger, fayle you.

*Ber.* I would I knew in what particular adion to try him.

*Cap.G.* None better then to let him fetch off his drumme, which you heare him so confidently vnder-take to do.

*C.E.* I with a troop of Florentines wil sodainly surprize



prize him; such I will haue whom I am sure he knowes not from the enimie: wee will blinde and hoodwinke him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the Leager of the aduersaries, when we bring him to our owne tents: be but your Lordship present at his examination; if he do not for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base feare, offer to betray you, and deliuer all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the diuine forfeite of his soule vpon oath, neuer trust my iudgement in alic thing.

*Cap.G.* O for the loue of slaughter, let him fetch his drumme, he sayes he has a stratagem for't: when your Lordship sees the bottome of this successe in't, and to what mettle this counterfeyt lump of ours will be melted if you giue him not Tohn drummes entertainment, your inclining cannot be remoued. Heere he comes.

*Enter Parrolles.*

*Cap.E.* O for the loue of laughter hinder not the honor of his designe, let him fetch off his drumme in any hand.

*Ber.* How now Monsieur? This drumme sticks sorely in your disposition.

*Cap.G.* A pox on't; let it go, 'tis but a drumme.

*Par.* But a drumme: Is't but a drumme? A drum so lost. There was excellent command, to charge in with our horse vpon our owne wings, and to rend our owne souldiers.

*Cap.G.* That was not to be blam'd in the command of the seruice: it was a disaster of warre that *Cesar* him selfe could not haue preuented, if he had beene there to command.

*Ber.* Well, wee cannot greatly condemne our successe: some dishonor wee had in the losse of that drum, but it is not to be recouered.

*Par.* It might haue beene recouered,

*Ber.* It might, but it is not now.

*Par.* It is to be recouered, but that the merit of seruice is sildome attributed to the true and exact performer, I would haue that drumme or another, or his iacket.

*Ber.* Why if you haue a stomacke, too't Monsieur: if you thinke your myserie in stratagem, can bring this instrument of honour againe into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprize and go on, I wil grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speede well in it, the Duke shall both speake of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatnesse, euen to the utmost syllable of your worthinesse.

*Par.* By the hand of a souldier I will vndertake it.

*Ber.* But you must not now slumber in it.

*Par.* Ile about it this euening, and I will presently pen downe my dilemma's, encourage my selfe in my certaintie, put my selfe into my mortall preparation: and by midnight looke to heare further from me.

*Ber.* May I bee bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it.

*Par.* I know not what the successe wil be my Lord, but the attempt I vow.

*Ber.* I know th'art valiant, And to the possibility of thy souldiership, Will subscribe for thee: Farewell.

*Par.* I loue not many words.

*Cap.E.* No more then a fish loues water. Is not this

a strange fellow my Lord, that so confidently seemes to vndertake this businesse, which he knowes is not to be done, damnes himselfe to do, & dares better be damnd then to doe't.

*Cap.G.* You do not know him my Lord as we doe, certaine it is that he will steale himselfe into a mans fauour, and for a weeke escape a great deale of discoueries, but when you finde him out, you haue him euer after.

*Ber.* Why do you thinke he will make no deede at all of this that so seruoullie hee dooes addresse himselfe vnto?

*Cap.E.* None in the world, but returne with an inuention, and clap vpon you two or three probable lies: but we haue almost imboss't him, you shall see his fall to night; for indeede he is not for your Lordshippes respect.

*Cap.G.* Weele make you some sport with the Foxe ere we case him. He was first smock'd by the old Lord *Lafew*, when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall finde him, which you shall see this vennie night.

*Cap.E.* I must go looke my twigges, He shall be caught.

*Ber.* Your brother he shall go along with me.

*Cap.G.* As't please your Lordship, Ile leaue you.

*Ber.* Now wil I lead you to the house, and shew you The Lasse I spoke of.

*Cap.E.* But you say she's honest.

*Ber.* That's all the fault: I spoke with hir but once, And found her wondrous cold, but I sent to her By this same *Coxcombe* that we haue i'th winde Tokens and Letters, which she did resend, And this is all I haue done: She's a faire creature, Will you go see her?

*Cap.E.* With all my heart my Lord.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Hellen, and Widow.*

*Hel.* If you misdoubt me that I am not shee, I know not how I shall assure you further, But I shall loose the grounds I worke vpon.

*Wid.* Though my estate be false, I was well borne, Nothing acquainted with these businesse, And would not put my reputation now In any staining act.

*Hel.* Nor would I wish you.

First giue me trust, the Count he is my husband, And what to your sworne counsaile I haue spoken, Is so from word to word: and then you cannot By the good ayde that I of you shall borrow, erre in bestowing it.

*Wid.* I should beleaue you, For you haue shew'd me that which well approues Yare great in fortune.

*Hel.* Take this purse of Gold, And let me buy your friendly helpe thus farre, Which I will ouer-pay, and pay againe When I haue found it. The Count he woos your daughter,

Layes downe his wanton sledge before her beautie, Resolue to carrie her: let her in fine consent As wee'l direct her how 'tis best to beare it: Now his important blood will naught denie, That shee'l demand: a ring the Countie weares, That downward hath succeeded in his house

From



From sonne to sonne, some foure or five descents,  
Since the first father wore it. This Ring he holds  
In most rich choice: yet in his idle fire,  
To buy his will, it would not seeme too deere,  
How ere repented after.

*Wid.* Now I see the bottome of your purpose.

*Hel.* You see it lawfull then, it is no more,  
But that your daughter ere she seemes as wonde,  
Desires this Ring; appoints him an encounter;  
In fine, deliueis me to fill the time,  
Her selfe most chastly absent: after  
To marry her, He adde three thousand Crownes  
To what is past already.

*Wid.* I haue yeelded:  
Instruct my daughter how she shall perseuer,  
That time and place with this deceite so lawfull  
May proue coherent. Euery night he comes  
With Musickes of all sorts, and songs compos'd  
To her vnworthinesse: It nothing steeds vs  
To chide him from our eues, for he persists  
As if his life lay on't.

*Hel.* Why then to night  
Let vs assay our plot, which if it speed,  
Is wicked meaning in a lawfull deede;  
And lawfull meaning in a lawfull act,  
Where both not sinne, and yet a sinfull fact.  
But let's about it.

### *Actus Quartus.*

*Enter one of the Frenchmen, with five or sixe other  
Souldiers in ambush.*

*1. Lord E.* He can come no other way but by this hedge  
corner: when you sallie vpon him, speake what terrible  
Language you will: though you vnderstand it not your  
selues, no matter: for we must not seeme to vnderstand  
him, vnlesse some one among vs, whom wee must pro-  
duce for an Interpreter.

*1. Sol.* Good Captaine, let me be th' Interpreter.

*Lor. E.* Art not acquainted with him? knowes he not  
thy voice?

*1. Sol.* No sir I warrant you.

*Lo. E.* But what linse wolffy hast thou to speake to vs  
again.

*1. Sol.* E'n such as you speake to me.

*Lo. E.* He must thinke vs some band of strangers, I'th  
aduersaries entertainment. Now he hath a smacke of all  
neighbouring Languages: therefore we must euery one  
be a man of his owne fancie, not to know what we speak  
one to another: so we seeme to know, is to know straight  
our purpose: Choughs language, gabble enough, and  
good enough. As for you interpreter, you must seeme  
very politicke. But couch hee, heere hee comes, to be-  
guile two houres in a sleepe, and then to returne & swear  
the lies he forges.

*Enter Parrolles.*

*Par.* Ten a clocke: Within these three houres 'twill  
be time enough to goe home. What shall I say I haue  
done? It must bee a very plausible inuention that carries  
it. They beginne to smoake mee, and disgraces haue of  
late, knock'd too often at my doore: I finde my tongue  
is too foole-hardie, but my heart hath the feare of Mars

before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of  
my tongue.

*Lo. E.* This is the first truth that ere thine own tongue  
was guiltie of.

*Par.* What the diuell should moue mee to vndertake  
the recouerie of this drumme, being not ignorant of the  
impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I  
must giue my selfe some hurts, and say I got them in ex-  
ploit: yet slight ones will not carrie it. They will say,  
came you off with so little? And great ones I dare not  
giue, wherefore what's the instance. Tongue, I must put  
you into a Butter-womans mouth, and buy my selfe ano-  
ther of *Baiaxet's* Mule, if you prattle mee into these  
perilles.

*Lo. E.* Is it possible he should know what hee is, and  
be that he is.

*Par.* I would the cutting of my garments wold serue  
the turne, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

*Lo. E.* We cannot afford you so.

*Par.* Or the baring of my beard, and to say it was in  
stratagem.

*Lo. E.* 'Twould not do.

*Par.* Or to drowne my cloathes, and say I was stript.

*Lo. E.* Hardly serue.

*Par.* Though I swore I leapt from the window of the  
Citadell.

*Lo. E.* How deepe?

*Par.* Thirty sadome.

*Lo. E.* Three great oathes would scarce make that be  
beleueed.

*Par.* I would I had any drumme of the enemies, I  
would swear I recouer'd it.

*Lo. E.* You shall heare one anon.

*Par.* A drumme now of the enemies.

*Alarum within.*

*Lo. E.* *Throca mouousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

*All.* *Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.*

*Par.* O ransome, ransome,

Do not hide mine eyes.

*Inter.* *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

*Par.* I know you are the *Muskos* Regiment,  
And I shall loose my life for want of language.  
If there be heere German or Dane, Low Dutch,  
Italian, or French, let him speake to me,  
He discouer that, which shal vndo the Florentine.

*Int.* *Boskos vauuado*, I vnderstand thee, & can speake  
thy tongue: *Kerelybonto* sir, betake thee to thy faith, for  
seuenteene ponyards are at thy bosome.

*Par.* Oh.

*Inter.* Oh pray, pray, pray,

*Manka renania dulce.*

*Lo. E.* *Oscorbidulabos volimorco.*

*Int.* The Generall is content to spare thee yet,  
And hoodwinkt as thou art, will leade thee on  
To gather from thee. Haply thou mayst informe  
Something to saue thy life.

*Par.* O let me liue,  
And all the secrets of our campe He shew,  
Their force, their purposes: Nay, He speake that,  
Which you will wonder at.

*Inter.* But wilt thou faithfully?

*Par.* If I do not, damne me.

*Inter.* *Acordo linta.*

Come on, thou art granted space.

*A short Alarum within.*

X 3

*Exit*

*Lo. E.*



*L.E.* Go tell the Count *Rossillon* and my brother,  
We haue caught the woodcocke, and will keepe him  
Till we do heare from them. (muffled)

*Sol.* Captaine I will.

*L.E.* A will betray vs all vnto our selues,  
Informe on that.

*Sol.* So I will sir.

*L.E.* Till then Ile keepe him darke and safely lockt.

*Exit*

*Enter Bertram, and the Maide called*

*Diana.*

*Ber.* They told me that your name was *Fomybell*.

*Dia.* No my good Lord, *Diana*.

*Ber.* Titled *Goddesse*,

And worth it with addition: but faire soule,

In your fine frame hath loue no qualitie?

If the quicke fire of youth light not your minde,

You are no Maiden but a monument

When you are dead you should be such a one

As you are now: for you are cold and sterne,

And now you should be as your mother was

When your sweet selfe was got.

*Dia.* She then was honest.

*Ber.* So should you be.

*Dia.* No:

My mother did but dutie, such (my Lord)

As you owe to your wife.

*Ber.* No more a'that:

I prethee do not strue against my vowes:

I was compell'd to her, but I loue thee

By loues owne sweet constraint, and will for euer

Do thee all rights of seruice.

*Dia.* I so you serue vs

Till we serue you: But when you haue our *Roses*,

You barely leaue our thornes to pricke our selues,

And mocke vs with our barenesse.

*Ber.* How haue I sworne.

*Dia.* 'Tis not the many oathes that makes the truth,

But the plaine single vow, that is vow'd true:

What is not holie, that we sweare not by,

But take the high't to witnesse: then pray you tell me,

If I should sweare by Ioues great attributes,

I lou'd you deere, would you beleue my oathes,

When I did loue you ill? This ha's no holding

To sweare by him whom I protest to loue

That I will worke against him. Therefore your oathes

Are words and poore conditions, but vnscald

At lest in my opinion.

*Ber.* Change it, change it:

Be not so holy cruell: Loue is holie,

And my integritie ne're knew the crafts:

That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,

But giue thy selfe vnto my sicke desires,

Who then recouers. Say thou art mine, and euer

My loue as it begins, shall so perseuer.

*Dia.* I see that men make rope's in such a scarre,

That wee'l forsake our selues: Giue me that Ring.

*Ber.* Ile lend it thee my deere; but haue no power

To giue it from me.

*Dia.* Will you not my Lord?

*Ber.* It is an honour longing to our house,

Bequeathed downe from many Ancestors,

Which were the greatest obloquie i'th world,

In me to loose.

*Dia.* Mine Honors such a Ring,

My chastities the Jewell of our house,

Bequeathed downe from many Ancestors,  
Which were the greatest obloquie i'th world,  
In mee to loose. Thus your owne proper wisdom  
Brings in the Champion honor on my part,  
Against your vaine assault.

*Ber.* Heere, take my Ring,  
My house, mine honor, yea my life be thine,  
And Ile be bid by thee.

*Dia.* When midnight comes, knocke at my cham-  
ber window:

Ile order take, my mother shall not heare.  
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,  
When you haue conquer'd my yet maiden-bed,  
Remaine there but an houre, nor speake to mee:

My reasons are most strong, and you shall know them,  
When backe againe this Ring shall be deliuer'd:

And on your finger in the night, Ile put

Another Ring, that what in time proceeds,

May token to the future, our past deeds.

Adieu till then, then faile not: you haue wonne

A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

*Ber.* A heauen on earth I haue won by wooing thee.

*Di.* For which, liue long to thank both heauen & me,  
You may so in the end.

My mother told me iust how he would woo,

As if she fate in's heart. She sayes, all men

Haue the like oathes: He had sworne to marrie me

When his wife's dead: therefore Ile lye with him

When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braide,

Marry that will, I liue and die a Maid:

Onely in this disguise, I think't no sinne,

To cosen him that would vniustly winne. *Exit*

*Enter the two French Captaines, and some two or three  
Souldiours.*

*Cap.G.* You haue not giuen him his mothers letter.

*Cap.E.* I haue deliuer'd it an houre since, there is som  
thing in't that stings his nature: for on the reading it,  
he chang'd almost into another man.

*Cap.G.* He has much worthy blame laid vpon him,  
for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a Lady.

*Cap.E.* Especially, hee hath incurred the euermlasting  
displeasure of the King, who had euen run'd his bounty  
to sing happinesse to him. I will tell you a thing, but  
you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

*Cap.G.* When you haue spoken it 'tis dead, and I am  
the graue of it.

*Cap.E.* Hee hath peruerred a young Gentlewoman  
heere in *Florence*, of a most chaste renown, & this night  
he fleshes his will in the spoyle of her honour: hee hath  
giuen her his monumentall Ring, and thinkes himselfe  
made in the vnchaste composition.

*Cap.G.* Now God delay our rebellion as we are our  
selues, what things are we.

*Cap.E.* Meerely our owne traitours. And as in the  
common course of all treasons, we still see them reueale  
themselves, till they attaine to their abhor'd ends: so  
he that in this action contriues against his owne Nobli-  
ty in his proper streame, ore-floues himselfe.

*Cap.G.* Is it not meant damnable in vs, to be Trum-  
peters of our vnlawfull intents? We shall not then haue  
his company to night?

*Cap.E.* Not till after midnight: for hee is dieted to  
his houre.

*Cap.G.* That approaches apace: I would gladly haue  
him see his company anathomiz'd, that hee might take



a measure of his owne iudgements, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

*Cap. E.* We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

*Cap. G.* In the meane time, what heare you of these Warres?

*Cap. E.* I heare there is an ouerture of peace.

*Cap. G.* Nay, I assure you a peace concluded.

*Cap. E.* What will Count *Rossillion* do then? Will he trauaile higher, or returne againe into France?

*Cap. G.* I perceiue by this demand, you are not altogether of his councill.

*Cap. E.* Let it be forbid sir, so should I bee a great deale of his act.

*Cap. G.* Sir, his wife some two months since fledde from his house, her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint *Iaques le grand*; which holy vndertaking, with most austere sanctimonie she accomplisht: and there residing, the tenderesse of her Nature, became as a prey to her greefe: in fine, made a groane of her last breath, & now she sings in heauen.

*Cap. E.* How is this iustified?

*Cap. G.* The stronger part of it by her owne Letters, which makes her storie true, euen to the poynt of her death: her death it selfe, which could not be her office to say, is come: was faithfully confirm'd by the Rector of the place.

*Cap. E.* Hath the Count all this intelligence?

*Cap. G.* I, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the veritie.

*Cap. E.* I am heartily sorrie that hee'l bee gladde of this.

*Cap. G.* How mightily sometimes, we make vs comforts of our losses.

*Cap. E.* And how mightily some other times, wee drowne our gaine in teares; the great dignitie that his valour hath here acquir'd for him, shall at home be encountred with a shame as ample.

*Cap. G.* The webbe of our life, is of a mingled yarne, good and ill together: our vertues would bee proud, if our faults whipt them not, and our crimes would dispaire if they were not cherish'd by our vertues.

*Enter a Messenger.*

How now? Where's your master?

*Ser.* He met the Duke in the street sir, of whom hee hath taken a solemne leaue: his Lordshippe will next morning for France. The Duke hath offered him Letters of commendations to the King.

*Cap. E.* They shall bee no more then needfull there, if they were more then they can commend.

*Enter Count Rossillion.*

*Bar.* They cannot be too sweete for the Kings tartnesse, heere's his Lordship now. How now my Lord, if it not after midnight?

*Bar.* I haue to night dispatch'd sixteene businesses, a moneths length a peece, by an abstract of successe: I haue congied with the Duke, done my adieu with his neereft; buried a wife, mourn'd for her, writ to my Ladie mother, I am returning, entertain'd my Conuoy, & betwene these maine parcels of dispatch, affected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I haue not ended yet.

*Cap. E.* If the businesse bee of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires hast of your

Lordship.

*Bar.* I meane the businesse is not ended, as fearing to heare of it hereafter: but shall we haue this dialogue betwene the Foole and the Soldiour. Come, bring forth this counterfet module, ha's deceiu'd mee, like a double-meaning Propheesier.

*Cap. E.* Bring him forth, ha's fate i'th stockes all night poore gallant knaue.

*Bar.* No matter, his heeles haue deseru'd it, in vsurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himselfe?

*Cap. E.* I haue told your Lordship already: The stockes carrie him. But to answer you as you would be vnderstood, hee weepes like a wench that had shed her milke, he hath confest himselfe to *Morgan*, whom hee supposes to be a Friar, frō the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i'th stockes: and what thinke you he hath confest?

*Bar.* Nothing of me, ha's a?

*Cap. E.* His confession is taken, and it shall bee read to his face, if your Lordshippe be in't, as I beleue you are, you must haue the patience to heare it.

*Enter Parolles with his Interpreter.*

*Bar.* A plague vpon him, muffeld; he can say nothing of me: hush, hush.

*Cap. G.* Hoodman comes: *Portotartarossa*.

*Inter.* He calles for the tortures, what will you say without em.

*Par.* I will confesse what I know without constraint, If ye pinch me like a Pasty, I can say no more.

*Int. Basko Chimurcho.*

*Cap. Babilindo chicurmurco.*

*Int.* You are a mercifull Generall: Our Generall bids you answer to what I shall aske you out of a Note.

*Par.* And truly, as I hope to liue.

*Int.* First demand of him, how many horse the Duke is strong. What say you to that?

*Par.* Fiue or sixe thousand, but very weake and vnseruiceable: the troopes are all scattered, and the Commanders verie poore rogues, vpon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to liue.

*Int.* Shall I set downe your answer so?

*Par.* Do, Ile take the Sacrament on't, how & which way you will: all's one to him.

*Bar.* What a past-saving slaue is this?

*Cap. G.* Yare deceiu'd my Lord, this is Mounseieur *Parolles* the gallant militarist, that was his owne phrase that had the whole theoricke of warre in the knot of his scarfe, and the practise in the chape of his dagger.

*Cap. E.* I will neuer trust a man againe, for keeping his sword cleane, nor beleue he can haue euerie thing in him, by wearing his apparrell neatly.

*Int.* Well, that's set downe.

*Par.* Fiue or six thousand horse I sed, I will say true, or thereabouts set downe, for Ile speake truth.

*Cap. G.* He's very neere the truth in this.

*Bar.* But I con him no thanks for't in the nature he delivers it.

*Par.* Poore rogues, I pray you say.

*Int.* Well, that's set downe.

*Par.* I humbly thanke you sir, a truth's a truth, the Rogues are maruailous poore.

*Interp.* Demaund of him of what strength they are a foot. What say you to that?

*Par.* By my troth sir, if I were to liue this present houre, I will tell true. Let me see, *Spurio* a hundred & fiftie,



fiftie, *Sebastian* so many, *Corambus* so many, *Iaques* so many: *Guiltian*, *Cosmo*, *Ledowicke*, and *Craty*, two hundred fiftie each: Mine owne Company, *Chitopher*, *Diamond*, *Bentij*, two hundred fiftie each: so that the muster file, rotten and sound, vpon my life amounts not to fiftene thousand pole, halfe of the which, dare not shake the snow from off their Cassockes, least they shake themselves to peeces.

*Ber.* What shall be done to him?

*Cap.G.* Nothing, but let him haue thanks. Demand of him my condition: and what credite I haue with the Duke.

*Int.* Well that's set downe: you shall demaund of him, whether one Captaine *Dumaine* bee i'th Campe, a Frenchman: what his reputation is with the Duke, what his valour, honestie, and expertnesse in warres: or whether he thinkes it were not possible with well-waighing summes of gold to corrupt him to a reuolt. What say you to this? What do you know of it?

*Par.* I beseech you let me answer to the particular of the intergatories. Demand them singly.

*Int.* Do you know this Captaine *Dumaine*?

*Par.* I know him, a was a Botchers Prentize in *Paris*, from whence he was whipt for getting the Shrieues fool with childe, a dumbe innocent that could not say him nay.

*Ber.* Nay, by your leaue hold your hands, though I know his braines are forfeite to the next tile that falls.

*Int.* Well, is this Captaine in the Duke of Florences campe?

*Par.* Vpon my knowledge he is, and lowlie.

*Cap.G.* Nay looke not so vpon me: we shall heare of your Lord anon.

*Int.* What is his reputation with the Duke?

*Par.* The Duke knowes him for no other, but a poore Officer of mine, and writ to mee this other day, to turne him out a'th band. I thinke I haue his Letter in my pocket.

*Int.* Marry we'll search.

*Par.* In good sadnesse I do not know, either it is there, or it is vpon a file with the Dukes other Letters, in my Tent.

*Int.* Heere 'tis, heere's a paper, shall I reade it to you?

*Par.* I do not know if it be it or no.

*Ber.* Our Interpreter do's it well.

*Cap.G.* Excellently.

*Int.* *Dian*, the Counts a foole, and full of gold.

*Par.* That is not the Dukes letter sir: that is an aduertisement to a proper maide in Florence, one *Diana*, to take heede of the allurements of one Count *Rossillion*, a foolish idle boy: but for all that very ruttish. I pray you sir put it vp againe.

*Int.* Nay, Ile reade it first by your fauour.

*Par.* My meaning in't I protest was very honest in the behalfe of the maide: for I knew the young Count to be a dangerous and lasciuious boy, who is a whale to Virginitie, and deuours vp all the fry it finds.

*Ber.* Damnable both-sides rogue.

*Int. Let.* When he sweares oathes, bid him drop gold, and take it:

After he scores, he neuer payes the score:

Halfe won is match well made, match and well make it,

He nere payes after debts, take it before,

And say a souldier (*Dian*) told thee this:

Men are so mell with, boyes are not to kis.

For count of this, the Counts a Foole I know it,  
Who payes before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine as he vow'd to thee in thine care,

*Paralles.*

*Ber.* He shall be whipt through the Armie with this rime in's forehead.

*Cap.E.* This is your deuoted friend sir, the manifold Linguist, and the army-potent souldier.

*Ber.* I could endure any thing before but a Cat, and now he's a Cat to me.

*Int.* I perceiue sir by your Generals lookes, wee shall be faine to hang you.

*Par.* My life sir in any case: Not that I am afraide to dye, but that my offences beeing many, I would repent out the remainder of Nature. Let me liue sir in a dungeon, i'th stockes, or any where, so I may liue.

*Int.* Wee'll see what may bee done, so you confesse freely: therefore once more to this Captaine *Dumaine*: you haue answer'd to his reputation with the Duke, and to his valour. What is his honestie?

*Par.* He will steale sir an Egge out of a Cloister: for rapes and rauishments he paralels *Nessus*. Hee professes not keeping of oaths, in breaking em he is stronger then *Hercules*. He will lye sir, with such volubilitie, that you would thinke truth were a foole: drunkennesse is his best vertue, for he will be swine-drunke, and in his sleepe he does little harme, saue to his bed-cloathes about him: but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I haue but little more to say sir of his honestie, he ha's euerie thing that an honest man should not haue; what an honest man should haue, he has nothing.

*Cap.G.* I begin to loue him for this.

*Ber.* For this description of thine honestie? A pox vpon him for me, he's more and more a Cat.

*Int.* What say you to his expertnesse in warre?

*Par.* Faith sir, he's led the drumme before the English Tragedians: to belye him I will not, and more of his souldiership I know not, except in that Country, he had the honour to be the Officer at a place there called *Mile-end*, to instruct for the doubling of files. I would doe the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certaine.

*Cap.G.* He hath out-villain'd villanie so farre, that the raritie redeemes him.

*Ber.* A pox on him, he's a Cat still.

*Int.* His qualities being at this poore price, I neede not to aske you, if Gold will corrupt him to reuolt.

*Par.* Sir, for a Cardceue he will sell the fee-simple of his saluation, the inheritance of it, and cut th'intaile from all remainders, and a perpetuall succession for it perpetually.

*Int.* What's his Brother, the other Captaine *Dumaine*?

*Cap.E.* Why do's he aske him of me?

*Int.* What's he?

*Par.* E'ne a Crow a'th same nest: not altogether so great as the first in goodnesse, but greater a great deale in euill. He excels his Brother for a coward, yet his Brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat hee outrunnes any Lackey; marrie in comming on, hee ha's the Crampe.

*Int.* If your life be saued, will you vndertake to betray the Florentine.

*Par.* I, and the Captaine of his horse, Count *Rossillion*.

*Int.* Ile whisper with the Generall, and knowe his pleasure.

*Par.* Ile no more drumming, a plague of all drummes, onely to seeme to deserue well, and to beguile the supposition



sition of that lasciuious yong boy the Count, haue I run into this danger: yet who would haue suspected an ambush where I was taken?

*Int.* There is no remedy sir, but you must dye: the Generall sayes, you that haue so traitorously discouerd the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serue the world for no honest vse: therefore you must dye. Come headesman, off with his head.

*Par.* O Lord sir let me liue, or let me see my death.

*Int.* That shall you, and take your leaue of all your friends:

So, looke about you, know you any heere?

*Count.* Good morrow noble Captaine.

*Lo.E.* God blesse you Captaine *Parolles*.

*Cap.G.* God saue you noble Captaine.

*Lo.E.* Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord *Lafew*? I am for *France*.

*Cap.G.* Good Captaine will you giue me a Copy of the sonnet you writ to *Diana* in behalfe of the Count *Rossillion*, and I were not a verie Coward, I de compell it of you, but far you well. *Exeunt.*

*Int.* You are vndone Captaine all but your scarfe, that has a knot on't yet.

*Par.* Who cannot be crush'd with a plot?

*Inter.* If you could finde out a Countrie where but women were that had receiued so much shame, you might begin an impudent Nation. Fare ye well sir, I am for *France* too, we shall speake of you there. *Exit.*

*Par.* Yet am I thankfull: if my heart were great 'Twould burst at this: Captaine Ile be no more, But I will eate, and drinke, and sleepe as soft As Captaine shall. Simply the thing I am Shall make me liue: who knowes himselfe a braggart Let him feare this; for it will come to passe, That euery braggart shall be found an Ass. Rust sword, coole blushes, and *Parolles* liue Safest in shame: being fool'd, by fool'rie thriue; There's place and meanes for euery man alieue. Ile after them. *Exit.*

*Enter Hellen, Widdow, and Diana.*

*Hel.* That you may well perceiue I haue not wrong'd you, One of the greatest in the Christian world Shall be my suretie: for whose throne 'tis needfull Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneele. Time was, I did him a desired office Deere almost as his life, which gratitude Through flintie Tartars bosome would peepe forth, And answer thanks. I duly am inform'd, His grace is at *Marcella*, to which place We haue conuenient conuoy: you must know I am supposed dead, the Army breaking, My husband hies him home, where heauen ayding, And by the leaue of my good Lord the King, Wee'l be before our welcome.

*Wid.* Gentle Madam, You neuer had a seruant to whose trust Your busines was more welcome.

*Hel.* Nor your Mistris Euer a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour To recompence your loue: Doubt not but heauen Hath brought me vp to be your daughters dower, As it hath fated her to be my motiue

And helper to a husband. But O strange men, That can such sweet vse make of what they hate, When sawcie trusting of the cosin'd thoughts Defiles the pitchy night, so lust doth play With what it loathes, for that which is away, But more of this heereafter: you *Diana*, Vnder my poore instructions yet must suffer Something in my behalfe.

*Dia.* Let death and honestie Go with your impositions, I am yours Vpon your will to suffer.

*Hel.* Yet I pray you: But with the word the time will bring on summer, When Briars shall haue leaues as well as thornes, And be as sweet as sharpe: we must away, Our Wagon is prepar'd, and time reuiues vs, All's well that ends well, still the fines the Crowne; What ere the course, the end is the renowne. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Clowne, old Lady, and Lafew.*

*Laf.* No, no, no, your sonne was misled with a snipt taffata fellow there, whose villanous saffron wold haue made all the vnback'd and dowy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had beene alieue at this houre, and your sonne heere at home, more aduanc'd by the King, then by that red-tail'd humble Bee I speak of.

*La.* I would I had not knowne him, it was the death of the most vertuous gentlewoman, that euer Nature had praise for creating. If she had pertaken of my flesh and cost mee the deereft groanes of a mother, I could not haue owed her a more rooted loue.

*Laf.* 'Twas a good Lady, 'twas a good Lady. Wee may picke a thousand sallets ere wee light on such another hearbe.

*Clow.* Indeed sir she was the sweete Margerom of the sallet, or rather the hearbe of grace.

*Laf.* They are not hearbes you knaue, they are nose-hearbes.

*Clowne.* I am no great *Nabuchadnezzar* sir, I haue not much skill in grace.

*Laf.* Whether doest thou professe thy selfe, a knaue or a foole?

*Clow.* A foole sir at a womans seruice, and a knaue at a mans.

*Laf.* Your distinction.

*Clow.* I would coulen the man of his wife, and do his seruice.

*Laf.* So you were a knaue at his seruice indeed.

*Clow.* And I would giue his wife my bauble sir to doe her seruice.

*Laf.* I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knaue and foole.

*Clow.* At your seruice.

*Laf.* No, no, no.

*Clow.* Why sir, if I cannot serue you, I can serue as great a prince as you are.

*Laf.* Whose that, a Frenchman?

*Clow.* Faith sir a has an English maine, but his fisnomie is more hotter in France then there.

*Laf.* What prince is that?

*Clow.* The blacke prince sir, alias the prince of darke-nesse, alias the diuell.

*Laf.* Hold thee there's my purse, I giue thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talk'st off, serue him still.

*Clow*



*Clo.* I am a woodland fellow sir, that alwaies loued a great fire, and the master I speak of euer keeps a good fire, but sure he is the Prince of the world, let his Nobilitie remaine in's Court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pompe to enter: some that humble themselues may, but the manie will be too chill and tender, and theyle bee for the flowrie way that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

*Laf.* Go thy waies, I begin to bee a wearie of thee, and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy wayes, let my horses be wel look'd too, without any trickes.

*Clo.* If I put any trickes vpon em sir, they shall bee Iades trickes, which are their owne right by the law of Nature. exit

*Laf.* A shrewd knaue and an unhappie.

*Lady.* So aie. My Lord that's gone made himselfe much sport out of him, by his authoritie hee remaines heere, which he thinkes is a patten for his sawcinesse, and indeede he has no pace, but runnes where he will.

*Laf.* I like him well, 'tis not amisse: and I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good Ladies death, and that my Lord your sonne was vpon his returne home. I moued the King my master to speake in the behalfe of my daughter, which in the minoritie of them both, his Maiestie out of a selfe gracious remembrance did first propose, his Highnesse hath promis'd me to doe it, and to stoppe vp the displeasure he hath conceiued against your sonne, there is no fitter matter. How do's your Ladyship like it?

*La.* With verie much content my Lord, and I wish it happily effected.

*Laf.* His Highnesse comes post from *Marcellus*, of as able bodie as when he number'd thirty, a will be heere to morrow, or I am deceiu'd by him that in such intelligence hath seldome fail'd.

*La.* Irreioyces me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I haue letters that my sonne will be heere to night: I shall beseech your Lordship to remaine with mee, till they meete together.

*Laf.* Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

*Lad.* You neede but pleade your honourable priuiledge.

*Laf.* Ladie, of that I haue made a bold charter, but I thanke my God, it holds yet.

*Enter Clowne.*

*Clo.* O Madam, yonders my Lord your sonne with a patch of veluet on's face, whether there bee a scar vnder't or no, the Veluet knowes, but 'tis a goodly patch of Veluet, his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a halfe, but his right cheek is worne bare.

*Laf.* A scarre nobly got,  
Or anoble scarre, is a good liu'rie of honor,  
So belike is that.

*Clo.* But it is your carbinado'd face.

*Laf.* Let vs go see  
your sonne I pray you, I long to talke  
With the yong noble souldier.

*Clowne.* Faith there's a dozen of em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at euerie man.

*Exeunt*

## *Actus Quintus.*

*Enter Hellen, Widow; and Diana, with  
two Attendants.*

*Hel.* But this exceeding posting day and night,  
Must wear your spirits low, we cannot helpe it:  
But since you haue made the daies and nights as one,  
To weare your gentle limbes in my affayres,  
Be bold you do so grow in my requitall,  
As nothing can vnröote you. In happie time,

*Enter a gentle Astringer.*

This man may helpe me to his Maiesties eare,  
If he would spend his power. God saue you sir.

*Gent.* And you.

*Hel.* Sir, I haue scene you in the Court of France.

*Gent.* I haue beene sometimes there.

*Hel.* I do presume sir, that you are not false  
From the report that goes vpon your goodnesse,  
And therefore goaded with most sharpe occasions,  
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to  
The vse of your owne vertues, for the which  
I shall continue thankfull.

*Gent.* What's your will?

*Hel.* That it will please you  
To giue this poore petition to the King,  
And ayde me with that store of power you haue  
To come into his presence.

*Gent.* The Kings not heere.

*Hel.* Not heere sir?

*Gent.* Not indeed,  
He hence remou'd last night, and with more hast  
Then is his vse.

*Wid.* Lord how we loose our paines.

*Hel.* All's well that ends well yet,  
Though time seeme so aduerse, and meanes vnfit:  
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

*Gent.* Marrie as I take it to *Rossillion*,  
Whither I am going.

*Hel.* I do beseech 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 blame,  
But rather make you thanke your paines for it,  
I will come after you with what good speede  
Our meanes will make vs meanes.

*Gent.* This Ile do for you.

*Hel.* And you shall finde your selfe to be well thanke  
what e're falles more. We must to horse againe, Go, go,  
prouide.

*Enter Clowne and Parrolles.*

*Par.* Good Mr *Lauatch* giue my Lord *Lafew* this letter, I haue ere now sir beene better knowne to you, when I haue held familiaritie with fresher cloathes: but I am now sir muddied in fortunes mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

*Clo.* Truly, Fortunes displeasure is but stuttish if it smell so strongly as thou speak'st of: I will hencefoorth eate no Fish of Fortunes butt'ring. Pre thee alow the winde.

*Par.* Nay you neede not to stop your nose sir: I spake but by a Metaphor.

*Clo.* Indeed sir, if your Metaphor stinke, I will stop my nose, or against any mans Metaphor. Prethe get thee further.

*Par.*



*Par.* Pray you fir deliuer me this paper.

*Clo.* Foh, prethee stand away: a paper from fortunes close-stoole, to giue to a Nobleman: Looke heere he comes himselfe.

*Enter Lafew.*

*Clo.* Heere is a purre of Fortunes fir, or of Fortunes Cat, but not a Muscat, that ha's falne into the vncleane fish-pond of her displeasure, and as he sayes is muddied withall. Pray you fir, vse the Carpe as you may, for he looke like a poore decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally maue. I doe pittie his distresse in my smiles of comfort, and leaue him to your Lordship.

*Par.* My Lord I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratch'd.

*Laf.* And what would you haue me to doe? 'Tis too late to paire her nailles now. Wherein haue you played the knaue with fortune that she should scratch you, who of her selfe is a good Lady, and would not haue knaues thrise long ynder? There's a Cardew for you: Let the iustices make you and fortune friends; I am for other businesse.

*Par.* I beseech your honour to heare mee one single word,

*Laf.* you begge a single peny more: Come you shall at, saue your word.

*Par.* My name my good Lord is *Parrolles*.

*Laf.* You begge more then word then. Cox my passion, giue me your hand: How does your drumme?

*Par.* O my good Lord, you were the first that found mee.

*Laf.* Was I insooth? And I was the first that lost thee.

*Par.* It lies in you my Lord to bring me in some grace or you did bring me out.

*Laf.* Out vpon thee knaue, dost thou put vpon mee at once both the office of God and the diuel: one brings mee in grace, and the other brings thee out. The Kings comming I know by his Trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me, I had talke of you last night, though you be a foole and a knaue, you shall eate, go too, follow.

*Par.* I praise God for you.

*Flourish. Enter King, old Lady, Lafew, the two French Lords, with attendants.*

*Kin.* We lost a Jewell of her, and our esteeme was made much poorer by it: but your sonne, as mad in folly, lack'd the fence to know his estimation home.

*Old La.* 'Tis past my Liege, and I beseech your Maiestie to make it a naturall rebellion, done with blade of youth, when oyle and fire, too strong for reasons force, re-beares it, and burnes on.

*Kin.* My honour'd Lady, haue forgiven and forgotten all, though my reuenges were high bent vpon him, and watch'd the time to shoote.

*Laf.* This I must say, at first I begge my pardon: the yong Lord did to his Maiesty, his Mother, and his Ladie, offence of mighty note; but to himselfe the greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife, whose beauty did astonish the suruey of richest eies: whose words all eares tooke captiue, whose deere perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serue,

Humbly call'd Mistris.

*Kin.* Praising what is lost, Makes the remembrance deere. Well, call him hither, We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill All repetition: Let him not aske our pardon, The nature of his great offence is dead, And deeper then obliuion, we do burie Th'incensing reliques of it. Let him approach A stranger, no-offender; and informe him So 'tis our will he should.

*Gent.* I shall my Liege.

*Kin.* What sayes he to your daughter, Haue you spoke?

*Laf.* All that he is, hath reference to your Highnes.

*Kin.* Then shall we haue a match. I haue letters sent me, that sets him high in fame.

*Enter Count Bertram.*

*Laf.* He lookes well on't.

*Kin.* I am not a day of season, For thou maist see a sun-shine, and a haile In me at once: But to the brightest beames Distracted clouds giue way, to stand thou forth, The time is faire againe.

*Ber.* My high repented blames Deere Soueraigne pardon to me.

*Kin.* All is whole, Not one word more of the consumed time, Let's take the instant by the forward top: For we are old, and on our quick't deerees Th'inaudible, and noiselesse foot of time Steales, ere we can effect them. You remember The daughter of this Lord?

*Ber.* Admiringly my Liege, at first I stucke my choice vpon her, ere my heart Durst make too bold a herauld of my tongue: Where the impression of mine eye enfixing, Contempt his scornfull Perspective did lend me, Which warp'd the line, of euerie other fauour, Scorn'd a faire colour, or exprest it stolne, Extended or contracted all proportions To a most hideous object. Thence it came, That she whom all men prais'd, and whom my selfe, Since I haue lost, haue lou'd; was in mine eye The dust that did offend it.

*Kin.* Well excus'd: That thou didst loue her, strikes some scores away From the great compt: but loue that comes too late, Like a remorsefull pardon slowly carried To the great sencer, turnes a sower offence, Crying, that's good that's gone: Our rash faults, Make triuiall price of serious things we haue, Not knowing them, vntill we know their graue. Oft our displeasures to our selues vniust, Destroy our friends, and after weepe their dust: Our owne loue waking, cries to see what's done, While shamefull hate sleepe out the afternoone. Berthis sweet *Helens* knell, and now forget her. Send forth your amorous token for faire *Mandlin*, The maine consents are had, and heere wee'l stay To see our widdowers second marriage day: Which better then the first, O deere heauen blesse, Or, ere they meete in me, O Nature cesse.

*Laf.* Come on my sonne, in whom my houses name Must be digested: giue a fauour from you To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,

That



That she may quickly come. By my old beard,  
And eu'rie haire that's on't, *Helen* that's dead  
Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this,  
The last that ere I tooke her leaue at Court,  
I saw vpon her finger.

*Ber.* Hers it was not.

*King.* Now pray you let me see it. For mine eye,  
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd too't:  
This Ring was mine, and when I gaue it *Hellen*,  
I bad her if her fortunes euer stode  
Necessitied to helpe, that by this token  
I would releue her. Had you that craft to reauē her  
Of what should stead her most?

*Ber.* My gracious Soueraigne,  
How ere it pleases you to take it so,  
The ring was neuer hers.

*Old La.* Sonne, on my life  
I haue seene her weare it, and she reckon'd it  
At her liues rate.

*Laf.* I am sure I saw her weare it.

*Ber.* You are deceiu'd my Lord, she neuer saw it:  
In Florence was it from a casement throwne mee,  
Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name  
Of her that threw it: Noble she was, and thought  
I stood ingag'd. but when I had subscrib'd  
To mine owne fortune, and inform'd her fully,  
I could not answer in that course of Honour  
As she had made the ouerture, she ceast  
In heauie satisfaction, and would neuer  
Receiue the Ring againe.

*Kim.* *Platrus* himselfe,  
That knowes the tinct and multiplying med'cine,  
Hath not in natures mysterie more science,  
Then I haue in this Ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas *Helens*,  
Who euer gaue it you: then if you know  
That you are well acquainted with your selfe,  
Confesse 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement  
You got it from her. She call'd the Saints to suretie,  
That she would neuer put it from her finger,  
Vnlesse she gaue it to your selfe in bed,  
Where you haue neuer come: or sent it vs  
Vpon her great disaster.

*Ber.* She neuer saw it.

*Kim.* Thou speak'st it falsely: as I loue mine Honor,  
And mak'st connecturall feares to come into me,  
Which I would faine shut out, if it should proue  
That thou art so inhumane, 'twill not proue so:  
And yet I know not, thou didst hate her deadly,  
And she is dead; which nothing but to close  
Her eyes my selfe, could win me to beleue;  
More then to see this Ring. Take him away,  
My fore-past proofes, how ere the matter fall  
Shall taze my feares of little vanitie,  
Hauing vainly fear'd too little. Away with him,  
Wee'l sift this matter further.

*Ber.* If you shall proue  
This Ring was euer hers, you shall as easie  
Proue that I husbanded her bed in Florence,  
Where yet she neuer was.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*King.* I am wrapt in dismall thinkings.  
*Gen.* Gracious Soueraigne,  
Whether I haue bene too blame or no, I know not,  
Here's a petition from a Florentine,  
Who hath for foure or fiue remoues come short,  
To tender it her selfe. I yndertooke it,

Vanquish'd thereto by the faire grace and speech  
Of the poore suppliant, who by this I know  
Is heere attending: her businesse lookes in her  
With an importing visage, and she told me  
In a sweet verball breefe, it did concerne  
Your Highnesse with her selfe.

*A Letter.*

Upon his many protestations to marrie mee when his wife was  
dead, I blush to say it, he wonne me. Now is the Count Res-  
fillion a Widdower, his vomes are forfeited to mee, and my  
honors payed to him. Hee stole from Florence, taking no  
leaue, and I follow him to his Countrey for Iustice: Grant  
it me, O King, in you it best lies, otherwise a seducer flou-  
rishes, and a poore Maide is vndone.

*Diana Capilet.*

*Laf.* I will buy me a sonne in Law in a faire, and toule  
for this. Ile none of him.

*Kim.* The heauens haue thought well on thee *Lafew*,  
To bring forth this discou'rie, seeke these sutors:  
Go speedily, and bring againe the Count.

*Enter Bertram.*

I am a-feard the life of *Hellen* (*Ladie*)  
Was fowly snatcht.

*Old La.* Now iustice on the doers.

*King.* I wonder sir, sir, wiues are monsters to you,  
And that you flye them as you sweare them Lordship,  
Yet you desire to marry. What woman's that?

*Enter Widdow, Diana, and Parrolles.*

*Dia.* I am my Lord a wretched Florentine,  
Deriued from the ancient Capilet,  
My suite as I do vnderstand you know,  
And therefore know how farre I may be pittied.

*Wid.* I am her Mother sir, whose age and honour  
Both suffer vnder this complaint we bring,  
And both shall cease, without your remedie.

*King.* Come hether Count, do you know these Wo-  
men?

*Ber.* My Lord, I neither can nor will denie,  
But that I know them, do they charge me further?

*Dia.* Why do you looke so strange vpon your wife?

*Ber.* She's none of mine my Lord.

*Dia.* If you shall marrie  
You giue away this hand, and that is mine,  
You giue away heauens vomes, and those are mine:  
You giue away my selfe, which is knowne mine:  
For I by vow am so embodied yours,  
That she which marries you, must marrie me,  
Either both or none.

*Laf.* your reputation comes too short for my daugh-  
ter, you are no husband for her.

*Ber.* My Lord, this is a fond and desprate creature,  
Whom sometime I haue laugh'd with: Let your highnes  
Lay a more noble thought vpon mine honour,  
Then for to thinke that I would sinke it heere.

*Kim.* Sir for my thoughts, you haue them il to friend,  
Till your deeds gaine them fairer: proue your honor,  
Then in my thought it lies.

*Dian.* Good my Lord,  
Aske him vpon his oath, if hee do's thinke  
He had not my virginity.

*Kim.* What saist thou to her?

*Ber.* She's impudent my Lord,  
And was a common gamester to the Campe.

*Dia.* He do's me wrong my Lord: If I were so,  
He might haue bought me at a common price.

Do



not beleue him. O behold this Ring,  
whose high respect and rich validitie  
did lacke a Paralell: yet for all that  
he gaue it to a Commoner a'th Campe  
I be one.

*Comm.* He blushes, and 'tis hit:  
of fixe preceding Ancestors, that Iemme  
confer'd by testament to'th sequent issue  
hath it beene owed and worne. This is his wife,  
that Ring's a thousand proofes.

*King.* Me thought you saide  
you saw one heere in Court could witness it.

*Dia.* I did my Lord, but loath am to produce  
so bad an instrument, his names *Parrolles*.

*Laf.* I saw the man to day, if man he bee.

*Kin.* Finde him, and bring him hether.

*Ros.* What of him:

he's quoted for a most perfidious slaue  
with all the spots a'th world, taxt and debosh'd,  
whose nature sickens: but to speake a truth,  
I, or that or this for what he'll vtter,  
that will speake any thing.

*Kin.* She hath that Ring of yours.

*Ros.* I thinke she has; certaine it is I lyk'd her,  
and boarded her i'th wanton way of youth:  
he knew her distance, and did angle for mee,  
ladding my eagernesse with her restraint,  
as all impediments in fancies course  
are motiues of more fancie, and in fine,  
her insuite comming with her moderne grace,  
subdu'd me to her rate, she got the Ring,  
and I had that which any inferiour might  
at Market price haue bought.

*Dia.* I must be patient:  
you that haue turn'd off a first so noble wife,  
may iustly dyet me. I pray you yet,  
since you lacke vertue, I will loose a husband)  
and for your Ring, I will returne it home,  
and giue me mine againe.

*Ros.* I haue it not.

*Kin.* What Ring was yours I pray you?

*Dian.* Sir much like the same vpon your finger.

*Kin.* Know you this Ring, this Ring was his of late.

*Dia.* And this was it I gaue him being a bed.

*Kin.* The story then goes false, you threw it him  
out of a Casement.

*Dia.* I haue spoke the truth. *Enter Parolles.*

*Ros.* My Lord, I do confesse the ring was hers.

*Kin.* You boggle shrewdly, euery feather starts you:  
is this the man you speake of?

*Dia.* I, my Lord.

*Kin.* Tell me sirrah, but tell me true I charge you,  
not fearing the displeasure of your master:

Which on your iust proceeding, he keepe off,  
By him and by this woman heere, what know you?

*Par.* So please your Maiesty, my master hath bin an  
honourable Gentleman. Trickes hee hath had in him,  
which Gentlemen haue.

*Kin.* Come, come, to'th purpose: Did hee loue this  
woman?

*Par.* Faith sir he did loue her, but how.

*Kin.* How I pray you?

*Par.* He did loue her sir, as a Gent. loues a Woman.

*Kin.* How is that?

*Par.* He lou'd her sir, and lou'd her not.

*Kin.* As thou art a knaue and no knaue, what an equi-

uocall Companion is this?

*Par.* I am a poore man, and at your Maiesties com-  
mand.

*Laf.* Hee's a good drumme my Lord, but a naughtie  
Orator.

*Dian.* Do you know he promist me marriage?

*Par.* Faith I know more then he speake.

*Kin.* But wilt thou not speake all thou know'st?

*Par.* Yes so please your Maiesty: I did goe betweene  
them as I said, but more then that he loued her, for in-  
deede he was madde for her, and talkt of Sathan, and of  
Limbo, and of Furies, and I know not what: yet I was in  
that credit with them at that time, that I knewe of their  
going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her  
marriage, and things which would deriue mee ill will to  
speake of, therefore I will not speake what I know.

*Kin.* Thou hast spoken all already, vnlesse thou canst  
say they are married, but thou art too fine in thy euidence,  
therefore stand aside. This Ring you say was yours.

*Dia.* I my good Lord.

*Kin.* Where did you buy it? Or who gaue it you?

*Dia.* It was not giuen me, nor I did not buy it.

*Kin.* Who lent it you?

*Dia.* It was not lent me neither.

*Kin.* Where did you finde it then?

*Dia.* I found it not.

*Kin.* If it were yours by none of all these wayes,  
How could you giue it him?

*Dia.* I neuer gaue it him.

*Laf.* This womans an easie gloue my Lord, she goes  
off and on at pleasure.

*Kin.* This Ring was mine, I gaue it his first wife.

*Dia.* It might be yours or hers for ought I know.

*Kin.* Take her away, I do not like her now,  
To prison with her: and away with him,  
Vnlesse thou telst me where thou hadst this Ring,  
Thou diest within this houre.

*Dia.* He neuer tell you.

*Kin.* Take her away.

*Dia.* He put in baile my liedge.

*Kin.* I thinke thee now some common Customer.

*Dia.* By loue if euer I knew man 'twas you.

*King.* Wherefore hast thou accusde him at this while.

*Dia.* Because he's guiltie, and he is not guilty:  
He knowes I am no Maid, and hee'll sweare too't:  
He sweare I am a Maid, and he knowes not.  
Great King I am no strumpet, by my life,  
I am either Maid, or else this old mans wife.

*Kin.* She does abuse our eares, to prison with her.

*Dia.* Good mother fetch my bayle. Stay Royall sir,  
The Jeweller that owes the Ring is sent for,  
And he shall surety me. But for this Lord,  
Who hath abus'd me as he knowes himselfe,  
Though yet he neuer harm'd me, heere I quit him.  
He knowes himselfe my bed he hath defil'd,  
And at that time he got his wife with childe:  
Dead though she be, she fees her yong one kicke:  
So there's my riddle, one that's dead is quicke,  
And now behold the meaning.

*Enter Hellen and Widdow.*

*Kin.* Is there no exorcist  
Beguiles the truer Office of mine eyes?  
Is't reall that I see?

*Hel.* No my good Lord,

Y

'Tis



'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,  
The name, and not the thing.

*Ros.* Both, both, O pardon.

*Hel.* Oh my good Lord, when I was like this Maid,  
I found you wondrous kinde, there is your Ring,  
And looke you, heeres your letter : this it sayes,  
When from my finger you can get this Ring,  
And is by me with childe, &c. This is done,  
Will you be mine now you are doubly wonne?

*Ros.* If she my Liege can make me know this clearly,  
He loue her dearly, euer, euer dearly.

*Hel.* If it appeare not plaine, and proue vntrue,  
Deadly diuorce step betweene me and you.  
O my deere mother do I see you liuing?

*Laf.* Mine eyes smell Onions, I shall weepe anon :  
Good Tom Drumme lend me a handkercher.  
So I thanke thee, waite on me home, He make sport with  
thee : Let thy curtisies alone, they are scuruy ones.

*King* Let vs from point to point this storie know,  
To make the euen truth in pleasure flow :  
If thou beest yet a fresh vncropped flower,  
Choose thou thy husband, and He pay thy dower.  
For I can guesse, that by thy honest ayde,  
Thou keptst a wife her selfe, thy selfe a Maide.  
Of that and all the progresse more and lesse,  
Resolduedly more leasure shall expresse :  
All yet seemes well, and if it end so meete,  
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

*Flourish.*

**T**He Kings a Begger, now the Play is done,  
All is well ended, if this suite be wonne,  
That you expresse Content : which we will pay,  
With strift to please you, day exceeding day :  
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts,  
Your gentle hands lend vs, and take our hearts. *Exeunt om.*

FINIS.

