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Shakespeares comedies, histories, &amp; tragedies.:
          Published according to the true originall copies.</title>
        <title type="variant">Mr. VVilliam Shakespeares comedies, histories,
&amp;
          tragedies</title>
        <title type="distinctive">Bodleian First Folio, Arch. G c.7</title>
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1616.</author>
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        <editor>Condell, Henry, -1627</editor>
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Library Systems and Services</orgName>
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        <respStmt xml:id="INVIDA">
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          <resp>preliminary keying and encoding by</resp>
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            <respStmt xml:id="LMC">
               <persName>Lucienne Cummings</persName>
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            <respStmt xml:id="JS">
               <persName>Judith Siefring</persName>
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            </respStmt>
            <respStmt xml:id="ES">
               <persName>Emma Stanford</persName>
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            </respStmt>
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possible by a lead gift from Dr Geoffrey Eibl-Kaye and generous support from the
Sallie Dickson Memorial Fund/Dallas Shakespeare Club Fund, Mr James Barber, and
a private individual. The Bodleian Libraries are very grateful for this additional
support, which brings new features to the digitized First Folio, enabling more efficient
and intuitive use for all with an interest in Shakespeare, early modern drama, theatre
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April
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target="http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/3.0/">Creative Commons Attribution
3.0 Unported</ref>.</p>
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&amp;
                    tragedies.: Published according to the true originall copies.</title>
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&amp;
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                <note type="citation">Greg, III, p. 1109-12</note>
                <note type="citation">Pforzheimer, 905</note>
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First Folios,
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                  <hi rend="large">SHAKESPEARES</hi>
                  <lb/>COMEDIES, <lb/>HISTORIES, &amp;
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the charges
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                <docDate>1623</docDate>.</docImprint>
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      <width unit="mm">323</width>
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</support>
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   <p>[18], 303, [1], 46, 49-100, [2], 69-232, [2], 79-80, [26], 76, 79-82, 80-98, [2], 109-156, 257-993 [i.e. 399], [1] p.; fol.</p>
   <p>Numbering peculiarities: 1st count: p.50 misnumbered 58; p.59 misnumbered 51; p.86 misnumbered 88; p.153 misnumbered 151; p.161 misnumbered] 163; p.164 misnumbered 162; p. 165 misnumbered 163; p. 189 misnumbered 187; p. 249 misnumbered 251; p.250 misnumbered 252; p. 265 misnumbered 273 -- 2nd count: p.37 misnumbered 39 in some copies; p.89 misnumbered 91; p. 90 misnumbered 92 -- 3rd count: p.165-166 numbered 167 and 168 respectively; p. 216 numbered 218 -- 5th count: p. 279 misnumbered 259; p. 282 misnumbered 280; p.308 misnumbered 38; p. 379 misnumbered 389; p. 399 misnumbered 993.</p>
</foliation>
<collation>
   <p>The signatures varies between sources, with the most commonly cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman: $\pi A^6$ ($\pi$A1+1) [$\pi B^2$], $^2$A-$2B^6$ $2C^2$ a-$g^6$ $\chi gg^8$ h-$v^6$ $x^4$ $\chi$1.2 [para.]-2[para.]$^6$ 3[para]$^1$ aa-$ff^6$ $gg^2$ $Gg^6$ $hh^6$ kk-$bbb^6$; 2. West: $\pi A^6$ ($\pi$A1+1, $\pi$A5+1.2)$^2$A-$2B^6$ $2C^2$ a-$g^6$ $^2g^8$ h-$v^6$ $x^4$ 'gg3.4' (±'gg3') [para.]-2[para.]$^6$ 3[para]$^1$ 2a-$2f^6$ $2g^2$ $2G^6$ $2h^6$ 2k-$2v^6$ $x^6$ 2y-$3b^6$.</p>
   <p>Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; $^3$gg1 mis-signed Gg; nn1-nn2 mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.</p>
   <p>"The life and death of King Iohn" begins new pagination on leaf a1 recto; "The tragedy of Coriolanus" begins new pagination on leaf aa1 recto.</p>
</collation>
<condition>Lacks A1, the letterpress frontispiece entitled "To the
```

reader".

mount

some the

and the

Rare

The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the

towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of

Droechout imprint at the bottom left hand corner of the portrait

central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report,
including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact

Books.</condition>

</supportDesc>
<layoutDesc>
  <layout>
    <p>Predominantly printed in double columns.</p>
    <p>Text within simple lined frame.</p>
    <p>Colophon reads: "Printed at the charges of W. Iaggard, Ed.

Blount, I.

      Smithweeke, and W. Aspley. 1623.".</p>
    <p>Editors' dedication signed: Iohn Heminge. Henry

Condell.</p>

  </layout>

</layoutDesc>
</objectDesc>
<decoDesc>
  <decoNote>Head- and tail- pieces; initials.</decoNote>
  <decoNote>With an engraved title-page portrait of the author

signed: "Martin-

      Droeshout: sculpsit· London.". The plate exists in 2 states: 1. The

earlier

      state has lighter shading generall ; 2. Later state has heavier

shading,

      especially around the collar, and minor differences particularly

with the

      jawline and moustache. The vast majority of surviving copies

have the plate

      in the second state which has led some scholars to conclude that

the earlier

      state was a proof. The portrait in this copy is the second state.
  </decoNote>
</decoDesc>
<additions>
  <p>Two MS verses on first endpaper verso: 1. 9 lines of verse by an
    unknown author, first line reads "An active swain to make a leap

was seen".

    2. A copy of Ben Jonson's printed "To the Reader"; MS note on

t.p.

    (mutilated) appears to read "Honest [Shakes]peare". Minor

annotations on leaf 2n4 (Macbeth). All in an early English hand, presumably added after leaving the Library.\</p>
            \</additions>
            \<bindingDesc>
               \<p>Seventeenth-century (1624) English (Oxford) smooth calf. Bound for the Bodleian Library by William Wildgoose, with evidence of two cloth ties, red sprinkled edge. Formerly chained, with evidence of chain staple at the head of the upper cover. Remains of paper label at the head of the spine. Enclosed in 20th century book box by Maltby of Oxford. See S. Gibson in Original Bodleian Copy of First Folio, p. 12-13. One of four items sent out on 17th February 1624 for binding by Wildgoose containing printed waste from a copy of Cicero's "De Officiis, et al." [Deventer: Richard Pafraet, between 1480 and 1485] as paste-downs. For more information on this work see: Bod. Inc. Cat., C-322.\</p>
            \</bindingDesc>
         \</physDesc>
         \<history>
            \<origin>
               \<p>For further details on the printing of this item see Hinman, Charleton. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare: Oxford, 1963.
               \</p>
            \</origin>
            \<acquisition>
               \<p>Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It was sent out to \<persName>William Wildgoose\</persName> on \<date when="1624-02-17">17 February 1624\</date> for binding (see: Library Records e.258, fol. 48r) and upon its return chained in Duke Humfrey at shelfmark S 2.17 Art. It is listed in the Bodleian's \<date when="1635">1635\</date> catalogue of printed books but was gone by the publication of the next catalogue in \<date when="1674">1674\</date>, replaced by the newer \<bibl>
                  \<title>Third Folio\</title> (\<date when="1664">1664\</date>)\</bibl>. There is no explicit reference in Library Records to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a sale of

```xml
                    "superfluous library books" to <persName>Richard
Davis</persName>, a
                    bookseller in Oxford, in <date when="1664">1664</date> for the
sum of <num value="24">£24</num>.</p>
                <p>After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered
                    the collection of <persName>Richard Turbutt</persName> of
Ogston Hall,
                    Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the
                    family's possession until <date when="1906">1906</date>, when
it was
                    reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of <num
value="3000">£3000</num>,
                    raised by public subscription. For a full discussion of the
rediscovery and
                    purchase of this copy see: F. Madan, G. M. R. Turbutt and S.
Gibson, The
                    Original Bodleian Copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare
(theTurbutt
                    Shakespeare) (Oxford, 1905)</p>
                <p>For a full discussion of this copy and the
                    digital version see http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/ and West
and
                    Rasmussen (2011), 31.</p>
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            </history>
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at: <ref
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            <persName type="form">4. Lord.</persName>
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    <persName type="form">Ro.</persName>
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    <persName type="form">Ross.</persName>
    <persName type="form">Rossill.</persName>
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    <persName type="form">Clo.</persName>
    <persName type="form">Clow.</persName>
    <persName type="form">Clown.</persName>
    <persName type="form">Clowne.</persName>
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<person xml:id="F-aww-cou">
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    <persName type="form">Coun.</persName>
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    <persName type="form">Mo.</persName>
    <persName type="form">Ol. Cou.</persName>
    <persName type="form">Old. Cou.</persName>
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    <persName type="form">La.</persName>
    <persName type="form">Lad.</persName>
    <persName type="form">Lady.</persName>
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    <persName type="form">Dia.</persName>
    <persName type="form">Dian.</persName>
    <persName type="form">Diana.</persName>
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<person xml:id="F-aww-duk">
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        <persName type="form">1. Lord E.</persName>
        <persName type="form">2. Lo.</persName>
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        <persName type="form">C. E.</persName>
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            <persName type="form">Lo. E.</persName>
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        <persName type="form">French G.</persName>
        <persName type="form">1. Lo.</persName>
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      <person xml:id="F-aww-int">
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        <persName type="form">Inter.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Interp.</persName>
        <persName type="form">1. Sol.</persName>
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        <persName type="form">King.</persName>
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        <persName type="form">L. Laf.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Laf.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Lafew.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Ol. Lord</persName>
        <persName type="form">Ol. Laf.</persName><persName
type="form">Old Laf.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-aww-mar">
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            <persName type="form">Mar.</persName>
            <persName type="form">Maria.</persName>
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            <persName type="standard">Page</persName>
            <persName type="form">Pag.</persName>
        </person>
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            <persName type="form">Parr.</persName>
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            <persName type="form">Ser.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-aww-sol">
            <persName type="standard">Soldier</persName>
            <persName type="form">Sol.</persName>
        </person>
        <person xml:id="F-aww-ste">
            <persName type="standard">Steward</persName>
            <persName type="form">Ste.</persName>
            <persName type="form">Stew.</persName>
        </person>
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                    <div type="act" n="1">
                        <div type="scene" n="1">
                        <head rend="italic center">Actus primus. Sc&#0153;na
Prima.</head>
                        <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 1]</head>
                            <cb n="1"/>
                        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter yong Bertram
Count of
                        Rossillion, his Mother, and <lb/>Helena, Lord Lafew, all in
```

blacke.</stage>
<sp who="#F-aww-cou">
<speaker rend="italic center">Mother.</speaker>
<p>
<c rend="decoratedCapital">I</c>n deliuering my sonne from me, I burie a se&#x00AD;<lb/>cond husband.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
<speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
<p>And I in going Madam, weep ore my
<lb/>fathers death anew; but I must attend his maie&#x00AD;<lb/>sties command, to whom I am now in Ward, euermore
<lb/>in subiection.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
<speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
<p>You shall find of the King a husband Madame, <lb/>you sir
a father. He that so generally is at all times good,
<lb/>must of necessitie hold his vertue to you, whose
worthi&#x00AD;<lb/>nesse would stirre it vp where it
wanted rather then lack <lb/>it where there is such
abundance.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cou">
<speaker rend="italic">Mo.</speaker>
<p>What hope is there of his Maiesties amendment?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
<speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
<p>He hath abandon'd his Phisitions Madam,
vn&#x00AD;<lb/>der
whose practises he hath persecuted time with hope,
<lb/>and finds no other aduantage in the processe, but
onely <lb/>the loosing of hope by time.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cou">
<speaker rend="italic">Mo.</speaker>
<p>This yong Gentlewoman had a father, O that <lb/>had, how
sad a
passage tis, whose skill was almost as <lb/>great as his
honestie, had it stretch'd so far, would haue
<lb/>made nature immortall, and death should haue play for
<lb/>lacke of worke. Would for the Kings sake hee were
li&#x00AD;<lb/>uing, I thinke it would be the death of the
Kings disease.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
<speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
<p>How call'd you the man you speake of Madam?</p>
</sp>

```xml
<sp who="#F-aww-cou">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mo.</speaker>
  <p>He was famous sir in his profession, and it was <lb/>his great
    right to be so: <hi rend="italic">Gerard de Narbon</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
  <p>He was excellent indeed Madam, the King very <lb/>latelie spoke
    of him admiringly, and mourningly: hee <lb/>was skilfull enough
    to haue liu'd stil, if knowledge could <lb/>be set
    vp against mortallitie.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
  <p>What is it (my good Lord) the King languishes <lb/>of?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
  <p>A Fistula my Lord.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
  <p>I heard not of it before.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
  <p>I would it were not notorious. Was this Gen&#x00AD;<lb/>tlewoman the Daughter of <hi rend="italic">Gerard de
    Narbon</hi>?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cou">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mo.</speaker>
  <p>His sole childe my Lord, and bequeathed to my <lb/>ouer looking.
    I haue those hopes of her good, that her <lb/>education
    promises her dispositions shee inherits, which <lb/>makes faire
    gifts fairer: for where an vncleane mind car&#x00AD;<lb/>ries vertuous qualities, there commendations go with
    <lb/>pitty, they are vertues and traitors too: in her they are
    <lb/>the better for their simplenesse; she deriues her
    honestie, <cb n="2"/> and atcheeues her goodnesse.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lafew.</speaker>
  <p>Your commendations Madam get from her <lb/>teares.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cou">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mo.</speaker>
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<p>'Tis the best brine a Maiden can season her praise
<lb/>in. The remembrance of her father neuer approches her
<lb/>heart, but the tirrany of her sorrowes takes all
liuelihood <lb/>from her cheeke. No more of this <hi
rend="italic">Helena,</hi> go too, no <lb/>more least it
be rather thought you affect a sorrow, then
<lb/>to haue⸺</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
<speaker rend="italic">Hell.</speaker>
<p>I doe affect a sorrow indeed, but I haue it too.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
<speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
<p>Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, <lb/>excessiue
greefe the enemie to the liuing.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cou">
<speaker rend="italic">Mo.</speaker>
<p>If the liuing be enemie to the greefe, the excesse <lb/>makes
it

soone mortall.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
<speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
<l>Maddam I desire your holie wishes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
<speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
<l>How vnderstand we that?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cou">
<speaker rend="italic">Mo.</speaker>
<l>Be thou blest <hi rend="italic">Bertrame</hi>, and succeed
thy father</l>
<l>In manners as in shape: thy blood and vertue</l>
<l>Contend for Empire in thee, and thy goodnesse</l>
<l>Share with thy birth‑right. Loue all, trust a
few,</l>
<l>Doe wrong to none: be able for thine enemie</l>
<l>Rather in power then vse: and keepe thy friend</l>
<l>Vnder thy owne lifes key. Be checkt for silence,</l>
<l>But neuer tax'd for speech. What heauen more wil,</l>
<l>That thee may furnish, and my prayers plucke downe,</l>
<l>Fall on thy head. Farwell my Lord,</l>
<l>'Tis an vnseason'd Courtier, good my Lord</l>
<l>Aduise him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
<speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>

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        <l>He cannot want the best</l>
        <l>That shall attend his loue.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mo.</speaker>
        <l>Heauen blesse him: Farwell <hi
rend="italic">Bertram</hi>.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-ber">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ro.</speaker>
        <p>The best wishes that can be forg'd in your
            thoghts <lb/>be seruants to you: be comfortable to my mother,
your <lb/>Mistris, and make much of her.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-laf">
        <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
        <p>Farewell prettie Lady, you must hold the
cre&#x00AD;<lb/>dit of your father.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-hel">
        <speaker rend="italic">Hell.</speaker>
        <l>O were that all, I thinke not on my father,</l>
        <l>And these great teares grace his remembrance more</l>
        <l>Then those I shed for him. What was he like?</l>
        <l>I haue forgott him. My imagination</l>
        <l>Carries no fauour in't but <hi
rend="italic">Bertrams</hi>.</l>
        <l>I am vndone, there is no liuing, none,</l>
        <l>If <hi rend="italic">Bertram</hi> be away. 'Twere all
one,</l>
        <l>That I should loue a bright particuler starre,</l>
        <l>And think to wed it, he is so aboue me</l>
        <l>In his bright radience and colaterall light,</l>
        <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Must</fw>
        <pb facs="FFimg:axc0251-0.jpg" n="231"/>
        <fw type="rh">All's Well, that Ends Well</fw>
        <cb n="1"/>
        <l>Must I be comforted, not in his sphere;</l>
        <l>Th' ambition in my loue thus plagues it selfe:</l>
        <l>The hind that would be mated by the Lion</l>
        <l>Must die for loue. 'Twas prettie, though a plague</l>
        <l>To see him euerie houre to sit and draw</l>
        <l>His arched browes, his hawking eie, his curles</l>
        <l>In our hearts table: heart too capeable</l>
        <l>Of euerie line and tricke of his sweet fauour.</l>
        <l>But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancie</l>
        <l>Must sanctifie his Reliques. Who comes
            heere?</l>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Parrolles.</stage>
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<l>One that goes with him: I loue him for his sake,</l>
<l>And yet I know him a notorious Liar,</l>
<l>Thinke him a great way foole, solie a coward,</l>
<l>Yet these fixt euils sit so fit in him,</l>
<l>That they take place, when Vertues steely bones</l>
<l>Lookes bleake i'th cold wind: withall, full ofte we
  see</l>
<l>Cold wisedome waighting on superfluous follie.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
  <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
  <l>Saue you faire Queene.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
  <l>And you Monarch.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
  <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
  <l>No.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
  <l>And no.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
  <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
  <l>Are you meditating on virginitie?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
  <p>I: you haue some staine of souldier in you: Let <lb/>mee
    aske you a question. Man is enemie to virginitie,
    <lb/>how may we barracado it against him?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
  <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
  <p>Keepe him out.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
  <p>But he assailes, and our virginitie though
vali&#x00AD;<lb/>ant, in the defence yet is weak: vnfold to vs some
    war&#x00AD;<lb/>like resistance.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
  <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
  <p>There is none: Man setting downe before you, <lb/>will
vndermine

    you, and blow you vp.</p>

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                          </sp>
                          <sp who="#F-aww-hel">
                             <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
                             <p>Blesse our poore Virginity from vnderminers <lb/>and
blowers vp.
                                Is there no Military policy how Vir&#x00AD;<lb/>gins might
blow

                                vp men?</p>
                          </sp>
                          <sp who="#F-aww-par">
                             <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
                             <p>Virginity beeing blowne downe, Man will <lb/>quicklier be
blowne

                                vp: marry in blowing him downe <lb/>againe, with the breach
                                your selues made, you lose your <lb/>Citty. It is not
                                politicke, in the Common&#x2011;wealth of <lb/>Nature, to
                                preserue virginity. Losse of Virginitie, is <lb/>rationall
                                encrease, and there was neuer Virgin goe, till <lb/>virginitie
                                was first lost. That you were made of, is
                                met&#x00AD;<lb/>tall to make Virgins. Virginitie, by beeing
                                once lost, <lb/>may be ten times found: by being euer
                                kept, it is euer <lb/>lost: 'tis too cold a companion:
                                Away with't.</p>
                          </sp>
                          <sp who="#F-aww-hel">
                             <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
                             <p>I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die
                                <lb/>a Virgin.</p>
                          </sp>
                          <sp who="#F-aww-par">
                             <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
                             <p>There's little can bee saide in't, 'tis
                                against the <lb/>rule of Nature. To speake on the part of
                                virginitie, is <lb/>to accuse your Mothers; which is most
                                infallible diso&#x00AD;<lb/>bedience. He that hangs himselfe
is
                                a Virgin: Virgini&#x00AD;<lb/>tie murthers it selfe, and
should

                                be buried in highwayes <lb/>out of all sanctified
                                limit, as a desperate Offendresse a&#x00AD;<lb/>gainst
                                Nature. Virginitie breedes mites, much like a
                                <lb/>Cheese, consumes it selfe to the very payring, and so
                                <lb/>dies with feeding his owne stomacke. Besides,
                                Virgini&#x00AD;<lb/>tie is peeuish, proud, ydle, made of
                                selfe&#x2011;loue, which <lb/>is the most inhibited sinne
                                in the Cannon. Keepe it not, <lb/>you cannot choose but loose
                                by't. Out with't: within <lb/>ten yeare it will
                                make it selfe two, which is a goodly in&#x00AD;<lb/>crease,
and

                                the principall it selfe not much the worse. <lb/>Away
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                        with't.</p>
                     </sp>
                  <sp who="#F-aww-hel">
                     <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
                     <p>How might one do sir, to loose it to her owne
<lb/>liking?</p>
                  </sp>
                  <cb n="2"/>
                  <sp who="#F-aww-par">
                     <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
                     <p>Let mee see. Marry ill, to like him that ne're <lb/>it
                        likes. 'Tis a commodity wil lose the glosse with lying:
                        <lb/>The longer kept, the lesse worth: Off with't
                        while 'tis <lb/>vendible. Answer the time of request,
                        Virginitie like <lb/>an olde Courtier, weares her cap out of
                        fashion, richly <lb/>suted, but vnsuteable, iust like the
                        brooch &amp; the tooth&#x00AD;<lb/>pick, which were not
now:

                        your Date is better in your <lb/>Pye and your Porredge, then in
                        your cheeke: and your <lb/>virginity, your old virginity, is
                        like one of our French <lb/>wither'd peares, it lookes
                        ill, it eates drily, marry 'tis a <lb/>wither'd peare:
                        it was formerly better, marry yet 'tis a <lb/>wither'd
                        peare: Will you any thing with it?</p>
                  </sp>
                  <sp who="#F-aww-hel">
                     <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
                     <l>Not my virginity yet:</l>
                     <l>There shall your Master haue a thousand loues,</l>
                     <l>A Mother, and a Mistresse, and a friend,</l>
                     <l>A Phenix, Captaine, and an enemy,</l>
                     <l>A guide, a Goddesse, and a Soueraigne,</l>
                     <l>A Counsellor, a Traitoresse, and a Deare:</l>
                     <l>His humble ambition, proud humility:</l>
                     <l>His iarring, concord: and his discord, dulcet:</l>
                     <l>His faith, his sweet disaster: with a world</l>
                     <l>Of pretty fond adoptious christendomes</l>
                     <l>That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he:</l>
                     <l>I know not what he shall, God send him well,</l>
                     <l>The Courts a learning place, and he is one.</l>
                  </sp>
                  <sp who="#F-aww-par">
                     <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
                     <p>What one ifaith?</p>
                  </sp>
                  <sp who="#F-aww-hel">
                     <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
                     <p>That I wish well, 'tis pitty.</p>
                  </sp>
                  <sp who="#F-aww-par">
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    <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
    <p>What's pitty?</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-aww-hel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
    <l>That wishing well had not a body in't,</l>
    <l>Which might be felt, that we the poorer borne,</l>
    <l>Whose baser starres do shut vs vp in wishes,</l>
    <l>Might vvith effects of them follow our friends,</l>
    <l>And shew what vve alone must thinke, which neuer</l>
    <l>Returnes vs thankes.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Page.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-aww-pag">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pag.</speaker>
    <p>Monsieur <hi rend="italic">Parrolles</hi>, <lb/>My Lord
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cals for
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        you.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-aww-par">
    <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
    <p>Little <hi rend="italic">Hellen</hi> farewell, if I can
```
remember
```xml
        thee, I <lb/>will thinke of thee at Court.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-aww-hel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
    <p>Monsieur <hi rend="italic">Parolles</hi>, you were borne
```
vnder a
```xml
        <lb/>charitable starre.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-aww-par">
    <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
    <p>Vnder <hi rend="italic">Mars</hi> I.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-aww-hel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
    <p>I especially thinke, vnder <hi rend="italic">Mars</hi>.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-aww-par">
    <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
    <p>Why vnder <hi rend="italic">Mars</hi>?</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-aww-hel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
    <p>The warres hath so kept you vnder, that you <lb/>must
        needes be borne vnder <hi rend="italic">Mars</hi>.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-aww-par">
    <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
```

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    <p>When he was predominant.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
   <p>When he was retrograde I thinke rather.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
   <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
   <p>Why thinke you so?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
   <p>You go so much backward when you fight.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
   <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
   <p>That's for aduantage.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
   <p>So is running away,</p>
   <p>When feare proposes the safetie:</p>
   <p>But the composition that your valour and feare makes <lb/>in
      you, is a vertue of a good wing, and I like the <lb/>weare
      well.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
   <speaker rend="italic">Paroll.</speaker>
   <p>I am so full of businesses, I cannot answere <lb/>thee acutely:
      I will returne perfect Courtier, in the <lb/>which my
      instruction shall serue to naturalize thee, so
      <lb/>thou wilt be capeable of a Courtiers councell, and
      vn&#x00AD;<lb/>derstand what aduice shall thrust
      vppon thee, else thou <lb/>diest in thine vnthankfulnes,
      and thine ignorance makes <lb/>thee away, farewell: When
```
thou
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      hast leysure, say thy <lb/>praiers: when thou hast
      none, remember thy Friends:</p>
   <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">V2</fw>
   <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Get</fw>
   <pb facs="FFimg:axc0252-0.jpg" n="232"/>
   <fw type="rh">All's Well that Ends Well.</fw>
   <cb n="1"/>
   <p>Get thee a good husband, and vse him as he vses thee:</p>
   <p>So farewell.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
   <l>Our remedies oft in our selues do lye,</l>
   <l>Which we ascribe to heauen: the fated skye</l>
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    <l>Giues vs free scope, onely doth backward pull</l>
    <l>Our slow designes, when we our selues are dull.</l>
    <l>What power is it, which mounts my loue so hye,</l>
    <l>That makes me see, and cannot feede mine eye?</l>
    <l>The mightiest space in fortune, Nature brings</l>
    <l>To ioyne like, likes; and kisse like natiue things.</l>
    <l>Impossible be strange attempts to those</l>
    <l>That weigh their paines in sence, and do suppose</l>
    <l>What hath beene, cannot be. Who euer stroue</l>
    <l>To shew her merit, that did misse her loue?</l>
    <l>(The Kings disease) my proiect may deceiue me,</l>
    <l>But my intents are fixt, and will not leaue me.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
  </div>
  <div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
    <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 2]</head>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Flourish Cornets.
    <lb/>Enter the King of France with Letters, and <lb/>diuers
    Attendants.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-aww-kin">
      <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
      <l>The <hi rend="italic">Florentines</hi> and <hi
rend="italic">Senoys</hi> are by th' eares,</l>
      <l>Haue fought with equall fortune, and continue</l>
      <l>A brauing warre.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-cpg">
      <speaker rend="italic">1. Lo. G.</speaker>
      <l>So tis reported sir.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-kin">
      <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
      <l>Nay tis most credible, we heere receiue it,</l>
      <l>A certaintie vouch'd from our Cosin <hi
rend="italic">Austria</hi>,</l>
      <l>With caution, that the <hi rend="italic">Florentine</hi> will
        moue vs</l>
      <l>For speedie ayde: wherein our deerest friend</l>
      <l>Preiudicates the businesse, and would seeme</l>
      <l>To haue vs make deniall.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-cpg">
      <speaker rend="italic">1. Lo. G.</speaker>
      <l>His loue and wisedome</l>
      <l>Approu'd so to your Maiesty, may pleade</l>
      <l>For amplest credence.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-kin">
      <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
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    <l>He hath arm'd our answer,</l>
    <l>And <hi rend="italic">Florence</hi> is deni'de before he
        comes:</l>
    <l>Yet for our Gentlemen that meane to see</l>
    <l>The <hi rend="italic">Tuscan</hi> seruice, freely haue they
        leaue</l>
    <l>To stand on either part.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
    <speaker rend="italic">2. Lo. E.</speaker>
    <l>It well may serue</l>
    <l>A nursserie to our Gentrie, who are sicke</l>
    <l>For breathing, and exploit.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
    <l>What's he comes heere.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Bertram, Lafew,
and

    Parolles.</stage>
<sp who="#F-aww-cpg">
    <speaker rend="italic">1. Lor. G.</speaker>
    <p>It is the Count <hi rend="italic">Rosignoll</hi> my good
        Lord, <lb/>Yong <hi rend="italic">Bertram</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
    <l>Youth, thou bear'st thy Fathers face,</l>
    <l>Franke Nature rather curious then in hast</l>
    <l>Hath well compos'd thee: Thy Fathers morall parts</l>
    <l>Maist thou inherit too: Welcome to <hi
rend="italic">Paris</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
    <l>My thankes and dutie are your Maiesties.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
    <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
    <l>I would I had that corporall soundnesse now,</l>
    <l>As when thy father, and my selfe, in friendship</l>
    <l>First tride our souldiership: he did looke farre</l>
    <l>Into the seruice of the time, and was</l>
    <l>Discipled of the brauest. He lasted long,</l>
    <l>But on vs both did haggish Age steale on,</l>
    <l>And wore vs out of act: It much repaires me</l>
    <l>To talke of your good father; in his youth</l>
    <l>He had the wit, which I can well obserue</l>
    <l>To day in our yong Lords: but they may iest</l>
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<l>Till their owne scorne returne to them vnnoted</l>
<l>Ere they can hide their leuitie in honour:</l>
<l>So like a Courtier, contempt nor bitternesse</l>
<cb n="2"/>
<l>Were in his pride, or sharpnesse; if they were,</l>
<l>His equall had awak'd them, and his honour</l>
<l>Clocke to it selfe, knew the true minute when</l>
<l>Exception bid him speake: and at this time</l>
<l>His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him,</l>
<l>He vs'd as creatures of another place,</l>
<l>A<c rend="inverted">n</c>d bow'd his eminent top to their
low rankes,</l>
<l>Making them proud of his humilitie,</l>
<l>In their poore praise he humbled: Such a man</l>
<l>Might be a copie to these yonger times;</l>
<l>Which followed well, would demonstrate them now</l>
<l>But goers backward.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
<speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
<l>His good remembrance sir</l>
<l>Lies richer in your thoughts, then on his tombe:</l>
<l>So in approofe liues not his Epitaph,</l>
<l>As in your royall speech.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
<l>Would I were with him he would alwaies say,</l>
<l>(Me thinkes I heare him now) his plausiue words</l>
<l>He scatter'd not in eares, but grafted them</l>
<l>To grow there and to beare: Let me not liue,</l>
<l>This his good melancholly oft began</l>
<l>On the Catastrophe and heele of pastime</l>
<l>When it was out: Let me not liue (quoth hee)</l>
<l>After my flame lackes oyle, to be the snuffe</l>
<l>Of yonger spirits, whose apprehensiue senses</l>
<l>All but new things disdaine; whose iudgements are</l>
<l>Meere fathers of their garments: whose constancies</l>
<l>Expire before their fashions: this he wish'd.</l>
<l>I after him, do after him wish too:</l>
<l>Since I nor wax nor honie can bring home,</l>
<l>I quickly were dissolued from my hiue</l>
<l>To giue some Labourers roome.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
<speaker rend="italic">L.2.E.</speaker>
<l>You'r loued Sir,</l>
<l>They that least lend it you, shall lacke you
first.</l>
</sp>

```
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
   <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
   <l>I fill a place I know't: how long ist Count</l>
   <l>Since the Physitian at your fathers died?</l>
   <l>He was much fam'd.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
   <l>Some six moneths since my Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
   <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
   <l>If he were liuing, I would try him yet.</l>
   <l>Lend me an arme: the rest haue worne me out</l>
   <l>With seuerall applications: Nature and sicknesse</l>
   <l>Debate it at their leisure. Welcome Count,</l>
   <l>My sonne's no deerer.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
   <l>Thanke your Maiesty.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
   <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 3]</head>
   <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Flourish.</stage>
   <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Countesse,
Steward,
      and Clowne.</stage>
   <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
      <speaker rend="italic">Coun.</speaker>
      <p>I will now heare, what say you of this
gentle&#x00AD;<lb/>woman.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-aww-ste">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ste.</speaker>
      <p>Maddam the care I haue had to euen your
con&#x00AD;<lb/>tent, I
         wish might be found in the Kalender of my past
         <lb/>endeuours, for then we wound our Modestie, and make
         <lb/>foule the clearnesse of our deseruings, whenof our selues
         <lb/>we publish them.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
      <speaker rend="italic">Coun.</speaker>
      <p>What doe's this knaue heere? Get you gone <lb/>sirra: the
         complaints I haue heard of you I do not all
be&#x00AD;<lb/>leeue, 'tis my slownesse that I doe not: For I know you
         <lb/>lacke not folly to commit them, &amp; haue abilitie
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enough
                        <lb/>to make such knaueries yours.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-aww-lav">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
                        <p>'Tis not vnknown to you Madam, I am a poore
<lb/>fellow.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Coun.</speaker>
                        <p>Well sir.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-aww-lav">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
                        <p>No maddam,</p>
                        <p>'Tis not so well that I am poore, though manie <fw
type="catchword" place="footRight">of</fw>
                    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0253-0" n="233"/>
                    <fw type="rh">All's Well that Ends Well</fw>
                    <cb n="1"/> <gap reason="absent" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>f the rich are damn'd,
                        but if I may haue your Ladiships <lb/>
                        <gap reason="absent" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>ood will to goe to
                        the world, <hi rend="italic">Isbell</hi> the w <lb/>
                        <gap reason="absent" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>ill
                        doe as we may.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Coun.</speaker>
                        <p>Wilt thou needes be a begger?</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-aww-lav">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
                        <p>I doe beg your good will in this case.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Cou.</speaker>
                        <p>In what case?</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-aww-lav">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
                        <p>In <hi rend="italic">Isbels</hi> case and mine owne: seruice
is
                        no heri<lb/><gap reason="absent" agent="cropped" extent="2"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>ge, <lb/>and I thinke I shall neuer haue
                        the blessing of God, <lb/>
                        <gap reason="absent" agent="cropped" extent="2"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>ll I haue issue a my bodie:

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                    for they say barnes are bles<lb/><gap reason="absent"
agent="cropped" extent="2" unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>ngs</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Cou.</speaker>
                    <p>Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marrie?</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-aww-lav">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
                    <p>My poore bodie Madam requires it, I am driuen <lb/>
                        <gap reason="absent" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>n by
                    the flesh, and hee must needes goe that the diuell
                        <lb/>
                        <gap reason="absent" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>riues.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Cou.</speaker>
                    <p>Is this all your worships reason?</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-aww-lav">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
                    <p>Faith Madam I haue other holie reasons, such as <lb/>
                        <gap reason="absent" agent="cropped" extent="2"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>ey
                        are.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Cou.</speaker>
                    <p>May the world know them?</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-aww-lav">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
                    <p>I haue beene Madam a wicked creature, as you <lb/>
                        <gap reason="absent" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>nd all
                    flesh and blood are, and indeede I doe marrie that
                        <lb/>may repent.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Cou.</speaker>
                    <p>Thy marriage sooner then thy wickednesse.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-aww-lav">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
                    <p>I am out a friends Madam, and I hope to haue <lb/>
                        <gap reason="absent" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>riends
                        for my wiues sake.</p>
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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cou.</speaker>
            <p>Such friends are thine enemies knaue.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-lav">
            <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
            <p>Y'are shallow Madam in great friends, for the
                <lb/>
                <gap reason="absent" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>naues come to doe that for me which I am a wearie
                of: <lb/>
                <gap reason="absent" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>e that eres my Land, spares my teame, and giues
                mee <lb/>
                <gap reason="absent" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>eaue to Inne the crop: if I be his cuckold
                hee's my <lb/>
                <gap reason="absent" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>rudge; he that comforts my wife, is
                the cherisher of <lb/>
                <gap reason="absent" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>y flesh and blood; hee that
                cherishes my flesh and <lb/>
                <gap reason="absent" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>lood, loues my
                flesh and blood; he that loues my flesh
                <lb/>
                <gap reason="absent" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>nd blood is my friend: <hi rend="italic">ergo</hi>,
                he that kisses my wife is my <lb/>
                <gap reason="absent" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>riend: if men could be
                contented to be what they are, <lb/>
                <gap reason="absent" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>here were no feare in
                marriage, for yong <hi rend="italic">Charbon</hi> the
                <lb/>
            Puritan, and old <hi rend="italic">Poysam</hi> the
                Papist, how somere their <lb/>
                <gap reason="absent" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>earts are
                seuer'd in Religion, their heads are both one,
                <lb/>
                <gap reason="absent" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>hey may ioule horns together like any Deare
                i'th Herd.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cou.</speaker>
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        <p>Wilt thou euer be a foule mouth'd and
            calum<lb/><gap reason="absent" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>ious knaue?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-lav">
            <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
            <p>A Prophet I Madam, and I speake the truth the <lb/>
                <gap reason="absent" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>ext
                waie, for I the Ballad will repeate, which men full
                <lb/>
                <gap reason="absent" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>rue shall finde, your marriage comes by
                destinie, your <lb/>Cuckow sings by kinde.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cou.</speaker>
            <p>Get you gone sir, Ile talke with you more anon.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-ste">
            <speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>
            <p>May it please you Madam, that hee bid <hi
rend="italic">Hellen</hi>
            <lb/>
                <gap reason="absent" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>ome to you, of her I am to speake.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cou.</speaker>
            <p>Sirra tell my gentlewoman I would speake with <lb/>
                <gap reason="absent" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>er,
                <hi rend="italic">Hellen</hi> I meane.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-lav">
            <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
            <l>Was this faire face the cause, quoth she,</l>
            <l>Why the Grecians sacked <hi rend="italic">Troy</hi>,</l>
            <l>Fond done, done, fond was this King <hi
rend="italic">Priams</hi>
                ioy,</l>
            <l>With that she sighed as she stood, <hi rend="italic">bis</hi>
        </l>
            <p>And gaue this sentence then, among nine bad if one be
<lb/>good, among nine bad if one be good, there's yet one <lb/>good in ten.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cou.</speaker>
            <p>What, one good in tenne? you corrupt the song
                <lb/>
```

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                    <gap reason="absent" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>irra.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-aww-lav">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
                    <p>One good woman in ten Madam, which is a
pu&#x00AD;<lb/>rifying ath' song: would God would serue the world so
                        <lb/>all the yeere, weed finde no fault with the tithe
                        woman <lb/>if I were the Parson, one in ten quoth a? and wee
                        might <lb/>haue a good woman borne but ore euerie blazing
                        starre, <lb/>or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the
                        Lotterie well, a <lb/>man may draw his heart out ere a plucke
                        one.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Cou.</speaker>
                    <p>Youle begone sir knaue, and doe as I command
<lb/>you?</p>
                </sp>
                <cb n="2"/>
                <sp who="#F-aww-lav">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
                    <p>That man should be at womans command, and <lb/>yet no
hurt done,
                        though honestie be no Puritan, yet <lb/>it will doe no
                        hurt, it will weare the Surplis of humilitie <lb/>ouer the
                        blacke&#x2011;Gowne of a bigge heart: I am
go&#x00AD;<lb/>ing
                        forsooth, the businesse is for <hi rend="italic">Helen</hi> to
come hither.</p>
                </sp>
                <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
                <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Cou.</speaker>
                    <p>Well now.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-aww-ste">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>
                    <p>I know Madam you loue your Gentlewoman
<lb/>intirely.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Cou.</speaker>
                    <p>Faith I doe: her Father bequeath'd her to mee, <lb/>and
                        she her selfe without other aduantage, may
lawful&#x00AD;<lb/>lie
                        make title to as much loue as shee findes, there is
                        <lb/>more owing her then is paid, and more shall be paid
                        <lb/>her then sheele demand.</p>
                </sp>
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<sp who="#F-aww-ste">
   <speaker rend="italic">Stew.</speaker>
   <p>Madam, I was verie late more neere her then <lb/>I thinke shee
         wisht mee, alone shee was, and did <lb/>communicate to her
         selfe her owne words to her <lb/>owne eares, shee thought, I
         dare vowe for her, they <lb/>toucht not anie stranger
         sence, her matter was, shee <lb/>loued your Sonne; Fortune shee
         said was no god&#x00AD;<lb/>desse, that had put such
         difference betwixt their two <lb/>estates: Loue no
         god, that would not extend his might <lb/>onelie, where
         qualities were leuell, Queene of Vir&#x00AD;<lb/>gins, that
         would suffer her poore Knight surpris'd
         <lb/>without rescue in the first assault or ransome
         after&#x00AD;<lb/>ward: This shee deliuer'd in the
         most bitter touch of <lb/>sorrow that ere I heard Virgin
         exclaime in, which I held <lb/>my dutie speedily to acquaint
         you withall, sithence in <lb/>the losse that may happen, it
         concernes you something <lb/>to know it.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cou">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cou.</speaker>
   <p>You haue discharg'd this honestlie, keepe it
         <lb/>to your selfe, manie likelihoods inform'd mee of
         this <lb/>before, which hung so tottring in the ballance, that
         <lb/>I could neither beleeue nor misdoubt: praie you
         <lb/>leaue mee, stall this in your bosome, and I thanke
         <lb/>you for your honest care: I will speake with you
         fur&#x00AD;<lb/>ther anon.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit
Steward.</stage>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Hellen.</stage>
<sp who="#F-aww-cou">
   <speaker rend="italic">Old. Cou.</speaker>
   <l>Euen so it vvas with me when I was yong:</l>
   <l>If euer vve are natures, these are ours, this thorne</l>
   <l>Doth to our Rose of youth rightlie belong</l>
   <l>Our bloud to vs, this to our blood is borne,</l>
   <l>It is the show, and seale of natures truth,</l>
   <l>Where loues strong passion is imprest in youth,</l>
   <l>By our remembrances of daies forgon,</l>
   <l>Such were our faults, or then we thought them none,</l>
   <l>Her eie is sicke on't, I obserue her now.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Hell.</speaker>
   <p>What is your pleasure Madam?</p>
</sp>
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<sp who="#F-aww-cou">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ol. Cou.</speaker>
  <p>You know <hi rend="italic">Hellen</hi> I am a mother to
you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hell.</speaker>
  <p>Mine honorable Mistris.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cou">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ol. Cou.</speaker>
  <l>Nay a mother, why not a mother? when I <lb/>sed a
mother</l>

  <l>Me thought you saw a serpent, what's in mother,</l>
  <l>That you start at it? I say I am your mother,</l>
  <l>And put you in the Catalogue of those</l>
  <l>That were enwombed mine, 'tis often seene</l>
  <l>Adoption striues with nature, and choise breedes</l>
  <l>A natiue slip to vs from forraine seedes:</l>
  <l>You nere opprest me with a mothers groane,</l>
  <l>Yet I expresse to you a mothers care,</l>
  <l>(Gods mercie maiden) dos it curd thy blood</l>
  <l>To say I am thy mother? vvhat's the matter,</l>
  <l>That this distempered messenger of wet?</l>
  <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">V3</fw>
  <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">The</fw>
  <pb facs="FFimg:axc0254-0.jpg" n="234"/>
  <fw type="rh">All's Well that Ends Well.</fw>
  <cb n="1"/>
  <l>The manie colour'd Iris rounds thine eye?</l>
  <l>&#x2E3A;Why, that you are my daughter?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hell.</speaker>
  <p>That I am not.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cou">
  <speaker rend="italic">Old. Cou.</speaker>
  <p>I say I am your Mother.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hell.</speaker>
  <l>Pardon Madam.</l>
  <l>The Count <hi rend="italic">Rosillion</hi> cannot be my
brother:</l>

  <l>I am from humble, he from honored name:</l>
  <l>No note vpon my Parents, his all noble,</l>
  <l>My Master, my deere Lord he is, and I</l>
  <l>His seruant liue, and will his vassall die:</l>
  <l>He must not be my brother.</l>
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    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
       <speaker rend="italic">Ol. Cou.</speaker>
       <p>Nor I your Mother.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-hel">
       <speaker rend="italic">Hell.</speaker>
       <l>You are my mother Madam, would you were</l>
       <l>So that my Lord your sonne were not my brother,</l>
       <l>Indeede my mother, or were you both our mothers,</l>
       <l>I care no more for, then I doe for heauen,</l>
       <l>So I were not his sister, cant no other,</l>
       <l>But I your daughter, he must be my brother.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
       <speaker rend="italic">Old. Cou.</speaker>
       <l>Yes <hi rend="italic">Hellen</hi>, you might be my daughter
in law,</l>

       <l>God shield you meane it not, daughter and mother</l>
       <l>So striue vpon your pulse; vvhat pale agen?</l>
       <l>My feare hath catcht your fondnesse! now I see</l>
       <l>The mistrie of your louelinesse, and finde</l>
       <l>Your salt teares head, now to all sence 'tis grosse:</l>
       <l>You loue my sonne, inuention is asham'd</l>
       <l>Against the proclamation of thy passion</l>
       <l>To say thou doost not: therefore tell me true,</l>
       <l>But tell me then 'tis so, for looke, thy cheekes</l>
       <l>Confesse it 'ton tooth to th' other, and thine eies</l>
       <l>See it so grosely showne in thy behauiours,</l>
       <l>That in their kinde they speake it, onely sinne</l>
       <l>And hellish obstinacie tye thy tongue</l>
       <l>That truth should be suspected, speake, ist so?</l>
       <l>If it be so, you haue wound a goodly clewe:</l>
       <l>If it be not, forsweare't how ere I charge thee,</l>
       <l>As heauen shall worke in me for thine auaile</l>
       <l>To tell me truelie.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-hel">
       <speaker rend="italic">Hell.</speaker>
       <p>Good Madam pardon me.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
       <speaker rend="italic">Cou.</speaker>
       <p>Do you loue my Sonne?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-hel">
       <speaker rend="italic">Hell.</speaker>
       <p>Your pardon noble Mistris.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
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        <speaker rend="italic">Cou.</speaker>
        <p>Loue you my Sonne?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-hel">
        <speaker rend="italic">Hell.</speaker>
        <p>Doe not you loue him Madam?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cou.</speaker>
        <l>Goe not about; my loue hath in't a bond</l>
        <l>Whereof the world takes note: Come, come, disclose:</l>
        <l>The state of your affection, for your
            passions</l>
        <l>Haue to the full appeach'd.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-hel">
        <speaker rend="italic">Hell.</speaker>
        <l>Then I confesse</l>
        <l>Here on my knee, before high heauen and you,</l>
        <l>That before you, and next vnto high heauen, I loue your
            <lb/>Sonne:</l>
        <l>My friends were poore but honest, so's my loue:</l>
        <l>Be not offended, for it hurts not him</l>
        <l>That he is lou'd of me; I follow him not</l>
        <l>By any token of presumptuous suite,</l>
        <l>Nor would I haue him, till I doe deserue him,</l>
        <l>Yet neuer know how that desert should be:</l>
        <l>I know I loue in vaine, striue against hope:</l>
        <l>Yet in this captious, and intemible Siue.</l>
        <l>I still poure in the waters of my loue</l>
        <l>And lacke not to loose still; thus <hi
rend="italic">Indian</hi> like</l>
        <l>Religious in mine error, I adore</l>
        <l>The Sunne that lookes vpon his worshipper,</l>
        <l>But knowes of him no more. My deerest Madam,</l>
        <l>Let not your hate incounter with my loue,</l>
        <l>For louing where you doe; but if your selfe,</l>
        <l>Whose aged honor cites a vertuous youth,</l>
        <cb n="2"/>
        <l>Did euer, in so true a flame of liking,</l>
        <l>Wish chastly, and loue dearely, that your <hi
rend="italic">Dian</hi>
        </l>
        <l>Was both her selfe and loue, O then giue pittie</l>
        <l>To her whose state is such, that cannot choose</l>
        <l>But lend and giue where she is sure to loose;</l>
        <l>That seekes not to finde that, her search implies,</l>
        <l>But riddle like, liues sweetely where she dies.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
```

```xml
    <speaker rend="italic">Cou.</speaker>
    <l>Had you not lately an intent, speake truely,</l>
    <l>To goe to <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi>?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hell.</speaker>
    <p>Madam I had.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cou">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cou.</speaker>
    <p>Wherefore? tell true.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hell.</speaker>
    <l>I will tell truth, by grace it selfe I sweare:</l>
    <l>You know my Father left me some prescriptions</l>
    <l>Of rare and prou'd effects, such as his
        reading</l>
    <l>And manifest experience, had collected</l>
        <l>For generall
        soueraigntie: and that he wil'd me</l>
    <l>In heedefull'st reseruation to bestow
        them,</l>
    <l>As notes, whose faculties inclusiue were,</l>
    <l>More then they were in note: Amongst the rest,</l>
    <l>There is a remedie, approu'd, set downe,</l>
    <l>To cure the desperate languishings whereof</l>
    <l>The King is render'd lost.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cou">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cou.</speaker>
    <p>This was your motiue for <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi>, was
it,

        speake?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hell.</speaker>
    <l>My Lord, your sonne, made me to think of this;</l>
    <l>Else <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi>, and the medicine, and the
        King,</l>
    <l>Had from the conuersation of my thoughts,</l>
    <l>Happily beene absent then.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cou">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cou.</speaker>
    <l>But thinke you <hi rend="italic">Hellen</hi>,</l>
    <l>If you should tender your supposed aide,</l>
    <l>He would receiue it? He and his Phisitions</l>
    <l>Are of a minde, he, that they cannot helpe him:</l>
    <l>They, that they cannot helpe, how shall they credit</l>
```

```xml
    <l>A poore vnlearned Virgin, when the Schooles</l>
    <l>Embowel'd of their doctrine, haue left off</l>
    <l>The danger to it selfe.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-aww-hel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hell.</speaker>
    <l>There's something in't</l>
    <l>More then my Fathers skill, which was the
       great'st</l>
    <l>Of his profession, that his good receipt,</l>
    <l>Shall for my legacie be sanctified</l>
    <l>By th'luckiest stars in heauen, and would your
       honor</l>
    <l>But giue me leaue to trie successe, I'de venture</l>
    <l>The well lost life of mine, on his Graces cure,</l>
    <l>By such a day, an houre.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cou.</speaker>
    <p>Doo'st thou beleeue't?</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-aww-hel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hell.</speaker>
    <p>I Madam knowingly.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cou.</speaker>
    <l>Why <hi rend="italic">Hellen</hi> thou shalt haue my leaue
       and
       loue,</l>
    <l>Meanes and attendants, and my louing greetings</l>
    <l>To those of mine in Court, Ile staie at home</l>
    <l>And praie Gods blessing into thy attempt:</l>
    <l>Begon to morrow, and be sure of this,</l>
    <l>What I can helpe thee to, thou shalt not misse.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
  </div>
  </div>
  <div type="act" n="2">
  <div type="scene" n="1" rend="notPresent">
  <head rend="italic center">Actus Secundus.</head>
  <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 1]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the King with
     diuers
     yong Lords, taking leaue for <lb/>the Florentine warre: Count,
     Rosse, and <lb/>Parrolles. Florish Cornets.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-aww-kin">
    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
    <l>Farewell yong Lords, these warlike principles</l>
```

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    <l>Doe not throw from you, and you my Lords farewell:</l>
    <l>Share the aduice betwixt you, if both gaine, all</l>
    <l>The guift doth stretch it selfe as 'tis
       receiu'd,</l>
    <l>And is enough for both.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cpg">
    <speaker rend="italic">Lord. G.</speaker>
    <l>'Tis our hope sir,</l>
    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">After</fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0255-0.jpg" n="235"/>
    <fw type="rh">All's Well, that Ends Well.</fw>
    <cb n="1"/>
    <l>After well entred souldiers, to returne</l>
    <l>And finde your grace in health.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
    <l>No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart</l>
    <l>Will not confesse he owes the mallady</l>
    <l>That doth my life besiege: farwell yong Lords,</l>
    <l>Whether I liue or die, be you the sonnes</l>
    <l>Of worthy French men: let higher Italy</l>
    <l>(Those bated that inherit but the fall</l>
    <l>Of the last Monarchy) see that you come</l>
    <l>Not to wooe honour, but to wed it, when</l>
    <l>The brauest questant shrinkes: finde what you
       seeke,</l>
    <l>That fame may cry you loud: I say farewell.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cpg">
    <speaker rend="italic">L. G.</speaker>
    <p>Health at your bidding serue your Maiesty.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
    <l>Those girles of Italy, take heed of them,</l>
    <l>They say our French, lacke language to deny</l>
    <l>If they demand: beware of being Captiues</l>
    <l>Before you serue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cpg #F-aww-cpe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bo.</speaker>
    <p>Our hearts receiue your warnings.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
    <p>Farewell, come hether to me.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cpg">
```

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          <speaker rend="italic">1. Lo. G.</speaker>
          <p>Oh my sweet Lord y<c rend="superscript">t</c> you wil stay
behind vs.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-par">
          <speaker rend="italic">Parr.</speaker>
          <p>'Tis not his fault the spark.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
          <speaker rend="italic">2. Lo. E.</speaker>
          <p>Oh 'tis braue warres.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-par">
          <speaker rend="italic">Parr.</speaker>
          <p>Most admirable, I haue seene those warres.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-ber">
          <speaker rend="italic">Rossill.</speaker>
          <l>I am commanded here, and kept a coyle with,</l>
          <l>Too young, and the next yeere, and 'tis too early.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-par">
          <speaker rend="italic">Parr.</speaker>
          <l>And thy minde stand too't boy,</l>
          <l>Steale away brauely.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-ber">
          <speaker rend="italic">Rossill.</speaker>
          <l>I shal stay here the for&#x2011;horse to a smocke,</l>
          <l>Creeking my shooes on the plaine Masonry,</l>
          <l>Till honour be bought vp, and no sword worne</l>
          <l>But one to dance with: by heauen, Ile steale away.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-cpg">
          <speaker rend="italic">1. Lo. G.</speaker>
          <p>There's honour in the theft.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-par">
          <speaker rend="italic">Parr.</speaker>
          <p>Commit it Count.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
          <speaker rend="italic">2. Lo. E.</speaker>
          <p>I am your accessary, and so farewell.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-ber">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
          <p>I grow to you, &amp; our parting is a tortur'd body.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-cpg">
```

```xml
        <speaker rend="italic">1. Lo. G.</speaker>
        <p>Farewell Captaine.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
        <speaker rend="italic">2. Lo. E.</speaker>
        <p>Sweet Mounsier <hi rend="italic">Parolles</hi>.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-par">
        <speaker rend="italic">Parr.</speaker>
        <p>Noble <hi rend="italic">Heroes</hi>; my sword and yours
are kinne, <lb/>good sparkes
        and lustrous, a word good mettals. You <lb/>shall
        finde in the Regiment of the Spinij, one Captaine
        <lb/>
    <hi rend="italic">Spurio</hi> his sicatrice, with an
        Embleme of warre heere on <lb/>his sinister cheeke; it
        was this very sword entrench'd it: <lb/>say to him I
        liue, and obserue his reports for me.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-cpg">
        <speaker rend="italic">Lo. G.</speaker>
        <p>We shall noble Captaine.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-par">
        <speaker rend="italic">Parr.</speaker>
        <p><hi rend="italic">Mars</hi> doate on you for his nouices,
what will <lb/>ye doe?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-ber">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ross.</speaker>
        <p>Stay the King.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-par">
        <speaker rend="italic">Parr.</speaker>
        <p>Vse a more spacious ceremonie to the Noble <lb/>Lords, you
haue
        restrain'd your selfe within the List of
        <lb/>too cold an adieu: be more expressiue to them; for they
        <lb/>weare themselues in the cap of the time, there do
        muster <lb/>true gate; eat, speake, and moue vnder the
        influence of <lb/>the most receiu'd
        starre, and though the deuill leade the <lb/>measure,
        such are to be followed: after them, and take a <lb/>more
        dilated farewell.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-ber">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ross.</speaker>
        <p>And I will doe so.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-par">
```

```xml
            <speaker rend="italic">Parr.</speaker>
            <p>Worthy fellowes, and like to prooue most
si&#x00AD;<lb/>newie sword&#x2011;men.</p>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lafew.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-aww-laf">
            <speaker rend="italic">L. Laf.</speaker>
            <p>Pardon my Lord for mee and for my tidings. <lb
rend="turnunder"/>
            <pc rend="turnunder">(</pc>pardon,</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-kin">
            <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
            <p>Ile see thee to stand vp.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-laf">
            <speaker rend="italic">L. Laf.</speaker>
            <l>Then heres a man stands that has brought his <lb
rend="turnover"/><pc rend="turnover">(</pc>pardon,</l>
            <l>I would you had kneel'd my Lord to aske me mercy,</l>
            <l>And that at my bidding you could so stand vp.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-kin">
            <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
            <l>I would I had, so I had broke thy pate</l>
            <cb n="2"/>
            <l>And askt thee mercy for't.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-laf">
            <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
            <l>Goodfaith a&#x2011;crosse, but my good Lord 'tis thus,</l>
            <l>Will you be cur'd of your infirmitie?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-kin">
            <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
            <l>No.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-laf">
            <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
            <l>O will you eat no grapes my royall foxe?</l>
            <l>Yes but you will, my noble grapes, and if</l>
            <l>My royall foxe could reach them: I haue seen a medicine</l>
            <l>That's able to breath life into a stone,</l>
            <l>Quicken a rocke, and make you dance Canari</l>
            <l>With sprightly fire and motion, whose simple touch</l>
            <l>Is powerfull to arayse King <hi rend="italic">Pippen</hi>,
                nay</l>
            <l>To giue great <hi rend="italic">Charlemaine</hi> a pen
                in's hand</l>
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```xml
    <l>And write to her a loue&#x2011;line.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
    <l>What her is this?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
    <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
    <l>Why doctor she: my Lord, there's one
        arriu'd,</l>
    <l>If you will see her: now by my faith and honour,</l>
    <l>If seriously I may conuay my thoughts</l>
    <l>In this my light deliuerance, I haue spoke</l>
    <l>With one, that in her sexe, her yeeres, profession,</l>
    <l>Wisedome and constancy, hath amaz'd mee more</l>
    <l>Then I dare blame my weakenesse: will you see her?</l>
    <l>For that is her demand, and know her businesse?</l>
    <l>That done, laugh well at me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
    <l>Now good <hi rend="italic">Lafew</hi>,</l>
    <l>Bring in the admiration, that we with thee</l>
    <l>May spend our wonder too, or take off thine</l>
    <l>By wondring how thou tookst it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
    <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
    <l>Nay, Ile fit you,</l>
    <l>And not be all day neither.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
    <p>Thus he his speciall nothing euer prologues.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
    <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
    <p>Nay, come your waies.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Hellen.</stage>
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
    <p>This haste hath wings indeed.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
    <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
    <l>Nay, come your waies,</l>
    <l>This is his Maiestie, say your minde to him,</l>
    <l>A Traitor you doe looke like, but such traitors</l>
    <l>His Maiesty seldome feares, I am <hi
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rend="italic">Cresseds</hi> Vncle,</l>
              <l>That dare leaue two together, far you well.</l>
            </sp>
            <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-aww-kin">
              <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
              <p>Now faire one, do's your busines follow vs?</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-aww-hel">
              <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
              <l>I my good Lord,</l>
              <l>
        <hi rend="italic">Gerard de Narbon</hi> was my father,</l>
              <l>In what he did professe, well found.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-aww-kin">
              <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
              <p>I knew him.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-aww-hel">
              <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
              <l>The rather will I spare my praises towards him,</l>
              <l>Knowing him is enough: on's bed of death,</l>
              <l>Many receits he gaue me, chieflie one,</l>
              <l>Which as the dearest issue of his practice</l>
              <l>And of his olde experience, th' onlie darling,</l>
              <l>He bad me store vp, as a triple eye,</l>
              <l>Safer then mine owne two: more deare I haue so,</l>
              <l>And hearing your high Maiestie is toucht</l>
              <l>With that malignant cause, wherein the honour</l>
              <l>Of my deare fathers gift, stands cheefe in power,</l>
              <l>I come to tender it, and my appliance,</l>
              <l>With all bound humblenesse.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-aww-kin">
              <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
              <l>We thanke you maiden,</l>
              <l>But may not be so credulous of cure,</l>
              <l>When our most learned Doctors leaue vs, and</l>
              <l>The congregated Colledge haue concluded,</l>
              <l>That labouring Art can neuer ransome nature</l>
              <l>From her inaydible estate: I say we must not</l>
              <l>So staine our iudgement, or corrupt our hope,</l>
              <l>To prostitute our past‑cure malladie</l>
              <l>To empericks, or to disseuer so</l>
              <l>Our great selfe and our credit, to esteeme</l>
              <l>A sencelesse helpe, when helpe past sence we deeme.</l>
            </sp>
            <fw type="catchword" place="footRight"><hi
        rend="italic">Hel.</hi> My</fw>

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<pb facs="FFimg:axc0256-0.jpg" n="236"/>
<fw type="rh">All's Well that Ends Well.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Hell.</speaker>
   <l>My dutie then shall pay me for my paines:</l>
   <l>I will no more enforce mine office on you,</l>
   <l>Humbly intreating from your royall thoughts,</l>
   <l>A modest one to beare me backe againe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
   <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
   <l>I cannot giue thee lesse to be cal'd gratefull:</l>
   <l>Thou thoughtst to helpe me, and such thankes I giue,</l>
   <l>As one neere death to those that wish him liue:</l>
   <l>But what at full I know, thou knowst no part,</l>
   <l>I knowing all my perill, thou no Art.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Hell.</speaker>
   <l>What I can doe, can doe no hurt to try,</l>
   <l>Since you set vp your rest 'gainst remedie:</l>
   <l>He that of greatest workes is finisher,</l>
   <l>Oft does them by the weakest minister:</l>
   <l>So holy Writ, in babes hath iudgement showne,</l>
   <l>When Iudges haue bin babes; great flouds haue
      flowne</l>
   <l>From simple sources: and great Seas haue dried</l>
   <l>When Miracles haue by the great'st beene denied.</l>
   <l>Oft expectation failes, and most oft there</l>
   <l>Where most it promises: and oft it hits,</l>
   <l>Where hope is coldest, and despaire most shifts.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
   <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
   <l>I must not heare thee, fare thee wel kind maide,</l>
   <l>Thy paines not vs'd, must by thy selfe be paid,</l>
   <l>Proffers not tooke, reape thanks for their reward.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
   <l>Inspired Merit so by breath is bard,</l>
   <l>It is not so with him that all things knowes</l>
   <l>As 'tis with vs, that square our guesse by showes:</l>
   <l>But most it is presumption in vs, when</l>
   <l>The help of heauen we count the act of men.</l>
   <l>Deare sir, to my endeauors giue consent,</l>
   <l>Of heauen, not me, make an experiment.</l>
   <l>I am not an Imposture, that proclaime</l>
   <l>My selfe against the leuill of mine aime,</l>
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    <l>But know I thinke, and thinke I know most sure,</l>
    <l>My Art is not past power, nor you past cure.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
    <l>Art thou so confident? Within what space</l>
    <l>Hop'st thou my cure?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
    <l>The greatest grace lending grace,</l>
    <l>Ere twice the horses of the sunne shall bring</l>
    <l>Their fiery torcher his diurnall ring,</l>
    <l>Ere twice in murke and occidentall dampe</l>
    <l>Moist <hi rend="italic">Hesperus</hi> hath quench'd her
        sleepy Lampe:</l>
    <l>Or foure and twenty times the Pylots glasse</l>
    <l>Hath told the theeuish minutes, how they passe:</l>
    <l>What is infirme, from your sound parts shall flie,</l>
    <l>Health shall liue free, and sickenesse freely dye.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
    <l>Vpon thy certainty and confidence,</l>
    <l>What dar'st thou venter?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hell.</speaker>
    <l>Taxe of impudence,</l>
    <l>A strumpets boldnesse, a divulged shame</l>
    <l>Traduc'd by odious ballads: my maidens name</l>
    <l>Seard otherwise, ne worse of worst extended</l>
    <l>With vildest torture, let my life be ended.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
    <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
    <l>Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth speak</l>
    <l>His powerfull sound, within an organ weake:</l>
    <l>And what impossibility would slay</l>
    <l>In common sence, sence saues another way:</l>
    <l>Thy life is deere, for all that life can rate</l>
    <l>Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate:</l>
    <l>Youth, beauty, wisedome, courage, all</l>
    <l>That happines and prime, can happy call:</l>
    <l>Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate</l>
    <l>Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate,</l>
    <l>Sweet practiser, thy Physicke I will try,</l>
    <l>That ministers thine owne death if I die.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
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    <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
    <l>If I breake time, or flinch in property</l>
    <l>Of what I spoke, vnpittied let me die,</l>
    <cb n="2"/>
    <l>And well deseru'd: not helping, death's my fee,</l>
    <l>But if I helpe, what doe you promise me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
    <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
    <p>Make thy demand.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
    <p>But will you make it euen?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
    <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
    <p>I by my Scepter, and my hopes of helpe.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
    <l>Then shalt thou giue me with thy kingly hand</l>
    <l>What husband in thy power I will command:</l>
    <l>Exempted be from me the arrogance</l>
    <l>To choose from forth the royall bloud of France,</l>
    <l>My low and humble name to propagate</l>
    <l>With any branch or image of thy state:</l>
    <l>But such a one thy vassall, whom I know</l>
    <l>Is free for me to aske, thee to bestow.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
    <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
    <l>Heere is my hand, the premises obseru'd,</l>
    <l>Thy will by my performance shall be seru'd:</l>
    <l>So make the choice of thy owne time, for I</l>
    <l>Thy resolv'd Patient, on thee still relye:</l>
    <l>More should I question thee, and more I must,</l>
    <l>Though more to know, could not be more to trust:</l>
    <l>From whence thou cam'st, how tended on, but
        rest</l>
    <l>Vnquestion'd welcome, and vndoubted blest.</l>
    <l>Giue me some helpe heere hoa, if thou proceed,</l>
    <l>As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="mixed">Florish.
Exit.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
    <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 2]</head>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Countesse and
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Clowne.</stage>
                <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
                    <p>Come on sir, I shall now put you to the height <lb/>of your
                        breeding.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-aww-lav">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Clown.</speaker>
                    <p>I will shew my selfe highly fed, and lowly <lb/>taught, I
know

                        my businesse is but to the Court.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
                    <p>To the Court, why what place make you
spe&#x00AD;<lb/>ciall, when you put off that with such contempt, but to
                        <lb/>the Court?</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-aww-lav">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
                    <p>Truly Madam, if God haue lent a man any
man&#x00AD;<lb/>ners, hee may easilie put it off at Court: hee that cannot
                        <lb/>make a legge, put off's cap, kisse his hand, and
                        say no&#x00AD;<lb/>thing, has neither legge, hands, lippe,
nor

                        cap; and in&#x00AD;<lb/>deed such a fellow, to say precisely,
                        were not for the <lb/>Court, but for me, I haue an answere will
                        serue all men.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
                    <p>Marry that's a bountifull answere that fits all
                        <lb/>questions.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-aww-lav">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
                    <p>It is like a Barbers chaire that fits all buttockes,
                        <lb/>the pin buttocke, the quatch&#x2011;buttocke, the brawn
                        but&#x00AD;<lb/>tocke, or any buttocke.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
                    <p>Will your answere serue fit to all questions?</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-aww-lav">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
                    <p>As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an
                        Attu&#x00AD;<lb/>rney, as your French Crowne for your
                        taffety punke, as <lb/><hi rend="italic">Tibs</hi> rush for <hi
rend="italic">Toms</hi>

fore‑finger, as a pancake for
Shroue‑<lb/>tuesday, a Morris for May‑day, as the naile to his hole,
        <lb/>the Cuckold to his horne, as a scolding queane to a
        <lb/>wrangling knaue, as the Nuns lip to the Friers mouth,
        <lb/>nay as the pudding to his skin.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
        <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
        <p>Haue you, I say, an answere of such fitnesse for <lb/>all
            questions?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-lav">
        <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
        <p>From below your Duke, to beneath your
Con­<lb/>stable, it will fit any question.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
        <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
        <p>It must be an answere of most monstrous size,
            <lb/>that must fit all demands.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-lav">
        <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
        <p>But a trifle neither in good faith, if the learned
            <lb/>should speake truth of it: heere it is, and all that
            belongs <lb/>to't. Aske mee if I am a Courtier, it shall
            doe you no <lb/>harme to learne.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
        <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
        <p>To be young againe if we could: I will bee a <lb/>foole in
            question, hoping to bee the wiser by you're
            an­<lb/>swer.</p>
    </sp>
    <fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Lady</fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0256-0.jpg" n="237"/>
    <fw type="rh">All's Well that Ends Well.</fw>
    <cb n="1"/>
    <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
        <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
        <p>I pray you sir, are you a Courtier?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-lav">
        <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
        <p>O Lord sir theres a simple putting off: more, <lb/>more, a
            hundred of them.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
        <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>

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                    <p>Sir I am a poore freind of yours, that loues you.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-aww-lav">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
                    <p>O Lord sir, thicke, thicke, spare not me.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
                    <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
                    <p>I thinke sir, you can eate none of this homely
<lb/>meate.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-aww-lav">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
                    <p>O Lord sir; nay put me too't, I warrant you.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
                    <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
                    <p>You were lately whipt sir as I thinke.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-aww-lav">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
                    <p>O Lord sir, spare not me.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
                    <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
                    <p>Doe you crie O Lord sir at your whipping, and <lb/>spare not
me?
                        Indeed your O Lord sir, is very sequent <lb/>to your whipping:
                        you would answere very well to a <lb/>whipping if you were
but
                        bound too't.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-aww-lav">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
                    <p>I nere had worse lucke in my life in my O Lord <lb/>sir: I see
                        things may serue long, but not serue euer.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
                    <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
                    <p>I play the noble huswife with the time, to
enter&#x00AD;<lb/>taine it so merrily with a foole.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-aww-lav">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
                    <p>O Lord sir, why there't serues well agen.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
                    <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
                    <l>And end sir to your businesse: giue <hi
rend="italic">Hellen</hi>
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this,</l>
                <l>And vrge her to a present answer backe,</l>
                <l>Commend me to my kinsmen, and my sonne,</l>
                <l>This is not much.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-aww-lav">
                <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
                <p>Not much commendation to them.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
                <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
                <l>Not much imployement for you, you
vnder&#x00AD;<lb/>stand
                    me.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-aww-lav">
                <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
                <p>Most fruitfully, I am there, before my
<choice><orig>legegs</orig><corr>legges</corr></choice>.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
                <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
                <p>Hast you agen.</p>
            </sp>
            <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
        </div>
        <div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
            <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 3]</head>
            <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Count, Lafew,
and
                Parolles.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-aww-laf">
                <speaker rend="italic">Ol. Laf.</speaker>
                <p>They say miracles are past, and we haue our
                    <lb/>Philosophicall persons, to make moderne and familiar
                    <lb/>things supernaturall and causelesse. Hence is it, that we
                    <lb/>make trifles of terrours, ensconcing our selues into
                    see&#x00AD;<lb/>ming knowledge, when we should submit
our
                    selues to <lb/>an vnknowne feare.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-aww-par">
                <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
                <p>Why 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that <lb/>hath
                    shot out in our latter times.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-aww-ber">
                <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
                <p>And so 'tis.</p>
            </sp>

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<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ol. Laf.</speaker>
   <p>To be relinquisht of the Artists.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
   <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
   <p>So I say both of <hi rend="italic">Galen</hi> and <hi
rend="italic">Paracelsus</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ol. Laf.</speaker>
   <p>Of all the learned and authenticke fellowes.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
   <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
   <p>Right so I say.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ol. Laf.</speaker>
   <p>That gaue him out incureable.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
   <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
   <p>Why there 'tis, so say I too.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ol. Laf.</speaker>
   <p>Not to be help'd.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
   <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
   <p>Right, as 'twere a man assur'd of a&#x2E3A;</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ol. Laf.</speaker>
   <p>Vncertaine life, and sure death.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
   <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
   <p>Iust, you say well: so would I haue said.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ol. Laf.</speaker>
   <p>I may truly say, it is a noueltie to the world.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
   <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
   <p>It is indeede if you will haue it in shewing, you <lb/>shall
      reade it in what do ye call there.</p>
</sp>
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<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ol. Laf.</speaker>
  <p>A shewing of a heauenly effect in an earth&#x00AD;<lb/>ly
Actor.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
  <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
  <p>That's it, I would haue said, the verie same.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ol. Laf.</speaker>
  <p>Why your Dolphin is not lustier: fore mee <lb/>I speake in
    respect&#x2E3A;</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
  <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
  <p>Nay 'tis strange, 'tis very straunge, that is the
    <lb/>breefe and the tedious of it, and he's of a
    most facineri&#x00AD;<lb/>ous spirit, that will not
    acknowledge it to be the&#x2E3A;</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ol. Laf.</speaker>
  <p>Very hand of heauen.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
  <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
  <p>I, so I say.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ol. Laf.</speaker>
  <p>In a most weake&#x2E3A;</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
  <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
  <p>And debile minister great power, great
    tran&#x00AD;<lb/>cendence, which should indeede giue vs a
    further vse to <cb n="2"/>
<lb/>be made, then alone the
    recou'ry of the king, as to bee</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Old Laf.</speaker>
  <p>Generally thankfull.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter King, Hellen, and
    attendants.</stage>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
  <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
  <p>I would haue said it, you say well: heere comes <lb/>the
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            King.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-aww-laf">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ol. Laf.</speaker>
            <p>Lustique, as the Dutchman saies: Ile like a <lb/>maide the
               Better whil'st I haue a tooth in my head: why
               <lb/>he's able to leade her a Carranto.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-aww-par">
            <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
            <p>
         <hi rend="italic">Mor du vinager,</hi> is not this <hi
   rend="italic">Helen</hi>?</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-aww-laf">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ol. Laf.</speaker>
            <p>Fore God I thinke so.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-aww-kin">
            <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
            <l>Goe call before mee all the Lords in Court,</l>
            <l>Sit my preseruer by thy patients side,</l>
            <l>And with this healthfull hand whose banisht sence</l>
            <l>Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receyue</l>
            <l>The confirmation of my promis'd guift,</l>
            <l>Which but attends thy naming.</l>
            <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter 3 or 4
               Lords.</stage>
            <l>Faire Maide send forth thine eye, this youthfull parcel</l>
            <l>Of Noble Batchellors, stand at my bestowing,</l>
            <l>Ore whom both Soueraigne power, and fathers voice</l>
            <l>I haue to vse; thy franke election make,</l>
            <l>Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-aww-hel">
            <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
            <l>To each of you, one faire and vertuous Mistris;</l>
            <l>Fall when loue please, marry to each but one.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-aww-laf">
            <speaker rend="italic">Old Laf.</speaker>
            <l>I'de giue bay curtall, and his furniture</l>
            <l>My mouth no more were broken then these boyes,</l>
            <l>And writ as little beard.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-aww-kin">
            <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
            <l>Peruse them well:</l>
            <l>Not one of those, but had a Noble father.</l>
         </sp>
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<stage rend="italic center" type="business">She addresses her to a
   Lord.</stage>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
   <p>Gentlemen, heauen hath through me, restor'd
      <lb/>the king to health.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-all">
   <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
   <p>We vnderstand it, and thanke heauen for you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
   <l>I am a simple Maide, and therein wealthiest</l>
   <l>That I protest, I simply am a Maide:</l>
   <l>Please it your Maiestie, I haue done already:</l>
   <l>The blushes in my cheekes thus whisper mee,</l>
   <l>We blush that thou shouldst choose, but be refused;</l>
   <l>Let the white death sit on thy cheeke for euer,</l>
   <l>Wee'l nere come there againe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
   <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
   <l>Make choise and see,</l>
   <l>Who shuns thy loue, shuns all his loue in mee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
   <l>Now <hi rend="italic">Dian</hi> from thy Altar do I fly,</l>
   <l>And to imperiall loue, that God most high</l>
   <l>Do my sighes streame: Sir, wil you heare my suite?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cpg">
   <speaker rend="italic">1. Lo.</speaker>
   <p>And grant it.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
   <p>Thankes sir, all the rest is mute.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ol. Laf.</speaker>
   <l>I had rather be in this choise, then throw</l>
   <l>Ames&#x2011;ace for my life.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
   <l>The honor sir that flames in your faire eyes,</l>
   <l>Before I speake too threatningly replies:</l>
   <l>Loue make your fortunes twentie times aboue</l>
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<l>Her that so wishes, and her humble loue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
    <speaker rend="italic">2. Lo.</speaker>
    <p>No better if you please.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
    <l>My wish receiue,</l>
    <l>Which great loue grant, and so I take my leaue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ol. Laf.</speaker>
    <p>Do all they denie her? And they were sons <lb/>of mine,
        I'de haue them whip'd, or I would send them
        <lb/>to'th Turke to make Eunuches of.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
    <l>Be not afraid that I your hand should take,</l>
    <l>Ile neuer do you wrong for your owne sake:</l>
    <l>Blessing vpon your vowes, and in your bed</l>
    <l>Finde fairer fortune, if you euer wed.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
    <speaker rend="italic">Old Laf.</speaker>
    <p>These boyes are boyes of Ice, they'le none <fw
type="catchword" place="footRight">haue</fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0258-0.jpg" n="238"/>
    <fw type="rh">All's
        Well that Ends Well.</fw>
    <cb n="1"/>
    <lb/>haue heere: sure
        they are bastards to the English, the <lb/>French nere
        got em.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
    <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
    <l>You are too young, too happie, and too good</l>
    <l>To make your selfe a sonne out of my blood.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-lor.4">
    <speaker rend="italic">4. Lord.</speaker>
    <p>Faire one, I thinke not so.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ol. Lord</speaker>
    <p>There's one grape yet, I am sure thy father <lb/>drunke
        wine. But if thou be'st not an asse, I am a youth
        <lb/>of fourteene: I haue knowne thee already.</p>

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</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
   <l>I dare not say I take you, but I giue</l>
   <l>Me and my seruice, euer whilst I lieu</l>
   <l>Into your guiding power: This is the man.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
   <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
   <p>Why then young <hi rend="italic">Bertram</hi> take her
      shee's thy <lb/>wife.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
   <l>My wife my Leige? I shal beseech your highness</l>
   <l>In such a busines, giue me leaue to vse</l>
   <l>The helpe of mine owne eies.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
   <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
   <p>Know'st thou not <hi rend="italic">Bertram</hi> what
      shee ha's <lb/>done for mee?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
   <p>Yes my good Lord, but neuer hope to know <lb/>why I
should
      marrie her.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
   <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
   <p>Thou know'st shee ha's rais'd me from
      my sick&#x00AD;<lb/>ly bed.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
   <l>But followes it my Lord, to bring me downe</l>
   <l>Must answer for your raising? I knowe her well:</l>
   <l>Shee had her breeding at my fathers charge:</l>
   <l>A poore Physitians daughter my wife? Disdaine</l>
   <l>Rather corrupt me euer.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
   <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
   <l>Tis onely title thou disdainst in her, the which</l>
   <l>I can build vp: strange is it that our bloods</l>
   <l>Of colour, waight, and heat, pour'd all together,</l>
   <l>Would quite confound distinction: yet stands
      off</l>
   <l>In differences so mightie. If she bee</l>
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<l>All that is vertuous (saue what thou dislik'st)</l>
<l>A poore Phisitians daughter, thou dislik'st</l>
<l>Of vertue for the name: but doe not so:</l>
<l>From lowest place, whence vertuous things proceed,</l>
<l>The place is dignified by th' doers deede.</l>
<l>Where great additions swell's, and vertue none,</l>
<l>It is a dropsied honour. Good alone,</l>
<l>Is good without a name? Vilenesse is so:</l>
<l>The propertie by what is is, should go,</l>
<l>Not by the title. Shee is young, wise, faire,</l>
<l>In these, to Nature shee's immediate heire:</l>
<l>And these breed honour: that is honours scorne,</l>
<l>Which challenges it selfe as honours borne,</l>
<l>And is not like the sire: Honours thriue,</l>
<l>When rather from our acts we them deriue</l>
<l>Then our fore&#x2011;goers: the meere words, a slaue</l>
<l>Debosh'd on euerie tombe, on euerie graue:</l>
<l>A lying Trophee, and as oft is dumbe,</l>
<l>Where dust, and damn'd obliuion is the Tombe.</l>
<l>Of honour'd bones indeed, what should be saide?</l>
<l>If thou canst like this creature, as a maide,</l>
<l>I can create the rest: Vertue, and shee</l>
<l>Is her owne dower: Honour and wealth, from mee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
  <p>I cannot loue her, nor will striue to doo't.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  <p>Thou wrong'st thy selfe, if thou
    shold'st striue <lb/>to choose.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
  <l>That you are well restor'd my Lord, I'me
    glad:</l>
  <l>Let the rest go.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  <l>My Honor's at the stake, which to defeate</l>
  <l>I must produce my power. Heere, take her hand,</l>
  <l>Proud scornfull boy, vnworthie this good gift,</l>
  <l>That dost in vile misprision shackle vp</l>
  <l>My loue, and her desert: that canst not dreame,</l>
  <l>We poizing vs in her defectiue scale,</l>
  <cb n="2"/>
  <l>Shall weigh thee to the beame: That wilt not know,</l>
  <l>It is in Vs to plant thine Honour, where</l>

<l>We please to haue it grow. Checke thy contempt:</l>
<l>Obey Our will, which trauailes in thy good:</l>
<l>Beleeue not thy disdaine, but presentlie</l>
<l>Do thine owne fortunes that obedient right</l>
<l>Which both thy dutie owes, and Our power claimes,</l>
<l>Or I will throw thee from my care for euer</l>
<l>Into the staggers, and the carelesse lapse</l>
<l>Of youth and ignorance: both my reuenge and hate</l>
<l>Loosing vpon thee, in the name of iustice,</l>
<l>Without all termes of pittie. Speake, thine answer.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
<speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
<l>Pardon my gracious Lord: for I submit</l>
<l>My fancie to your eies, when I consider</l>
<l>What great creation, and what dole of honour</l>
<l>Flies where you bid it: I finde that she which late</l>
<l>Was in my Nobler thoughts, most base: is now</l>
<l>The praised of the King, who so ennobled,</l>
<l>Is as 'twere borne so.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
<l>Take her by the hand,</l>
<l>And tell her she is thine: to whom I promise</l>
<l>A counterpoize: If not to thy estate,</l>
<l>A ballance more repleat.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
<speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
<p>I take her hand.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
<speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
<l>Good fortune, and the fauour of the King</l>
<l>Smile vpon this Contract: whose Ceremonie</l>
<l>Shall seeme expedient on the now borne briefe,</l>
<l>And be perform'd to night: the solemne Feast</l>
<l>Shall more attend vpon the coming space,</l>
<l>Expecting absent friends. As thou lou'st
her,</l>
<l>Thy loue's to me Religious: else, do's erre.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
<stage rend="italic center" type="business">Parolles and Lafew
stay behind, commen&#x00AD;<lb/>ting of this
wedding.</stage>
<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
<speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
<p>Do you heare Monsieur? A word with you.</p>

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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-par">
           <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
           <p>Your pleasure sir.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-laf">
           <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
           <p>Your Lord and Master did well to make his
              re&#x00AD;<lb/>cantation.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-par">
           <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
           <p>Recantation? My Lord? my Master?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-laf">
           <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
           <p>I: Is it not a Language I speake?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-par">
           <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
           <p>A most harsh one, and not to bee vnderstoode
              <lb/>without bloudie succeeding My Master?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-laf">
           <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
           <p>Are you Companion to the Count <hi
rend="italic">Rosillion</hi>?
              <lb/>
        <hi rend="italic">Par</hi>. To any Count, to all Counts:
              to what is man.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-laf">
           <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
           <p>To what is Counts man: Counts maister is of <lb/>another
              stile.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-par">
           <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
           <p>You are too old sir: Let it satisfie you, you are <lb/>too
              old.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-laf">
           <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
           <p>I must tell thee sirrah, I write Man: to which <lb/>title
              age cannot bring thee.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-par">
           <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
           <p>What I dare too well do, I dare not do.</p>
        </sp>
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<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
   <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
   <p>I did thinke thee for two ordinaries: to bee a <lb/>prettie wise
      fellow, thou didst make tollerable vent of <lb/>thy
      trauell, it might passe: yet the scarffes and the
      ban&#x00AD;<lb/>nerets about thee, did manifoldlie disswade me

      from be&#x00AD;<lb/>leeuing thee a vessell of too great a
      burthen. I haue now <lb/>found thee, when I loose thee againe,
      I care not: yet art <lb/>thou good for nothing but taking vp,
      and that th'ourt <lb/>scarce worth.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
   <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
   <p>Hadst thou not the priuiledge of Antiquity vp&#x00AD;<lb/>on
      thee.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
   <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
   <p>Do not plundge thy selfe to farre in anger, least
      <lb/>thou hasten thy triall: which if, Lord haue mercie
      on <lb/>thee for a hen, so my good window of Lettice fare thee
      <lb/>well, thy casement I neede not open, for I look through
      <lb/>thee. Giue me thy hand.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
   <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
   <p>My Lord, you giue me most egregious indignity.</p>
</sp>
<fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Laf.</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0259-0.jpg" n="239"/>
<fw type="rh">All's Well, that Ends Well</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
   <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
   <p>I with all my heart, and thou art worthy of it.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
   <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
   <p>I haue not my Lord deseru'd it.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
   <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
   <p>Yes good faith, eu'ry dramme of it, and I will <lb/>not
      b<gap reason="illegible" agent="inkBlot" extent="1"
      unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>te thee a scruple.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
   <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
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      <p>Well, I shall be wiser.</p>
   </sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
   <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
   <p>Eu'n as soone as thou can'st, for thou
      hast to pull <lb/>at a smacke a'th contrarie. If
      euer thou bee'st bound <lb/>in thy skarfe and
      beaten, thou shall finde what it is to be <lb/>proud of thy
      bondage, I haue a desire to holde my
ac&#x00AD;<lb/>quaintance
      with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I <lb/>may say in
      the default, he is a man I know.</p>
   </sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
   <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
   <p>My Lord you do me most insupportable
vexati&#x00AD;<lb/>on.</p>
   </sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
   <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
   <p>I would it were hell paines for thy sake, and my <lb/>poore
      doing eternall: for doing I am past, as I will by
      <lb/>thee, in what motion age will giue me leaue.</p>
   </sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
   <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
   <p>Well, thou hast a sonne shall take this disgrace
      <lb/>off me; scuruy, old, filthy, scuruy Lord:
      Well, I must <lb/>be patient, there is no fettering of
      authority. Ile beate <lb/>him (by my life) if I can meete him
      with any conueni&#x00AD;<lb/>ence, and he were double and
      double a Lord. Ile haue <lb/>no more pittie of his age then I
      would haue of&#x2E3A; Ile <lb/>beate him, and if I could but
meet
      him agen.</p>
   </sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lafew.</stage>
<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
   <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
   <p>Sirra, your Lord and masters married, there's
      <lb/>newes for you: you haue a new Mistris.</p>
   </sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
   <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
   <p>I most vnfainedly beseech your Lordshippe to <lb/>make
      some reseruation of your wrongs. He is my good <lb/>Lord,
whom
      I serue aboue is my master.</p>
   </sp>
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<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
   <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
   <p>Who? God.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
   <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
   <p>I sir.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
   <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
   <p>The deuill it is, that's thy master. Why
      dooest <lb/>thou garter vp thy armes a this fashion?
      Dost make hose <lb/>of thy sleeues? Do other seruants so?
      Thou wert best set <lb/>thy lower part where thy nose
      stands. By mine Honor, <lb/>if I were but two houres
      yonger, I'de beate thee: mee&#x00AD;<lb/>think'st
      thou art a generall offence, and euery man shold
      <lb/>beate thee: I thinke thou wast created for men to
      breath <lb/>themselues vpon thee.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
   <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
   <p>This is hard and vndeserued measure my Lord.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
   <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
   <p>Go too sir, you were beaten in <hi rend="italic">Italy</hi>
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for
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      picking <lb/>a kernell out of a Pomgranat, you are a vagabond,
      and <lb/>no true traueller: you are more sawcie with Lordes
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and
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      <lb/>honourable personages, then the Commission of your
      <lb/>birth and vertue giues you Heraldry. You are not worth
      <lb/>another word, else I'de call you knaue. I leaue
      you.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Count
   Rossillion.</stage>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
   <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
   <p>Good, very good, it is so then: good, very <lb/>good, let it be
      conceal'd awhile.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
   <p>Vndone, and forfeited to cares for euer.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
   <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
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      <p>What's the matter sweet&#x2011;heart?</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-aww-ber">
      <speaker rend="italic">Rossill.</speaker>
      <p>Although before the solemne Priest I haue <lb/>sworne, I
         will not bed her.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-aww-par">
      <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
      <p>What? what sweet heart?</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
      <l>O my <hi rend="italic">Parrolles</hi>, they haue married
me:</l>
      <l>Ile to the <hi rend="italic">Tuscan</hi> warres, and neuer
bed her.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-aww-par">
      <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
      <l><hi rend="italic">France</hi> is a dog&#x2011;hole, and it
no more merits,</l>
      <l>The tread of a mans foot: too'th warres.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-aww-ros">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
      <p>There's letters from my mother: What th'
         im&#x00AD;<lb/>port is, I know not yet.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-aww-par">
      <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
      <l>I that would be knowne: too'th warrs my boy,
         <lb/>too'th warres:</l>
      <cb n="2"/>
      <l>He weares his honor in a boxe vnseene,</l>
      <l>That hugges his kickie wickie heare at home,</l>
      <l>Spending his manlie marrow in her armes</l>
      <l>Which should sustaine the bound and high curuet</l>
      <l>Of <hi rend="italic">Marses</hi> fierie steed: to other
         Regions,</l>
      <l>
<hi rend="italic">France</hi> is a stable, wee that dwell
         in't Iades,</l>
      <l>Therefore too'th warre.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-aww-ber">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
      <l>It shall be so, Ile send her to my house,</l>
      <l>Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,</l>
      <l>And wherefore I am fled: Write to the King</l>
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    <l>That which I durst not speake. His present gift</l>
    <l>Shall furnish me to those Italian fields</l>
    <l>Where noble fellowes strike: Warres is no strife</l>
    <l>To the darke house, and the detected wife.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
    <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
    <p>Will this Caprichio hold in thee, art sure?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
    <l>Go with me to my chamber, and aduice me.</l>
    <l>Ile send her straight away: To morrow,</l>
    <l>Ile to the warres, she to her single sorrow.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
    <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
    <l>Why these bals bound, ther's noise in it. Tis hard</l>
    <l>A yong man maried, is a man that's mard:</l>
    <l>Therefore away, and leaue her brauely: go,</l>
    <l>The King ha's done you wrong: but hush 'tis so.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="4" rend="notPresent">
    <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 4]</head>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Helena and
    Clowne.</stage>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
    <p>My mother greets me kindly, is she well?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-lav">
    <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
    <p>She is not well, but yet she has her health, she's
        <lb/>very merrie, but yet she is not well: but thankes be
        gi&#x00AD;<lb/>uen she's very well, and wants nothing
        i'th world: but <lb/>yet she is not well.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
    <p>If she be verie wel, what do's she ayle, that she's
        <lb/>not verie well?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-lav">
    <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
    <p>Truly she's very well indeed, but for two things</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
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      <p>What two things?</p>
   </sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-lav">
   <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
   <p>One, that she's not in heauen, whether God send <lb/>her
      quickly: the other, that she's in earth, from whence
      <lb/>God send her quickly.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Parolles.</stage>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
   <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
   <p>Blesse you my fortunate Ladie</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
   <p>I hope sir I haue your good will to haue mine <lb/>owne good
      fortune.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
   <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
   <p>You had my prayers to leade them on, and to <lb/>keepe
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them on,
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      haue them still. O my knaue, how do's <lb/>my old
      Ladie?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-lav">
   <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
   <l>So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money,</l>
   <l>I would she did as you say.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
   <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
   <p>Why I say nothing.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-lav">
   <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
   <p>Marry you are the wiser man: for many a mans <lb/>tongue
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shakes
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      out his masters vndoing: to say nothing, <lb/>to do
      nothing, to know nothing, and to haue nothing, <lb/>is to be a
      great part of your title, which is within a verie <lb/>little
      of nothing.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
   <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
   <p>Away, th'art a knaue.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-lav">
   <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
   <p>You should haue said sir before a knaue, th'art a
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            <lb/>knaue, that's before me th'art a knaue: this
            had beene <lb/>truth sir.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-aww-par">
         <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
         <p>Go too, thou art a wittie foole, I haue found <lb/>thee.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-aww-lav">
         <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
         <p>Did you finde me in your selfe sir, or were you <lb/>taught to
            finde me?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-aww-lav">
         <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
         <p>The search sir was profitable, and much Foole <lb/>may you
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find

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            in you, euen to the worlds pleasure, and the <lb/>encrease of
            laughter.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-aww-par">
         <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
         <l>A good knaue ifaith, and well fed.</l>
         <l>Madam, my Lord will go awaie to night,</l>
         <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">A</fw>
         <pb facs="FFimg:axc0260-0.jpg" n="240"/>
         <fw type="rh">All's Well that Ends Well.</fw>
         <cb n="1"/>
         <l>A verie serrious businesse call's on him:</l>
         <l>The great prerogatiue and rite of loue,</l>
         <l>Which as your due time claimes, he do's acknowledge,</l>
         <l>But puts it off to a compell'd restraint:</l>
         <l>Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with
            sweets</l>
         <l>Which they distill now in the curbed time,</l>
         <l>To make the comming houre oreflow with ioy,</l>
         <l>And pleasure drowne the brim.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-aww-hel">
         <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
         <p>What's his will else?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-aww-par">
         <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
         <l>That you will take your instant leaue a'th king,</l>
         <l>And make this hast as your owne good proceeding,</l>
         <l>Strengthned with what Apologie you thinke</l>
         <l>May make it probable neede.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-aww-hel">
         <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
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    <p>What more commands hee?</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-aww-par">
    <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
    <l>That hauing this obtain'd, you presentlie</l>
    <l>Attend his further pleasure.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-aww-hel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
    <p>In euery thing I waite vpon his will.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-aww-par">
    <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
    <p>I shall report it so.</p>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Par.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-aww-hel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
    <p>I pray you come sirrah.</p>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="5" rend="notPresent">
  <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 5]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lafew and
    Bertram.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-aww-laf">
    <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
    <p>But I hope your Lordshippe thinkes not him a
<lb/>souldier.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-aww-ber">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
    <p>Yes my Lord and of verie valiant approofe.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-aww-laf">
    <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
    <p>You haue it from his owne deliuerance.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-aww-ber">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
    <p>And by other warranted testimonie.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-aww-laf">
    <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
    <p>Then my Diall goes not true, I tooke this Larke <lb/>for a
      bunting.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-aww-ber">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
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            <p>I do assure you my Lord he is very great in
know&#x00AD;<lb/>ledge,
            and accordinglie valiant.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-laf">
          <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
          <p>I haue then sinn'd against his experience, and
            <lb/>transgrest against his valour, and my
            state that way is <lb/>dangerous, since I cannot yet
            find in my heart to repent: <lb/>Heere he comes, I pray
            you make vs freinds, I will pur&#x00AD;<lb/>sue the
amitie.</p>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Parolles.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-aww-par">
          <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
          <p>These things shall be done sir.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-laf">
          <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
          <p>Pray you sir whose his Tailor?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-par">
          <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
          <p>Sir?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-laf">
          <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
          <p>O I know him well, I sir, hee sirs a good
worke&#x00AD;<lb/>man,
            a verie good Tailor.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-ber">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
          <p>Is shee gone to the king?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-par">
          <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
          <p>Shee is.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-ber">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
          <p>Will shee away to night?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-par">
          <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
          <p>As you'le haue her.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-ber">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
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<l>I haue writ my letters, casketted my treasure,</l>
<l>Giuen order for our horses, and to night,</l>
<l>When I should take possession of the Bride,</l>
<l>And ere I doe begin.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
<speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
<p>A good Trauailer is something at the latter end <lb/>of a
dinner, but on that lies three thirds, and vses a <lb/>known
truth to passe a thousand nothings with, should <lb/>bee once
hard, and thrice beaten. God saue you
Cap&#x00AD;<lb/>taine.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
<speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
<p>Is there any vnkindnes betweene my Lord and <lb/>
<gap reason="illegible" agent="faded" extent="2" unit="chars"
resp="#JS"/>u
Monsieur?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
<speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
<p>I know not how I haue deserued to run into my <lb/>
<gap reason="illegible" agent="faded" extent="1" unit="chars"
resp="#JS"/>ords
displeasure.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
<speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
<p>You haue made shift to run into't, bootes and
<lb/>spurres and all: like him that leapt into the
Custard, and <lb/>out of it you'le runne againe,
rather then suffer question <lb/>for your
residence.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
<speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
<p>It may bee you haue mistaken him my Lord.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
<speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
<p>And shall doe so euer, though I tooke him at's
<lb/>prayers. Fare you well my Lord, and beleeue this of <cb
n="2"/> me, there can be no kernell in this light Nut: the
soule <lb/>of this man is his cloathes: Trust him not in
matter of <lb/>heauie consequence: I haue kept of them tame,
&amp; know <lb/>their natures. Farewell Monsieur, I haue
spoken
better <lb/>of you, then you haue or will to deserue at my
hand, but <lb/>we must do good against euill.</p>

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</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
   <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
   <p>An idle Lord, I sweare.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
   <p>I thinke so.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
   <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
   <p>Why do you not know him?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
   <l>Yes, I do know him well, and common speech</l>
   <l>Giues him a worthy passe. Heere comes my clog.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Helena.</stage>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
   <l>I haue sir as I was commanded from you</l>
   <l>Spoke with the King, and haue procur'd his leaue</l>
   <l>For present parting, onely he desires</l>
   <l>Some priuate speech with you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
   <l>I shall obey his will.</l>
   <l>You must not meruaile <hi rend="italic">Helen</hi> at my
      course,</l>
   <l>Which holds not colour with the time, nor does</l>
   <l>The ministration, and required office</l>
   <l>On my particular. Prepar'd I was not</l>
   <l>For such a businesse, therefore am I found</l>
   <l>So much vnsetled: This driues me to intreate you,</l>
   <l>That presently you take your way for home,</l>
   <l>And rather muse then aske why I intreate you,</l>
   <l>For my respects are better then they seeme,</l>
   <l>And my appointments haue in them a neede</l>
   <l>Greater then shewes it selfe at the first view,</l>
   <l>To you that know them not. This to my mother,</l>
   <l>'Twill be two daies ere I shall see you, so</l>
   <l>I leaue you to your wisedome.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
   <p>Sir, I can nothing say, But that I am your most obedient
      seruant.</p>
</sp>
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<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
   <p>Come, come, no more of that.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
   <l>And euer shall</l>
   <l>With true obseruance seeke to eeke out that</l>
   <l>Wherein toward me my homely starres haue faild</l>
   <l>To equall my great fortune.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
   <l>Let that goe: my hast is verie great. Farwell:</l>
   <l>Hie home.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
   <p>Pray sir your pardon.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
   <p>Well, what would you say?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
   <l>I am not worthie of the wealth I owe,</l>
   <l>Nor dare I say 'tis mine: and yet it is,</l>
   <l>But like a timorous theefe, most faine would
      steale</l>
   <l>What law does vouch mine owne.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
   <p>What would you haue?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
   <l>Something, and scarse so much: nothing indeed,</l>
   <l>I would not tell you what I would my Lord: Faith yes,</l>
   <l>Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kisse.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
   <p>I pray you stay not, but in hast to horse.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
   <l>I shall not breake your bidding, good my Lord:</l>
   <l>Where are my other men? Monsieur, farwell.</l>
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    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
    <sp who="#F-aww-ber">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
      <l>Go thou toward home, where I wil neuer come,</l>
      <l>Whilst I can shake my sword, or heare the drumme:</l>
      <l>Away, and for our flight.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-par">
      <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
      <p>Brauely, Coragio.</p>
    </sp>
  </div>
</div>
<div type="act" n="3">
  <div type="scene" n="1" rend="notPresent">
    <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 1]</head>
    <head rend="italic center">Actus Tertius.</head>
  <stage rend="italic left" type="mixed">Flourish. Enter the Duke of
    Florence, the two Frenchmen, <lb/>with a troope of
    Souldiers.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-aww-duk">
    <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
    <l>So that from point to point, now haue you heard</l>
    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">The</fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0261-0.jpg" n="241"/>
    <fw type="rh">All's Well, that Ends Well.</fw>
    <cb n="1"/>
    <l>The fundamentall reasons of this warre,</l>
    <l>Whose great decision hath much blood let forth</l>
    <l>And more thirsts after.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-aww-cpg">
    <speaker rend="italic">1. Lord.</speaker>
    <l>Holy seemes the quarrell</l>
    <l>Vpon your Graces part: blacke and fearefull</l>
    <l>On the opposer.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-aww-duk">
    <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
    <l>Therefore we meruaile much our Cosin France</l>
    <l>Would in so iust a businesse, shut his bosome</l>
    <l>Against our borrowing prayers.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
    <speaker rend="italic">French E.</speaker>
    <l>Good my Lord,</l>
    <l>The reasons of our state I cannot yeelde,</l>
    <l>But like a common and an outward man,</l>
    <l>That the great figure of a Counsaile frames,</l>
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      <l>By selfe vnable motion, therefore dare not</l>
      <l>Say what I thinke of it, since I haue found</l>
      <l>My selfe in my incertaine grounds to faile</l>
      <l>As often as I guest.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-duk">
      <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
      <p>Be it his pleasure.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-cpg">
      <speaker rend="italic">Fren. G.</speaker>
      <l>But I am sure the yonger of our nature,</l>
      <l>That surfet on their ease, will day by day</l>
      <l>Come heere for Physicke.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-duk">
      <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
      <l>Welcome shall they bee:</l>
      <l>And all the honors that can flye from vs,</l>
      <l>Shall on them settle: you know your places well,</l>
      <l>When better fall, for your auailes they fell,</l>
      <l>To morrow to'th the field.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Flourish.</stage>
  </div>
  <div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
    <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 2]</head>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Countesse and
      Clowne.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
      <speaker rend="italic">Count.</speaker>
      <p>It hath happen'd all, as I would haue had it, saue
        <lb/>that he comes not along with her.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-lav">
      <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
      <p>By my troth I take my young Lord to be a
ve&#x00AD;<lb/>rie
        melancholly man.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
      <speaker rend="italic">Count.</speaker>
      <p>By what obseruance I pray you.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-lav">
      <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
      <p>Why he will looke vppon his boote, and sing: <lb/>mend the
        Ruffe and sing, aske questions and sing, picke
        <lb/>his teeth, and sing: I know a man that had this tricke of
        <lb/>melancholy hold a goodly Mannor for a song.</p>
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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
          <speaker rend="italic">Lad.</speaker>
          <p>Let me see what he writes, and when he meanes <lb/>to
come.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-lav">
          <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
          <p>I haue no minde to <hi rend="italic">Isbell</hi> since I was
at
          Court. <lb/>Our old Lings, and our <hi
rend="italic">Isbels</hi> a'th Country, are nothing <lb/>like your
          old Ling and your <hi rend="italic">Isbels</hi> a'th
          Court: the brains <lb/>of my Cupid's knock'd out,
          and I beginne to loue, as an <lb/>old man loues money, with no
          stomacke.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
          <speaker rend="italic">Lad.</speaker>
          <p>What haue we heere?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-lav">
          <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
          <p>In that you haue there.</p>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">exit</stage>
          <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
            <p rend="italic center">A Letter.</p>
          <p rend="italic">I haue sent you a
daughter&#x2011;in&#x2011;Law, shee hath recouered
          the <lb/>King, and vndone me: I haue wedded her, not bedded
her,
          <lb/>and sworne to make the not eternall. You shall heare I am
          <lb/>runne away, know it before the report come. If there bee
          <lb/>bredth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance.
          <lb/>My duty to you.</p>
          <p rend="italic rightJustified">Your vnfortunate sonne,</p>
          <p rend="italic rightJustified">Bertram.</p>
            <l>This is not well rash and vnbridled boy,</l>
          <l>To flye the fauours of so good a King,</l>
          <l>To plucke his indignation on thy head,</l>
          <l>By the misprising of a Maide too virtuous</l>
          <l>For the contempt of Empire.</l></sp>
          <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Clowne.</stage>
          <sp who="#F-aww-lav">
            <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
            <p>O Madam, yonder is heauie newes within
be&#x00AD;<lb/>tweene two
            souldiers, and my yong Ladie.</p>
          </sp>
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<sp who="#F-aww-cou">
   <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
   <p>What is the matter.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-lav">
   <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
   <p>Nay there is some comfort in the newes, some <lb/>comfort, your
      sonne will not be kild so soone as I thoght <lb/>he would.</p>
</sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-aww-cou">
   <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
   <p>Why should he be kill'd?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-lav">
   <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
   <p>So say I Madame, if he runne away, as I heare he <lb/>does, the
      danger is in standing too't, that's the
      losse of <lb/>men, though it be the getting of children. Heere
      they <lb/>come will tell you more. For my part I onely heare
      your <lb/>sonne was run away.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Hellen and two
   Gentlemen.</stage>
<sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
   <speaker rend="italic">French E.</speaker>
   <p>Saue you good Madam.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
   <p>Madam, my Lord is gone, for euer gone.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cpg">
   <speaker rend="italic">French G.</speaker>
   <p>Do not say so.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cou">
   <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
   <l>Thinke vpon patience, pray you Gentlemen,</l>
   <l>I haue felt so many quirkes of ioy and greefe,</l>
   <l>That the first face of neither on the start</l>
   <l>Can woman me vntoo't. Where is my sonne I pray you?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cpg">
   <speaker rend="italic">Fren.G.</speaker>
   <l>Madam he's gone to serue the Duke of Flo&#x00AD;<lb/>rence,</l>
   <l>We met him thitherward, for thence we came:</l>
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    <l>And after some dispatch in hand at Court,</l>
    <l>Thither we bend againe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
    <p>Looke on his Letter Madam, here's my Pasport.</p>
    <p rend="italic">When thou canst get the Ring vpon my
    finger, which neuer <lb/>shall come off, and shew mee a
    childe begotten of thy bodie, <lb/>that I am father too, then call
    me husband: but in such a (then) <lb/>I write a Neuer.</p>
<p>This is a dreadfull sentence.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-cou">
    <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
    <p>Brought you this Letter Gentlemen?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cpg">
    <speaker rend="italic">1. G.</speaker>
    <p>I Madam, and for the Contents sake are sorrie <lb/>for our
        paines.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cou">
    <speaker rend="italic">Old La.</speaker>
    <l>I prethee Ladie haue a better cheere,</l>
    <l>If thou engrossest, all the greefes are thine,</l>
    <l>Thou robst me of a moity: He was my sonne,</l>
    <l>But I do wash his name out of my blood,</l>
    <l>And thou art all my childe. Towards Florence is he?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cpg">
    <speaker rend="italic">Fren.G.</speaker>
    <p>I Madam</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cou">
    <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
    <p>And to be a souldier.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cpg">
    <speaker rend="italic">Fren.G.</speaker>
    <l>Such is his noble purpose, and beleeu't</l>
    <l>The Duke will lay vpon him all the honor</l>
    <l>That good conuenience claimes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cou">
    <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
    <p>Returne you thither.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Fren.E.</speaker>
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    <p>I Madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-aww-hel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
    <l rend="italic">Till I haue no wife, I haue nothing in France,</l>
    <l>'Tis bitter.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
    <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
    <p>Finde you that there?</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-aww-hel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
    <p>I Madame.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Fren. E.</speaker>
    <p>'Tis but the boldnesse of his hand haply, which <lb/>his heart
       was not consenting too.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
    <speaker rend="italic">Lad.</speaker>
    <l>Nothing in France, vntill he haue no wife:</l>
    <l>There's nothing heere that is too good for him</l>
    <l>But onely she, and she deserues a Lord</l>
    <l>That twenty such rude boyes might tend vpon,</l>
    <l>And call her hourely Mistris. Who was with him?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Fren. E.</speaker>
    <p>A seruant onely, and a Gentleman:
<choice><orig>whlch</orig><corr>which</corr></choice> I <lb/>haue sometime
       knowne.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
    <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
    <p><hi rend="italic">Parolles</hi> was it not?</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Fren. E.</speaker>
    <p>I my good Ladie, hee.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
    <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
    <l>A verie tainted fellow, and full of wickednesse,</l>
    <l>My sonne corrupts a well deriued nature</l>
    <l>With his inducement.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Fren. E.</speaker>
```

<p>Indeed good Ladie the fellow has a deale of <lb/>that, too much,

which holds him much to haue.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cou">
<speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
<p>Y'are welcome Gentlemen, I will intreate you <lb/>when
you see my sonne, to tell him that his sword can <lb/>neuer
winne the honor that he looses: more Ile intreate <fw
rend="italic" type="sig" place="footCentre">X</fw>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">you</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0262-0.jpg" n="242"/>
<fw type="rh">All's
Well that Ends Well.</fw>
<cb n="1"/> you written to beare
along.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cpg">
<speaker rend="italic">Fren. G.</speaker>
<p>We serue you Madam in that and all your <lb/>worthiest
affaires.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cou">
<speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
<l>Not so, but as we change our courtesies,</l>
<l>Will you draw neere?</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
<speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
<l rend="italic">Till I haue no wife I haue nothing in
France.</l>
<l>Nothing in France vntill he has no wife:</l>
<l>Thou shalt haue none <hi rend="italic">Rossillion</hi>, none
in France,</l>

<l>Then hast thou all againe: poore Lord, is't I</l>
<l>That chase thee from thy Countrie, and expose</l>
<l>Those tender limbes of thine, to the euent</l>
<l>Of the none&#x2011;sparing warre? And is it I,</l>
<l>That driue thee from the sportiue Court, where thou</l>
<l>Was't shot at with faire eyes, to be the marke</l>
<l>Of smoakie Muskets? O you leaden messengers,</l>
<l>That ride vpon the violent speede of fire,</l>
<l>Fly with false ayme, moue the still&#x2011;peering aire</l>
<l>That sings with piercing, do not touch my Lord:</l>
<l>Who euer shoots at him, I set him there.</l>
<l>Who euer charges on his forward brest</l>
<l>I am the Caitiffe that do hold him too't,</l>
<l>And though I kill him not, I am the cause</l>
<l>His death was so effected: Better 'twere</l>

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    <l>I met the rauine Lyon when he roar'd</l>
    <l>With sharpe constraint of hunger: better 'twere,</l>
    <l>That all the miseries which nature owes</l>
    <l>Were mine at once. No come thou home <hi
rend="italic">Rossillion</hi>,</l>
    <l>Whence honor but of danger winnes a scarre,</l>
    <l>As oft it looses all. I will be gone:</l>
    <l>My being heere it is, that holds thee hence,</l>
    <l>Shall I stay heere to doo't? No, no, although</l>
    <l>The ayre of Paradise did fan the house,</l>
    <l>And Angels offic'd all: I will be gone,</l>
    <l>That pittifull rumour may report my flight</l>
    <l>To consolate thine eare. Come night, end day,</l>
    <l>For with the darke (poore theefe) Ile steale away.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
  <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 3]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Flourish. Enter the
Duke of

Florence, Rossillion, <lb/>drum and trumpets, soldiers,
Parrolles.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-aww-duk">
    <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
    <l>The Generall of our horse thou art, and we</l>
    <l>Great in our hope, lay our best loue and credence</l>
    <l>Vpon thy promising fortune.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-aww-ber">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
    <l>Sir it is</l>
    <l>A charge too heauy for my strength, but yet</l>
    <l>Wee'l striue to beare it for your worthy sake,</l>
    <l>To th'extreme edge of hazard.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-aww-duk">
    <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
    <l>Then go thou forth,</l>
    <l>And fortune play vpon thy prosperous helme</l>
    <l>As thy auspicious mistris.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-aww-ber">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
    <l>This very day</l>
    <l>Great Mars I put my selfe into thy file,</l>
    <l>Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall proue</l>
    <l>A louer of thy drumme, hater of loue.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt
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omnes</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="4" rend="notPresent">
<head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 4]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Countesse
&
Steward.</stage>
<sp who="#F-aww-cou">
<speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
<l>Alas! and would you take the letter of her:</l>
<l>Might you not know she would do, as she has done,</l>
<l>By sending me a Letter. Reade it agen.</l>
<p rend="italic center">Letter.</p>
<l rend="italic">I am S. Iaques Pilgrim, thither gone:</l>
<l rend="italic">Ambitious loue hath so in me offended,</l>
<l rend="italic">That bare&#x2011;foot plod I the cold ground
vpon</l>
<l rend="italic">With sainted vow my faults to haue amended</l>
<cb n="2"/>
<l rend="italic">Write, write, that from the bloodie course of
warre,</l>
<l rend="italic">My deerest Master your deare sonne, may
hie,</l>
<l rend="italic">Blesse him at home in peace. Whilst I from
farre,</l>
<l rend="italic">His name with zealous feruour
sanctifie:</l>
<l rend="italic">His taken labours bid him me forgiue:</l>
<l rend="italic">I his despightfull Iuno sent him forth,</l>
<l rend="italic">From Courtly friends, with Camping foes to
liue,</l>
<l rend="italic">Where death and danger dogges the heeles of
worth.</l></sp>

<l rend="italic">He is too good and faire for death, and mee,</l>
<l rend="italic">Whom I my selfe embrace, to set him free.</l>
<l>Ah what sharpe stings are in her mildest words?</l>
<l>
<hi rend="italic">Rynaldo</hi>, you did neuer lacke aduice so
much,</l>
<l>As letting her passe so: had I spoke with her,</l>
<l>I could haue well diuerted her intents,</l>
<l>Which thus she hath preuented.</l>
<sp who="#F-aww-ste">
<speaker rend="italic">Ste.</speaker>
<l>Pardon me Madam,</l>
<l>If I had giuen you this at ouer&#x2011;night,</l>
<l>She might haue beene ore&#x2011;tane: and yet she
writes</l>
<l>Pursuite would be but vaine.</l>

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          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
            <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
            <l>What Angell shall</l>
            <l>Blesse this vnworthy husband, he cannot thriue,</l>
            <l>Vnlesse her prayers, whom heauen delights to heare</l>
            <l>And loues to grant, repreeue him from the wrath</l>
            <l>Of greatest Iustice. Write, write <hi
rend="italic">Rynaldo</hi>,</l>
            <l>To this vnworthy husband of his wife,</l>
            <l>Let euerie word waigh heauie of her worth,</l>
            <l>That he does waigh too light: my greatest greefe,</l>
            <l>Though little he do feele it, set downe sharpely.</l>
            <l>Dispatch the most conuenient messenger,</l>
            <l>When haply he shall heare that she is gone,</l>
            <l>He will returne, and hope I may that shee</l>
            <l>Hearing so much, will speede her foote againe,</l>
            <l>Led hither by pure loue: which of them both</l>
            <l>Is deerest to me, I haue no skill in sence</l>
            <l>To make distinction: prouide this Messenger:</l>
            <l>My heart is heauie, and mine age is weake,</l>
            <l>Greefe would haue teares, and sorrow bids me speake.</l>
          </sp>
          <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
          </div>
          <div type="scene" n="5" rend="notPresent">
            <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 5]</head>
            <stage rend="italic center" type="business">A Tucket afarre
off.</stage>
            <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter old Widdow of
              Florence, her daughter, Violenta <lb/>and Mariana, with other
              <lb/>Citizens.</stage>
          <sp who="#F-aww-wid">
            <speaker rend="italic">Widdow.</speaker>
            <l>Nay come,</l>
              <l>For if they do approach the Citty,</l>
            <l>We shall loose all the sight.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-aww-dia">
            <speaker rend="italic">Diana.</speaker>
            <l>They say, the French Count has done</l>
            <l>Most honourable seruice.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-aww-wid">
            <speaker rend="italic">Wid.</speaker>
            <l>It is reported,</l>
            <l>That he has taken their great'st Commander,</l>
            <l>And that with his owne hand he slew</l>
            <l>The Dukes brother: we haue lost our labour,</l>
            <l>They are gone a contrarie way: harke,</l>
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    <l>you may know by their Trumpets.</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-mar">
    <speaker rend="italic">Maria.</speaker>
    <l>Come lets returne againe,</l>
    <l>And suffice our selues with the report of it.</l>
    <l>Well <hi rend="italic">Diana</hi>, take heed of this French
      Earle,</l>
    <l>The honor of a Maide is her name,</l>
    <l>And no Legacie is so rich</l>
    <l>As honestie.</l>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-wid">
    <speaker rend="italic">Widdow.</speaker>
    <l>I haue told my neighbour</l>
    <l>How you haue beene solicited by a Gentleman</l>
    <l>His Companion.</l>
  </sp>
<fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Maria</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0263-0.jpg" n="243"/>
<fw type="rh">All's Well that Ends Well.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-aww-mar">
    <speaker rend="italic">Maria.</speaker>
    <p>I know that knaue, hang him, one <hi
rend="italic">Parolles</hi>,
        <lb/>a filthy Officer he is in those suggestions
        for the young <lb/>Earle, beware of them <hi
rend="italic">Diana</hi>; their promises,
        entise&#x00AD;<lb/>ments, oathes, tokens, and all these
engines
        of lust, are <lb/>not the things they go vnder: many a
        maide hath beene <lb/>seduced by them, and the miserie is
        example, that so <lb/>terrible shewes in the wracke of
        maiden&#2011;hood, cannot <lb/>for all that disswade
        succession, but that they are limed <lb/>with the twigges that
        threatens them. I hope I neede <lb/>not to aduise you further,
        but I hope your owne grace <lb/>will keepe you where you are,
        though there were no <lb/>further danger knowne, but the
        modestie which is so <lb/>lost.</p>
  </sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-dia">
    <speaker rend="italic">Dia.</speaker>
    <p>You shall not neede to feare me.</p>
  </sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Hellen.</stage>
<sp who="#F-aww-wid">
    <speaker rend="italic">Wid.</speaker>
    <p>I hope so: looke here comes a pilgrim, I know <lb/>she will
lye
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            at my house, thither they send one another, <lb/>Ile
            question her. God saue you pilgrim, whether are
            <lb/>bound?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-aww-hel">
         <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
         <l>To S. <hi rend="italic">Iaques la grand</hi>.</l>
         <l>Where do the Palmers lodge, I do beseech you?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-aww-wid">
         <speaker rend="italic">Wid.</speaker>
         <p>At the S. <hi rend="italic">Francis</hi> heere beside the
            Port.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-aww-hel">
         <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
         <p>Is this the way?</p>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="business">A march
afarre.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-aww-wid">
         <speaker rend="italic">Wid.</speaker>
         <l>I marrie ist. Harke you, they come this way:</l>
         <l>If you will tarrie holy Pilgrime</l>
         <l>But till the troopes come by,</l>
         <l>I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd,</l>
         <l>The rather for I thinke I know your hostesse</l>
         <l>As ample as my selfe.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-aww-hel">
         <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
         <p>Is it your selfe?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-aww-wid">
         <speaker rend="italic">Wid.</speaker>
         <p>If you shall please so Pilgrime.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-aww-hel">
         <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
         <p>I thanke you, and will stay vpon your leisure.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-aww-wid">
         <speaker rend="italic">Wid.</speaker>
         <p>you came I thinke from <hi rend="italic">France</hi>?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-aww-hel">
         <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
         <p>I did so.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-aww-wid">
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        <speaker rend="italic">Wid.</speaker>
        <l>Heere you shall see a Countriman of yours</l>
        <l>That has done worthy seruice.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-hel">
        <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
        <p>His name I pray you?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-dia">
        <speaker rend="italic">Dia.</speaker>
        <p>The Count <hi rend="italic">Rossillion</hi>: know you such a

            one?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-hel">
        <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
        <l>But by the eare that heares most nobly of him:</l>
        <l>His face I know not.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-dia">
        <speaker rend="italic">Dia.</speaker>
        <l>What somere he is</l>
        <l>He's brauely taken heere. He stole from <hi
rend="italic">France</hi>
        </l>
        <l>As 'tis reported: for the King had married him</l>
        <l>Against his liking. Thinke you it is so?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-hel">
        <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
        <p>I surely meere the truth, I know his Lady.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-dia">
        <speaker rend="italic">Dia.</speaker>
        <l>There is a Gentleman that serues the Count,</l>
        <l>Reports but coursely of her.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-hel">
        <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
        <p>What's his name?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-dia">
        <speaker rend="italic">Dia.</speaker>
        <p>Monsieur <hi rend="italic">Parrolles</hi>.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-hel">
        <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
        <l>Oh I beleeue with him,</l>
        <l>In argument of praise, or to the worth</l>
        <l>Of the great Count himselfe, she is too meane</l>
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    <l>To haue her name repeated, all her deseruing</l>
    <l>Is a reserued honestie, and that</l>
    <l>I haue not heard examin'd.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-aww-dia">
    <speaker rend="italic">Dian.</speaker>
    <l>Alas poore Ladie,</l>
    <l>'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife</l>
    <l>Of a detesting Lord.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-aww-wid">
    <speaker rend="italic">Wid.</speaker>
    <l>I write good creature, wheresoere she is,</l>
    <l>Her hart waighes sadly: this yong maid might do her</l>
    <l>A shrewd turne if she pleas'd.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-aww-hel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
    <l>How do you meane?</l>
    <l>May be the amorous Count solicites her</l>
    <l>In the vnlawfull purpose.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-aww-wid">
    <speaker rend="italic">Wid.</speaker>
    <l>He does indeede,</l>
    <l>And brokes with all that can in such a suite</l>
    <cb n="2"/>
    <l>Corrupt the tender honour of a Maide:</l>
    <l>But she is arm'd for him, and keepes her guard</l>
    <l>In honestest defence.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Drumme and Colours.
    <lb/>Enter Count Rossillion, Parrolles, and the whole
    Armie.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-aww-mar">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
    <p>The goddes forbid else.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-aww-wid">
    <speaker rend="italic">Wid.</speaker>
    <l>So, now they come:</l>
    <l>That is <hi rend="italic">Anthonio</hi> the Dukes eldest
sonne,</l>
    <l>That <hi rend="italic">Escalus</hi>.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-aww-hel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
    <p>Which is the Frenchman?</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-aww-dia">
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  <speaker rend="italic">Dia.</speaker>
  <l>Hee,</l>
  <l>That with the plume, 'tis a most gallant fellow,</l>
  <l>I would he lou'd his wife: if he were honester</l>
  <l>He were much goodlier. Is't not a handsom Gentleman</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
  <p>I like him well.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-dia">
  <speaker rend="italic">Di.</speaker>
  <l>'Tis pitty he is not honest: yonds that same knaue</l>
  <l>That leades him to these places: were I his Ladie,</l>
  <l>I would poison that vile Rascall.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
  <p>Which is he?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-dia">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dia.</speaker>
  <p>That Iacke an&#x2011;apes with scarfes. Why is hee
    <lb/>melancholly?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
  <p>Perchance he's hurt i'th battaile.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
  <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
  <p>Loose our drum? Well.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-mar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
  <p>He's shrewdly vext at something. Looke he <lb/>has spyed
    vs.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-wid">
  <speaker rend="italic">Wid.</speaker>
  <p>Marrie hang you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-mar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
  <p>And your curtesie, for a ring&#x2011;carrier.</p>
</sp>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-aww-wid">
  <speaker rend="italic">Wid.</speaker>
  <p>The troope is past: Come pilgrim, I wil bring <lb/>you,
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Where you shall host: Of inioyn'd penitents
<lb/>There's foure or fiue, to great S. <hi rend="italic">Iaques</hi> bound, <lb/>Alreadie at my house.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
<speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
<l>I humbly thanke you:</l>
<l>Please it this Matron, and this gentle Maide</l>
<l>To eate with vs to night, the charge and thanking</l>
<l>Shall be for me, and to requite you further,</l>
<l>I will bestow some precepts of this Virgin,</l>
<l>Worthy the note.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-dia #F-aww-mar">
<speaker rend="italic">Both.</speaker>
<p>Wee'l take your offer kindly.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="6" rend="notPresent">
<head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 6]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Count Rossillion and
the Frenchmen, <lb/>as at first.</stage>
<sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
<speaker rend="italic">Cap. E.</speaker>
<p>Nay good my Lord put him too't: let him <lb/>haue his
way.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cpg">
<speaker rend="italic">Cap. G.</speaker>
<p>If your Lordshippe finde him not a Hilding, <lb/>hold me no more
in your respect.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
<speaker rend="italic">Cap. E.</speaker>
<p>On my life my Lord a bubble.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
<speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
<p>Do you thinke I am so farre <lb/>Deceiued in him.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
<speaker rend="italic">Cap. E.</speaker>
<p>Beleeue it my Lord, in mine owne direct
<lb/>knowledge,
without any malice, but to speake of him <lb/>as my kinsman,
hee's a most notable Coward, an infi&#x00AD;<lb/>nite
and endlesse Lyar, an hourely promise&#x2011;breaker, the

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        <lb/>owner of no one good qualitie, worthy your Lordships
        <lb/>entertainment.</p>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-aww-cpg">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cap. G.</speaker>
        <p>It were fit you knew him, least reposing too <lb/>farre in
           his vertue which he hath not, he might at some <lb/>great and
           trustie businesse, in a maine daunger, fayle
           <lb/>you.</p>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-aww-ber">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
        <p>I would I knew in what particular action to try <lb/>him.</p>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-aww-cpg">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cap. G.</speaker>
        <p>None better then to let him fetch off his <lb/>drumme,
           which you heare him so confidently vnder&#x00AD;<lb/>take
to
           do.</p>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
        <speaker rend="italic">C. E.</speaker>
        <p>I with a troop of Florentines wil sodainly sur&#x00AD;<lb/>
<fw rend="italic" type="sig" place="footCentre">X2</fw>
        <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">prize</fw>
        <pb facs="FFimg:axc0264-0.jpg" n="244"/>
        <fw type="rh">All's
           Well that Ends Well.</fw>
     <cb n="1"/> prize him; such I will haue
           whom I am sure he knowes <lb/>not from the enemie: wee will
           binde and hoodwinke <lb/>him so, that he shall suppose no
other

           but that he is car&#x00AD;<lb/>ried into the Leager of the
           aduersaries, when we bring <lb/>him to our owne tents: be but
           your Lordship present <lb/>at his examination, if he do not for
           the promise of his <lb/>life, and in the highest
           compulsion of base feare, offer to <lb/>betray you, and
           deliuer all the intelligence in his power <lb/>against
           you, and that with the diuine forfeite of his <lb/>soule vpon
           oath, neuer trust my iudgement in anie <lb/>thing.</p>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-aww-cpg">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cap. G.</speaker>
        <p>O for the loue of laughter, let him fetch his <lb/>drumme, he
           sayes he has a stratagem for't: when your
           <lb/>Lordship sees the bottome of this successe in't,
           and to <lb/>what mettle this counterfeyt lump of ours will be
           mel&#x00AD;<lb/>ted if you giue him not Iohn drummes
           entertainement, <lb/>your inclining cannot be remoued. Heere
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he

comes.</p>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter

Parrolles.</stage>

<sp who="#F-aww-cpe">

<speaker rend="italic">Cap. E.</speaker>

<p> O for the loue of laughter hinder not the

ho&#x00AD;<lb/>nor of

his designe, let him fetch off his drumme in any

<lb/>hand.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-ber">

<speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>

<p>How now Monsieur? This drumme sticks

sore&#x00AD;<lb/>ly

in your disposition.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-cpg">

<speaker rend="italic">Cap. G.</speaker>

<p>A pox on't, let it go, 'tis but a drumme.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-par">

<speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>

<p>But a drumme: Ist but a drumme? A drum so <lb/>lost.

There was excellent command, to charge in with <lb/>our

horse

vpon our owne wings, and to rend our owne

<lb/>souldiers.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-cpg">

<speaker rend="italic">Cap. G.</speaker>

<p>That was not to be blam'd in the command <lb/>of the

seruice: it was a disaster of warre that <hi

rend="italic">C&#x00E6;sar</hi> him <lb/>selfe could not haue preuented, if he had

beene there to <lb/>command.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-ber">

<speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>

<p>Well, wee cannot greatly condemne our

suc&#x00AD;<lb/>cesse:

some dishonor wee had in the losse of that drum, <lb/>but

it is not to be recouered.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-par">

<speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>

<p>It might haue beene recouered.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-ber">

<speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>

```
            <p>It might, but it is not now.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-aww-par">
            <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
            <p>It is to be recouered, but that the merit of
ser&#x00AD;<lb/>uice
               is sildome attributed to the true and exact
               perfor&#x00AD;<lb/>mer, I would haue that drumme or
another, or
               <hi rend="italic">hic ia&#x00AD;<lb/>cet</hi>.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-aww-ber">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
            <p>Why if you haue a stomacke, too't Monsieur: if
               <lb/>you thinke your mysterie in stratagem, can
               bring this <lb/>instrument of honour againe into his
               natiue quarter, be <lb/>magnanimious in the enterprize and go
               on, I wil grace <lb/>the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you
               speede well in <lb/>it, the Duke shall both speake of it, and
               extend to you <lb/>what further becomes his greatnesse, euen
to
               the vtmost <lb/>syllable of your worthinesse.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-aww-par">
            <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
            <p>By the hand of a souldier I will vndertake it.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-aww-ber">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
            <p>But you must not now slumber in it.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-aww-par">
            <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
            <p>Ile about it this euening, and I will presently <lb/>pen downe
               my dilemma's, encourage my selfe in my <lb/>certaintie,
               put my selfe into my mortall preparation: <lb/>and by midnight
               looke to heare further from me.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-aww-ber">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
            <p>May I bee bold to acquaint his grace you are <lb/>gone about
               it.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-aww-par">
            <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
            <p>I know not what the successe wil be my Lord, <lb/>but the
               attempt I vow.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-aww-ber">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
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        <l>I know th'art valiant,</l>
        <l>And to the possibility of thy souldiership,</l>
        <l>Will subscribe for thee: Farewell.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-aww-par">
        <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
        <p>I loue not many words.</p>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
      <sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cap. E.</speaker>
        <p>No more then a fish loues water. Is not this <cb n="2"/> a
          strange fellow my Lord, that so confidently seemes
          to <lb/>vndertake this businesse, which he knowes is not to be
          <lb/>done, damnes himselfe to do, &amp; dares better be
damnd

          <lb/>then to doo't.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-aww-cpg">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cap. G.</speaker>
        <p>You do not know him my Lord as we doe, <lb/>certaine it is
that

          he will steale himselfe into a mans fa&#x00AD;<lb/>uour,
          and for a weeke escape a great deale of
          discoue&#x00AD;<lb/>ries, but when you finde him out, you
haue

          him euer af&#x00AD;<lb/>ter</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-aww-ber">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
        <p>Why do you thinke he will make no deede at <lb/>all of this
that

          so seriouslie hee dooes addresse himself <lb/>vnto?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cap. E.</speaker>
        <p>None in the world, but returne with an
in&#x00AD;<lb/>uention,
          and clap vpon you two or three probable lies: <lb/>but we
          haue almost imbost him, you shall see his fall to
          <lb/>night; for indeede he is not for your Lordshippes
          re&#x00AD;<lb/>spect.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-aww-cpg">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cap. G.</speaker>
        <p>Weele make you some sport with the Foxe <lb/>ere we case
him. He

          was first smoak'd by the old Lord
          <lb/><hi rend="italic">Lafew</hi>, when his disguise and he
is parted, tell me what
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<lb/>a sprat you shall finde him, which you shall see this
ve&#x00AD;<lb/>rie night.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cap. E.</speaker>
   <l>I must go looke my twigges,</l>
   <l>He shall be caught.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
   <p>Your brother he shall go along with me.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cpg">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cap. G.</speaker>
   <p>As't please your Lordship, Ile leaue you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
   <l>Now wil I lead you to the house, and shew you</l>
   <l>The Lasse I spoke of.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cap. E.</speaker>
   <p>But you say she's honest.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
   <l>That's all the fault: I spoke with hir but once,</l>
   <l>And found her wondrous cold, but I sent to her</l>
   <l>By this same Coxcombe that we haue i'th winde</l>
   <l>Tokens and Letters, which she did resend,</l>
   <l>And this is all I haue done: She's a faire creature,</l>
   <l>Will you go see her?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cap. E.</speaker>
   <p>With all my heart my Lord.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="7" rend="notPresent">
   <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 7]</head>
   <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Hellen, and
   Widdow.</stage>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
   <l>If you misdoubt me that I am not shee,</l>
   <l>I know not how I shall assure you further,</l>
   <l>But I shall loose the grounds I worke vpon.</l>
</sp>
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<sp who="#F-aww-wid">
  <speaker rend="italic">Wid.</speaker>
  <l>Though my estate be fal<c rend="inverted">n</c>e, I was
well borne,</l>
  <l>Nothing acquainted with these businesses,</l>
  <l>And would not put my reputation now</l>
  <l>In any staining act.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
  <l>Nor would I wish you.</l>
  <l>First giue me trust, the Count he is my husband,</l>
  <l>And what to your sworne counsaile I haue spoken,</l>
  <l>Is so from word to word: and then you cannot</l>
  <l>By the good ayde that I of you shall borrow,</l>
  <l>Erre in bestowing it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-wid">
  <speaker rend="italic">Wid.</speaker>
  <l>I should beleeue you,</l>
  <l>For you haue shew'd me that which well approues</l>
  <l>Y'are great in fortune.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
  <l>Take this purse of Gold,</l>
  <l>And let me buy your friendly helpe thus farre,</l>
  <l>Which I will ouer&#x2011;pay, and pay againe</l>
  <l>When I haue found it. The Count he woes your
<lb/>daughter,</l>
  <l>Layes downe his wanton siedge before her beautie,</l>
  <l>Resolue to carrie her: let her in fine consent</l>
  <l>As wee'l direct her how 'tis best to beare it:</l>
  <l>Now his important blood will naught denie,</l>
  <l>That shee'l demand: a ring the Countie weares,</l>
  <l>That downward hath succeeded in his house</l>
  <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">From</fw>
  <pb facs="FFimg:axc0265-0.jpg" n="245"/>
  <fw type="rh">All's Well, that Ends Well.</fw>
  <cb n="1"/>
  <l>From sonne to sonne, some foure or fiue discents,</l>
  <l>Since the first father wore it. This Ring he
    holds</l>
  <l>In most rich choice: yet in his idle fire,</l>
  <l>To buy his will, it would not seeme too deere,</l>
  <l>How ere repented after.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-wid">
  <speaker rend="italic">Wid.</speaker>
  <p>Now I see the bottome of your purpose.</p>
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    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-hel">
      <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
      <l>You see it lawfull then, it is no more,</l>
      <l>But that your daughter ere she seemes as wonne,</l>
      <l>Desires this Ring; appoints him an encounter;</l>
      <l>In fine, deliuers me to fill the time,</l>
      <l>Her selfe most chastly absent: after</l>
      <l>To marry her, Ile adde three thousand Crownes</l>
      <l>To what is past already.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-wid">
      <speaker rend="italic">Wid.</speaker>
      <l>I haue yeelded:</l>
      <l>Instruct my daughter how she shall perseuer,</l>
      <l>That time and place with this deceite so lawfull</l>
      <l>May proue coherent. Euery night he comes</l>
      <l>With Musickes of all sorts, and songs compos'd</l>
      <l>To her vnworthinesse: It nothing steeds vs</l>
      <l>To chide him from our eeues, for he persists</l>
      <l>As if his life lay on't.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-hel">
      <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
      <l>Why then to night</l>
      <l>Let vs assay our plot, which if it speed,</l>
      <l>Is wicked meaning in a lawfull deede;</l>
      <l>And lawfull meaning in a lawfull act,</l>
      <l>Where both not sinne, and yet a sinfull fact.</l>
      <l>But let's about it.</l>
    </sp>
  </div>
  </div>
  <div type="act" n="4">
    <div type="scene" n="1" rend="notPresent">
      <head rend="italic center">Actus Quartus.</head>
    <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 1]</head>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter one of the
Frenchmen,
      with fiue or sixe other <lb/>souldiers in ambush.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
      <speaker rend="italic">1. Lord E.</speaker>
      <p>He can come no other way but by this hedge <lb/>corner:
when you
        sallie vpon him, speake what terrible <lb/>Language you will:
        though you vnderstand it not your <lb/>selues, no matter:
        for we must not seeme to vnderstand <lb/>him,
        vnlesse some one among vs, whom wee must
pro&#x00AD;<lb/>duce
        for an Interpreter.</p>
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                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-aww-int">
                        <speaker rend="italic">1. Sol.</speaker>
                        <p>Good Captaine, let me be th' Interpreter.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Lor. E.</speaker>
                        <p>Art not acquainted with him? knowes he not <lb/>thy
voice?</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-aww-int">
                        <speaker rend="italic">1. Sol.</speaker>
                        <p>No sir I warrant you.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Lo. E.</speaker>
                        <p>But what linsie wolsy hast thou to speake to vs
                            <lb/>againe.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-aww-int">
                        <speaker rend="italic">1. Sol.</speaker>
                        <p>E'n such as you speake to me.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Lo. E.</speaker>
                        <p>He must thinke vs some band of strangers, i'th
                            <lb/>aduersaries entertainment. Now he hath a smacke of all
                            <lb/>neighbouring Languages: therefore we must euery one
                            <lb/>be a man of his owne fancie, not to know what we speak
                            <lb/>one to another: so we seeme to know, is to know straight
                            <lb/>our purpose: Choughs language, gabble enough, and
                            <lb/>good enough. As for you interpreter, you must seeme
                            <lb/>very politicke. But couch hoa, heere hee comes, to
                            be&#x00AD;<lb/>guile two houres in a sleepe, and then to
                            returne &amp; swear <lb/>the lies he forges.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Parrolles.</stage>
                    <sp who="#F-aww-par">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
                        <p>Ten a clocke: Within these three houres 'twill <lb/>be time
                            enough to goe home. What shall I say I haue <lb/>done? It
                            must bee a very plausiue inuention that carries <lb/>it.
                            They beginne to smoake mee, and disgraces haue of <lb/>late,
                            knock'd too often at my doore: I finde my tongue <lb/>is
                            too foole&#x2011;hardie, but my heart hath the feare of Mars
<cb n="2"/>
                    <lb/>before it, and of his creatures, not daring the
                            reports of <lb/>my tongue.</p>
                    </sp>
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<sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
   <speaker rend="italic">Lo. E.</speaker>
   <p>This is the first truth that ere thine own tongue <lb/>was
      guiltie of.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
   <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
   <p>What the diuell should moue mee to vndertake <lb/>the
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recouerie
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      of this drumme, being not ignorant of the <lb/>impossibility,
      and knowing I had no such purpose? I <lb/>must giue my
      selfe some hurts, and say I got them in ex&#x00AD;<lb/>ploit:
      yet slight ones will not carrie it. They will say,
      <lb/>came you off with so little? And great ones I dare
      not <lb/>giue, wherefore what's the instance.
      Tongue, I must put <lb/>you into a Butter&#x2011;womans
      mouth, and buy my selfe ano&#x00AD;<lb/>ther of <hi
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rend="italic">Baiazeths</hi> Mule, if you prattle mee into these
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      <lb/>perilles.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
   <speaker rend="italic">Lo. E.</speaker>
   <p>Is it possible he should know what hee is, and <lb/>be that he
      is.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
   <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
   <p>I would the cutting of my garments wold serue <lb/>the turne,
```
or
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      the breaking of my Spanish sword.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
   <speaker rend="italic">Lo. E.</speaker>
   <p>We cannot affoord you so.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
   <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
   <p>Or the baring of my beard, and to say it was in
      <lb/>stratagem.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
   <speaker rend="italic">Lo. E.</speaker>
   <p>'Twould not do.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
   <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
   <p>Or to drowne my cloathes, and say I was stript.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
   <speaker rend="italic">Lo. E.</speaker>
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                        <p>Hardly serue.</p>
                     </sp>
                     <sp who="#F-aww-par">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
                        <p>Though I swore I leapt from the window of the
<lb/>Citadell.</p>
                     </sp>
                     <sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Lo. E.</speaker>
                        <p>How deepe?</p>
                     </sp>
                     <sp who="#F-aww-par">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
                        <p>Thirty fadome.</p>
                     </sp>
                     <sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Lo. E.</speaker>
                        <p>Three great oathes would scarse make that be
<lb/>beleeued.</p>
                     </sp>
                     <sp who="#F-aww-par">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
                        <p>I would I had any drumme of the enemies, I <lb/>would
sweare I
                           recouer'd it.</p>
                     </sp>
                     <sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Lo. E.</speaker>
                        <p>You shall heare one anon.</p>
                     </sp>
                     <sp who="#F-aww-par">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
                        <p>A drumme now of the enemies.</p>
                     </sp>
                     <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Alarum
within.</stage>
                     <sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Lo. E.</speaker>
                        <p>Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.</p>
                     </sp>
                     <sp who="#F-aww-all">
                        <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
                        <p rend="italic">Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo,
cargo.</p>
                     </sp>
                     <sp who="#F-aww-par">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
                        <l>O ransome, ransome,</l>
                        <l>Do not hide mine eyes.</l>
                     </sp>
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        <sp who="#F-aww-int">
          <speaker rend="italic">Inter.</speaker>
          <p>Boskos thromuldo boskos.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-par">
          <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
          <l>I know you are the <hi rend="italic">Muskos</hi>
Regiment,</l>
          <l>And I shall loose my life for want of language.</l>
          <l>If there be heere German or Dane, Low Dutch,</l>
          <l>Italian, or French, let him speake to me,</l>
          <l>Ile discouer that, which shal vndo the Florentine.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-int">
          <speaker rend="italic">Int.</speaker>
          <p>
<hi rend="italic">Boskos vauvado,</hi> I vnderstand thee,
            &amp; can speake <lb/>thy tongue: <hi
rend="italic">Kerelybonto</hi> sir, betake thee to thy faith, for
            <lb/>seuenteene ponyards are at thy bosome.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-par">
          <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
          <p>Oh.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-int">
          <speaker rend="italic">Inter.</speaker>
          <p>Oh pray, pray, pray, <lb/>
        <hi rend="italic">Manka reuania
            dulche.</hi>
      </p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
          <speaker rend="italic">Lo. E.</speaker>
          <p>Oscorbidulchos voliuorco.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-int">
          <speaker rend="italic">Int.</speaker>
          <l>The Generall is content to spare thee yet,</l>
          <l>And hoodwinkt as thou art, will leade thee on</l>
          <l>To gather from thee. Haply thou mayst informe</l>
          <l>Something to saue thy life.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-par">
          <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
          <l>O let me liue,</l>
          <l>And all the secrets of our campe Ile shew,</l>
          <l>Their force, their purposes: Nay, Ile speake that,</l>
          <l>Which you will wonder at.</l>
        </sp>
```

```xml
<sp who="#F-aww-int">
    <speaker rend="italic">Inter.</speaker>
    <p>But wilt thou faithfully?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
    <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
    <p>If I do not, damne me.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-int">
    <speaker rend="italic">Inter.</speaker>
    <l>
<hi rend="italic">Acordo linta</hi>.</l>
    <l>Come on, thou are granted space.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
<stage rend="italic center" type="business">A short Alarum
within.</stage>
<fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Lo.
E.</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0266-0.jpg" n="246"/>
<fw type="rh">All's Well that Ends Well</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
    <speaker rend="italic">L.E.</speaker>
    <l>Go tell the Count <hi rend="italic">Rossillion</hi> and my
        brother,</l>
    <l>We haue caught the woodcocke, and will keepe him <lb
rend="turnunder"/>
<pc rend="turnunder">(</pc>mufled,</l>
    <l>Till we do heare from them.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-sol">
    <speaker rend="italic">Sol.</speaker>
    <p>Captaine I will.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
    <speaker rend="italic">L.E.</speaker>
    <p>A will betray vs all vnto our selues, <lb/>Informe on
that.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-sol">
    <speaker rend="italic">Sol.</speaker>
    <p>So I will sir.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
    <speaker rend="italic">L.E.</speaker>
    <p>Till then Ile keepe him darke and safely lockt.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
</div>
```

```xml
<div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
  <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 2]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Bertram, and the Maide
    called <lb/>Diana.</stage>
<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
  <p>They told me that your name was <hi rend="italic">Fontybell</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-dia">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dia.</speaker>
  <p>No my good Lord, <hi rend="italic">Diana</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
  <l>Titled Goddesse,</l>
  <l>And worth it with addition: but faire soule,</l>
  <l>In your fine frame hath loue no qualitie?</l>
  <l>If the quicke fire of youth light not your minde,</l>
  <l>You are no Maiden but a monument</l>
  <l>When you are dead you should be such a one</l>
  <l>As you are now: for you are cold and sterne,</l>
  <l>And now you should be as your mother was</l>
  <l>When your sweet selfe was got.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-dia">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dia.</speaker>
  <p>She then was honest.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
  <p>So should you be.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-dia">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dia.</speaker>
  <l>No:</l>
  <l>My mother did but dutie, such (my Lord)</l>
  <l>As you owe to your wife.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
  <l>No more a'that:</l>
  <l>I prethee do not striue against my vowes:</l>
  <l>I was compell'd to her, but I loue thee</l>
  <l>By loues owne sweet constraint, and will for euer</l>
  <l>Do thee all rights of seruice.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-dia">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dia.</speaker>
```

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    <l>I so you serue vs</l>
    <l>Till we serue you: But when you haue our Roses,</l>
    <l>You barely leaue our thornes to pricke our selues,</l>
    <l>And mocke vs with our barenesse.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
    <p>How haue I sworne.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-dia">
    <speaker rend="italic">Dia.</speaker>
    <l>Tis not the many oathes that makes the truth,</l>
    <l>But the plaine single vow, that is vow'd true:</l>
    <l>What is not holie, that we sweare not by,</l>
    <l>But take the high'st to witnesse: then pray you tell
        me,</l>
    <l>If I should sweare by Ioues great attributes,</l>
    <l>I lou'd you deerely, would you beleeue my oathes,</l>
    <l>When I did loue you ill? This ha's no holding</l>
    <l>To sweare by him whom I protest to loue</l>
    <l>That I will worke against him. Therefore your oaths</l>
    <l>Are words and poore conditions, but vnseal'd</l>
    <l>At lest in my opinion.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
    <l>Change it, change it:</l>
    <l>Be not so holy cruell: Loue is holie,</l>
    <l>And my integritie ne're knew the crafts</l>
    <l>That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,</l>
    <l>But giue thy selfe vnto my sicke desires,</l>
    <l>Who then recouers. Say thou art mine, and euer</l>
    <l>My loue as it beginnes, shall so perseuer.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-dia">
    <speaker rend="italic">Dia.</speaker>
    <l>I see that men make rope's in such a scarre,</l>
    <l>That wee'l forsake our selues. Giue me that Ring.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
    <l>Ile lend it thee my deere; but haue no power</l>
    <l>To giue it from me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-dia">
    <speaker rend="italic">Dia.</speaker>
    <p>Will you not my Lord?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
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        <l>It is an honour longing to our house,</l>
        <l>Bequeathed downe from manie Ancestors,</l>
        <l>Which were the greatest obloquie i'th world,</l>
        <l>In me to loose.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-dia">
        <speaker rend="italic">Dian.</speaker>
        <l>Mine Honors such a Ring,</l>
        <l>My chastities the Iewell of our house,</l>
        <cb n="2"/>
        <l>Bequeathed downe from many Ancestors,</l>
        <l>Which were the greatest obloquie i'th world,</l>
        <l>In mee to loose. Thus your owne proper wisedome</l>
        <l>Brings in the Champion honor on my part,</l>
        <l>Against your vaine assault.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-ber">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
        <l>Heere, take my Ring,</l>
        <l>My house, mine honor, yea my life be thine,</l>
        <l>And Ile be bid by thee.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-dia">
        <speaker rend="italic">Dia.</speaker>
        <l>When midnight comes, knocke at my
cham&#x00AD;<lb/>ber
            window:</l>
        <l>Ile order take, my mother shall not heare.</l>
        <l>Now will I charge you in the band of truth,</l>
        <l>When you haue conquer'd my yet maiden&#x2011;bed,</l>
        <l>Remaine there but an houre, nor speake to mee:</l>
        <l>My reasons are most strong, and you shall know
            them,</l>
        <l>When backe againe this Ring shall be deliuer'd:</l>
        <l>And on your finger in the night, Ile put</l>
        <l>Another Ring, that what in time proceeds,</l>
        <l>May token to the future, our past deeds.</l>
        <l>Adieu till then, then faile not: you haue wonne</l>
        <l>A wife of me, though there my hope be done.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-ber">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
        <p>A heauen on earth I haue won by wooing thee.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-dia">
        <speaker rend="italic">Di.</speaker>
        <l>For which, liue long to thank both heauen &amp; me,
<lb/>You may
            so in the end.</l>
        <l>My mother told me iust how he would woo,</l>
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<l>As if she sate in's heart. She sayes, all men</l>
<l>Haue the like oathes: He had sworne to marrie me</l>
<l>When his wife's dead: therfore Ile lye with him</l>
<l>When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braide,</l>
<l>Marry that will, I liue and die a Maid:</l>
<l>Onely in this disguise, I think't no sinne,</l>
<l>To cosen him that would vniustly winne.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
<head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 3]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the two French
Captaines, and some two or three <lb/>Souldiours.</stage>
<sp who="#F-aww-cpg">
<speaker rend="italic">Cap. G.</speaker>
<p>You haue not giuen him his mothers letter.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
<speaker rend="italic">Cap.E.</speaker>
<p>I haue deliu'red it an houre since, there is som
<lb/>thing in't that stings his nature: for on the
reading it, <lb/>he chang'd almost into another
man.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cpg">
<speaker rend="italic">Cap. G.</speaker>
<p>He has much worthy blame laid vpon him, <lb/>for shaking
off so good a wife, and so sweet a Lady.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
<speaker rend="italic">Cap. E.</speaker>
<p>Especially, hee hath incurred the euerlasting
<lb/>displeasure of the King, who had euen tun'd his
bounty <lb/>to sing happinesse to him. I will tell you a thing,
but <lb/>you shall let it dwell darkly with you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cpg">
<speaker rend="italic">Cap. G.</speaker>
<p>When you haue spoken it 'tis dead, and I am <lb/>the graue of
it.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
<speaker rend="italic">Cap. E.</speaker>
<p>Hee hath peruerted a young Gentlewoman <lb/>heere in

Florence,

of a most chaste renown, & this night <lb/>he fleshes
his will in the spoyle of her honour: hee hath <lb/>giuen her
his monumentall Ring, and thinkes himself <lb/>made in the
vnchaste composition.</p>

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    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-cpg">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cap. G.</speaker>
        <p>Now God delay our rebellion as we are our <lb/>selues, what
            things are we.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cap. E.</speaker>
        <p>Meerely our owne traitours. And as in the <lb/>common
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course of
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            all treasons, we still see them reueale <lb/>themselues,
            till they attaine to their abhorr'd ends: so <lb/>he
            that in this action contriues against his owne
            Nobi&#x00AD;<lb/>lity in his proper streame,
            ore&#x2011;flowes himselfe.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-cpg">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cap.G.</speaker>
        <p>Is it not meant damnable in vs, to be
```
Trum­<lb/>peters of
```
            our vnlawfull intents? We shall not then haue <lb/>his
```
company
```
            to night?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cap. E.</speaker>
        <p>Not till after midnight: for hee is dieted to <lb/>his
            houre.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-cpg">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cap. G.</speaker>
        <p>That approaches apace: I would gladly haue <lb/>him see his
            company anathomiz'd, that hee might take <fw
```
type="catchword" place="footRight">a</fw>
```
        <pb facs="FFimg:axc0267-0.jpg" n="247"/>
        <fw type="rh">All's
            Well that Ends Well.</fw>
        <cb n="1"/> a measure of his owne
            iudgements, wherein so curiously <lb/>he had set this
            counterfeit.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cap. E.</speaker>
        <p>We will not meddle with him till he come; <lb/>for his
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presence
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            must be the whip of the other.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-cpg">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cap. G.</speaker>
        <p>In the meane time, what heare you of these <lb/>Warres?</p>
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    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
       <speaker rend="italic">Cap. E.</speaker>
       <p>I heare there is an ouerture of peace.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-cpg">
       <speaker rend="italic">Cap. G.</speaker>
       <p>Nay, I assure you a peace concluded.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
       <speaker rend="italic">Cap. E.</speaker>
       <p>What will Count <hi rend="italic">Rossillion</hi> do then? Will
          he <lb/>trauaile higher, or returne againe into France?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-cpg">
       <speaker rend="italic">Cap. G.</speaker>
       <p>I perceiue by this demand, you are not alto&#x00AD;<lb/>gether
          of his councell.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
       <speaker rend="italic">Cap. E.</speaker>
       <p>Let it be forbid sir, so should I bee a great <lb/>deale of his
          act.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-cpg">
       <speaker rend="italic">Cap. G.</speaker>
       <p>Sir, his wife some two months since fledde <lb/>from his
          house, her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint <hi
          rend="italic">Ia&#x00AD;<lb/>ques
          le grand</hi>; which holy vndertaking, with most
          au&#x00AD;<lb/>stere sanctimonie she accomplisht: and
          there residing, <lb/>the tendernesse of her Nature, became as a
          prey to her <lb/>greefe: in fine, made a groane of her
          last breath, &amp; now <lb/>she sings in heauen.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
       <speaker rend="italic">Cap. E.</speaker>
       <p>How is this iustified?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-cpg">
       <speaker rend="italic">Cap. G.</speaker>
       <p>The stronger part of it by her owne Letters, <lb/>which
          makes her storie true, euen to the poynt of her
          <lb/>death: her death it selfe, which could not be her office
          <lb/>to say, is come: was faithfully confirm'd by the
          Rector <lb/>of the place.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
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<speaker rend="italic">Cap. E.</speaker>
<p>Hath the Count all this intelligence?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cpg">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cap. G.</speaker>
  <p>I, and the particular confirmations, point <lb/>from point, to
    the full arming of the veritie.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cap. E.</speaker>
  <p>I am heartily sorrie that hee'l bee gladde of
    <lb/>this.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cpg">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cap. G.</speaker>
  <p>How mightily sometimes, we make vs
com&#x00AD;<lb/>forts of our
    losses.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cap. E.</speaker>
  <p>And how mightily some other times, wee <lb/>drowne our
gaine in

    teares, the great dignitie that his <lb/>valour hath here
    acquir'd for him, shall at home be en&#x00AD;<lb/>countred
    with a shame as ample.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cpg">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cap. G.</speaker>
  <p>The webbe of our life, is of a mingled yarne, <lb/>good and
ill
    together: our vertues would bee proud, if <lb/>our faults whipt
    them not, and our crimes would dis&#x00AD;<lb/>paire if
they
    were not cherish'd by our vertues.</p>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a
Messenger.</stage>
  <p>How now? Where's your master?</p> </sp>

<sp who="#F-aww-ser">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
  <p>He met the Duke in the street sir, of whom hee <lb/>hath
    taken a solemne leaue: his Lordshippe will next <lb/>morning
    for France. The Duke hath offered him Let&#x00AD;<lb/>ters
    of commendations to the King.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cap. E.</speaker>
  <p>They shall bee no more then needfull there, <lb/>if they were
    more then they can commend.</p>
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</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Count
   Rossillion.</stage>
<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
   <p>They cannot be too sweete for the Kings
tart&#x00AD;<lb/>nesse,
      heere's his Lordship now. How now my Lord,
      <lb/>i'st not after midnight?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
   <p>I haue to night dispatch'd sixteene businesses, a
      <lb/>moneths length a peece, by an abstract of
      successe: I <lb/>haue congied with the Duke, done my adieu
with
      his <lb/>neerest; buried a wife, mourn'd for her,
      writ to my La&#x00AD;<lb/>die mother, I am returning,
      entertain'd my Conuoy, &amp; <lb/>betweene these maine
      parcels of dispatch, affected ma&#x00AD;<lb/>ny nicer
      needs: the last was the greatest, but that I haue
      <lb/>not ended yet.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cap. E.</speaker>
   <p>If the businesse bee of any difficulty, and this
      <lb/>morning your departure hence, it requires hast of
      your <cb n="2"/>
<lb/>Lordship.</p>
 </sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
   <p>I meane the businesse is not ended, as fearing <lb/>to heare of
      it hereafter: but shall we haue this dialogue <lb/>betweene the
      Foole and the Soldiour. Come, bring <lb/>forth this counterfet
      module, ha's deceiu'd mee, like a
      <lb/>double&#x2011;meaning Prophesier.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
   <speaker rend="italic">Cap. E.</speaker>
   <p>Bring him forth, ha's sate i'th stockes all
      night <lb/>poore gallant knaue.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
   <p>No matter, his heeles haue deseru'd it, in
      vsur&#x00AD;<lb/>ping his spurres so long. How does he
carry
      himselfe?</p>
</sp>
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<sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cap. E.</speaker>
  <p>I haue told your Lordship alreadie: The <lb/>stockes
    carrie him. But to answer you as you would be
    <lb/>vnderstood, hee weepes like a wench that had shed
    her <lb/>milke, he hath confest himselfe to Morgan, whom
    hee <lb/>supposes to be a Friar,
<choice><abbr>fr&#x014D;</abbr><expan>from</expan></choice> the time of his
    remembrance <lb/>to this very instant disaster of
    his setting i'th stockes: <lb/>and what thinke you
    he hath confest?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
  <p>Nothing of me, ha's a?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cap. E.</speaker>
  <p>His confession is taken, and it shall bee read <lb/>to his face,
    if your Lordshippe be in't, as I beleeue you <lb/>are,
    you must haue the patience to heare it.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Parolles with his
  Interpreter.</stage>
<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
  <p>A plague vpon him, muffeld; he can say nothing <lb/>of me:
    hush, hush.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cpg">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cap. G.</speaker>
  <p>Hoodman comes: <hi rend="italic">Portotartarossa</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-int">
  <speaker rend="italic">Inter.</speaker>
  <p>He calles for the tortures, what will you say <lb/>without
    em.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
  <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
  <l>I will confesse what I know without constraint,</l>
  <l>If ye pinch me like a Pasty, I can say no more.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-int">
  <speaker rend="italic">Int.</speaker>
  <p rend="italic">Bosko Chimurcho.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cpg">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
  <p rend="italic">Boblibindo chicurmurco.</p>
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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-int">
          <speaker rend="italic">Int.</speaker>
          <p>You are a mercifull Generall: Our Generall <lb/>bids you answer
              to what I shall aske you out of a Note.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-par">
          <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
          <p>And truly, as I hope to lieu.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-int">
          <speaker rend="italic">Int.</speaker>
          <p>First demand of him, how many horse the Duke <lb/>is
              strong. What say you to that?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-par">
          <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
          <p>Fiue or sixe thousand, but very weake and vn&#x00AD;<lb/>seruiceable:
              the troopes are all scattered, and the Com&#x00AD;<lb/>manders
              verie poore rogues, vpon my reputation and <lb/>credit,
              and as I hope to liue.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-int">
          <speaker rend="italic">Int.</speaker>
          <p>Shall I set downe your answer so?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-par">
          <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
          <p>Do, Ile take the Sacrament on't, how &amp; which <lb/>way
              you will: all's one to him.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-ber">
          <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
          <p>What a past&#x2011;sauing slaue is this?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-cpg">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cap. G.</speaker>
          <p>Y'are deceiu'd my Lord, this is Mounsieur
              <lb/><hi rend="italic">Parrolles</hi> the gallant militarist, that was his owne
              phrase <lb/>that had the whole theoricke of warre in the knot
              of his <lb/>scarfe, and the practise in the chape of his
              dagger.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cap. E.</speaker>
          <p>I will neuer trust a man againe, for keeping <lb/>his
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sword cleane, nor beleeue he can haue euerie thing <lb/>in him,
                by wearing his apparrell neatly.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-aww-int">
                <speaker rend="italic">Int.</speaker>
                <p>Well, that's set downe.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-aww-par">
                <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
                <p>Fiue or six thousand horse I sed, I will say true, <lb/>or
                    thereabouts set downe, for Ile speake truth.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-aww-cpg">
                <speaker rend="italic">Cap. G.</speaker>
                <p>He's very neere the truth in this.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-aww-ber">
                <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
                <p>But I con him no thankes for't in the nature he
                    <lb/>deliuers it.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-aww-par">
                <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
                <p>Poore rogues, I pray you say.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-aww-int">
                <speaker rend="italic">Int.</speaker>
                <p>Well, that's set downe.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-aww-par">
                <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
                <l>I humbly thanke you sir, a truth's a truth, the <lb/>Rogues are maruailous poore.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-aww-int">
                <speaker rend="italic">Interp.</speaker>
                <p>Demaund of him of what strength they are a <lb/>foot. What
                    say you to that?</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-aww-par">
                <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
                <p>By my troth sir, if I were to liue this present <lb/>houre, I
                    will tell true. Let me see, <hi rend="italic">Spurio</hi> a hundred & <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">fiftie</fw>
                <pb facs="FFimg:axc0268-0.jpg" n="248"/>
                <fw type="rh">All's
                    Well, that Ends Well.</fw>
                <cb n="1"/> fiftie, <hi rend="italic">Sebastian</hi> so many,
<hi rend="italic">Corambus</hi> so many, <hi rend="italic">Iaques</hi> so

`<lb/>`many: `<hi rend="italic">`Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowicke`</hi>`, and `<hi rend="italic">`Gratij`</hi>`, two hun­`<lb/>`dred fiftie each: Mine owne Company, `<hi rend="italic">`Chitopher, Uau­`<lb/>`mond, Bentij`</hi>`, two hundred fiftie each: so that the muster `<lb/>`file, rotten and sound, vppon my life amounts not to fif­`<lb/>`teene thousand pole, halfe of the which, dare not shake `<lb/>`the snow from off their Cassockes, least they shake them­`<lb/>`selues to peeces.`</p>`
`</sp>`
`<sp who="#F-aww-ber">`
   `<speaker rend="italic">`Ber.`</speaker>`
   `<p>`What shall be done to him?`</p>`
`</sp>`
`<sp who="#F-aww-cpg">`
   `<speaker rend="italic">`Cap. G.`</speaker>`
   `<p>`Nothing, but let him haue thankes. Demand `<lb/>`of him my condition: and what credite I haue with the `<lb/>`Duke.`</p>`
`</sp>`
`<sp who="#F-aww-int">`
   `<speaker rend="italic">`Int.`</speaker>`
   `<p>`Well that's set downe: you shall demaund of `<lb/>`him, whether one Captaine `<hi rend="italic">`Dumaine`</hi>` bee i'th Campe, a `<lb/>`Frenchman: what his reputation is with the Duke, what `<lb/>`his valour, honestie, and expertnesse in warres: or whe­`<lb/>`ther he thinkes it were not possible with well‑weighing `<lb/>`summes of gold

to corrupt him to a reuolt. What say you `<lb/>`to this? What do you know of it?`</p>`
`</sp>`
`<sp who="#F-aww-par">`
   `<speaker rend="italic">`Par.`</speaker>`
   `<p>`I beseech you let me answer to the particular of `<lb/>`the intergatories. Demand them singly.`</p>`
`</sp>`
`<sp who="#F-aww-int">`
   `<speaker rend="italic">`Int.`</speaker>`
   `<p>`Do you know this Captaine `<hi rend="italic">`Dumaine`</hi>`?`</p>`
`</sp>`
`<sp who="#F-aww-par">`
   `<speaker rend="italic">`Par.`</speaker>`
   `<p>`I know him, a was a Botchers Prentize in `<hi rend="italic">`Paris`</hi>`, `<lb/>`from whence he was whipt for getting the Shrieues fool `<lb/>`with childe, a dumbe innocent that could not say him `<lb/>`nay.`</p>`
`</sp>`
`<sp who="#F-aww-ber">`

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        <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
        <p>Nay, by your leaue hold your hands, though I <lb/>know his
            braines are forfeite to the next tile that fals.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-int">
        <speaker rend="italic">Int.</speaker>
        <p>Well, is this Captaine in the Duke of Florences
<lb/>campe?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-par">
        <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
        <p>Vpon my knowledge he is, and lowsie.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-cpg">
        <speaker rend="italic">Cap. G.</speaker>
        <p>Nay looke not so vpon me: we shall heare of <lb/>your Lord
            anon.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-int">
        <speaker rend="italic">Int.</speaker>
        <p>What is his reputation with the Duke?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-par">
        <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
        <p>The Duke knowes him for no other, but a poore <lb/>Officer
            of mine, and writ to mee this other day, to turne <lb/>him out
            a'th band. I thinke I haue his Letter in my
            poc&#x00AD;<lb/>ket.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-int">
        <speaker rend="italic">Int.</speaker>
        <p>Marry we'll search.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-par">
        <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
        <p>In good sadnesse I do not know, either it is there, <lb/>or it
            is vpon a file with the Dukes other Letters, in my
            <lb/>Tent.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-int">
        <speaker rend="italic">Int.</speaker>
        <p>Heere 'tis, heere's a paper, shall I reade it to you?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-par">
        <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
        <p>I do not know if it be it or no.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-ber">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
        <p>Our Interpreter do's it well.</p>
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          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-aww-cpg">
             <speaker rend="italic">Cap. G.</speaker>
             <p>Excellently.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-aww-int">
             <speaker rend="italic">Int.</speaker>
             <p rend="italic">Dian, the Counts a foole, and full of gold.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-aww-par">
             <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
             <p>That is not the Dukes letter sir: that is an
                ad&#x00AD;<lb/>uertisement to a proper maide in Florence,
one
                   <hi rend="italic">Diana</hi>, to <lb/>take heede of the
allurement of one Count <hi rend="italic">Rossillion</hi>, a <lb/>foolish idle boy:
but for
                   all that very ruttish. I pray you <lb/>sir put it vp
                   againe.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-aww-int">
             <speaker rend="italic">Int.</speaker>
             <p>Nay, Ile reade it first by your fauour.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-aww-par">
             <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
             <p>My meaning in't I protest was very honest in
                the <lb/>behalfe of the maid: for I knew the young Count to be
                a <lb/>dangerous and lasciuious boy, who is a whale to
                Virgi&#x00AD;<lb/>nity, and deuours vp all the fry it
                finds.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-aww-ber">
             <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
             <p>Damnable both&#x2011;sides rogue.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-aww-int">
             <speaker rend="italic">Int.</speaker>
             <l rend="italic"><stage rend="italic"
type="business">Let.</stage> When he sweares oathes, bid him drop gold, and
                   <lb/>take it:
          </l>
             <l rend="italic">After he scores, he neuer payes the score:</l>
             <l rend="italic">Halfe won is match well made, match and well
make
                it,</l>
             <l rend="italic">He nere payes after&#x2011;debts, take it
                before,</l>
             <l rend="italic">And say a souldier (Dian) told thee this:</l>
             <l rend="italic">Men are to mell with, boyes are not to kis.</l>
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<cb n="2"/>
<l rend="italic">For count of this, the Counts a Foole I know
    it,</l>
<l rend="italic">Who payes before, but not when he does owe
it.</l>

<p rend="rightJustified">Thine as he vow'd to thee in
    thine eare, <lb/><hi rend="italic">Parolles</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
  <p>He shall be whipt through the Armie with this <lb/>rime
    in's forehead.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cap. E.</speaker>
  <p>This is your deuoted friend sir, the manifold
    <lb/>Linguist, and the army&#x2011;potent souldier.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
  <p>I could endure any thing before but a Cat, and <lb/>now
    he's a Cat to me.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-int">
  <speaker rend="italic">Int.</speaker>
  <p>I perceiue sir by your Generals lookes, wee shall <lb/>be
faine
    to hang you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
  <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
  <p>My life sir in any case: Not that I am afraide to <lb/>dye, but
    that my offences beeing many, I would repent <lb/>out the
    remainder of Nature. Let me liue sir in a
dunge&#x00AD;<lb/>on,
    i'th stockes, or any where, so I may
    liue.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-int">
  <speaker rend="italic">Int.</speaker>
  <p>Wee'le see what may bee done, so you confesse
    <lb/>freely: therefore once more to this Captaine <hi
rend="italic">Dumaine</hi>: <lb/>you haue answer'd to
    his reputation with the Duke, and <lb/>to his valour. What is
    his honestie?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
  <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
  <p>He will steale sir an Egge out of a Cloister: for
    <lb/>rapes and rauishments he paralels <hi
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rend="italic">Nessus</hi>. Hee professes
                    <lb/>not keeping of oaths, in breaking em he is stronger
                    then <lb/><hi rend="italic">Hercules</hi>. He will lye sir,
with such volubilitie,

                    that you <lb/>would thinke truth were a foole: drunkennesse is
                    his best <lb/>vertue, for he will be swine‑drunke,
                    and in his sleepe he <lb/>does little harme, saue to his
                    bed‑cloathes about him: <lb/>but they know his
                    conditions, and lay him in straw. I <lb/>haue but little
                    more to say sir of his honesty, he ha's
                    eue­<lb/>rie thing that an honest man should not
                    haue; what an <lb/>honest man should haue, he has
                    nothing.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-aww-cpg">
                   <speaker rend="italic">Cap. G.</speaker>
                   <p>I begin to loue him for this.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-aww-ber">
                   <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
                   <p>For this description of thine honestie? A pox <lb/>vpon
                       him for me, he's more and more a Cat.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-aww-int">
                   <speaker rend="italic">Int.</speaker>
                   <p>What say you to his expertnesse in warre?</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-aww-par">
                   <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
                   <p>Faith sir, ha's led the drumme before the
Eng­<lb/>lish
                    Tragedians: to belye him I will not, and more of his
                    <lb/>souldiership I know not, except in that Country, he had
                    <lb/>the honour to be the Officer at a place there called
                    <hi rend="italic">Mile‑<lb/>end</hi>, to instruct
                    for the doubling of files. I would doe the <lb/>man what
honour
                    I can, but of this I am not certaine.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-aww-cpg">
                   <speaker rend="italic">Cap. G.</speaker>
                   <p>He hath out‑villain'd villanie so farre, that the
                       <lb/>raritie redeemes him.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-aww-ber">
                   <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
                   <p>A pox on him, he's a Cat still.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-aww-int">
                   <speaker rend="italic">Int.</speaker>

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      <p>His qualities being at this poore price, I neede <lb/>not to
          aske you, if Gold will corrupt him to reuolt.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-par">
      <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
      <p>Sir, for a Cardceue he will sell the fee&#x2011;simple of
          <lb/>his saluation, the inheritance of it, and cut th'intaile from
<lb/>all remainders, and a perpetuall succession
          for it perpe&#x00AD;<lb/>tually.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-int">
      <speaker rend="italic">Int.</speaker>
      <p>What's his Brother, the other Captain <hi
rend="italic">Dumain</hi>?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cap. E.</speaker>
      <p>Why do's he aske him of me?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-int">
      <speaker rend="italic">Int.</speaker>
      <p>What's he?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-par">
      <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
      <p>E'ne a Crow a'th same nest: not altogether so
          <lb/>great as the first in goodnesse, but greater a great
          deale in <lb/>euill. He excels his Brother for a coward, yet
          his Brother <lb/>is reputed one of the best that is. In a
          retreate hee out&#x00AD;<lb/>runnes any Lackey; marrie in
          comming on, hee ha's the <lb/>Crampe.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-int">
      <speaker rend="italic">Int.</speaker>
      <p>If your life be saued, will you vndertake to betray <lb/>the
          Florentine.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-par">
      <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
      <p>I, and the Captaine of his horse, Count <hi
rend="italic">Rossillion</hi>.
        </p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-int">
      <speaker rend="italic">Int.</speaker>
      <p>Ile whisper with the Generall, and knowe his
<lb/>pleasure.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-par">
      <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
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<p>Ile no more drumming, a plague of all drummes, <lb/>onely to
                        seeme to deserue well, and to beguile the suppo&#x00AD;<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">sition</fw>
                    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0269-0.jpg" n="251"/>
                    <fw type="rh">All's
                        Well, that Ends Well.</fw>
                    <cb n="1"/><lb/>sition of that
                        lasciuious yong boy the Count, haue I run <lb/>into this
                        danger: yet who would haue suspected an am&#x00AD;<lb/>bush
                        where I was taken?</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-aww-int">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Int.</speaker>
                    <p>There is no remedy sir, but you must dye: the
                        <lb/>Generall sayes, you that haue so traitorously discouerd
                        <lb/>the secrets of your army, and made such pestifferous
                        re&#x00AD;<lb/>ports of men very nobly held, can serue the
                        world for <lb/>no honest vse: therefore you must
                        dye. Come heades&#x00AD;<lb/>man, off with his head.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-aww-par">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
                    <p>O Lord sir let me liue, or let me see my death.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-aww-int">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Int.</speaker>
                    <p>That shall you, and take your leaue of all your
                        <lb/>friends:</p>
                    <p>So, looke about you, know you any heere?</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-aww-ber">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Count.</speaker>
                    <p>Good morrow noble Captaine.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Lo. E.</speaker>
                    <p>God blesse you Captaine <hi rend="italic">Parolles</hi>.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-aww-cpg">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Cap. G.</speaker>
                    <p>God saue you noble Captaine.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-aww-cpe">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Lo. E.</speaker>
                    <p>Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord <lb/>
                    <hi rend="italic">Lafew</hi>? I am for <hi rend="italic">France</hi>.</p>

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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-cpg">
          <speaker rend="italic">Cap. G.</speaker>
          <p>Good Captaine will you giue me a Copy of <lb/>the sonnet you
              writ to <hi rend="italic">Diana</hi> in behalfe of the Count <lb/>
<hi rend="italic">Rossillion</hi>, and I were not a verie
              Coward, I'de compel <lb/>it of you, but far you
              well.</p>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-aww-int">
          <speaker rend="italic">Int.</speaker>
          <p>You are vndone Captaine all but your scarfe, <lb/>that has a
              knot on't yet.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-par">
          <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
          <p>Who cannot be crush'd with a plot?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-int">
          <speaker rend="italic">Inter.</speaker>
          <p>If you could finde out a Countrie where but <lb/>women were that
              had receiued so much shame, you <lb/>might begin an impudent
              Nation. Fare yee well sir, I <lb/>am for <hi
rend="italic">France</hi> too, we shall speake of you there.</p>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
        <sp who="#F-aww-par">
          <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
          <l>Yet am I thankfull: if my heart were great</l>
          <l>'Twould burst at this: Captaine Ile be no more,</l>
          <l>But I will eate, and drinke, and sleepe as soft</l>
          <l>As Captaine shall. Simply the thing I am</l>
          <l>Shall make me liue: who knowes himselfe a braggart</l>
          <l>Let him feare this; for it will come to passe,</l>
          <l>That euery braggart shall be found an Asse.</l>
          <l>Rust sword, coole blushes, and <hi
rend="italic">Parrolles</hi> liue</l>
          <l>Safest in shame: being fool'd, by fool'rie
              thriue;</l>
          <l>There's place and meanes for euery man aliue.</l>
          <l>Ile after them.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
        </div>
        <div type="scene" n="4" rend="notPresent">
```

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<head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 4]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Hellen, Widdow, and Diana.</stage>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
<speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
<l>That you may well perceiue I haue not <lb/>wrong'd you,</l>
<l>One of the greatest in the Christian world</l>
<l>Shall be my suretie: for whose throne 'tis needful</l>
<l>Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneele.</l>
<l>Time was, I did him a desired office</l>
<l>Deere almost as his life, which gratitude</l>
<l>Through flintie Tartars bosome would peepe forth,</l>
<l>And answer thankes. I duly am inform'd,</l>
<l>His grace is at <hi rend="italic">Marcell&#x00E6;</hi>, to which place</l>
<l>We haue conuenient conuoy: you must know</l>
<l>I am supposed dead, the Army breaking,</l>
<l>My husband hies him home, where heauen ayding,</l>
<l>And by the leaue of my good Lord the King,</l>
<l>Wee'l be before our welcome.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-wid">
<speaker rend="italic">Wid.</speaker>
<l>Gentle Madam,</l>
<l>You neuer had a seruant to whose trust</l>
<l>Your busines was more welcome.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
<speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
<l>Nor your Mistris</l>
<l>Euer a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour</l>
<l>To recompence your loue: Doubt not but heauen</l>
<l>Hath brought me vp to be your daughters dower,</l>
<l>As it hath fated her to be my motiue</l>
<cb n="2"/>
<l>And helper to a husband. But O strange men,</l>
<l>That can such sweet vse make of what they hate,</l>
<l>When sawcie trusting of the cosin'd thoughts</l>
<l>Defiles the pitchy night, so lust doth play</l>
<l>With what it loathes, for that which is away,</l>
<l>But more of this heereafter: you <hi rend="italic">Diana</hi>,</l>
<l>Vnder my poore instructions yet must suffer</l>
<l>Something in my behalfe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-dia">
<speaker rend="italic">Dia.</speaker>
<l>Let death and honestie</l>
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        <l>Go with your impositions, I am yours</l>
        <l>Vpon your will to suffer.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-aww-hel">
        <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
        <l>Yet I pray you:</l>
        <l>But with the word the time will bring on summer,</l>
        <l>When Briars shall haue leaues as well as thornes,</l>
        <l>And be as sweet as sharpe: we must away,</l>
        <l>Our Wagon is prepar'd, and time reuiues vs,</l>
        <l>All's well that ends well, still the fines the
          Crowne;</l>
        <l>What ere the course, the end is the renowne.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
    </div>
    <div type="scene" n="5" rend="notPresent">
      <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 5]</head>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Clowne, old
Lady, and
        Lafew.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-aww-laf">
        <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
        <p>No, no, no, your sonne was misled with a snipt
          <lb/>taffata fellow there, whose villanous saffron
          wold haue <lb/>made all the vnbak'd and dowy youth of a
          nation in his <lb/>colour: your
daughter&#x2011;in&#x2011;law
          had beene aliue at this <lb/>houre, and your sonne heere at
          home, more aduanc'd <lb/>by the King, then by that
          red&#x2011;tail'd humble Bee I speak <lb/>of.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
        <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
        <p>I would I had not knowne him, it was the death <lb/>of the
          most vertuous gentlewoman, that euer Nature <lb/>had
          praise for creating. If she had pertaken of my flesh
          <lb/>and cost mee the deerest groanes of a mother,
          I could <lb/>not haue owed her a more rooted loue.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-aww-laf">
        <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
        <p>Twas a good Lady, 'twas a good Lady. Wee <lb/>may picke a
          thousand sallets ere wee light on such ano&#x00AD;<lb/>ther
          hearbe.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-aww-lav">
        <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
        <p>Indeed sir she was the sweete Margerom of the <lb/>sallet, or
          rather the hearbe of grace.</p>
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            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-aww-laf">
               <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
               <p>They are not hearbes you knaue, they are
nose&#x00AD;<lb/>hearbes.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-aww-lav">
               <speaker rend="italic">Clowne.</speaker>
               <p>I am no great <hi rend="italic">Nabuchadnezar</hi> sir, I
haue

                  not <lb/>much skill in grace.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-aww-laf">
               <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
               <p>Whether doest thou professe thy selfe, a knaue <lb/>or a
                  foole?</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-aww-lav">
               <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
               <p>A foole sir at a womans seruice, and a knaue <lb/>at a
mans.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-aww-laf">
               <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
               <p>Your distinction.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-aww-lav">
               <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
               <p>I would cousen the man of his wife, and do his
<lb/>seruice.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-aww-laf">
               <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
               <p>So you were a knaue at his seruice indeed.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-aww-lav">
               <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
               <p>And I would giue his wife my bauble sir to doe <lb/>her
                  seruice.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-aww-laf">
               <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
               <p>I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knaue <lb/>and
                  foole.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-aww-lav">
               <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
               <p>At your seruice.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-aww-laf">
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            <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
            <p>No, no, no.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-aww-lav">
            <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
            <p>Why sir, if I cannot serue you, I can serue as <lb/>great a
               prince as you are.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-aww-laf">
            <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
            <p>Whose that, a Frenchman?</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-aww-lav">
            <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
            <p>Faith sir a has an English maine, but his
fisno&#x00AD;<lb/>mie
               is more hotter in France then there.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-aww-laf">
            <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
            <p>What prince is that?</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-aww-lav">
            <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
            <p>The blacke prince sir, alias the prince of
darke&#x00AD;<lb/>nesse,
               alias the diuell.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-aww-laf">
            <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
            <p>Hold thee there's my purse, I giue thee not this <lb/>to
               suggest thee from thy master thou
               talk'st off, serue <lb/>him still.</p>
         </sp>
         <fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Clow</fw>
         <pb facs="FFimg:axc0270-0.jpg" n="252"/>
         <fw type="rh">All's Well that Ends Well.</fw>
         <cb n="1"/>
         <sp who="#F-aww-lav">
            <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
            <p>I am a woodland fellow sir, that alwaies loued <lb/>a great
               fire, and the master I speak of euer keeps a good
               <lb/>fire, but sure he is the Prince of the world, let his
               No&#x00AD;<lb/>bilitie remaine in's Court. I am for the
               house with the <lb/>narrow gate, which I take to be too little
               for pompe to <lb/>enter: some that humble themselues may,
but
               the ma&#x00AD;<lb/>nie will be too chill and tender, and
theyle
               bee for the <lb/>flowrie way that leads to the broad
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gate, and the great <lb/>fire.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-laf">
           <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
           <p>Go thy waies, I begin to bee a wearie of thee, <lb/>and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out <lb/>with thee. Go thy wayes, let my horses be wel look'd <lb/>too, without any trickes.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-lav">
           <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
           <p>If I put any trickes vpon em sir, they shall bee <lb/>Iades trickes, which are their owne right by the law of <lb/>Nature.</p>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">exit</stage>
        <sp who="#F-aww-laf">
           <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
           <p>A shrewd knaue and an vnhappie.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
           <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
           <p>So a is. My Lord that's gone made himselfe <lb/>much sport out of him, by his authoritie hee remaines <lb/>heere, which he thinkes is a pattent for his sawcinesse, <lb/>and indeede he has no pace, but runnes where he will.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-laf">
           <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
           <p>I like him well, 'tis not amisse: and I was about <lb/>to tell you, since I heard of the good Ladies death, and <lb/>that my Lord your sonne was vpon his returne home. I <lb/>moued the King my master to speake in the behalfe of <lb/>my daughter, which in the minoritie of them both, his <lb/>Maiestie out of a selfe gracious remembrance did first <lb/>propose, his Highnesse hath promis'd me to doe it, and <lb/>to stoppe vp the displeasure he hath conceiued against <lb/>your sonne, there is no fitter matter. How do's your <lb/>Ladyship like it?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
           <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
           <p>With verie much content my Lord, and I wish <lb/>it happily effected.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-laf">
           <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
           <p>His Highnesse comes post from <hi rend="italic">Marcellus</hi>, of as <lb/>able bodie as when he

number'd thirty, a will be heere <lb/>to morrow, or I am
deceiu'd by him that in such intel&#x00AD;<lb/>ligence
hath seldome fail'd.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cou">
  <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
  <p>It reioyces me, that I hope I shall see him ere I <lb/>die. I
haue letters that my sonne will be heere to night: <lb/>I shall
beseech your Lordship to remaine with mee, till <lb/>they

meete

together.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
  <p>Madam, I was thinking with what manners I <lb/>might

safely be

admitted.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cou">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lad.</speaker>
  <p>You neede but pleade your honourable

priui&#x00AD;<lb/>ledge.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
  <p>Ladie, of that I haue made a bold charter, but <lb/>I thanke

my

God, it holds yet.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Clowne.</stage>
<sp who="#F-aww-lav">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>O Madam, yonders my Lord your sonne with <lb/>a patch of

veluet

on's face, whether there bee a scar
vn&#x00AD;<lb/>der't or no, the Veluet knowes, but 'tis
a goodly patch <lb/>of Veluet, his left cheeke is a cheeke of
two pile and a <lb/>halfe, but his right cheeke is worne
bare.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
  <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
  <l>A scarre nobly got,</l>
  <l>Or a noble scarre, is a good liu'rie of honor,</l>
  <l>So belike is that.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-lav">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>But it is your carbinado'd face.</p>
</sp>

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<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
   <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
   <p>Let vs go see <lb/>your sonne I pray you, I long to talke
      <lb/>With the yong noble souldier.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-lav">
   <speaker rend="italic">Clowne.</speaker>
   <p>'Faith there's a dozen of em, with delicate <lb/>fine
      hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the
      <lb/>head, and nod at euerie man.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
<cb n="2"/>
</div>
</div>
<div type="act" n="5">
   <div type="scene" n="1" rend="notPresent">
      <head rend="italic center">Actus Quintus.</head>
   <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 1]</head>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Hellen,
      Widdow, and
      Diana, with <lb/>two Attendants.</stage>
   <sp who="#F-aww-hel">
      <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
      <l>But this exceeding posting day and night,</l>
      <l>Must wear your spirits low, we cannot helpe it:</l>
      <l>But since you haue made the daies and nights as one,</l>
      <l>To weare your gentle limbes in my affayres,</l>
      <l>Be bold you do so grow in my requitall,</l>
      <l>As nothing can vnroote you. In happie time,</l>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a gentle
         Astringer.</stage>
      <l>This man may helpe me to his Maiesties eare,</l>
      <l>If he would spend his power. God saue you sir.</l>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-aww-gen">
      <speaker rend="italic">Gent.</speaker>
      <p>And you.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-aww-hel">
      <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
      <p>Sir, I haue seene you in the Court of France.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-aww-gen">
      <speaker rend="italic">Gent.</speaker>
      <p>I haue beene sometimes there.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-aww-hel">
      <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
      <l>I do presume sir, that you are not falne</l>
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    <l>From the report that goes vpon your goodnesse,</l>
    <l>And therefore goaded with most sharpe occasions,</l>
    <l>Which lay nice manners by, I put you to</l>
    <l>The vse of your owne vertues, for the which</l>
    <l>I shall continue thankefull.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-gen">
    <speaker rend="italic">Gent.</speaker>
    <p>What's your will?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
    <l>That it will please you</l>
    <l>To giue this poore petition to the King,</l>
    <l>And ayde me with that store of power you haue</l>
    <l>To come into his presence.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-gen">
    <speaker rend="italic">Gen.</speaker>
    <p>The Kings not heere.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
    <p>Not heere sir?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-gen">
    <speaker rend="italic">Gen.</speaker>
    <l>Not indeed,</l>
    <l>He hence remou'd last night, and with more
        hast</l>
    <l>Then is his vse.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-wid">
    <speaker rend="italic">Wid.</speaker>
    <p>Lord how we loose our paines.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
    <l>All's well that ends well yet,</l>
    <l>Though time seeme so aduerse, and meanes vnfit:</l>
    <l>I do beseech you, whither is he gone?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-gen">
    <speaker rend="italic">Gent.</speaker>
    <p>Marrie as I take it to <hi rend="italic">Rossillion</hi>,
        <lb/>Whither I am going.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
    <l>I do beseech you sir,</l>
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<l>Since you are like to see the King before me,</l>
<l>Commend the paper to his gracious hand,</l>
<l>Which I presume shall render you no blame,</l>
<l>But rather make you thanke your paines for it,</l>
<l>I will come after you with what good speede</l>
<l>Our meanes will make vs meanes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-gen">
<speaker rend="italic">Gent.</speaker>
<p>This Ile do for you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
<speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
<p>And you shall finde your selfe to be well thankt <lb/>what
e're falles more. We must to horse againe, Go, go,
<lb/>prouide.</p>
</sp>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
<head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 2]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Clowne and
Parrolles.</stage>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
<speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
<p>Good M<c rend="superscript">r</c> <hi
rend="italic">Lauatch</hi> giue my Lord <hi rend="italic">Lafew</hi> this
let&#x00AD;<lb/>ter, I haue ere now sir beene better knowne
to
you, when <lb/>I haue held familiaritie with fresher cloathes:
but I am <lb/>now sir muddied in fortunes mood, and smell
somewhat <lb/>strong of her strong displeasure.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-lav">
<speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
<p>Truely, Fortunes displeasure is but sluttish if it <lb/>smell so
strongly as thou speak'st of: I will
henceforth <lb/>eate no Fish of Fortunes butt'ring.
Prethee alow the <lb/>winde.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
<speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
<p>Nay you neede not to stop your nose sir: I spake <lb/>but
by a Metaphor.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-lav">
<speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
<p>Indeed sir, if your Metaphor stinke, I will stop
<lb/>my nose, or against any mans Metaphor. Prethe get
thee <lb/>further.</p>
</sp>

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<fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Par.</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0271-0.jpg" n="251"/>
<fw type="rh">All's Well that Ends Well.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
   <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
   <p>Pray you sir deliuer me this paper.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-lav">
   <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
   <p>Foh, prethee stand away: a paper from fortunes
      <lb/>close&#x2011;stoole, to giue to a Nobleman. Looke heere he
      <lb/>comes himselfe.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lafew.</stage>
<sp who="#F-aww-lav">
   <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
   <p>Heere is a purre of Fortunes sir, or of Fortunes <lb/>Cat, but
      not a Muscat, that ha's falne into the vncleane
      <lb/>fish&#x2011;pond of her displeasure, and as he sayes is
      muddied <lb/>withall. Pray you sir, vse the Carpe as you may,
      for he <lb/><gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1" unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>ookes like a poore decayed, ingenious, foolish,
      rascally <lb/><gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1" unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>naue. I doe pittie his distresse in my
      smiles of comfort, <lb/><gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1" unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>nd leaue him to your
Lordship.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
   <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
   <p>My Lord I am a man whom fortune hath
cruel&#x00AD;<lb/><gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1" unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>y
      scratch'd.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
   <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
   <p>And what would you haue me to doe? 'Tis too <lb/><gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1" unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>ate to paire
      her nailes now. Wherein haue you played <lb/><gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1" unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>he knaue with
      fortune that she should scratch you, who <lb/><gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1" unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>f her selfe is a
      good Lady, and would not haue knaues <lb/><gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1" unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>hriue long vnder?
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There's a Cardecue for you: Let the <lb/><gap
reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1" unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>ustices
make you and fortune friends; I am for other
<lb/><gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>usinesse.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
<speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
<p>I beseech your honour to heare mee one single
<lb/>word,</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
<speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
<p>you begge a single peny more: Come you shall <lb/>ha't,
saue your word.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
<speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
<p>My name my good Lord is <hi
rend="italic">Parrolles</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
<speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
<p>You begge more then word then. Cox my
pas&#x00AD;<lb/><gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="2" unit="chars"
resp="#JS"/>on, giue
me your hand: How does your drumme?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
<speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
<p>O my good Lord, you were the first that found
<lb/>
<gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>ee.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
<speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
<p>Was I insooth? And I was the first that lost
thee.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
<speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
<p>It lies in you my Lord to bring me in some grace <lb/><gap
reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1" unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>or you
did bring me out.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
<speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
<p>Out vpon thee knaue, doest thou put vpon mee <lb/>
<gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1"

unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>t
once both the office of God and the diuel: one brings
<lb/>
<gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="2"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>ee in grace, and the other brings thee out. The
Kings <lb/>
<gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>omming I know by his Trumpets. Sirrah,
inquire fur&#x00AD;<lb/><gap reason="illegible"
agent="cropped" extent="2" unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>er after me, I had talke of you
last night, though you <lb/>
<gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>re a foole and a
knaue, you shall eate, go too, follow.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
<speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
<p>I praise God for you.</p>
</sp>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
<head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 3]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Flourish. Enter King,
old
Lady, Lafew, the two French <lb/>Lords, with
attendants.</stage>
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
<speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
<p>We lost a Iewell of her, and our esteeme
<lb/>
<gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>as made much poorer by it: but your sonne,
<lb/>
<gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>s mad in folly, lack'd the sence to know
<lb/>
<gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>er estimation home.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cou">
<speaker rend="italic">Old La.</speaker>
<p>'Tis past my Liege, <lb/>
<gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>nd I beseech your
Maiestie to make it <lb/>
<gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>aturall rebellion, done
i'th blade of youth, <lb/>
<gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>hen oyle and fire, too

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                    strong for reasons force, <lb/>
                        <gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>re&#x2011;beares
                    it, and burnes on.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-aww-kin">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
                    <l>My honour'd Lady,</l>
                    <l>
                        <gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/> haue forgiuen and forgotten all,</l>
                    <l>Though my reuenges were high bent vpon him,</l>
                    <l>And watch'd the time to shoote.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-aww-laf">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
                    <l>This I must say,</l>
                    <l><gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>ut first I begge my pardon: the yong Lord</l>
                    <l>
                        <gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="2"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>id to his Maiesty, his Mother, and his Ladie,</l>
                    <l><gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>ffence of mighty note; but to himselfe</l>
                    <l>
                        <gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>he greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife,</l>
                    <l><gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>hose beauty did astonish the suruey</l>
                    <l>
                        <gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>f richest eies: whose words all eares tooke
                    captiue,</l>
                    <l><gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>hose deere perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serue,</l>
                    <cb n="2"/>
                    <l>Humbly call'd Mistris.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-aww-kin">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
                    <l>Praising what is lost,</l>
                    <l>Makes the remembrance deere. Well, call him hither,</l>
                    <l>We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill</l>
                    <l>All repetition: Let him not aske our pardon,</l>
                    <l>The nature of his great offence is dead,</l>
                    <l>And deeper then obliuion, we do burie</l>
                    <l>Th' incensing reliques of it. Let him approach</l>
                    <l>A stranger, no offender; and informe him</l>
                    <l>So 'tis our will he should.</l>
                </sp>
```

```xml
<sp who="#F-aww-gen">
   <speaker rend="italic">Gent.</speaker>
   <p>I shall my Liege.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
   <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
   <l>What sayes he to your daughter,</l>
   <l>Haue you spoke?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
   <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
   <p>All that he is, hath reference to your Highnes.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
   <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
   <p>Then shall we haue a match. I haue letters sent <lb/>me, that
      sets him high in fame.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Count
Bertram.</stage>
<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
   <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
   <p>He lookes well on't.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
   <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
   <l>I am not a day of season,</l>
   <l>For thou maist see a sun&#x2011;shine, and a haile</l>
   <l>In me at once: But to the brightest beames</l>
   <l>Distracted clouds giue way, so stand thou forth,</l>
   <l>The time is faire againe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
   <l>My high repented blames</l>
   <l>Deere Soueraigne pardon to me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
   <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
   <l>All is whole,</l>
   <l>Not one word more of the consumed time,</l>
   <l>Let's take the instant by the forward top:</l>
   <l>For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees</l>
   <l>Th' inaudible, and noiselesse foot of time</l>
   <l>Steales, ere we can effect them. You remember</l>
   <l>The daughter of this Lord?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
   <l>Admiringly my Liege, at first</l>
```

```xml
        <l>I stucke my choice vpon her, ere my heart</l>
        <l>Durst make too bold a herauld of my tongue:</l>
        <l>Where the impression of mine eye enfixing,</l>
        <l>Contempt his scornfull Perspectiue did lend me,</l>
        <l>Which warpt the line, of euerie other fauour,</l>
        <l>Scorn'd a faire colour, or exprest it
            stolne,</l>
        <l>Extended or contracted all proportions</l>
        <l>To a most hideous obiect. Thence it came,</l>
        <l>That she whom all men prais'd, and whom my selfe,</l>
        <l>Since I haue lost, haue lou'd; was in mine eye</l>
        <l>The dust that did offend it.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-kin">
        <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
        <l>Well excus'd:</l>
        <l>That thou didst loue her, strikes some scores
            away</l>
        <l>From the great compt: but loue that comes too late,</l>
        <l>Like a remorsefull pardon slowly carried</l>
        <l>To the great sender, turnes a sowre offence,</l>
        <l>Crying, that's good that's gone: Our rash
            faults,</l>
        <l>Make triuiall price of serious things we haue,</l>
        <l>Not knowing them, vntill we know their graue.</l>
        <l>Oft our displeasures to our selues vniust,</l>
        <l>Destroy our friends, and after weepe their dust:</l>
        <l>Our owne loue waking, cries to see what's
<choice><orig>don,e</orig><corr>done,</corr></choice></l>
        <l>While shamefull hate sleepes out the afternoone.</l>
        <l>Be this sweet <hi rend="italic">Helens</hi> knell, and now
forget
            her.</l>
        <l>Send forth your amorous token for faire <hi
rend="italic">Maudlin</hi>,</l>
        <l>The maine consents are had, and heere wee'l stay</l>
        <l>To see our widdowers second marriage day:</l>
        <l>Which better then the first, O deere heauen
            blesse,</l>
        <l>Or, ere they meete in me, O Nature cesse.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-aww-laf">
        <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
        <l>Come on my sonne, in whom my houses name</l>
        <l>Must be digested: giue a fauour from you</l>
        <l>To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,</l>
        <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">That</fw>
        <pb facs="FFimg:axc0272-0.jpg" n="252"/>
        <fw type="rh">All's Well that Ends Well.</fw>
        <cb n="1"/>
```

<l>That she may quickly come. By my old beard,</l>
<l>And eu'rie haire that's on't, <hi rend="italic">Helen</hi> that's dead</l>
<l>Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this,</l>
<l>The last that ere I tooke her leaue at Court,</l>
<l>I saw vpon her finger.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
<speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
<p>Hers it was not.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
<l>Now pray you let me see it. For mine eye,</l>
<l>While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd too't:</l>
<l>This Ring was mine, and when I gaue it <hi rend="italic">Hellen</hi>,</l>
<l>I bad her if her fortunes euer stoode</l>
<l>Necessitied to helpe, that by this token</l>
<l>I would releeue her. Had you that craft to reaue her</l>
<l>Of what should stead her most?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
<speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
<l>My gracious Soueraigne,</l>
<l>How ere it pleases you to take it so,</l>
<l>The ring was neuer hers.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-cou">
<speaker rend="italic">Old La.</speaker>
<l>Sonne, on my life</l>
<l>I haue seene her weare it, and she reckon'd it</l>
<l>At her liues rate.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
<speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
<p>I am sure I saw her weare it.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
<speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
<l>You are deceiu'd my Lord, she neuer saw it:</l>
<l>In Florence was it from a casement throwne mee,</l>
<l>Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name</l>
<l>Of her that threw it: Noble she was, and thought</l>
<l>I stood ingag'd, but when I had subscrib'd</l>
<l>To mine owne fortune, and inform'd her fully,</l>
<l>I could not answer in that course of Honour</l>
<l>As she had made the ouerture, she ceast</l>

<l>In heauie satisfaction, and would neuer</l>
    <l>Receiue the Ring againe.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-aww-kin">
    <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
    <l>
<hi rend="italic">Platus</hi> himselfe,</l>
    <l>That knowes the tinct and multiplying med'cine,</l>
    <l>Hath not in natures mysterie more science,</l>
    <l>Then I haue in this Ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas <hi rend="italic">Helens</hi>,</l>
    <l>Who euer gaue it you: then if you know</l>
    <l>That you are well acquainted with your selfe,</l>
    <l>Confesse 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement</l>
    <l>You got it from her. She call'd the Saints to suretie,</l>
    <l>That she would neuer put it from her finger,</l>
    <l>Vnlesse she gaue it to your selfe in bed,</l>
    <l>Where you haue neuer come: or sent it vs</l>
    <l>Vpon her great disaster.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-aww-ber">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
    <p>She neuer saw it.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-aww-kin">
    <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
    <l>Thou speak'st it falsely: as I loue mine Honor,</l>
    <l>And mak'st connecturall feares to come into me,</l>
    <l>Which I would faine shut out, if it should proue</l>
    <l>That thou art so inhumane, 'twill not proue so:</l>
    <l>And yet I know not, thou didst hate her deadly,</l>
    <l>And she is dead, which nothing but to close</l>
    <l>Her eyes my selfe, could win me to beleeue,</l>
    <l>More then to see this Ring. Take him away,</l>
    <l>My fore‑past proofes, how ere the matter fall</l>
    <l>Shall taze my feares of little vanitie,</l>
    <l>Hauing vainly fear'd too little. Away with him,</l>
    <l>Wee'l sift this matter further.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-aww-ber">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
    <l>If you shall proue</l>
    <l>This Ring was euer hers, you shall as easie</l>
    <l>Proue that I husbanded her bed in Florence,</l>
    <l>Where yet she neuer was.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Gentleman.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-aww-kin">
    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>

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      <p>I am wrap'd in dismall thinkings.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-aww-gen">
      <speaker rend="italic">Gen.</speaker>
      <l>Gracious Soueraigne.</l>
      <l>Whether I haue beene too blame or no, I know not,</l>
      <l>Here's a petition from a Florentine,</l>
      <l>Who hath for foure or fiue remoues come short,</l>
      <l>To tender it her selfe. I vndertooke it,</l>
      <cb n="2"/>
      <l>Vanquish'd thereto by the faire grace and speech</l>
      <l>Of the poore suppliant, who by this I know</l>
      <l>Is heere attending: her businesse lookes in her</l>
      <l>With an importing visage, and she told me</l>
      <l>In a sweet verball breefe, it did concerne</l>
      <l>Your Highnesse with her selfe.</l>
   <p rend="italic center">A Letter.</p>
   <p rend="italic">Upon his many protestations to marrie mee when
      his wife was <lb/>dead, I blush to say it, he wonne me. Now is
the
      Count Ros&#x00AD;<lb/>sillion a Widdower, his vowes are
forfeited
      to mee, and my <lb/>honors payed to him. Hee stole from
      Florence, taking no <lb/>leaue, and I follow him to his Countrey
      for Iustice: Grant <lb/>it me, O King, in you it best
      lies, otherwise a seducer flou&#x00AD;<lb/>rishes, and a poore
Maid
      is vndone.</p>
   <p rend="rightJustified">Diana Capilet.</p></sp>

   <sp who="#F-aww-laf">
      <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
      <p>I will buy me a sonne in Law in a faire, and toule <lb/>for
         this. Ile none of him.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-aww-kin">
      <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
      <l>The heauens haue thought well on thee <hi
rend="italic">Lafew</hi>,</l>
      <l>To bring forth this discou'rie, seeke these sutors:</l>
      <l>Go speedily, and bring againe the Count.</l>
   <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Bertram.</stage>
   <p>I am a&#x2011;feard the life of <hi rend="italic">Hellen</hi>
      (Ladie)</p>
   <p>Was fowly snatcht.</p></sp>

   <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
      <speaker rend="italic">Old La.</speaker>
      <p>Now iustice on the doers.</p>
   </sp>
```

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            <sp who="#F-aww-kin">
              <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
              <l>I wonder sir, sir, wiues are monsters to you,</l>
              <l>And that you flye them as you sweare them Lordship,</l>
              <l>Yet you desire to marry. What woman's that?</l>
            </sp>
            <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Widdow, Diana,
and
              Parrolles.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-aww-dia">
              <speaker rend="italic">Dia.</speaker>
              <l>I am my Lord a wretched Florentine,</l>
              <l>Deriued from the ancient Capilet,</l>
              <l>My suite as I do vnderstand you know,</l>
              <l>And therefore know how farre I may be pittied.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-aww-wid">
              <speaker rend="italic">Wid.</speaker>
              <l>I am her Mother sir, whose age and honour</l>
              <l>Both suffer vnder this complaint we bring,</l>
              <l>And both shall cease, without your remedie.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-aww-kin">
              <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
              <p>Come hether Count, do you know these
Wo&#x00AD;<lb/>men?</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-aww-ber">
              <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
              <l>My Lord, I neither can nor will denie,</l>
              <l>But that I know them, do they charge me further?</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-aww-dia">
              <speaker rend="italic">Dia.</speaker>
              <p>Why do you looke so strange vpon your wife?</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-aww-ber">
              <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
              <p>She's none of mine my Lord.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-aww-dia">
              <speaker rend="italic">Dia.</speaker>
              <l>If you shall marrie</l>
              <l>You giue away this hand, and that is mine,</l>
              <l>You giue away heauens vowes, and those are mine:</l>
              <l>You giue away my selfe, which is knowne mine:</l>
              <l>For I by vow am so embodied yours,</l>
              <l>That she which marries you, must marrie me,</l>
              <l>Either both or none.</l>
            </sp>
```

```xml
<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
    <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
    <p>Your reputation comes too short for my
daugh&#x00AD;<lb/>ter,
        you are no husband for her.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
    <l>My Lord, this is a fond and desp'rate creature,</l>
    <l>Whom sometime I haue laugh'd with: Let your highnes</l>
    <l>Lay a more noble thought vpon mine honour,</l>
    <l>Then for to thinke that I would sinke it heere.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
    <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
    <l>Sir for my thoughts, you haue them il to friend,</l>
    <l>Till your deeds gaine them fairer: proue your honor,</l>
    <l>Then in my thought it lies.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-dia">
    <speaker rend="italic">Dian.</speaker>
    <l>Good my Lord,</l>
    <l>Aske him vpon his oath, if hee do's thinke</l>
    <l>He had not my virginity.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
    <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
    <p>What saist thou to her?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ber.</speaker>
    <l>She's impudent my Lord,</l>
    <l>And was a common gamester to the Campe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-dia">
    <speaker rend="italic">Dia.</speaker>
    <l>He do's me wrong my Lord: If I were so,</l>
    <l>He might haue bought me at a common price.</l>
    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Do</fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0273-0.jpg" n="253"/>
    <fw type="rh">All's Well, that Ends Well.</fw>
    <cb n="1"/>
    <l><gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>o not beleeue him. O behold this Ring,</l>
    <l>
        <gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>hose high respect and rich validitie</l>
    <l>
        <gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>id lacke a Paralell: yet for all that</l>
```

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            <l>
                <gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>e gaue it to a Commoner a'th Campe</l>
            <l>
                <gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="2"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/> I be one.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-cou">
            <speaker rend="italic">Coun.</speaker>
            <l>He blushes, and 'tis hit:</l>
            <l>
                <gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>f sixe preceding Ancestors that Iemme</l>
            <l>
                <gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>>onfer'd by testament to'th sequent
                issue</l>
            <l>
                <gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>ath it beene owed and worne. This is his wife,</l>
            <l>
                <gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>hat Ring's a thousand proofes.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-kin">
            <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
            <l>Me thought you saide</l>
            <l>
                <gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>ou saw one heere in Court could witnesse it.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-dia">
            <speaker rend="italic">Dia.</speaker>
            <l>I did my Lord, but loath am to produce</l>
            <l>
                <gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>o bad an instrument, his names <hi
rend="italic">Parrolles</hi>.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-laf">
            <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
            <p>I saw the man to day, if man he bee.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-kin">
            <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
            <p>Finde him, and bring him hether.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-aww-ber">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
            <l>What of him:</l>
```

```xml
                        <l>
                                <gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>e's quoted for a most perfidious
                                slaue</l>
                        <l>
                                <gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>ith all the spots a'th world, taxt and
                                debosh'd,</l>
                        <l>
                                <gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>hose nature sickens: but to speake a truth,</l>
                        <l>
                                <gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>m I, or that or this for what he'l vtter,</l>
                        <l>
                                <gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>hat will speake any thing.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-aww-kin">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
                        <p>She hath that Ring of yours.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-aww-ber">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
                        <l>I thinke she has; certaine it is I lyk'd her,</l>
                        <l>
                                <gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>nd boorded her i'th wanton way of youth:</l>
                        <l>
                                <gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>he knew her distance, and did angle for mee,</l>
                        <l>
                                <gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>adding my eagernesse with her restraint,</l>
                        <l>
                                <gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>s all impediments in fancies course</l>
                        <l>
                                <gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>re motiues of more fancie, and in fine,</l>
                        <l>
                                <gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>er insuite comming with her moderne grace,</l>
                        <l>
                                <gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>ubdu'd me to her rate, she got the Ring,</l>
                        <l>
                                <gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>nd I had that which any inferiour might</l>
                        <l>
```

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                        <gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>t Market price haue bought.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-aww-dia">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Dia.</speaker>
                        <l>I must be patient:</l>
                        <l>
                            <gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>ou that haue turn'd off a first
                            so noble wife,</l>
                        <l>May iustly dyet me. I pray you yet,</l>
                        <l>Since you lacke vertue, I will loose a husband)</l>
                        <l>
                            <gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>end for your Ring, I will returne it home,</l>
                        <l><gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>nd giue me mine againe.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-aww-ber">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
                        <p>I haue it not.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-aww-kin">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
                        <p>What Ring was yours I pray you?</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-aww-dia">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Dian.</speaker>
                        <p>Sir much like the same vpon your finger.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-aww-kin">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
                        <p>Know you this Ring, this Ring was his of late.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-aww-dia">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Dia.</speaker>
                        <p>And this was it I gaue him being a bed.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-aww-kin">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
                        <p>The story then goes false, you threw it him <lb/>
                            <gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>ut
                            of a Casement.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-aww-dia">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Dia.</speaker>
                        <p>I haue spoke the truth. <stage rend="italic rightJustified"
type="entrance">Enter Parolles.</stage></p>
                    </sp>
```

```xml
<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
   <p>My Lord, I do confesse the ring was hers.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
   <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
   <l>You boggle shrewdly, euery feather starts you:</l>
   <l>
      <gap reason="illegible" agent="cropped" extent="1"
unit="chars" resp="#JS"/>s this the man you speake of?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-dia">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dia.</speaker>
   <p>I, my Lord</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
   <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
   <l>Tell me sirrah, but tell me true I charge you,</l>
   <l>Not fearing the displeasure of your master:</l>
   <l>Which on your iust proceeding, Ile keepe off,</l>
   <l>By him and by this woman heere, what know you?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
   <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
   <p>So please your Maiesty, my master hath bin an
      <lb/>honourable Gentleman. Trickes hee hath had in him,
      <lb/>which Gentlemen haue.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
   <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
   <p>Come, come, to'th' purpose: Did hee loue this
      <lb/>woman?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
   <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
   <p>Faith sir he did loue her, but how.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
   <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
   <p>How I pray you?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
   <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
   <p>He did loue her sir, as a Gent. loues a Woman.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
   <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
   <p>How is that?</p>
</sp>
```

```xml
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
   <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
   <p>He lou'd her sir, and lou'd her not.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
   <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
   <p>As thou art a knaue and no knaue, what an
equi&#x00AD;<cb n="2"/><lb/>uocall Companion is this?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
   <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
   <p>I am a poore man, and at your Maiesties
      com&#x00AD;<lb/>mand.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
   <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
   <p>Hee's a good drumme my Lord, but a naughtie
      <lb/>Orator.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-dia">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dian.</speaker>
   <p>Do you know he promist me marriage?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
   <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
   <p>Faith I know more then Ile speake.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
   <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
   <p>But wilt thou not speake all thou know'st?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-par">
   <speaker rend="italic">Par.</speaker>
   <p>Yes so please your Maiesty: I did goe betweene <lb/>them
      as I said, but more then that he loued her, for
in&#x00AD;<lb/>deede
         he was madde for her, and talkt of Sathan, and of
         <lb/>Limbo, and of Furies, and I know not what: yet I was in
         <lb/>that credit with them at that time, that I knewe of their
         <lb/>going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her
         <lb/>marriage, and things which would deriue mee ill will to
         <lb/>speake of, therefore I will not speake what I know.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
   <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
   <p>Thou hast spoken all alreadie, vnlesse thou canst
      <lb/>say they are maried, but thou art too fine in thy
      euidence, <lb/>therefore stand aside. This Ring you say
      was yours.</p>
</sp>
```

```xml
<sp who="#F-aww-dia">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dia.</speaker>
   <p>I my good Lord.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
   <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
   <p>Where did you buy it? Or who gaue it you?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-dia">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dia.</speaker>
   <p>It was not giuen me, nor I did not buy it.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
   <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
   <p>Who lent it you?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-dia">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dia.</speaker>
   <p>It was not lent me neither.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
   <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
   <p>Where did you finde it then?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-dia">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dia.</speaker>
   <p>I found it not.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
   <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
   <l>If it were yours by none of all these wayes,</l>
   <l>How could you giue it him?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-dia">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dia.</speaker>
   <p>I neuer gaue it him.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-laf">
   <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
   <p>This womans an easie gloue my Lord, she goes <lb/>off and
      on at pleasure.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
   <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
   <p>This Ring was mine, I gaue it his first wife.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-dia">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dia.</speaker>
   <p>It might be yours or hers for ought I know.</p>
</sp>
```

```xml
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
   <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
   <l>Take her away, I do not like her now,</l>
   <l>To prison with her: and away with him,</l>
   <l>Vnlesse thou telst me where thou hadst this Ring,</l>
   <l>Thou diest within this houre.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-dia">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dia.</speaker>
   <p>Ile neuer tell you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
   <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
   <p>Take her away.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-dia">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dia.</speaker>
   <p>Ile put in baile my liedge.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
   <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
   <p>I thinke thee now some common Customer.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-dia">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dia.</speaker>
   <p>By Ioue if euer I knew man 'twas you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
   <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
   <p>Wherefore hast thou accusde him al this while.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-dia">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dia.</speaker>
   <l>Because he's guiltie, and he is not guilty:</l>
   <l>He knowes I am no Maid, and hee'l sweare too't:</l>
   <l>Ile sweare I am a Maid, and he knowes not.</l>
   <l>Great King I am no strumpet, by my life,</l>
   <l>I am either Maid, or else this old mans wife.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
   <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
   <p>She does abuse our eares, to prison with her.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-dia">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dia.</speaker>
   <l>Good mother fetch my bayle. Stay Royall sir,</l>
   <l>The Ieweller that owes the Ring is sent for,</l>
   <l>And he shall surety me. But for this Lord,</l>
   <l>Who hath abus'd me as he knowes himselfe,</l>
   <l>Though yet he neuer harm'd me, heere I quit him.</l>
```

<l>He knowes himselfe my bed he hath defil'd,</l>
<l>And at that time he got his wife with childe:</l>
<l>Dead though she be, she feeles her yong one kicke:</l>
<l>So there's my riddle, one that's dead is
   quicke,</l>
<l>And now behold the meaning.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Hellen and
   Widdow.</stage>
<sp who="#F-aww-kin">
   <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
   <l>Is there no exorcist</l>
   <l>Beguiles the truer Office of mine eyes?</l>
   <l>Is't reall that I see?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
   <p>No my good Lord,</p>
   <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">Y</fw>
   <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">'Tis</fw>
   <pb facs="FFimg:axc0274-0.jpg" n="254"/>
   <fw type="rh">All's Well, that Ends Well.</fw>
   <cb n="1"/>
   <l>'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,</l>
   <l>The name, and not the thing.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
   <p>Both, both, O pardon.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
   <l>Oh my good Lord, when I was like this Maid,</l>
   <l>I found you wondrous kinde, there is your Ring,</l>
   <l>And looke you, heeres your letter: this it sayes,</l>
   <l>When from my finger you can get this Ring,</l>
   <l>And is by me with childe, &amp;c. This is done,</l>
   <l>Will you be mine now you are doubly wonne?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-ber">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ros.</speaker>
   <l>If she my Liege can make me know this clearly,</l>
   <l>Ile loue her dearely, euer, euer dearly.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-aww-hel">
   <speaker rend="italic">Hel.</speaker>
   <l>If it appeare not plaine, and proue vntrue,</l>
   <l>Deadly diuorce step betweene me and you.</l>
   <l>O my deere mother do I see you liuing?</l>
</sp>

```xml
            <sp who="#F-aww-laf">
                <speaker rend="italic">Laf.</speaker>
                <l>Mine eyes smell Onions, I shall weepe anon:</l>
                <l>Good Tom Drumme lend me a handkercher.</l>
                <l>So I thanke thee, waite on me home, Ile make sport with
<lb/>thee: Let thy curtsies alone, they are scuruy ones.</l>
            </sp>
            <cb n="2"/>
            <sp who="#F-aww-kin">
                <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
                <l>Let vs from point to point this storie know,</l>
                <l>To make the euen truth in pleasure flow:</l>
                <l>If thou beest yet a fresh vncropped flower,</l>
                <l>Choose thou thy husband, and Ile pay thy dower.</l>
                <l>For I can guesse, that by thy honest ayde,</l>
                <l>Thou keptst a wife her selfe, thy selfe a Maide.</l>
                <l>Of that and all the progresse more and lesse,</l>
                <l>Resoluedly more leasure shall expresse:</l>
                <l>All yet seemes well, and if it end so meete,</l>
                <l>The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.</l>
            </sp>
            <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Flourish.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-aww-epi">
            <l rend="italic"><c rend="decoratedCapital">T</c>He Kings a
Begger, now the Play is done,</l>
                <l rend="italic">All is well ended, if this suite be wonne,</l>
                <l rend="italic">That you expresse Content: which we will pay,</l>
                <l rend="italic">With strife to please you, day exceeding day:</l>
                <l rend="italic">Ours be your patience then, and yours our
parts,</l>
                <l rend="italic">Your gentle hands lend vs, and take our
hearts.</l></sp>
                <stage rend="rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt. omn.</stage>
            </div>
            </div>
            <trailer>FINIS.</trailer>
        </div>
    </body>
</text>
</TEI>
```