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*****All's Well, that Ends Well*****

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All's Well, that Ends Well

by William Shakespeare

July, 2000 [Etext #2246]

The Project Gutenberg's Etext of Shakespeare's First Folio

*****All's Well, that Ends Well*****

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Project Gutenberg's Etext of Shakespeare's The first Part of
Henry the Sixt

Executive Director's Notes:

In addition to the notes below, and so you will **NOT** think all the spelling errors introduced by the printers of the time have been corrected, here are the first few lines of Hamlet, as they are presented herein:

Barnardo. Who's there?

Fran. Nay answer me: Stand & vnfold
your selfe

Bar. Long liue the King

As I understand it, the printers often ran out of certain words or letters they had often packed into a "cliche". . .this is the original meaning of the term cliche. . .and thus, being unwilling to unpack the cliches, and thus you will see some substitutions that look very odd. . .such as the exchanges of u for v, v for u, above. . .and you may wonder why they did it this way, presuming Shakespeare did not actually write the play in this manner. . . .

The answer is that they MAY have packed "liue" into a cliche at a time when they were out of "v"s. . .possibly having used "vv" in place of some "w"s, etc. This was a common practice of the day, as print was still quite expensive, and they didn't want to spend more on a wider selection of characters than they had to.

You will find a lot of these kinds of "errors" in this text, as I have mentioned in other times and places, many "scholars" have an extreme attachment to these errors, and many have accorded them a very high place in the "canon" of Shakespeare. My father read an assortment of these made available to him by Cambridge University in England for several months in a glass room constructed for the purpose. To the best of my knowledge he read ALL those available . . .in great detail. . .and determined from the various changes, that Shakespeare most likely did not write in nearly as many of a variety of errors we credit him for, even though he was in/famous for signing his name with several different spellings.

So, please take this into account when reading the comments below made by our volunteer who prepared this file: you may see errors that are "not" errors. . . .

So. . .with this caveat. . .we have NOT changed the canon errors, here is the Project Gutenberg Etext of Shakespeare's The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Michael S. Hart
Project Gutenberg
Executive Director

Scanner's Notes: What this is and isn't. This was taken from a copy of Shakespeare's first folio and it is as close as I can come in ASCII to the printed text.

The elongated S's have been changed to small s's and the conjoined ae have been changed to ae. I have left the spelling, punctuation, capitalization as close as possible to the printed text. I have corrected some spelling mistakes (I have put together a spelling dictionary devised from the spellings of the Geneva Bible and Shakespeare's First Folio and have unified spellings according to this template), typo's and expanded abbreviations as I have come across them. Everything within brackets [] is what I have added. So if you don't like that you can delete everything within the brackets if you want a purer Shakespeare.

Another thing that you should be aware of is that there are textual differences between various copies of the first folio. So there may be differences (other than what I have mentioned above) between this and other first folio editions. This is due to the printer's habit of setting the type and running off a number of copies and then proofing the printed copy and correcting the type and then continuing the printing run. The proof run wasn't thrown

away but incorporated into the printed copies. This is just the way it is. The text I have used was a composite of more than 30 different First Folio editions' best pages.

If you find any scanning errors, out and out typos, punctuation errors, or if you disagree with my spelling choices please feel free to email me those errors. I wish to make this the best etext possible. My email address for right now are haradda@aol.com and davidr@inconnect.com. I hope that you enjoy this.

David Reed

All's Well, that Ends Well

Actus primus. Scoena Prima.

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

Mother. In deliuering my sonne from me, I burie a second
husband

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

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

Mo. What hope is there of his Maiesties amendment? Laf. He hath abandon'd his Phisitions Madam, vnder whose practises he hath persecuted time
with hope, and finds no other aduantage in the processe, but onely the loosing of hope by time

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

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

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

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

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

Laf. A Fistula my Lord

Ros. I heard not of it before

Laf. I would it were not notorious. Was this Gentlewoman the Daughter of Gerard de Narbon? Mo. His sole childe my Lord, and bequeathed to my ouer looking. I haue those hopes of her good, that her education promises her dispositions shee inherits, which makes faire gifts fairer: for where an vncleane mind carries vertuous qualities, there commendations go with pittie, they are vertues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simplenesse; she deriues her honestie, and atcheeues her goodnesse

Lafew. Your commendations Madam get from her teares

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

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

Mo. If the liuing be enemie to the greefe, the excesse
makes it soone mortall

Ros. Maddam I desire your holie wishes

Laf. How vnderstand we that?

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

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

Mo. Heauen blesse him: Farwell Bertram

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

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

Hell. O were that all, I thinke not on my father,
And these great teares grace his remembrance more
Then those I shed for him. What was he like?
I haue forgott him. My imagination
Carries no fauour in't but Bertrams.
I am vndone, there is no liuing, none,
If Bertram be away. 'Twere all one,
That I should loue a bright particuler starre,
And think to wed it, he is so aboue me
In his bright radience and colaterall light,
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere;
Th' ambition in my loue thus plagues it selfe:
The hind that would be mated by the Lion
Must die for loue. 'Twas prettie, though a plague
To see him euerie houre to sit and draw
His arched browes, his hawking eie, his curls
In our hearts table: heart too capeable
Of euerie line and tricke of his sweet fauour.
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancie
Must sanctifie his Reliques. Who comes heere?
Enter Parrolles.

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

Par. Saue you faire Queene

Hel. And you Monarch

Par. No

Hel. And no

Par. Are you meditating on virginitie?

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

Par. Keepe him out

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

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

Hel. Blesse our poore Virginity from vnderminers and blowers vp. Is there no Military policy how Virgins might blow vp men? Par. Virginity beeing blowne downe, Man will quicklier be blowne vp: marry in blowing him downe againe, with the breach your selues made, you lose your Citty. It is not politicke, in the Common-wealth of Nature, to preserue virginity. Losse of Virginitie, is rationall encrease, and there was neuer Virgin goe, till virginitie was first lost. That you were made of, is mettall to make Virgins. Virginitie, by beeing once lost, may be ten times found: by being euer kept, it is euer lost: 'tis too cold a companion: Away with't

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

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

Hel. How might one do sir, to loose it to her owne liking? Par. Let mee see. Marry ill, to like him that ne're it likes. 'Tis a commodity wil lose the glosse with lying: The longer kept, the lesse worth: Off with't while 'tis vendible. Answer the time of request, Virginitie like an olde Courtier, weares her cap out of fashion, richly suted, but vnsuteable, iust like the brooch & the tooth-pick, which were not now: your Date is better in your Pye and your Porredge, then in your cheeke: and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French wither'd peares, it lookes ill, it eates drily, marry 'tis a wither'd peare: it was formerly better, marry yet 'tis a wither'd peare: Will you any thing with it? Hel. Not my virginity yet: There shall your Master haue a thousand loues, A Mother, and a Mistresse, and a friend, A Phenix, Captaine, and an enemy, A guide, a Goddess, and a Soueraigne, A Counsellor, a Traitorresse, and a Deare: His humble ambition, proud humility: His iarring, concord: and his discord, dulcet: His faith, his sweet disaster: with a world Of pretty fond adoptious christendomes That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he: I know not what he shall, God send him well, The Courts a learning place, and he is one

Par. What one ifaith?

Hel. That I wish well, 'tis pitty

Par. What's pitty?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't,

Which might be felt, that we the poorer borne,
Whose baser starres do shut vs vp in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And shew what we alone must thinke, which neuer
Returnes vs thanks.
Enter Page.

Pag. Monsieur Parrolles,
My Lord cals for you

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

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were borne vnder a
charitable starre

Par. Vnder Mars I

Hel. I especially thinke, vnder Mars

Par. Why vnder Mars?

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

Par. When he was predominant

Hel. When he was retrograde I thinke rather

Par. Why thinke you so?

Hel. You go so much backward when you fight

Par. That's for aduantage

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

Paroll. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answere thee acutely: I will returne perfect Courtier, in the which my instruction shall serue to naturalize
thee, so thou wilt be capeable of a Courtiers councell, and vnderstand what aduice shall thrust vppon thee, else thou diest in thine vnthankfulnes, and
thine ignorance makes thee away, farewell: When thou hast leysure, say thy praiers: when thou hast none, remember thy Friends: Get thee a good
husband, and vse him as he vses thee: So farewell

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

Exit

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

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

1.Lo.G. So tis reported sir

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

1.Lo.G. His loue and wisdoms Approu'd so to your Maiesty, may pleade For amplest credence

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

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

King. What's he comes heere.
Enter Bertram, Lafew, and Parolles.

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

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

Ber. My thanks and dutie are your Maiesties

Kin. I would I had that corporall soundnesse now,
As when thy father, and my selfe, in friendship
First tride our souldiership: he did looke farre
Into the seruice of the time, and was
Discipl'd of the brauest. He lasted long,
But on vs both did haggish Age steale on,
And wore vs out of act: It much repaires me
To talke of your good father; in his youth
He had the wit, which I can well obserue
To day in our yong Lords: but they may iest
Till their owne scorne returne to them vnnoted
Ere they can hide their leuitie in honour:
So like a Courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride, or sharpnesse; if they were,
His equall had awak'd them, and his honour
Clocke to it selfe, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speake: and at this time
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him,
He vs'd as creatures of another place,
And bow'd his eminent top to their low rankes,
Making them proud of his humilitie,
In their poore praise he humbled: Such a man
Might be a copie to these yonger times;
Which followed well, would demonstrate them now
But goers backward

Ber. His good remembrance sir
Lies richer in your thoughts, then on his tombe:

So in approofe liues not his Epitaph,
As in your royall speech

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

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

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

Ber. Some six moneths since my Lord

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

Ber. Thanke your Maiesty.

Exit

Flourish.

Enter Countesse, Steward, and Clowne.

Coun. I will now heare, what say you of this gentlewoman

Ste. Maddam the care I haue had to euen your content, I wish might be found in the Kalender of my past endeouours, for then we wound our Modestie, and make foule the clearnesse of our deseruings, when of our selues we publish them

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

Clo. 'Tis not vnknown to you Madam, I am a poore fellow

Coun. Well sir

Clo. No maddam, 'Tis not so well that I am poore, though manie of the rich are damn'd, but if I may haue your Ladiships good will to goe to the world, Isbell the woman and I will doe as we may

Coun. Wilt thou needes be a begger?

Clo. I doe beg your good will in this case

Cou. In what case?

Clo. In Isbels case and mine owne: seruice is no heritage, and I thinke I shall neuer haue the blessing of God, till I haue issue a my bodie: for they say barnes are blessings

Cou. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marrie?

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

Cou. Is this all your worships reason?

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

Cou. May the world know them?

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

Cou. Thy marriage sooner then thy wickednesse

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

Cou. Such friends are thine enemies knaue

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

Cou. Wilt thou euer be a foule mouth'd and calumnious knaue? Clo. A Prophet I Madam, and I speake the truth the next waie, for I the Ballad will repeate, which men full true shall finde, your marriage comes by destinie, your Cuckow sings by kinde

Cou. Get you gone sir, Ile talke with you more anon

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

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

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

bis

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

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

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

Cou. Youle begone sir knaue, and doe as I command you? Clo. That man should be at womans command, and yet no hurt done, though honestie be no Puritan, yet it will doe no hurt, it will weare the Surplis of humilitie ouer the blacke-Gowne of a bigge heart: I am going forsooth, the businesse is for Helen to come hither. Enter.

Cou. Well now

Stew. I know Madam you loue your Gentlewoman intirely

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

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

Cou. You haue discharg'd this honestlie, keepe it to your selfe, manie likelihoods inform'd mee of this before, which hung so tottring in the ballance, that I could neither beleue nor misdoubt: praie you leaue mee, stall this in your bosome, and I thanke you for your honest care: I will speake with you further anon.

Exit Steward.

Enter Hellen.

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

Hell. What is your pleasure Madam?

Ol.Cou. You know Hellen I am a mother to you

Hell. Mine honorable Mistris

Ol.Cou. Nay a mother, why not a mother? when I
sed a mother
Me thought you saw a serpent, what's in mother,
That you start at it? I say I am your mother,
And put you in the Catalogue of those
That were enwombed mine, 'tis often seene
Adoption striues with nature, and choise breeds
A natue slip to vs from forraine seedes:
You nere opprest me with a mothers groane,
Yet I expresse to you a mothers care,
(Gods mercie maiden) dos it curd thy blood

To say I am thy mother? what's the matter,
That this distempered messenger of wet?
The manie colour'd Iris rounds thine eye? - Why, that you are my
daughter?

Hell. That I am not

Old.Cou. I say I am your Mother

Hell. Pardon Madam.
The Count Rosillion cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honored name:
No note vpon my Parents, his all noble,
My Master, my deere Lord he is, and I
His seruant liue, and will his vassall die:
He must not be my brother

Ol.Cou. Nor I your Mother

Hell. You are my mother Madam, would you were
So that my Lord your sonne were not my brother,
Indeede my mother, or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for, then I doe for heauen,
So I were not his sister, cant no other,
But I your daughter, he must be my brother

Old.Cou. Yes Hellen, you might be my daughter in law,
God shield you meane it not, daughter and mother
So striue vpon your pulse; what pale agen?
My feare hath catcht your fondnesse! now I see
The mistrie of your louelinesse, and finde
Your salt teares head, now to all sence 'tis grosse:
You loue my sonne, inuention is asham'd
Against the proclamation of thy passion
To say thou doost not: therefore tell me true,
But tell me then 'tis so, for looke, thy cheekes
Confesse it 'ton tooth to th' other, and thine eies
See it so grosely showne in thy behaiours,
That in their kinde they speake it, onely sinne
And hellish obstinacie tye thy tongue
That truth should be suspected, speake, ist so?
If it be so, you haue wound a goodly clewe:

If it be not, forswear't how ere I charge thee,
As heauen shall worke in me for thine auaille
To tell me truelie

Hell. Good Madam pardon me

Cou. Do you loue my Sonne?
Hell. Your pardon noble Mistris

Cou. Loue you my Sonne?
Hell. Doe not you loue him Madam?
Cou. Goe not about; my loue hath in't a bond
Whereof the world takes note: Come, come, disclose:
The state of your affection, for your passions
Haue to the full appeach'd

Hell. Then I confesse
Here on my knee, before high heauen and you,
That before you, and next vnto high heauen, I loue your
Sonne:
My friends were poore but honest, so's my loue:
Be not offended, for it hurts not him
That he is lou'd of me; I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suite,
Nor would I haue him, till I doe deserue him,
Yet neuer know how that desert should be:
I know I loue in vaine, striue against hope:
Yet in this captious, and intemible Siue.
I still poure in the waters of my loue
And lacke not to loose still; thus Indian like
Religious in mine error, I adore
The Sunne that lookes vpon his worshipper,
But knowes of him no more. My deerest Madam,
Let not your hate incounter with my loue,
For louing where you doe; but if your selfe,
Whose aged honor cites a vertuous youth,
Did euer, in so true a flame of liking,
Wish chastly, and loue dearely, that your Dian
Was both her selfe and loue, O then giue pittie
To her whose state is such, that cannot choose
But lend and giue where she is sure to loose;

That seekes not to finde that, her search implies,
But riddle like, liues sweetely where she dies

Cou. Had you not lately an intent, speake truely,
To goe to Paris?
Hell. Madam I had

Cou. Wherefore? tell true

Hell. I will tell truth, by grace it selfe I sweare:
You know my Father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prou'd effects, such as his reading
And manifest experience, had collected

For generall soueraigntie: and that he wil'd me
In heedfull'st reseruatiō to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusiue were,
More then they were in note: Amongst the rest,
There is a remedie, approu'd, set downe,
To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The King is render'd lost

Cou. This was your motiue for Paris, was it, speake?
Hell. My Lord, your sonne, made me to think of this;
Else Paris, and the medicine, and the King,
Had from the conuersation of my thoughts,
Happily beene absent then

Cou. But thinke you Hellen,
If you should tender your supposed aide,
He would receiue it? He and his Phisitions
Are of a minde, he, that they cannot helpe him:
They, that they cannot helpe, how shall they credit
A poore vnlearned Virgin, when the Schooles
Embowel'd of their doctrine, haue left off
The danger to it selfe

Hell. There's something in't
More then my Fathers skill, which was the great'st
Of his profession, that his good receipt,
Shall for my legacie be sanctified

Byth' luckiest stars in heauen, and would your honor
But giue me leaue to trie successe, I'de venture
The well lost life of mine, on his Graces cure,
By such a day, an houre

Cou. Doo'st thou beleue't?
Hell. I Madam knowingly

Cou. Why Hellen thou shalt haue my leaue and loue,
Meanes and attendants, and my louing greetings
To those of mine in Court, Ile staie at home
And praie Gods blessing into thy attempt:
Begon to morrow, and be sure of this,
What I can helpe thee to, thou shalt not misse.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter the King with diuers yong Lords, taking leaue for the Florentine warre: Count, Rosse, and Parrolles. Florish Cornets.

King. Farewell yong Lords, these warlike principles
Doe not throw from you, and you my Lords farewell:
Share the aduice betwixt you, if both gaine, all
The guift doth stretch it selfe as 'tis receiu'd,
And is enough for both

Lord.G. 'Tis our hope sir,
After well entred souldiers, to returne
And finde your grace in health

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

L.G. Health at your bidding serue your Maiesty

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

Bo. Our hearts receiue your warnings

King. Farewell, come hether to me

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

Parr. 'Tis not his fault the spark

2.Lo.E. Oh 'tis braue warres

Parr. Most admirable, I haue seene those warres

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

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

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

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

Parr. Commit it Count

2.Lo.E. I am your accessory, and so farewell

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

1.Lo.G. Farewell Captaine

2.Lo.E. Sweet Mounsier Parolles

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

Lo.G. We shall noble Captaine

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

Ross. Stay the King

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

Ross. And I will doe so

Parr. Worthy fellowes, and like to prooue most sinewie sword-men.

Exeunt.

Enter Lafew.

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

King. Ile see thee to stand vp

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

King. I would I had, so I had broke thy pate
And askt thee mercy for't

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

King. No

Laf. O will you eat no grapes my royall foxe?
Yes but you will, my noble grapes, and if
My royall foxe could reach them: I haue seen a medicine
That's able to breath life into a stone,
Quicken a rocke, and make you dance Canari

With sprightly fire and motion, whose simple touch
Is powerfull to arayse King Pippen, nay
To giue great Charlemaine a pen in's hand
And write to her a loue-line

King. What her is this?

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

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

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

King. Thus he his speciall nothing euer prologues

Laf. Nay, come your waies.
Enter Hellen.

King. This haste hath wings indeed

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

King. Now faire one, do's your busines follow vs?
Hel. I my good Lord,
Gerard de Narbon was my father,
In what he did professe, well found

King. I knew him

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

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

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

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

Hell. What I can doe, can doe no hurt to try,
Since you set vp your rest 'gainst remedie:
He that of greatest workes is finisher,

Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy Writ, in babes hath iudgement showne,
When Iudges haue bin babes; great flouds haue flowne
From simple sources: and great Seas haue dried
When Miracles haue by the great'st beene denied.
Oft expectation failes, and most oft there
Where most it promises: and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despaire most shifts

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

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

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

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

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

Hell. Taxe of impudence,
A strumpets boldnesse, a divulged shame

Traduc'd by odious ballads: my maidens name
Sear'd otherwise, ne worse of worst extended
With vildest torture, let my life be ended

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

Hel. If I breake time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, vnpittied let me die,
And well deseru'd: not helping, death's my fee,
But if I helpe, what doe you promise me

Kin. Make thy demand

Hel. But will you make it euen?

Kin. I by my Scepter, and my hopes of helpe

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

Kin. Heere is my hand, the premises obseru'd,
Thy will by my performance shall be seru'd:
So make the choice of thy owne time, for I
Thy resolv'd Patient, on thee still relye:
More should I question thee, and more I must,

Though more to know, could not be more to trust:
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on, but rest
Vnquestion'd welcome, and vndoubted blest.
Giue me some helpe heere hoa, if thou proceed,
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

Florish. Exit.

Enter Countesse and Clowne.

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

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

Lady. To the Court, why what place make you speciall, when you put off that with such contempt, but to the Court? Clo. Truly Madam, if God haue
lent a man any manners, hee may easilie put it off at Court: hee that cannot make a legge, put off's cap, kisse his hand, and say nothing, has neither
legge, hands, lippe, nor cap; and indeed such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the Court, but for me, I haue an answere will serue all men

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

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

Lady. Will your answere serue fit to all questions? Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an Atturney, as your French Crowne for your taffety
punke, as Tibs rush for Toms fore-finger, as a pancake for Shroue-tuesday, a Morris for May-day, as the naile to his hole, the Cuckold to his horne, as
a scolding queane to a wrangling knaue, as the Nuns lip to the Friers mouth, nay as the pudding to his skin

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

Clo. From below your Duke, to beneath your Constable,
it will fit any question

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

La. You were lately whipt sir as I thinke

Clo. O Lord sir, spare not me

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

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

La. I play the noble huswife with the time, to entertaine
it so merrily with a foole

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

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

Clo. Not much commendation to them

La. Not much imployment for you, you vnderstand me

Clo. Most fruitfully, I am there, before my legges

La. Hast you agen.

Exeunt.

Enter Count, Lafew, and Parolles.

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

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

Ros. And so 'tis

Ol.Laf. To be relinquisht of the Artists

Par. So I say both of Galen and Paracelsus

Ol.Laf. Of all the learned and authenticke fellowes

Par. Right so I say

Ol.Laf. That gaue him out incureable

Par. Why there 'tis, so say I too

Ol.Laf. Not to be help'd

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

Ol.Laf. Vncertaine life, and sure death

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ol.Laf. Very hand of heauen

Par. I, so I say

Ol.Laf. In a most weake-

Par. And debile minister great power, great transcendence,
which should indeede giue vs a further vse to
be made, then alone the recou'ry of the king, as to bee

Old Laf. Generally thankfull.

Enter King, Hellen, and attendants.

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

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

Par. Mor du vinager, is not this Helen?

Ol.Laf. Fore God I thinke so

King. Goe call before mee all the Lords in Court,
Sit my preseruer by thy patients side,
And with this healthfull hand whose banisht sence
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receyue
The confirmation of my promis'd guift,
Which but attends thy naming.
Enter 3 or 4 Lords.

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

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

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

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

She addresses her to a Lord.

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

All. We vnderstand it, and thanke heauen for you

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

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

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

Hel. Thankes sir, all the rest is mute

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

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

2.Lo. No better if you please

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

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

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

Old Laf. These boyes are boyes of Ice, they'le none haue heere: sure they are bastards to the English, the French nere got em

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

4.Lord. Faire one, I thinke not so

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

King. Tis onely title thou disdainst in her, the which
I can build vp: strange is it that our bloods
Of colour, waight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction: yet stands off
In differences so mightie. If she bee
All that is vertuous (saue what thou dislik'st)
A poore Phisitians daughter, thou dislik'st
Of vertue for the name: but doe not so:

From lowest place, whence vertuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by th' doers deede.
Where great additions swell's, and vertue none,
It is a dropsied honour. Good alone,
Is good without a name? Vilenesse is so:
The propertie by what is is, should go,
Not by the title. Shee is young, wise, faire,
In these, to Nature shee's immediate heire:
And these breed honour: that is honours scorne,
Which challenges it selfe as honours borne,
And is not like the sire: Honours thriue,
When rather from our acts we them deriue
Then our fore-goers: the meere words, a slaue
Debosh'd on euerie tombe, on euerie graue:
A lying Trophee, and as oft is dumbe,
Where dust, and damn'd obliuion is the Tombe.
Of honour'd bones indeed, what should be saide?
If thou canst like this creature, as a maide,
I can create the rest: Vertue, and shee
Is her owne dower: Honour and wealth, from mee

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

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

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

King. My Honor's at the stake, which to defeate
I must produce my power. Heere, take her hand,
Proud scornfull boy, vnworthie this good gift,
That dost in vile misprision shackle vp
My loue, and her desert: that canst not dreame,
We poizing vs in her defectiue scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beame: That wilt not know,
It is in Vs to plant thine Honour, where
We please to haue it grow. Checke thy contempt:
Obey Our will, which trauailes in thy good:
Beleeue not thy disdaine, but presentlie
Do thine owne fortunes that obedient right

Which both thy dutie owes, and Our power claimes,
Or I will throw thee from my care for euer
Into the staggers, and the carelesse lapse
Of youth and ignorance: both my reuenge and hate
Loosing vpon thee, in the name of iustice,
Without all termes of pittie. Speake, thine answer

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

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

Ber. I take her hand

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

Exeunt.

Parolles and Lafew stay behind, commenting of this wedding.

Laf. Do you heare Monsieur? A word with you

Par. Your pleasure sir

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

Par. Recantation? My Lord? my Master?

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

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

Laf. Are you Companion to the Count Rosillion?

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

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

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

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

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

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

Par. Hadst thou not the priuiledge of Antiquity vpon thee

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

Par. My Lord, you giue me most egregious indignity

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

Par. I haue not my Lord deseru'd it

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

Par. Well, I shall be wiser

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

Par. My Lord you do me most insupportable vexation

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

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

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

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

Laf. Who? God

Par. I sir

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

Par. This is hard and vnderdeserued measure my Lord

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

Exit

Enter Count Rossillion.

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

Ros. Vndone, and forfeited to cares for euer

Par. What's the matter sweet-heart?

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

Par. What? what sweet heart?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Exit

Enter Helena and Clowne.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly, is she well? Clo. She is not well, but yet she has her health, she's very merrie, but yet she is not well: but thanks be
giuen she's very well, and wants nothing i'th world: but yet she is not well

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

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

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that she's not in heauen, whether God send her quickly: the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Blesse you my fortunate Ladie

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

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

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

Par. Why I say nothing

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

Par. Away, th'art a knaue

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

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

Clo. Did you finde me in your selfe sir, or were you taught to finde me? Clo. The search sir was profitable, and much Foole may you find in you, euen to the worlds pleasure, and the encrease of laughter

Par. A good knaue ifaith, and well fed.
Madam, my Lord will go awaie to night,
A verie serrious businesse call's on him:
The great prerogatiue and rite of loue,
Which as your due time claimes, he do's acknowledge,
But puts it off to a compell'd restraint:
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets
Which they distill now in the curbed time,

To make the comming houre oreflow with ioy,
And pleasure drowne the brim

Hel. What's his will else?

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

Hel. What more commands hee?

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

Hel. In euery thing I waite vpon his will

Par. I shall report it so.

Exit Par.

Hell. I pray you come sirrah.

Exit

Enter Lafew and Bertram.

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

Ber. Yes my Lord and of verie valiant approofe

Laf. You haue it from his owne deliuerance

Ber. And by other warranted testimonie

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

Ber. I do assure you my Lord he is very great in knowledge,
and accordinglie valiant

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

Par. These things shall be done sir

Laf. Pray you sir whose his Tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O I know him well, I sir, hee sirs a good workeman,
a verie good Tailor

Ber. Is shee gone to the king?

Par. Shee is

Ber. Will shee away to night?

Par. As you'le haue her

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

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

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

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

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

Ber. It may bee you haue mistaken him my Lord

Laf. And shall doe so euer, though I tooke him at's prayers. Fare you well my Lord, and belecue this of me, there can be no kernell in this light Nut:
the soule of this man is his cloathes: Trust him not in matter of heaue consequence: I haue kept of them tame, & know their natures. Farewell
Monsieur, I haue spoken better of you, then you haue or will to deserue at my hand, but we must do good against euill

Par. An idle Lord, I sweare

Ber. I thinke so

Par. Why do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well, and common speech

Giues him a worthy passe. Heere comes my clog.
Enter Helena.

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

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

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

Ber. Come, come, no more of that

Hel. And euer shall
With true obseruance seeke to eeke out that
Wherein toward me my homely starres haue faild
To equall my great fortune

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

Hel. Pray sir your pardon

Ber. Well, what would you say?
Hel. I am not worthie of the wealth I owe,
Nor dare I say 'tis mine: and yet it is,

But like a timorous theefe, most faine would steale
What law does vouch mine owne

Ber. What would you haue?

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

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

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

Exit

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

Par. Brauely, Coragio.

Actus Tertius.

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

Duke. So that from point to point, now haue you heard
The fundamentall reasons of this warre,
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth
And more thirsts after

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

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

French E. Good my Lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yeelde,
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a Counsaile frames,

By selfe vnable motion, therefore dare not
Say what I thinke of it, since I haue found
My selfe in my incertaine grounds to faile
As often as I guest

Duke. Be it his pleasure

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

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

Flourish.

Enter Countesse and Clowne.

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

Clo. By my troth I take my young Lord to be a verie
melancholly man

Count. By what obseruance I pray you

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

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

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

Lad. What haue we heere?

Clo. In that you haue there.

Exit

A Letter.

I haue sent you a daughter-in-Law, shee hath recouered the King, and vndone me: I haue wedded her, not bedded her, and sworne to make the not eternall. You shall heare I am runne away, know it before the report come. If there bee bredth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you. Your vnfortunate sonne, Bertram. This is not well rash and vnbridled boy, To flye the fauours of so good a King, To plucke his indignation on thy head, By the misprising of a Maide too vertuous For the contempt of Empire. Enter Clowne.

Clow. O Madam, yonder is heaue newes within betweene two souldiers, and my yong Ladie

La. What is the matter

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

La. Why should he be kill'd? Clo. So say I Madame, if he runne away, as I heare he does, the danger is in standing too't, that's the losse of men, though it be the getting of children. Heere they come will tell you more. For my part I onely heare your sonne was run away. Enter Hellen and two Gentlemen.

French E. Saue you good Madam

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

French G. Do not say so

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

Fren.G. Madam he's gone to serue the Duke of Florence,
We met him thitherward, for thence we came:
And after some dispatch in hand at Court,
Thither we bend againe

Hel. Looke on his Letter Madam, here's my Pasport. When thou canst get the Ring vpon my finger, which neuer shall come off, and shew mee a childe begotten of thy bodie, that I am father too, then call me husband: but in such a (then) I write a Neuer. This is a dreadfull sentence

La. Brought you this Letter Gentlemen?
I.G. I Madam, and for the Contents sake are sorrie
for our paines

Old La. I prethee Ladie haue a better cheere,
If thou engrossest, all the greefes are thine,
Thou robst me of a moity: He was my sonne,

But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my childe. Towards Florence is he?
Fren.G. I Madam

La. And to be a souldier

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

La. Returne you thither

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

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

La. Finde you that there?
Hel. I Madame

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

Lad. Nothing in France, vntill he haue no wife:
There's nothing heere that is too good for him
But onely she, and she deserues a Lord
That twenty such rude boyes might tend vpon,
And call her houely Mistris. Who was with him?

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

La. Parolles was it not?
Fren.E. I my good Ladie, hee

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

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

La. Y'are welcome Gentlemen, I will intreate you when you see my sonne, to tell him that his sword can neuer winne the honor that he looses: more
Ile intreate you writtten to beare along

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

La. Not so, but as we change our courtesies,
Will you draw neere?
Enter.

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

For with the darke (poore theefe) Ile steale away.
Enter.

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

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

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

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

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

Exeunt. omnes
Enter Countesse & Steward.

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

Letter.

I am S[aint]. Iaques Pilgrim, thither gone:
Ambitious loue hath so in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground vpon
With sainted vow my faults to haue amended
Write, write, that from the bloodie course of warre,
My dearest Master your deare sonne, may hie,
Blesse him at home in peace. Whilst I from farre,
His name with zealous feruour sanctifie:
His taken labours bid him me forgiue:

I his despightfull Iuno sent him forth,
From Courtly friending, with Camping foes to liue,
Where death and danger dogges the heeles of worth.
He is too good and faire for death, and mee,
Whom I my selfe embrace, to set him free.
Ah what sharpe stings are in her mildest words?
Rynaldo, you did neuer lacke aduice so much,
As letting her passe so: had I spoke with her,
I could haue well diuerted her intents,
Which thus she hath preuented

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

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

Exeunt.

A Tucket afarre off.

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

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

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

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

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

Widdow. I haue told my neighbour
How you haue beene solicited by a Gentleman
His Companion

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

Dia. You shall not neede to feare me.
Enter Hellen.

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

Hel. To S[aint]. Iaques la grand.
Where do the Palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid. At the S[aint]. Francis heere beside the Port

Hel. Is this the way?

A march afarre.

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

Hel. Is it your selfe?

Wid. If you shall please so Pilgrime

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

Wid. You came I thinke from France?

Hel. I did so

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

Hel. His name I pray you?

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

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

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

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

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

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monsieur Parrolles

Hel. Oh I beleeeue with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great Count himselfe, she is too meane

To haue her name repeated, all her deseruing
Is a reserued honestie, and that
I haue not heard examin'd

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

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

Hel. How do you meane?
May be the amorous Count solicites her
In the vnlawfull purpose

Wid. He does indeede,
And brokes with all that can in such a suite
Corrupt the tender honour of a Maide:
But she is arm'd for him, and keepes her guard
In honestest defence.

Drumme and Colours. Enter Count Rossillion, Parrolles, and the
whole
Armie.

Mar. The goddes forbid else

Wid. So, now they come:
That is Anthonio the Dukes eldest sonne,
That Escalus

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?
Dia. Hee,
That with the plume, 'tis a most gallant fellow,
I would he lou'd his wife: if he were honest
He were much goodlier. Is't not a handsom Gentleman
Hel. I like him well

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

Hel. Which is he?

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

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i'th battaile

Par. Loose our drum? Well

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

Wid. Marrie hang you

Mar. And your curtesie, for a ring-carrier.
Enter.

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

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

Both. Wee'l take your offer kindly.

Exeunt.

Enter Count Rossillion and the Frenchmen, as at first.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him

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

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

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

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

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

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

Par. But a drumme: Ist but a drumme? A drum so lost. There was excellent command, to charge in with our horse vpon our owne wings, and to rend our owne souldiers

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

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

Par. It might haue beene recouered

Ber. It might, but it is not now

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

Ber. Why if you haue a stomacke, too't Monsieur: if you thinke your mysterie in stratagem, can bring this instrument of honour againe into his natiue quarter, be magnanimious in the enterprize and go on, I wil grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speede well in it, the Duke shall both speake

of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatnesse, euen to the vtmost syllable of your worthinesse

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

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it

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

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

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

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

Par. I loue not many words.

Exit

Cap.E. No more then a fish loues water. Is not this a strange fellow my Lord, that so confidently seemes to vndertake this businesse, which he knowes is not to be done, damnes himselfe to do, & dares better be damnd then to doo't

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

Ber. Why do you thinke he will make no deede at all of this that so seriouslie hee dooes addresse himselfe vnto? Cap.E. None in the world, but returne with an inuention, and clap vpon you two or three probable lies: but we haue almost imboist him, you shall see his fall to night; for indeede he is not for your Lordshippes respect

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

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

Ber. Your brother he shall go along with me

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

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

Cap.E. But you say she's honest

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

Cap.E. With all my heart my Lord.

Exeunt.

Enter Hellen, and Widdow.

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

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

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First giue me trust, the Count he is my husband,
And what to your sworne counsaile I haue spoken,
Is so from word to word: and then you cannot
By the good ayde that I of you shall borrow,
Erre in bestowing it

Wid. I should beleeue you,
For you haue shew'd me that which well approues
Y'are great in fortune

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

Layes downe his wanton siedge before her beautie,
Resolue to carrie her: let her in fine consent
As wee'l direct her how 'tis best to beare it:
Now his important blood will naught denie,
That shee'l demand: a ring the Countie weares,
That downward hath succeeded in his house
From sonne to sonne, some foure or fiue discents,
Since the first father wore it. This Ring he holds
In most rich choice: yet in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seeme too deere,
How ere repented after

Wid. Now I see the bottome of your purpose

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

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

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

Actus Quartus.

Enter one of the Frenchmen, with fiue or sixe other souldiers in ambush.

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

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

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

1.Sol. No sir I warrant you

Lo.E. But what linsie wolsy hast thou to speake to vs againe

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

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

Par. Ten a clocke: Within these three houres 'twill be time enough to goe home. What shall I say I haue done? It must bee a very plausiue inuention that carries it. They beginne to smoake mee, and disgraces haue of late, knock'd too often at my doore: I finde my tongue is too foole-hardie, but my heart hath the feare of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue

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

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

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

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

Lo.E. We cannot affoord you so

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

Lo.E. 'Twould not do

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

Lo.E. Hardly serue

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

Lo.E. How deepe?

Par. Thirty fadome

Lo.E. Three great oathes would scarce make that be
beleeeued

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

Lo.E. You shall heare one anon

Par. A drumme now of the enemies.

Alarum within.

Lo.E. Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo

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

Par. O ransome, ransome,
Do not hide mine eyes

Inter. Boskos thromuldo boskos

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

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

Par. Oh

Inter. Oh pray, pray, pray,
Manka reuania dulce

Lo.E. O scorbidulchos voliurco

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

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

Inter. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damne me

Inter. Acordo linta.
Come on, thou are granted space.

Exit

A short Alarum within.

L.E. Go tell the Count Rossillion and my brother,
We haue caught the woodcocke, and will keepe him mufled
Till we do heare from them

Sol. Captaine I will

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

Sol. So I will sir

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

Exit

Enter Bertram, and the Maide called Diana.

Ber. They told me that your name was Fontybell

Dia. No my good Lord, Diana

Ber. Titled Goddesses,
And worth it with addition: but faire soule,
In your fine frame hath loue no qualitie?
If the quicke fire of youth light not your minde,
You are no Maiden but a monument
When you are dead you should be such a one
As you are now: for you are cold and sterne,
And now you should be as your mother was
When your sweet selfe was got

Dia. She then was honest

Ber. So should you be

Dia. No:
My mother did but dutie, such (my Lord)
As you owe to your wife

Ber. No more a'that:
I prethee do not striue against my vowes:
I was compell'd to her, but I loue thee
By loues owne sweet constraint, and will for euer
Do thee all rights of seruice

Dia. I so you serue vs
Till we serue you: But when you haue our Roses,
You barely leaue our thornes to pricke our selues,
And mocke vs with our barenesse

Ber. How haue I sworne

Dia. Tis not the many oathes that makes the truth,
But the plaine single vow, that is vow'd true:
What is not holie, that we sweare not by,
But take the high'st to witnesse: then pray you tell me,
If I should sweare by Ioues great attributes,

I lou'd you deerely, would you beleue my oathes,
When I did loue you ill? This ha's no holding
To sweare by him whom I protest to loue
That I will worke against him. Therefore your oathes
Are words and poore conditions, but vnseal'd
At lest in my opinion

Ber. Change it, change it:
Be not so holy cruell: Loue is holie,
And my integritie ne're knew the crafts
That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,
But giue thy selfe vnto my sicke desires,
Who then recouers. Say thou art mine, and euer
My loue as it beginnes, shall so perseuer

Dia. I see that men make rope's in such a scarre,
That wee'l forsake our selues. Giue me that Ring

Ber. Ile lend it thee my deere; but haue no power
To giue it from me

Dia. Will you not my Lord?
Ber. It is an honour longing to our house,
Bequeathed downe from manie Ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquie i'th world,
In me to loose

Dian. Mine Honors such a Ring,
My chastities the Iewell of our house,
Bequeathed downe from many Ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquie i'th world,
In mee to loose. Thus your owne proper wisdom
Brings in the Champion honor on my part,
Against your vaine assault

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

Dia. When midnight comes, knocke at my chamber
window:

Ile order take, my mother shall not heare.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you haue conquer'd my yet maiden-bed,
Remaine there but an houre, nor speake to mee:
My reasons are most strong, and you shall know them,
When backe againe this Ring shall be deliuer'd:
And on your finger in the night, Ile put
Another Ring, that what in time proceeds,
May token to the future, our past deeds.
Adieu till then, then faile not: you haue wonne
A wife of me, though there my hope be done

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

Di. For which, liue long to thank both heauen & me,
You may so in the end.
My mother told me iust how he would woo,
As if she sate in's heart. She sayes, all men
Haue the like oathes: He had sworne to marrie me
When his wife's dead: therfore Ile lye with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braide,
Marry that will, I liue and die a Maid:
Onely in this disguise, I think't no sinne,
To cosen him that would vniustly winne.

Exit

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cap.G. Is it not meant damnable in vs, to be Trumpeters of our vnlawfull intents? We shall not then haue his company to night? Cap.E. Not till after midnight: for hee is dieted to his houre

Cap.G. That approaches apace: I would gladly haue him see his company anathomiz'd, that hee might take a measure of his owne iudgements, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cap.E. Hath the Count all this intelligence?

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

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

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

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

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

How now? Where's your master? Ser. He met the Duke in the street sir, of whom hee hath taken a solemne leaue: his Lordshippe will next morning for France. The Duke hath offered him Letters of commendations to the King

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

Ber. They cannot be too sweete for the Kings tartnesse, heere's his Lordship now. How now my Lord, i'st not after midnight? Ber. I haue to night dispatch'd sixteene businesses, a moneths length a peece, by an abstract of successe: I haue congied with the Duke, done my adieu with his neerest; buried a wife, mourn'd for her, writ to my Ladie mother, I am returning, entertain'd my Conuoy, & betweene these maine parcels of dispatch, affected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I haue not ended yet

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

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

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

Ber. No matter, his heeles haue deseru'd it, in vsurping his spurres so long. How does he carry himselfe? Cap.E. I haue told your Lordship alreadie: The stockes carrie him. But to answer you as you would be vnderstood, hee weepes like a wench that had shed her milke, he hath confest himselfe to Morgan, whom hee supposes to be a Friar, fro[m] the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i'th stockes: and what thinke you he hath confest? Ber. Nothing of me, ha's a? Cap.E. His confession is taken, and it shall bee read to his face, if your Lordshippe be in't, as I beleeeue you are, you must haue the patience to heare it. Enter Parolles with his Interpreter.

Ber. A plague vpon him, muffled; he can say nothing of me: hush, hush

Cap.G. Hoodman comes: Portotartarossa

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

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

Int. Bosko Chimurcho

Cap. Boblibindo chicurmurco

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

Par. And truly, as I hope to liue

Int. First demand of him, how many horse the Duke is strong. What say you to that? Par. Fiue or sixe thousand, but very weake and vnseruiceable: the troopes are all scattered, and the Commanders verie poore rogues, vpon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to liue

Int. Shall I set downe your answer so?

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

Ber. What a past-sauing slaue is this? Cap.G. Y'are deceiu'd my Lord, this is Mounsieur Parrolles the gallant militarist, that was his owne phrase that had the whole theoricke of warre in the knot of his scarfe, and the practise in the chape of his dagger

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

Int. Well, that's set downe

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

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

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't in the nature he deliuers it

Par. Poore rogues, I pray you say

Int. Well, that's set downe

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

Interp. Demaund of him of what strength they are a foot. What say you to that? Par. By my troth sir, if I were to liue this present houre, I will tell true. Let me see, Spurio a hundred & fiftie, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Iaques so many: Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowicke, and Gratij, two hundred fiftie each: Mine owne Company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentij, two hundred fiftie each: so that the muster file, rotten and sound, vpon my life amounts not to fifteene thousand pole, halfe of the which, dare not shake the snow from off their Cassockes, least they shake themselues to peeces

Ber. What shall be done to him?

Cap.G. Nothing, but let him haue thanks. Demand

of him my condition: and what credite I haue with the Duke

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

Int. Do you know this Captaine Dumaine? Par. I know him, a was a Botchers Prentize in Paris, from whence he was whipt for getting the Shrieues fool with childe, a dumbe innocent that could not say him nay

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

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

Par. Vpon my knowledge he is, and lowsie

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

Int. What is his reputation with the Duke?

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

Int. Marry we'll search

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

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

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

Ber. Our Interpreter do's it well

Cap.G. Excellently

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

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

Int. Nay, Ile reade it first by your fauour

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

Ber. Damnable both-sides rogue

Int.

Let.

When he sweares oathes, bid him drop gold, and
take it:

After he scores, he neuer payes the score:
Halfe won is match well made, match and well make it,
He nere payes after-debts, take it before,
And say a souldier (Dian) told thee this:
Men are to mell with, boyes are not to kis.
For count of this, the Counts a Foole I know it,
Who payes before, but not when he does owe it.
Thine as he vow'd to thee in thine eare,
Parolles

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

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

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

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

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

Int. Wee'le see what may bee done, so you confesse freely: therefore once more to this Captaine Dumaine: you haue answer'd to his reputation with
the Duke, and to his valour. What is his honestie? Par. He will steale sir an Egge out of a Cloister: for rapes and rauishments he paralels Nessus. Hee
professes not keeping of oaths, in breaking em he is stronger then Hercules. He will lye sir, with such volubilitie, that you would thinke truth were a
foole: drunkenness is his best vertue, for he will be swine-drunke, and in his sleepe he does little harme, saue to his bed-cloathes about him: but they

know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I haue but little more to say sir of his honesty, he ha's euerie thing that an honest man should not haue; what an honest man should haue, he has nothing

Cap.G. I begin to loue him for this

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

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

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

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

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

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

Int. What's his Brother, the other Captain Dumain? Cap.E. Why do's he aske him of me? Int. What's he? Par. E'ne a Crow a'th same nest: not altogether so great as the first in goodnesse, but greater a great deale in euill. He excels his Brother for a coward, yet his Brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreate hee outrunnes any Lackey; marrie in comming on, hee ha's the Crampe

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

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

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

Par. Ile no more drumming, a plague of all drummes, onely to seeme to deserue well, and to beguile the supposition of that lasciuious yong boy the Count, haue I run into this danger: yet who would haue suspected an ambush where I was taken? Int. There is no remedy sir, but you must dye: the Generall sayes, you that haue so traitorously discouerd the secrets of your army, and made such pestifferous reports of men very nobly held, can serue the world for no honest vse: therefore you must dye. Come headesman, off with his head

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

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

So, looke about you, know you any heere?

Count. Good morrow noble Captaine

Lo.E. God blesse you Captaine Parolles

Cap.G. God saue you noble Captaine

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

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

Exeunt.

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

Par. Who cannot be crush'd with a plot? Inter. If you could finde out a Countrie where but women were that had receiued so much shame, you might
begin an impudent Nation. Fare yee well sir, I am for France too, we shall speake of you there.

Exit

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

Enter.

Enter Hellen, Widdow, and Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceiue I haue not
wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my suretie: for whose throne 'tis needfull
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneele.
Time was, I did him a desired office
Deere almost as his life, which gratitude
Through flintie Tartars bosome would peepe forth,

And answer thanks. I duly am inform'd,
His grace is at Marcellae, to which place
We haue conuenient conuoy: you must know
I am supposed dead, the Army breaking,
My husband hies him home, where heauen ayding,
And by the leaue of my good Lord the King,
Wee'l be before our welcome

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

Hel. Nor your Mistris
Euer a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompence your loue: Doubt not but heauen
Hath brought me vp to be your daughters dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motiue
And helper to a husband. But O strange men,
That can such sweet vse make of what they hate,
When sawcie trusting of the cosin'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night, so lust doth play
With what it loathes, for that which is away,
But more of this heereafter: you Diana,
Vnder my poore instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalfe

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

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

Exeunt.

Enter Clowne, old Lady, and Lafew.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Laf. Your distinction

Clo. I would cousen the man of his wife, and do his seruice

Laf. So you were a knaue at his seruice indeed

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

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

Clo. At your seruice

Laf. No, no, no

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

Laf. Whose that, a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith sir a has an English maine, but his fisnomie

is more hotter in France then there

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The blacke prince sir, alias the prince of darkenesse,
alias the diuell

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

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

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

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

Exit

Laf. A shrewd knaue and an vnhappy

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

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

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

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

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

Lad. You neede but pleade your honourable priuiledge

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

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

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

Clo. But it is your carbinado'd face

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

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

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Hellen, Widdow, and Diana, with two Attendants.

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

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

Gent. And you

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

Gent. I haue beene sometimes there

Hel. I do presume sir, that you are not falne
From the report that goes vpon your goodnesse,

And therefore goaded with most sharpe occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The vse of your owne vertues, for the which
I shall continue thankefull

Gent. What's your will?

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

Gen. The Kings not heere

Hel. Not heere sir?

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

Wid. Lord how we loose our paines

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

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

Hel. I do beseech you sir,
Since you are like to see the King before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand,
Which I presume shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thanke your paines for it,
I will come after you with what good speede
Our meanes will make vs meanes

Gent. This Ile do for you

Hel. And you shall finde your selfe to be well thank't
what e're falles more. We must to horse againe, Go, go,
prouide.
Enter Clowne and Parrolles.

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

Clo. Truely, Fortunes displeasure is but sluttish if it smell so strongly as thou speak'st of: I will hencefoorth eate no Fish of Fortunes butt'ring. Prethee alow the winde

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

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

Par. Pray you sir deliuer me this paper

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

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

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

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

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

Laf. you begge a single peny more: Come you shall ha't, saue your word

Par. My name my good Lord is Parrolles

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

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

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

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

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

Par. I praise God for you.

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

Kin. We lost a Jewell of her, and our esteeme
Was made much poorer by it: but your sonne,
As mad in folly, lack'd the sence to know
Her estimation home

Old La. 'Tis past my Liege,
And I beseech your Maiestie to make it
Naturall rebellion, done i'th blade of youth,
When oyle and fire, too strong for reasons force,
Ore-beares it, and burnes on

Kin. My honour'd Lady,
I haue forgiuen and forgotten all,
Though my reuenges were high bent vpon him,
And watch'd the time to shoote

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

Kin. Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance deere. Well, call him hither,
We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill
All repetition: Let him not aske our pardon,
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper then obliuion, we do burie
Th' incensing reliques of it. Let him approach

A stranger, no offender; and informe him
So 'tis our will he should

Gent. I shall my Liege

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

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

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

Laf. He lookes well on't

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

Ber. My high repented blames
Deere Soueraigne pardon to me

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

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

Kin. Well excus'd:

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

Laf. Come on my sonne, in whom my houses name
Must be digested: giue a fauour from you
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come. By my old beard,
And eu'rie haire that's on't, Helen that's dead
Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this,
The last that ere I tooke her leaue at Court,
I saw vpon her finger

Ber. Hers it was not

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

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

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

Laf. I am sure I saw her weare it

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

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

Ber. She neuer saw it

Kin. Thou speak'st it falsely: as I loue mine Honor,
And mak'st connecturall feares to come into me,
Which I would faine shut out, if it should proue
That thou art so inhumane, 'twill not proue so:
And yet I know not, thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead, which nothing but to close
Her eyes my selfe, could win me to beleue,
More then to see this Ring. Take him away,
My fore-past proofes, how ere the matter fall

Shall taze my feares of little vanitie,
Hauing vainly fear'd too little. Away with him,
Wee'l sift this matter further

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

King. I am wrap'd in dismall thinkings

Gen. Gracious Soueraigne.
Whether I haue beene too blame or no, I know not,
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath for foure or fiue remoues come short,
To tender it her selfe. I vndertooke it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the faire grace and speech
Of the poore suppliant, who by this I know
Is heere attending: her businesse lookes in her
With an importing visage, and she told me
In a sweet verball breefe, it did concerne
Your Highnesse with her selfe.

A Letter.

Vpon his many protestations to marrie mee when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he wonne me. Now is the Count Rossillion a Widdower, his
vowes are forfeited to mee, and my honors payed to him. Hee stole from Florence, taking no leaue, and I follow him to his Countrey for Iustice: Grant
it me, O King, in you it best lies, otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poore Maid is vndone. Diana Capilet

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

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

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

Old La. Now iustice on the doers

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

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

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

King. Come hether Count, do you know these Women?
Ber. My Lord, I neither can nor will denie,
But that I know them, do they charge me further?
Dia. Why do you looke so strange vpon your wife?
Ber. She's none of mine my Lord

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

Laf. Your reputation comes too short for my daughter,
you are no husband for her

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

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

Dian. Good my Lord,
Aske him vpon his oath, if hee do's thinke

He had not my virginity

Kin. What saist thou to her?

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

Dia. He do's me wrong my Lord: If I were so,
He might haue bought me at a common price.
Do not beleeeue him. O behold this Ring,
Whose high respect and rich validitie
Did lacke a Paralell: yet for all that
He gaue it to a Commoner a'th Campe
If I be one

Coun. He blushes, and 'tis hit:
Of sixe preceding Ancestors that Iemme
Confer'd by testament to'th sequent issue
Hath it beene owed and worne. This is his wife,
That Ring's a thousand proofes

King. Me thought you saide
You saw one heere in Court could wnesse it

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

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

Kin. Finde him, and bring him hether

Ros. What of him:
He's quoted for a most perfidious slaue
With all the spots a'th world, taxt and debosh'd,
Whose nature sickens: but to speake a truth,
Am I, or that or this for what he'l vtter,
That will speake any thing

Kin. She hath that Ring of yours

Ros. I thinke she has; certaine it is I lyk'd her,
And boorded her i'th wanton way of youth:
She knew her distance, and did angle for mee,

Madding my eagernessee with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancies course
Are motives of more fancy, and in fine,
Her insuite coming with her moderne grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate, she got the Ring,
And I had that which any inferiour might
At Market price have bought

Dia. I must be patient:
You that have turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly dye me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lacke vertue, I will loose a husband)
Send for your Ring, I will returne it home,
And give me mine againe

Ros. I have it not

Kin. What Ring was yours I pray you?
Dian. Sir much like the same vpon your finger

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

Dia. And this was it I gave him being a bed

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

Dia. I have spoke the truth.
Enter Parolles.

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

Kin. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you:
Is this the man you speake of?
Dia. I, my Lord

Kin. Tell me sirrah, but tell me true I charge you, Not fearing the displeasure of your master: Which on your iust proceeding, Hee keepe off, By him
and by this woman heere, what know you? Par. So please your Maiesty, my master hath bin an honourable Gentleman. Trickes hee hath had in him,
which Gentlemen have

Kin. Come, come, to'th' purpose: Did hee loue this
woman?

Par. Faith sir he did loue her, but how

Kin. How I pray you?

Par. He did loue her sir, as a Gent. loues a Woman

Kin. How is that?

Par. He lou'd her sir, and lou'd her not

Kin. As thou art a knaue and no knaue, what an equiuocall
Companion is this?

Par. I am a poore man, and at your Maiesties command

Laf. Hee's a good drumme my Lord, but a naughtie
Orator

Dian. Do you know he promist me marriage?

Par. Faith I know more then Ile speake

Kin. But wilt thou not speake all thou know'st? Par. Yes so please your Maiesty: I did goe betweene them as I said, but more then that he loued her, for indeede he was madde for her, and talkt of Sathan, and of Limbo, and of Furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knewe of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things which would deriue mee ill will to speake of, therefore I will not speake what I know

Kin. Thou hast spoken all alreadie, vnlesse thou canst say they are married, but thou art too fine in thy euidence, therefore stand aside. This Ring you say was yours

Dia. I my good Lord

Kin. Where did you buy it? Or who gaue it you?

Dia. It was not giuen me, nor I did not buy it

Kin. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither

Kin. Where did you finde it then?

Dia. I found it not

Kin. If it were yours by none of all these wayes,
How could you giue it him?

Dia. I neuer gaue it him

Laf. This womans an easie gloue my Lord, she goes
off and on at pleasure

Kin. This Ring was mine, I gaue it his first wife

Dia. It might be yours or hers for ought I know

Kin. Take her away, I do not like her now,
To prison with her: and away with him,
Vnlesse thou telst me where thou hadst this Ring,
Thou diest within this houre

Dia. Ile neuer tell you

Kin. Take her away

Dia. Ile put in baile my liedge

Kin. I thinke thee now some common Customer

Dia. By Ioue if euer I knew man 'twas you

King. Wherefore hast thou accusde him al this while

Dia. Because he's guiltie, and he is not guilty:
He knowes I am no Maid, and hee'l sweare too't:
Ile sweare I am a Maid, and he knowes not.
Great King I am no strumpet, by my life,
I am either Maid, or else this old mans wife

Kin. She does abuse our eares, to prison with her

Dia. Good mother fetch my bayle. Stay Royall sir,
The Ieweller that owes the Ring is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this Lord,
Who hath abus'd me as he knowes himselfe,
Though yet he neuer harm'd me, heere I quit him.
He knowes himselfe my bed he hath defil'd,
And at that time he got his wife with childe:
Dead though she be, she feeles her yong one kicke:
So there's my riddle, one that's dead is quicke,

And now behold the meaning.
Enter Hellen and Widdow.

Kin. Is there no exorcist
Beguiles the truer Office of mine eyes?
Is't reall that I see?

Hel. No my good Lord,
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name, and not the thing

Ros. Both, both, O pardon

Hel. Oh my good Lord, when I was like this Maid,
I found you wondrous kinde, there is your Ring,
And looke you, heeres your letter: this it sayes,
When from my finger you can get this Ring,
And is by me with childe, &c. This is done,
Will you be mine now you are doubly wonne?

Ros. If she my Liege can make me know this clearly,
Ile loue her dearly, euer, euer dearly

Hel. If it appeare not plaine, and proue vntrue,
Deadly diuorce step betweene me and you.
O my deere mother do I see you liuing?

Laf. Mine eyes smell Onions, I shall weepe anon:
Good Tom Drumme lend me a handkercher.
So I thanke thee, waite on me home, Ile make sport with
thee: Let thy curtsies alone, they are scuruy ones

King. Let vs from point to point this storie know,
To make the euen truth in pleasure flow:
If thou beest yet a fresh vncropped flower,
Choose thou thy husband, and Ile pay thy dower.
For I can guesse, that by thy honest ayde,
Thou keptst a wife her selfe, thy selfe a Maide.
Of that and all the progresse more and lesse,
Resoluedly more leasure shall expresse:
All yet seemes well, and if it end so meete,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

Flourish.

The Kings a Begger, now the Play is done,
All is well ended, if this suite be wonne,
That you expresse Content: which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts,
Your gentle hands lend vs, and take our hearts.

Exeunt. omn.

FINIS. ALL'S Well, that Ends Well.