ALL’S
Well, that Ends Well.

by

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Based on the Folio Text of 1623
# Shakespeare: First Folio

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All’s Well, that Ends Well
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Actus primus. Scoena Prima.

2 Enter yong Bertram Count of Rossillion, his Mother, and
3 Helena, Lord Lafew, all in blacke.
4  Mother.
5 In deliuering my sonne from me, I burie a se-cond
6 husband.
7  Ros. And I in going Madam, weep ore my
8 fathers death anew; but I must attend his maie-sties
9 command, to whom I am now in Ward, euermore
10 in subiection.
11  Laf. You shall find of the King a husband Madame,
12 you sir a father. He that so generally is at all times good,
13 must of necessitie hold his vertue to you, whose worthi-nesse
14 would stirre it vp where it wanted rather then lack
15 it where there is such abundance.
16  Mo. What hope is there of his Maiesties amendment?
17  Laf. He hath abandon’d his Phisitions Madam, vn-der
18 whose practises he hath persecuted time with hope,
19 and finds no other aduantage in the processe, but onely
20 the loosing of hope by time.
21  Mo. This yong Gentlewoman had a father, O that
22 had, how sad a passage tis, whose skill was almost as
23 great as his honestie, had it stretch’d so far, would haue
24 made nature immortall, and death should haue play for
25 lacke of worke. Would for the Kings sake hee were li-uing,
26 I thinke it would be the death of the Kings disease.
27  Laf. How call’d you the man you speake of Madam?
28  Mo. He was famous sir in his profession, and it was
29 his great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon.
30  Laf. He was excellent indeed Madam, the King very
31 latelic spoke of him admiringly, and mourningly: hee
32 was skilfull enough to haue liu’d stil, if knowledge could
33 be set vp against mortallitie.
34  Ros. What is it (my good Lord) the King languishes
35 of?
36  Laf. A Fistula my Lord.
37  Ros. I heard not of it before.
38  Laf. I would it were not notorious. Was this Gen-tlewoman
39 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 vnceleane mind car-ries 
vertuous qualities, there commendations go with 
pitty, 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 
tearies.

Mo. 'Tis the best brine a Maiden can season her praise 
in. The remembrance of her father neuer approches her 
heart, but the tirrany of her sorrowes takes all liuelihood 
from her cheeke. 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 use: 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 cre-dit 
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?
86 I haue forgott him. My imagination
87 Carries no fauour in’t but Bertrams.
88 I am vndone, there is no liuing, none,
89 If Bertram be away. ’Twere all one,
90 That I should loue a bright particuler starre,
91 And think to wed it, he is so aboue me
92 In his bright radience and colateral light, [V2
93 Must I be comforted, not in his sphere;
94 Th’ ambition in my loue thus plagues it selfe:
95 The hind that would be mated by the Lion
96 Must die for loue. ’Twas prettie, though a plague
97 To see him euerie houre to sit and draw
98 His arched browes, his hawking eie, his curles
99 In our hearts table: heart too capeable
100 Of euerie line and tricke of his sweet fauour.
101 But now he’s gone, and my idolatrous fancie
102 Must sanctifie his Reliques. Who comes heere?
103 Enter Parrolles.
104 One that goes with him: I loue him for his sake,
105 And yet I know him a notorious Liar,
106 Thinke him a great way foole, solie a coward,
107 Yet these fixt euils sit so fit in him,
108 That they take place, when Vertues steely bones
109 Lookes bleake i’th cold wind: withall, full ofte we see
110 Cold wisedome waighting on superfluous follie.
111 Par. Saue you faire Queene.
112 Hel. And you Monarch.
113 Par. No.
114 Hel. And no.
115 Par. Are you meditating on virginitie?
116 Hel. I: you haue some staine of souldier in you: Let
117 mee aske you a question. Man is enemie to virginitie,
118 how may we barracado it against him?
119 Par. Keepe him out.
120 Hel. But he assailes, and our virginitie though vali-ant,
121 in the defence yet is weak: vnfold to vs some war- like
122 resistance.
123 Par. There is none: Man setting downe before you,
124 will vndermine you, and blow you vp.
125 Hel. Blesse our poore Virginity from vnderminers
126 and blowers vp. Is there no Military policy how Vir-gins
127 might blow vp men?
128 Par. Virginity beeing blowne downe, Man will
129 quicklier be blowne vp: marry in blowing him downe
130 againe, with the breach your selues made, you lose your
131 Citty. It is not politicke, in the Common- wealth of
Nature, to preserve virginity. Losse of Virginitie, is
rationall encrease, and there was neuer Virgin goe, till
virginitie was first lost. That you were made of, is met-tall
to make Virgins. Virginitie, by being 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 diso-bedience.
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 a-gaist
Nature. Virginitie breedes mites, much like a
Cheese, consumes it selfe to the very payring, and so
dies with feeding his owne stomacke. Besides, Virginitie
is peuish, proud, ydle, made of selfe- loue, which
is the most inhibited sinne in the Cannon. Kpee 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 in-crease,
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, just like the brooch & the tooth- pick,
which were not now: your Date is better in your
Pye and your Porridge, then in your cheeke: and your
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 Goddesse, and a Soueraigne,
A Counsellor, a Traitoress, 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 thankes.

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 vn-derstand
what aduice shall thrust vpon 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: [V2v
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
Gives 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 natuie 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
divers 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 receive 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 wisedome
Approu’d so to your Maiesty, may pleade
For ampest 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 nursserie to our Gentrie, 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
Mais thou inherit too: Welcome to Paris.
Ber. My thankes 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 soul'diership: he did looke farre
Into the seruice of the time, and was
Discipled 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 bitternesse
Were in his pride, or sharpsnesse; 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 judgements 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,
316  They that least lend it you, shall lacke you first.
317   Kin. I fill a place I know’t: how long ist Count
318  Since the Physitian at your fathers died?
319  He was much fam’d.
320   Ber. Some six moneths since my Lord.
321  Kin. If he were liuing, I would try him yet.
322  Lend me an arme: the rest haue wonne me out
323  With seuerall applications: Nature and sicknesse
324  Debate it at their leisure. Welcome Count,
325  My sonne’s no deerer.
326   Ber. Thanke your Maiesty. Exit
327  Flourish.
328  Enter Countesse, Steward, and Clowne.
329  Coun. I will now heare, what say you of this gentle-woman.
330  Ste. Maddy the care I haue had to euen your con-tent,
331  I wish might be found in the Kalender of my past
332  endeuours, for then we wound our Modestie, and make
333  foule the clearnesse of our deseruings, when of our selues
334  we publish them.
335  Coun. What doe’s this knaue heere? Get you gone
336  sirra: the complaints I haue heard of you I do not all be-leeue,
337  ’tis my slownesse that I doe not: For I know you
338  lacke not folly to commit them, & haue abilitie enough
339  to make such knaueries yours.
340  Clo. ’Tis not vnknown to you Madam, I am a poore
341  fellow.
342  Coun. Well sir.
343  Clo. No maddam,
344  ’Tis not so well that I am poore, though manie   [V3
345  of the rich are damn’d, but if I may haue your Ladiships
346  good will to goe to the world, Isbell the woman and I
347  will doe as we may.
348  Coun. Wilt thou needes be a begger?
349  Clo. I doe beg your good will in this case.
350  Coun. In what case?
351  Clo. In Isbels case and mine owne: servise is no heri-tage,
352  and I thinke I shall neuer haue the blessing of God,
353  till I haue issue a my bodie: for they say barnes are bles-sings.
354  Coun. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marrie?
355  Clo. My poore bodie Madam requires it, I am driuen
356  on by the flesh, andhee must needes goe that the duell
357  drieus.
358  Coun. Is this all your worshipes reason?
359  Clo. Faith Madam I haue other holie reasons, such as
360  they are.
361  Coun. May the world know them?
364 Clo. I haue beene Madam a wicked creature, as you
365 and all flesh and blood are, and indeede I doe marrie that
366 I may repent.
367 Cou. Thy marriage sooner then thy wickednesse.
368 Clo. I am out a friends Madam, and I hope to haue
369 friends for my wiu’es sake.
370 Cou. Such friends are thine enemies knaue.
371 Clo. Y’are shallow Madam in great friends, for the
372 knaues come to doe that for me which I am a wearie of:
373 he that eres my Land, spares my teame, and giues mee
374 leaue to Inne the crop: if I be his cuckold hee’s my
375 drudge; he that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of
376 my flesh and blood; hee that cherishes my flesh and
377 blood, loues my flesh and blood; he that loues my flesh
378 and blood is my friend: ergo, he that kisses my wife is my
379 friend: if men could be contented to be what they are,
380 there were no feare in marriage, for yong Charbon the
381 Puritan, and old Poysam the Papist, how somere their
382 hearts are seuer’d in Religion, their heads are both one,
383 they may ioule horns together like any Deare i’th Herd.
384 Cou. Wilt thou euer be a foule mouth’d and calum-nious
385 knaue?
386 Clo. A Prophet I Madam, and I speake the truth the
387 next waie, for I the Ballad will repeate, which men full
388 true shall finde, your marriage comes by destinie, your
389 Cuckow sings by kinde.
390 Cou. Get you gone sir, Ile talke with you more anon.
391 Stew. May it please you Madam, that hee bid Hellen
392 come to you, of her I am to speake.
393 Cou. Sirra tell my gentlewoman I would speake with
394 her, Hellen I meane.
395 Clo. Was this faire face the cause, quoth she,
396 Why the Grecians sacked Troy,
397 Fond done, done, fond was this King Priams ioy,
398 With that she sighed as she stood, bis
399 And gaue this sentence then, among nine bad if one be
400 good, among nine bad if one be good, there’s yet one
401 good in ten.
402 Cou. What, one good in tenne? you corrupt the song
403 sirra.
404 Clo. One good woman in ten Madam, which is a pu-rifying
405 ath’ song: would God would serue the world so
406 all the yeere, weed finde no fault with the tithe woman
407 if I were the Parson, one in ten quoth a? and wee might
408 haue a good woman borne but ore euerie blazing starre,
409 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 go-ing forsooth, the businesse is for _Helen_ to come hither.

_Exit._

_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 advaunage, may lawful-ly make title to as much loue as shee findes, there is more owne 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 god-desse, 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 Vir-gins, that would suffer her poore Knight surpris’d without rescue in the first assault or ransome after-ward: This shee deliuer’d in the most bitter touch of sorrow that ere I heard Virgin exclaime in, which I held my dutie speedily to acquaint you withall, sithence in the losse that may happen, it concernes you something to know it.

_Cou_. You have discharg’d this honestlie, keepe it to your selfe, manie likelihoods inform’d mee of this before, which hung so tottering in the ballance, that I could neither beleue nor misdoub: praie you leaue mee, stall this in your bosome, and I thanke you for your honest care: I will speake with you fur-ther anon. _Exit Steward._

_Enter Hellen._

_Old.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 breedes
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? [V3v
The manie colour’d Iris rounds thine eye?
— Why, that you are my daughter?

Hell. That I am not.

Ol.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.

Ol.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 doest 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 behauiours,
That in their kinde they speake it, onely sinne
And hellish obstinacie tye thy tongue
That truth should be suspected, speake, ist so?
If it be so, you haue wound a goodly clewe:
If it be not, forsweare't how ere I charge thee,
As heauen shall worke in me for thine auaile
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 encounter 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 seeke 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 heedefull’st reseruation 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 converstion of my thoughts,
Happily beeene 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 me 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 divers yong Lords, taking leave 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 advice betwixt you, if both gaine, all The guilt doth stretch it selfe as 'tis receiu’d,

And is enough for both.

Lord. 'Tis our hope sir, [V4 After well entred soildiers, 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 receive 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 have seen 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 wore

But one to dance with: by heauen, Ile steale away.

1.Lo.G. There’s honour in the theft.

Parr. Commit it Count.

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

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 sicatrice, with an Embleme of warre heere on
his sinister cheeke; it was this very sword entrench’d it:
say to him I liue, and obserue his reports for me.
Lo. G. We shall noble Captaine.
Parr. Mars doate on you for his nouices, what will
ye doe?
Ross. Stay the King.
Parr. 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 themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster
tue 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 si-newie
sword-men. Exeunt.

Enter Lafew.
L. Laf. Pardon my Lord for mee and for my tidings.
King. Ille 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 glue 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. Exit.

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

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

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards him,
Knowing him is enough: on’s bed of death,
Many receits 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 thankes 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 judgement showne,
When Judges 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 thynke, and thynke 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 sickenesse 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
Seard otherwise, ne worse of worst extended
With wildest torture, let my life be ended.

King. Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth speak
His powerfull sound, within an organ weake:
And what impossibility would slay
In common sence, sence saues another way:
Thy life is deere, for all that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate:
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.

Hell. 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.

King. Make thy demand.
Hell. But will you make it euen?
King. I by my Scepter, and my hopes of helpe.

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

King. Heere is my hand, the premises obseru’d,
Thy will by my performance shall be seru’d:
So make the choice of thy owne time, for I
Thy resolv’d Patient, on thee still relye:
More should I question thee, and more I must,
Though more to know, could not be more to trust:
From whence thou cam’st, how tended on, but rest
Vnquestion’d welcome, and vndoubted blest.

Give 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 spe-ciall, when you put off that with such contemt, but to the Court?

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

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

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

Lady. Will your answere serue fit to all questions?

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

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

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

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

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

Lady. To be young againe if we could: I will bee a foole in question, hoping to bee the wiser by your an-swer. [V5 

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

Clo. O Lord sir there is 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’th, 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’th.

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 enter-taine it so merrily with a foole.

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

La. And end sir to your businesse: giue Hellen this, and urge 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 imployement for you, you under-stand me.

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

La. Hast you agen.

Enter Count, Lafew, and Parolles.

Ol.Laf. They say miracles are past, and we haue our Philosophicall persons, to make moderne and familiar things supernaturall and causelesse. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrours, ensconcing our selues into see-ming 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 authentick fellowes.

Par. Right so I say.

Ol.Laf. That gaue him out incurable.

Par. Why there ’tis, so say I too.

Ol.Laf. Not to be help’d.

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


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.
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 facineri-ous 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 tran-cendence, 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 cheeke 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 threatnigly 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’d 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 sick-ly 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.
Par. Your pleasure sir.
Laf. Your Lord and Master did well to make his re-cantation.
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 ban-nerets about thee, did manifoldlie disswade me from be-leeuing thee a vessell of too great a burthen. I haue now found thee, when I loose thee againe, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking vp, and that th’ourt scarce worth.
Par. Hadst thou not the priuiledge of Antiquity vp-on 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. I with all my heart, and thou art worthy of it. I haue not my Lord deseru’d it. Yes good faith, eu’ry dramme of it, and I will not bate thee a scruple.
Par. Well, I shall be wiser. 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 ac-quaintance 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 vexati-on. Laf. I would it were hell paines for thy sake, and my poore doing eternall: for doing I am past, as I will by thee, in what motion age will giue me leaue. Exit.
Par. Well, thou hast a sonne shall take this disgrace off me; scuruy, old, filthy, scuruy Lord: Well, I must be patient, there is no fettering of authority. Ile beate him (by my life) if I can meeete him with any conueni-ence, 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 vnfainedly beseech your Lordshippe to make some reseruation 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 vndeserued 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 traueller: 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 sworn, I will not bed her.

Par. What? what sweet heart?

Rossill. 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' im-port 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 fellows 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 maried, 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 gi-u en
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
thru 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, [V6v
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 approoфе.

Laf. You haue it from his owne deliuerance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimonie.

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

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

Laf. I have 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 pur-sue
the amitie.

Enter Parolles.
Par. These things shall be done sir.

Laf. Pray you sir whose his Tailor?

Par. Sir?

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

Ber. Is shee gone to the king?

Par. Shee is.

Ber. Will shee away to night?

Par. As you’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 Cap-taine.

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

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

Laf. You haue made shift to run into’t, bootes and spurre 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 beleue 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 heauie consequence: I haue kept of them tame, & know their natures. Farewell Monsieur, I haue spoken better of you, then you haue or will to deserue at my hand, but we must do good against euill.

Par. An idle Lord, I sweare.

Ber. I thinke so.

Par. Why do you not know him?

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

Enter Helena.

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

Ber. I shall obey his will.

You must not meruaile 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 business, therefore am I found
So much unsettled: This drives me to intreat you,
That presently you take your way for home,
And rather muse then ask why I intreat you,
For my respects are better then they seeme,
And my appointments have in them a need
Greater then shews 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 leave you to your wisedome.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient seruant.
Ber. Come, come, no more of that.
Hel. And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that
Wherein toward me my homely stars have faild
To equal 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 break 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.
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

Upon your Graces part: blakke 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 ve-rie

melancholly man.

Count. By what obseruance I pray you.

Clo. Why he will looke vpon his boote, and sing:

mend the Ruffe and sing, aske questions and sing, picke

his teeth, and sing: I know a man that had this 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
bредth 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 favours of so good a King,
To plucke his indignation on thy head,
By the misprising of a Maide too vertuous
For the contempt of Empire.

Enter Clowne.

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

La. What is the matter.

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

La. Why should he be kill’d?

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

Enter Hellen and two Gentlemen.

French E. Saue you good Madam.

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

French G. Do not say so.

La. Thinke vpon patience, pray you Gentlemen,

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

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

We met him thitherward, for thence we came:

And after some dispatch in hand at Court,

Thither we bend againe.

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

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

This is a dreadfull sentence.

La. Brought you this Letter Gentlemen?

1.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 beleu’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 hourely 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 corruppts 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 written to beare along.

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

worthiest affaires.

La. Not so, but as we change our courtesies,

Will you draw neere? Exit.

Hel. Till I haue no wife I haue nothing in France.
Nothing in France vntill he has no wife:
Thou shalt haue none Rossillion, none in France,
Then hast thou all againe: poore Lord, is’t I
That chase thee from thy Countrie, and expose
Those tender limbes of thine, to the euent
Of the none- sparing warre? And is it I,
That driue thee from the sportiue Court, where thou
Was’t shot at with faire eyes, to be the marke
Of smoakie Muskets? O you leaden messengers,
That ride vpon the violent speede of fire,
Fly with 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 raunie 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. Exit.
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 strue 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[a]nt. Jaques 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 have amended
Write, write, that from the bleedie 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 fervour sanctifie:

His taken labours bid me forgive:
I his despightfull Iuno sent him forth,
From Courtly friends, 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 euery word waigh heauie of her worth,
That he does waigh too light: my greatest greefe,
Though little he do feele it, set downe sharply.
Dispatch the most conuenient messenger,
When haply he shall heare that she is gone,
He will returne, and hope I may that she
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 heauie, and mine age is weake,
Greefe would haue teares, and sorrow bids me speake.
Exeunt

A Tucket afarre off.

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

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

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

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. [X2

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, entise-ments,
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 service.

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 coursely of her.

Hel. What’s his name?

Dia. Monsieur Parrolles.

Hel. Oh I beleue 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 honester

He were much goodlier. Is’t not a handsom Gentleman

Hel. I like him well.

Di. ’Tis pitty he is not honest: yonds that same knaue

That leads 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 vexed at something. Looke he

has spied vs.

Wid. Marrie hang you.

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

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[aunt]. 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 infi-nite
and endless Lyar, an hourley 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 ynder-take
to do.

C.E. I with a troop of Florentines wil sodainly sur-prize
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 car-ried
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
inght.

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 mel-ted
if you giue him not Iohn drummes entertainement,
your inclining cannot be remoued. Heere he comes.

Enter Parrolles.

Cap.E. O for the loue of laughter hinder not the ho-nor
of his designe, let him fetch off his drumme in any
hand.

Ber. How now Monsieur? This drumme sticks sore-ly
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 Caesar him
selfe could not haue preuented, if he had beene there to
command.  
Ber. Well, wee cannot greatly condemne our suc-cesse:
some dishonor wee had in the losse of that drum,
but it is not to be recouered.
Par. It might haue bee recouered.
Ber. It might, but it is not now.
Par. It is to be recouered, but that the merit of ser-uice
is sildome attributed to the true and exact perfor-mer,
I would haue that drumme or another, or hic ia-cet.
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 natuie 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
certainty, 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 soul’diership,
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 fa-uour,
and for a weeke escape a great deale of discoue-ries,
butter when you finde him out, you have him euer af-ter.
Ber. Why do you thinke he will make no deede at
all of this that so seriouslie hee dooes addresse himselfe
to?
Cap.E. None in the world, but returne with an in-uation,
and clap vpon you two or three probable lies:
but we have almost impos'd him, you shall see his fall to
night; for indeed he is not for your Lordship's respect.
Cap. G. We shall make you some sport with the Foxe
ere we case him. He was first smok'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 ve-rie
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, I'll leave you.
Ber. Now will 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 her but once,
And found her wondrous cold, but I sent to her
By this same Coxcombe that we have in the wind
Tokens and Letters, which she did resend,
And this is all I have done: She's a faire creature,
Will you go see her?
Cap. E. With all my heart my Lord. Exeunt
Enter Hellen, and Widdow.
Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further,
But I shall loose the grounds I work upon.
Wid. Though my estate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses,
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.
Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First give me trust, the Count he is my husband,
And what to your sworn counsail I have spoken,
Is so from word to word: and then you cannot
By the good ayde that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.
Wid. I should beleev you,
For you have shew'd me that which well approves
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 have found it. The Count he woes your
daughter,
Layes downe his wanton sidge before her beautie,
Resolue to carrie her: let her in fine consent
As wee'll 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, vndlesse some one among vs, whom wee must pro-duce
for an Interpreter.

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

Lor.E. Art not acquainted with him? knowes he not
thy voice?
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 be-guile two houres in a sleepe, and then to returne & swear the lies he forges.

Enter Parrolles.
Par. Ten a clocke: Within these three houres ’twill be time enough to goe home. What shall I say I haue done? It must bee a very 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 ex-ploit: yet slight ones will not carrie it. They will say, came you off with so little? And great ones I dare not giue, wherefore what’s the instance. Tongue, I must put you into a Butter-womans mouth, and buy my selfe ano-ther of 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
1968  Citadell.
1969  Lo.E. How deepe?
1970  Par. Thirty fadome.
1971  Lo.E. Three great oathes would scarse make that be beleued.
1972  Par. I would I had any drumme of the enemies, I would sweare I recouer’d it.
1973  Lo.E. You shall heare one anon.
1974  Par. A drumme now of the enemies.
1975  Alarum within.
1976  Lo.E. Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.
1977  All. Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.
1978  Par. O ransome, ransome,
1979  Do not hide mine eyes.
1980  Inter. Boskos thromuldo boskos.
1981  Par. I know you are the Muskos Regiment,
1982  And I shall loose my life for want of language.
1983  If there be heere German or Dane, Low Dutch,
1984  Italian, or French, let him speake to me,
1985  Ile discouer that, which shal vndo the Florentine.
1986  Int. Boskos vauvado, I vnderstand thee, & can speake thy tongue: Kerelybonto sir, betake thee to thy faith, for seuenteene ponyards are at thy bosome.
1987  Par. Oh.
1988  Inter. Oh pray, pray, pray,
1989  Manka reuania dulche.
1990  Lo.E. Oscrbridulchos voliuorco.
1991  Int. The Generall is content to spare thee yet,
1992  And hoodwinkt as thou art, will leade thee on To gather from thee. Haply thou mayst informe Something to saue thy life.
1993  Par. O let me liue,
1994  And all the secrets of our campe Ile shew,
1995  Their force, their purposes: Nay, Ile speake that, Which you will wonder at.
1996  Inter. But wilt thou faithfully?
1997  Par. If I do not, damne me.
1998  Inter. Acordo linta.
1999  Come on, thou are granted space. Exit
2000  A short Alarum within. [X3v
2001  L.E. Go tell the Count Rossillion and my brother,
2002  We haue caught the woodcocke, and will keepe him [mufled Till we do heare from them.
2003  Sol. Captaine I will.
2004  L.E. A will betray vs all vnto our selues,
2005  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 Goddesse,
And worth it with addition: but faire soule,
In your fine frame hath loue no qualitie?
If the quicke fire of youth light not your minde,
You are no Maiden but a monument
When you are dead you should be such a one
As you are now: for you are cold and sterne,
And now you should be as your mother was
When your sweet selfe was got.
Dia. She then was honest.
Ber. So should you be.
Dia. No:
My mother did but dutie, such (my Lord)
As you owe to your wife.
Ber. No more a’tat:
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 loues great attributes,
I lou’d you deereely, 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,
2060 But giue thy selfe vnto my sicke desires,
2061 Who then recouers. Say thou art mine, and euer
2062 My loue as it beginnes, shall so perseuer.
2063   Dia. I see that men make rope’s in such a scarre,
2064 That wee’l forsake our selues. Giue me that Ring.
2065   Ber. Ile lend it thee my deere; but haue no power
2066 To giue it from me.
2067   Dia. Will you not my Lord?
2068   Ber. It is an honour longing to our house,
2069 Bequeathed downe from manie Ancestors,
2070 Which were the greatest obloquie i’th world,
2071 In me to loose.
2072   Dian. Mine Honors such a Ring,
2073 My chastities theiewell of our house,
2074 Bequeathed downe from many Ancestors,
2075 Which were the greatest obloquie i’th world,
2076 In mee to loose. Thus your owne proper wisedome
2077 Brings in the Champion honor on my part,
2078 Against your vaine assault.
2079   Ber. Heere, take my Ring,
2080 My house, mine honor, yea my life be thine,
2081 And Ile be bid by thee.
2082   Dia. When midnight comes, knocke at my cham-ber
2083 window:
2084 Ile order take, my mother shall not heare.
2085 Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
2086 When you haue conquer’d my yet maiden- bed,
2087 Remaine there but an houre, nor speake to mee:
2088 My reasons are most strong, and you shall know them,
2089 When backe againe this Ring shall be deliuer’d:
2090 And on your finger in the night, Ile put
2091 Another Ring, that what in time proceeds,
2092 May token to the future, our past deeds.
2093 Adieu till then, then faille not: you haue wonne
2094 A wife of me, though there my hope be done.
2095   Ber. A heauen on earth I haue won by wooing thee.
2096   Di. For which, liue long to thank both heauen & me,
2097 You may so in the end.
2098 My mother told me iust how he would woo,
2099 As if she sate in’s heart. She sayes, all men
2100 Haue the like oathes: He had sworne to marrie me
2101 When his wife’s dead: therfore Ile lye with him
2102 When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braide,
2103 Marry that will, I liue and die a Maid:
2104 Onely in this disguise, I think’t no sinne,
2105 To cosen him that would vniustly winne. Exit
Enter the two French Captains, and some two or three Souldiers.

Cap. G. You have not given him his mother's letter.

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

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

Cap. E. Especially, hee hath incurred the euerlastings 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 have spoken it 'tis dead, and I am the graue of it.

Cap. E. Hee hath peruered 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 reuale themselues, till they attaine to their abhor'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 Trum-peters of our vnlawfull intents? We shall not then haue his company to night?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cap. G. I perceiue by this demand, you are not alto-gether of his councell.

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 Ia-ques le grand; which holy undertaking, with most au-stere sanctimonie she accomplisht: and there residing, the tenderness 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 justified?

Cap. G. The stronger part of it by her owne Letters, which makes her storie true, euen to the poynyt 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 com-forts 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 en-countred 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 dis-paire if they were not cherish’d by our vertues.

Enter a Messenger.

Enter Count Rossillion.

Ber. They cannot be too sweete for the Kings tart-nesse, 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 La-die mother, I am returning, entertain’d my Conuoy, &
betweene these maine parcels of dispatch, affected ma-ny
cnicer 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 Prophesier.
  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 vsur-ping
his spurre 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 confess 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 confess?
  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 beleue you
are, you must haue the patience to heare it.
  Enter Parolles with his Interpreter.
  Ber. A plague vpon him, muffeld; he can say nothing
of me: hush, hush.
  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 vn-seruiceable:
the troopes are all scattered, and the Com-manders
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 beleue he can haue euerie thing
in him, by wearing his apparrell neatly.

Int. Well, that’s set downe.

Par. Five 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 thankes 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 &
[ X4v
fiftie, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Iaques so
many: Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowicke, and Gratij, two hun-dred
fiftie each: Mine owne Company, Chitopher, Vau-mond,
Bentij, two hundred fiftie each: so that the muster
file, rotten and sound, vpon my life amounts not to fif-teene
thousand pole, halfe of the which, dare not shake
the snow from off their Cassockes, least they shake them-selues
to peces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

Cap. G. Nothing, but let him haue thankes. 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 whe-ther
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 poc-ket.
Int. Marry we’l 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 ad-uertisement
to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to
take heede of the allurement of one Count Rossillion, a
foolish idle boy: but for all that very rutish. 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
behalf of the maid: for I knew the young Count to be a
dangerous and lasciuious boy, who is a whale to Virgi-nity,
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 never 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 sooldier (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 dunge-on, 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: drunkennesse is his best vertue, for he will be swine- drunke, and in his sleepe he does little harme, saue to his bed- cloathes about him: but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I haue but little more to say sir of his honesty, he ha’s eue-rie 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 Eng-lish 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 perpe-tually.

Int. What’s his Brother, the other Captain Dumain?
Cap. E. Why do’s he ask 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 out-runnes
any Lackey; marrie in comming on, hee ha’s the
Cramp.

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 suppo-sition   [X5
of that lasciuious yong boy the Count, haue I run
into this danger: yet who would haue suspected an am-bush
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 re-port
of men very nobly held, can serue the world for
no honest vse: therefore you must dye. Come heads-man,
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 gue 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 thrive;
There’s place and meanes for euery man aliue.
Ile after them. Exit.

Enter Hellen, Widdow, and Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceiue I haue not
wrong’d you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my suretie: for whose throne ’tis needfull
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneele.
Time was, I did him a desired office
Deere almost as his life, which gratitude
Through flintie Tartars bosome would peepe forth,
And answer thankes. I duly am inform’d,
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 have leaves 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 e’re 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 alieue at this houre, and your sonne heere at home, more aduanc’d by the King, then by that red- tail’d humble Bee I speak of.

La. I would I had not knowne him, it was the death of the most vertuous gentlewoman, that euer Nature had praise for creating. If she had pertaken of my flesh and cost me the dearest 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 ano- ther 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 servise, and a knaue at a mans.

Laf. Your distinction.

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

Laf. So you were a knaue at his servise indeed.

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

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

Clo. At your servise.

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 fisno-mie is more hotter in France then there.

Laf. What prince is that?
Clo. The blacke prince sir, alias the prince of darke-nesse, alias the diuell.
Laf. Hold thee there’s my purse, I giue thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talk’st off, serue him still. [X5v
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 No-bilitie 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 ma-nie will be too chill and tender, and theye 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 vnhappie.
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 sawciness, 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 effect.'d.
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 intel-ligence hath seldome fail’d.
La. It rejoyces 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 plead your honourable priuledge.
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 vn-der’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 wore 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.

Clo. ’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 vvroote 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 beeene 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 means vnilfit:

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 thankt

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 let-ter,

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 speake’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. [X6

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 pure of Fortunes sir, or of Fortunes Cat, but not a Muscat, that ha’s falne into the uncleane 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 cruel-ly 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 thrue 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’, saue your word.

Par. My name my good Lord is Parrolles.

Laf. You begge more then word then. Cox my pas-sion, 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 fur-ther 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 Iewell 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,
2704  When oyle and fire, too strong for reasons force,
2705   Ore- beares it, and burnes on.
2706  Kin. My honour’d Lady,
2707    I haue forgien and forgotten all,
2708  Though my reuenges were high bent vpon him,
2709    And watch’d the time to shoote.
2710   Laf. This I must say,
2711  But first I begge my pardon: the yong Lord
2712    Did to his Maiesty, his Mother, and his Ladie,
2713   Offence of mighty note; but to himselfe
2714  The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife,
2715    Whose beauty did astonish the suruey
2716  Of richest eies: whose words all eares tooke captiue,
2717    Whose deere perfection, hearts that scorn’d to serue,
2718  Humbly call’d Mistris.
2719    Kin. Praising what is lost,
2720  Makes the remembrance deere. Well, call him hither,
2721    We are reconcil’d, and the first view shall kill
2722   All repetition: Let him not aske our pardon,
2723    The nature of his great offence is dead,
2724    And deeper then obliuion, we do burie
2725  Th’ incensing reliques of it. Let him approach
2726  A stranger, no offender; and informe him
2727    So ’tis our will he should.
2728    Gent. I shall my Liege.
2729    Kin. What sayes he to your daughter,
2730  Haue you spoke?
2731   Laf. All that he is, hath reference to your Highnes.
2732    Kin. Then shall we haue a match. I haue letters sent
2733    me, that sets him high in fame.
2734  Enter Count Bertram.
2735   Laf. He lookes well on’t.
2736    Kin. I am not a day of season,
2737    For thou maist see a sun- shine, and a haile
2738  In me at once: But to the brightest beames
2739    Distracted clouds giue way, so stand thou forth,
2740  The time is faire againe.
2741    Ber. My high repented blames
2742  Deere Soueraigne pardon to me.
2743    Kin. All is whole,
2744  Not one word more of the consumed time,
2745    Let’s take the instant by the forward top:
2746  For we are old, and on our quick’st decrees
2747  Th’ inaudible, and noiselesse foot of time
2748  Steales, ere we can effect them. You remember
2749  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 warp't 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, turns e 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 sleepe 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, [X6v
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 stoode
Necessitied to helpe, that by this token
I would releue 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 heauie 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 dismal thoughts.

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 breife, 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 Ros-sillion

a Widdower, his vowes are forfeited to mee, and my

honors payed to him. Hee stole from Florence, taking no

leave, and I follow him to his Countrey for Justice: Grant

it me, O King, in you it best lies, otherwise a seducer flou-rishes,

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 justice 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 understand you know,

And therefore know how farre I may be pittied.

Wid. I am her Mother sir, whose age and honour

Both suffer vnder this complaint we bring,

And both shall cease, without your remedie.

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

Ber. My Lord, I neither can nor will denie,

But that I know them, do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you looke so strange vpon your wife?
Ber. She’s none of mine my Lord.
Dia. If you shall marrie
You giue away this hand, and that is mine,
You giue away heauens 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 daugh-ter,
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. [Y1
Do not beleue him. O behold this Ring,
Whose high respect and rich validitie
Did lacke a Paralell: yet for all that
He gaue it to a Commoner a’th Campe
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 witnesse 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 eagernesse with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancies course
Are motiues of more fancie, and in fine,
Her insuite comming with her moderne grace,
Subdu’d me to her rate, she got the Ring,
And I had that which any inferiour might
At Market price haue bought.

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

Ros. I haue it not.

Kin. What Ring was yours I pray you?

Dia. Sir much like the same vpon your finger.

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

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

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

Dia. I haue spoke the truth. Enter Parolles.
Ros. My Lord, I do confesse the ring was hers.

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

Dia. I, my Lord.

Kin. Tell me sirrah, but tell me true I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master:
Which on your iust proceeding, Ile keepe off,
By him and by this woman heere, what know you?

Par. So please your Maiesty, my master hath bin an
honourable Gentleman. Trickes hee hath had in him,
which Gentlemen haue.

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

Par. Faith sir he did loue her, but how.

Kin. How I pray you?

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

Kin. How is that?

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

Kin. As thou art a knaue and no knaue, what an equi-uocall
Companion is this?
Par. I am a poore man, and at your Maiesties com-mand.

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

Dian. Do you know he promist me marriage?

Par. Faith I know more then Ile speake.

Kin. But wilt thou not speake all thou know’st?

Par. Yes so please your Maiesty: I did goe betwene them as I said, but more then that he loued her, for in-deede he was madde for her, and talkt of Sathan, and of Limbo, and of Furies, and I know not what: yet I was in 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 maried, 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 accusiye 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.
3028  **Kin.** She does abuse our cares, to prison with her.
3029  **Dia.** Good mother fetch my bayle. Stay Royall sir,
3030  The Ieweller that owes the Ring is sent for,
3031  And he shall surety me. But for this Lord,
3032  Who hath abus’d me as he knowes himselfe,
3033  Though yet he neuer harm’d me, heere I quit him.
3034  He knowes himselfe my bed he hath defil’d,
3035  And at that time he got his wife with childe:
3036  Dead though she be, she feeles her yong one kicke:
3037  So there’s my riddle, one that’s dead is quicke,
3038  And now behold the meaning.
3039  **Enter Hellen and Widdow.**
3040  **Kin.** Is there no exorcist
3041  Beguiles the truer Office of mine eyes?
3042  Is’t reall that I see?
3043  **Hel.** No my good Lord, [Y1v
3044  ’Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
3045  The name, and not the thing.
3046  **Ros.** Both, both, O pardon.
3047  **Hel.** Oh my good Lord, when I was like this Maid,
3048  I found you wondrous kinde, there is your Ring,
3049  And looke you, heeres your letter: this it sayes,
3050  When from my finger you can get this Ring,
3051  And is by me with childe, &c. This is done,
3052  Will you be mine now you are doubly wonne?
3053  **Ros.** If she my Liege can make me know this clearly,
3054  Ile loue her dearely, euer, euer dearly.
3055  **Hel.** If it appeare not plaine, and proue vntrue,
3056  Deadly diuorce step betweene me and you.
3057  O my deere mother do I see you liuing?
3058  **Laf.** Mine eyes smell Onions, I shall weepe anon:
3059  Good Tom Drumme lend me a handkercher.
3060  So I thanke thee, waite on me home, Ile make sport with
3061  thee: Let thy curtsies alone, they are scuruy ones.
3062  **King.** Let vs from point to point this storie know,
3063  To make the euen truth in pleasure flow:
3064  If thou beest yet a fresh vncropped flower,
3065  Choose thou thy husband, and Ile pay thy dower.
3066  For I can guesse, that by thy honest ayde,
3067  Thou keipt a wife her selfe, thy selfe a Maide.
3068  Of that and all the progresse more and lesse,
3069  Resoludly more leasure shall expresse:
3070  All yet seemes well, and if it end so meete,
3071  The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.
3072  **Flourish.**
3073  **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.