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The Chronicle History
OF
HENRY THE FIFTH.

REPRINT OF FIRST QUARTO, 1600.

New Shakspeare Society
" [Publications]

Series 2: No. 528

Plays.
The Chronicle History

OF

HENRY THE FIFTH.



REPRINT OF FIRST QUARTO, 1600.



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VII
V

ERRATA IN THE REPRINT OF THE QUARTO 1600.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>I. ii. Enter, etc., <i>Bishops</i> should be <i>Bishops</i>,</p> <p>I. ii. line 160, <i>leau</i> should be <i>leauē</i></p> <p>II. ii. ,, 104, <i>death</i>, should be (<i>death</i>,</p> | <p>IV. vii. line 61, <i>no</i> should be <i>not</i></p> <p>IV. viii. ,, 85, <i>Maiestic</i>. should be <i>Maiestie</i>,</p> <p>V. ii. ,, 29, <i>any</i> should be <i>any</i>.</p> |
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ERRATA IN THE REPRINT OF THE FOLIO 1623.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>Page I, ProL., line 33, <i>like</i>. should be <i>like</i>,</p> <p>,, 5, line 97, <i>I</i> should be <i>Is</i></p> <p>,, 15, ,, 10, <i>Coronets</i>. should be <i>Coronets</i>,</p> <p>,, 16, ,, 37, <i>safe</i>. should be <i>safe</i>,</p> <p>,, 23, ,, 85, <i>heere</i>. should be <i>heere</i>,</p> <p>,, 29, ,, 24, <i>us</i> should be <i>vs</i></p> <p>,, 30, ,, 70, <i>present</i> should be <i>present</i></p> <p>,, 33, ,, 17, <i>follow</i> should be <i>follow</i> :</p> <p>,, 36, ,, 23, <i>Honour</i> should be <i>Honor</i></p> <p>,, 36, ,, 30, <i>means</i> should be <i>meanes</i></p> <p>,, 41, ,, 42, <i>auoyd</i> should be <i>auoyd</i> ?</p> <p>,, 49, ,, 108, <i>winne</i> should be <i>winner</i>.</p> <p>,, 51, ,, 168, <i>away</i> should be <i>away</i>.</p> <p>,, 51, ,, 7, <i>Lord Con-</i> should be <i>Lord</i>
<i>High Con-</i></p> <p>,, 53, ,, 61, <i>have</i> should be <i>haue</i></p> <p>,, 55, ,, 125, <i>have</i> should be <i>haue</i></p> <p>,, 55, ,, 140, <i>tellectual</i> should be <i>tellectuall</i></p> <p>,, 56, ,, 6, <i>almost</i> should be <i>almofi</i></p> <p>,, 58, ,, 26, <i>them</i> should be <i>them</i>,</p> | <p>Page 60, line 62, <i>Pifstoll</i> should be <i>Pistol</i></p> <p>,, 61, ,, 85, <i>Bates</i>. should be <i>Bates</i>,</p> <p>,, 64, ,, 202, <i>between</i> should be <i>betweene</i></p> <p>,, 66, ,, 278, <i>Days</i> should be <i>Dayes</i></p> <p>,, 67, the numbers of lines 304 and 308 to be raised one line.</p> <p>,, 68, line 13, <i>tears</i> should be <i>teares</i></p> <p>,, 69, ,, 52, <i>Fly</i> should be <i>Flye</i></p> <p>,, 69, ,, 55, <i>shews</i> should be <i>shewes</i></p> <p>,, 81, ,, 79, <i>masters</i> should be <i>masters</i>,</p> <p>,, 90, ,, 41, <i>again</i> should be <i>againē</i></p> <p>,, 93, ,, 73, <i>native</i> should be <i>natiue</i></p> <p>,, 93, ,, 9, <i>face</i>. should be <i>face</i>,</p> <p>,, 95, ,, 54, <i>Hedges</i> should be <i>Hedgus</i>,</p> <p>,, 98, ,, 145, <i>protestation</i> : should be <i>pro-</i>
<i>testation</i> ;</p> <p>,, 99, ,, 175, <i>of it</i> : should be <i>of it</i> ;</p> <p>,, 100, ,, 236, <i>hand</i> should be <i>Hand</i></p> <p>,, 105, ,, 372, <i>Leagues</i>, should be <i>Leagues</i>.</p> |
|---|---|



VII

NOTICE.

Henry the Fifth.

QUARTO 1600.

THE following reprint was set up, through the liberality of Mr F. W. Cosens, from his copy of the Ashbee fac-simile of 1868. The proofs were then read with the British Museum original, C. 12. g., King's, and where there was a blurred letter or other cause of doubt, Mr W. Aldis Wright referred for me to the Capell quarto. Afterwards the revises were read with Mr Henry Huth's quarto kindly lent me for that purpose.

Each page, in its general arrangement and in each line, fac-similes the original as much as possible. The old and worn, and sometimes more than worn type, is not of course imitated. Nor the paper, which may be said to be of about the average quality of these quarto pamphlets, thin, but not so poor as in some, nor so good as in others. Nor have those occasional curvings and irregularities of the lines which betoken over-carelessness in the compositor been followed. Nor that over-size of the Roman capitals which caused him now and then to place them rather below line, nor the somewhat varied shapes of some of the italic capitals. Nor is the occasional non-spacing of a colon or semi-colon, nor the frequent non-spacing after a comma, followed, unless occasionally by way of example; had it been, the openness of the reprint as compared with the greater closeness of the words in the original would have over-exaggerated an irregularity, which, as regards the comma, is so constant a practice in books of that period that it can hardly be called an irregularity. Nor except on p. 16 have the displacements of letters a little out of the level of the rest been imitated. But all other irregularities and errors have, that the reader may know something of what the old quarto is like, and be enabled to judge, as far as may be, of its character. With this view it may be worth adding by way of note, that as the substitutions of italic capitals for Roman, and the reverse, occur chiefly in groups, it may be inferred that they were not so much due to error, as to the temporary exhaustion of the case.

The original being unpagged, its signatures are given, and below

Notice.

these the reprint signatures and paging. There being also no division into scenes or acts, and the folio division being into acts only and that wrongly, the modern numberings of the folio or received text have been added, each in its corresponding place. Thus the first scene of the quarto corresponds with Act I. Sc. 2 of the full text, and is numbered [I. 2], and so onwards. I. 1, III. 1, and IV. 2 are wanting, but as the order of sequence is the same,—except that IV. 5 precedes IV. 4,—inter-reference is made more easy.

Second and third editions of this quarto were printed by Thomas Creede for Thomas Pavier in 1602 and 1608. Of these the second may be called a mere reprint. The third—which, whether from exhaustion of the second edition or other cause, was also printed from the first—re-divides some of the lines and adds a few words, chiefly with an intent to improve what the improver took to be the metre. The variations of both will be given in the parallel-text edition of the quarto and folio, but they neither aid in determining the character of this first quarto, nor in the correction of the folio text.

B. NICHOLSON.

THE CRONICLE

History of Henry the fift,
With his battell fought at *Agin Court* in
France. Together with *Auntient*
Pistoll.

*As it hath bene sundry times playd by the Right honorable
the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants.*



LONDON

Printed by *Thomas Creede*, for Tho. Millington, and Iohn Busby And are to be
fold at his house in Carter Lane, next
the Powle head. 1600.

The Chronicle Historie

of *Henry* the fift: with his battel fought
at *Agin Court* in *France*. Together with
Auncient Pistoll.

[I. 2] Enter *King Henry*, *Exeter*, 2. *Bishops Clarence*, and other
Attendants.

Exeter.

S Hall I call in Thambaffadors my Liege ?

King. Not yet my Coufin, til we be refulde
Of some serious matters touching vs and *France*.

4 *Bi*. God and his Angels guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it.

King. Shure we thank you. And good my Lord proceed
Why the Lawe *Salicke* which they haue in *France*,

8 Or should or should not, ftop vs in our clayme :

And God forbid my wife and learned Lord,

That you should fashion, frame, or wrest the fame.

For God doth know how many now in health,

12 Shall drop their blood in approbation,

Of what your reuerence shall incite vs too.

Therefore take heed how you impawne our perfon,

How you awake the sleeping fword of warre :

16 We charge you in the name of God take heed.

After this coniuration, speake my Lord :

And we will iudge, note, and beleeeue in heart,

That what you speake, is washt as pure

20 As fin in baptifme.

A 2

Bi/h.

The Chronicle Historie

Then heare me gracious foueraigne, and you peeres, [I. 2]
 Which owe your liues, your faith and seruices
 To this imperiall throne.

There is no bar to stay your highnesse claime to *France* 24
 But one, which they produce from *Faramont*,
 No female shall succeed in falicke land,
 Which falicke land the French vniustly gloze
 To be the realme of *France* : 28

And *Faramont* the founder of this law and female barre :
 Yet their owne writers faithfully affirme
 That the land falicke lyes in *Germany*,
 Betweene the flouds of *Sabeck* and of *Elme*, 32
 Where *Charles* the fift hauing subdude the Saxons,
 There left behind, and fetled certaine French,
 Who holding in disdaine the Germaine women,
 For some dishonest maners of their liues, 36
 Establisht there this lawe. To wit,
 No female shall succeed in falicke land :
 Which falicke land as I said before,
 Is at this time in *Germany* called *Mesene* : 40
 Thus doth it well appeare the falicke lawe
 Was not deuised for the realme of *France*,
 Nor did the French possesse the falicke land,
 Vntill 400. one and twentie yeares 44
 After the function of king *Faramont*,
 Godly supposed the founder of this lawe :
Hugh Capet also that vsurpt the crowne,
 To fine his title with some shoue of truth, 48
 When in pure truth it was corrupt and naught :
 Conuaid himselfe as heire to the Lady *Inger*,
 Daughter to *Charles*, the foresaid Duke of *Lorain*,
 So that as cleare as is the sommers Sun, 52
 King *Pippins* title and *Hugh Capets* claime,
 King *Charles* his satisfaction all appeare,
 To hold in right and title of the female :
 So do the Lords of *France* vntil this day, 56
 Howbeit they would hold vp this falick lawe

To

5

of Henry the fift.

- [I. 2] To bar your highness claiming from the female,
And rather choose to hide them in a net,
60 Then amply to imbrace their crooked causes,
Vfurpt from you and your progenitors. (claime?)
 K. May we with right & conscience make this
 Bi. The sin vpon my head dread foueraigne.
- 64 For in the booke of Numbers is it writ,
When the sonne dies, let the inheritance
Descend vnto the daughter.
Noble Lord stand for your owne,
- 68 Vnwinde your bloody flagge,
Go my dread Lord to your great graunfirs graue,
From whom you clayme :
And your great Vncle *Edward* the blacke Prince,
- 72 Who on the French ground playd a Tragedy
Making defeat on the full power of *France*,
Whilest his most mighty father on a hill,
Stood smiling to behold his Lyons whelpe,
- 76 Foraging blood of French Nobilitie.
O Noble English that could entertaine
With halfe their Forces the full power of *France* :
And let an other halfe stand laughing by,
- 80 All out of worke, and cold for action.
 King. We must not onely arme vs against the French,
 But lay downe our proportion for the Scot,
 Who will make rode vpon vs with all aduantages.
- 84 *Bi.* The Marches gracious foueraigne, shalbe sufficient
To guard your *England* from the pilfering borderers.
 King. We do not meane the courting sneakers onely,
 But feare the mayne entendement of the Scot,
- 88 For you shall read, neuer my great grandfather
Vnmaskt his power for *France*,
But that the Scot on his vnfurnisht Kingdome,
Came pouring like the Tide into a breach,
- 92 That *England* being empty of defences,
Hath shooke and trembled at the brute hereof.
 Bi. She hath bin then more feared then hurt my Lord :

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For heare her but examplified by her felfe, [1: 2]
 When all her chiuallry hath bene in *France* 96
 And she a mourning widow of her Nobles,
 She hath her felfe not only well defended,
 But taken and impounded as a fray, the king of Scots,
 Whom like a caytiffe she did leade to *France*, 100
 Filling your Chronicles as rich with praise
 As is the owfe and bottome of the fea
 With funken wrack and shipleffe treafurie.
Lord. There is a faying very old and true, 104
 If you will *France* win,
 Then with *Scotland* first begin :
 For once the Eagle, England being in pray,
 To his vn furnith nest the weazel Scot 108
 Would suck her eggs, playing the moufe in absence of the
 To spoyle and hauock more then she can eat. (cat :
Exe. It followes then, the cat must stay at home,
 Yet that is but a curst necessitie, 112
 Since we haue trappes to catch the petty theeues :
 Whilste that the armed hand doth fight abroad
 The aduised head controllles at home :
 For government though high or lowe, being put into parts, 116
 Congrueth with a mutuall consent like musicke.
Bi. True : therefore doth heauen diuide the fate of man
 in diuers functions.
 Whereto is added as an ayme or but, obedience :
 For so liue the honey Bees, creatures that by awe 120
 Ordaine an act of order to a peopeld Kingdome :
 They haue a King and officers of fort,
 Where some like Magiftrates correct at home :
 Others like Marchants venture trade abroad : 124
 Others like souldiers armed in their ftings,
 Make boote vpon the fommers veluet bud :
 Which pillage they with mery march bring home
 To the tent royall of their Emperour, 128
 Who buied in his maiestie, behold
 The finging mafons building roofes of gold :

The

of Henry the fifth.

- [I. 2] The ciuell citizens lading vp the honey,
132 The sad eyde Iustice with his furly humme,
Deliuering vp to executors pale, the lazy caning Drone.
This I infer, that 20. actions once a foote,
May all end in one moment.
- 136 As many Arrowes lofed feuerall wayes, flye to one marke :
As many feuerall wayes meete in one towne :
As many fresh streames run in one selfe sea :
As many lines close in the dyall center :
- 140 So may a thousand actions once a foote,
End in one moment, and be all well borne without defect.
Therefore my Liege to *France*,
Diuide your happy England into foure,
- 144 Of which take you one quarter into *France*,
And you withall, shall make all *Gallia* shake.
If we with thrice that power left at home,
Cannot defend our owne doore from the dogge,
- 148 Let vs be beaten, and from henceforth lose
The name of pollicy and hardinesse.
Ki. Call in the messenger sent frō the Dolphin,
And by your ayde, the noble finewes of our land,
- 152 *France* being ours, wee bring it to our awe,
Or breake it all in peeces :
Eyther our Chronicles shal with full mouth speak
Freely of our acts,
- 156 Or else like toonglesse mutes
Not worshipt with a paper Epitaph :
Enter Thambassadors from France.
Now are we well prepared to know the Dolphins pleasure,
For we heare your comming is from him.
- 160 *Ambassa.* Pleaseth your Maiestie to giue vs leau
Freely to render what we haue in charge :
Or shall I sparingly shew a farre off,
The Dolphins pleasure and our Embassage ?
- 164 *King.* We are no tyrant, but a Christian King,
To whom our spirit is as subiect,
As are our wretches fettered in our prisons.

There-

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Therefore freely and with vncurbed boldnesse Tell vs the Dolphins minde.	[I. 2] 168
<i>Ambaf.</i> Then this in fine the Dolphin faith, Whereas you clayme certaine Townes in <i>France</i> , From your predeceffor king <i>Edward</i> the third, This he returnes.	172
He faith, theres nought in <i>France</i> that can be with a nimble Galliard wonne : you cannot reuel into Dukedomes there : Therefore he fendeth meeter for your study, This tunne of treasure : and in lieu of this, Desires to let the Dukedomes that you craue Heare no more from you : This the Dolphin faith.	176
<i>King.</i> What treasure Vncle ?	
<i>Eve.</i> Tennis balles my Liege.	180
<i>King.</i> We are glad the Dolphin is so pleafant with vs, Your meffage and his present we accept : When we haue matched our rackets to these balles, We will by Gods grace play fuch a fet, Shall frike his fathers crowne into the hazard.	184
Tell him he hath made a match with fuch a wrangler, That all the Courts of <i>France</i> shall be difturbd with chafes. And we vnderftand him well, how he comes ore vs With our wilder dayes, not meafuring what vse we made of them.	188
We neuer valued this poore feate of England. And therefore gaue our felues to barbarous licence : As tis common feene that men are merriest when they are from home.	192
But tell the Dolphin we will keepe our ftate, Be like a King, mightie and commaund, When we do rowfe vs in throne of <i>France</i> : Forthis haue we laid by our Maieftie And plodded lide a man for working dayes. But we will rife there with fo full of glory, That we will dazell all the eyes of <i>France</i> , I frike the Dolphin blinde to looke on vs,	196
And tell him this, his mock hath turnd his balles to gun	(ftones, 200
And	And

of Henry the fifth.

[I. 2.] And his foule shall fit fore charged for the wastfull
 (vengeance
 That shall flye from them. For this his mocke
 204 Shall mocke many a wife out of their deare husbands.
 Mocke mothers from their fonnes, mocke Castles downe,
 I some are yet vngotten and vnborne,
 That shall haue cause to curse the Dolphins scorne.
 208 But this lyes all within the will of God, to whom we doo
 (appeale,
 And in whose name tel you the Dolphin we are coming on
 To venge vs as we may, and to put forth our hand
 In a rightfull cause : so get you hence, and tell your Prince,
 212 His left will fauour but of shallow wit,
 When thousands weepe, more then did laugh at it.
 Conuey them with safe conduct : see them hence.
Exe. This was a merry message.
 216 *King.* We hope to make the sencer blush at it :
 Therefore let our collectiō for the wars be soone prouided :
 For God before, weell check the Dolphin at his fathers
 (doore.
 Therefore let euery man now taske his thought,
 220 That this faire action may on foote be brought.

Exeunt omnes.

[II. 1] *Enter Nim and Bardolfe.*

Bar. Godmorrow Corporall *Nim.*

Nim. Godmorrow Lieftenant *Bardolfe.*

Bar. What is antient *Pistoll* and thee friends yet ?

4 *Nim.* I cannot tell, things must be as they may :
 I dare not fight, but I will winke and hold out mine Iron :
 It is a simple one, but what tho ; it will serue to toste cheefe,
 And it will endure cold as an other mans sword will,
 8 And theres the humor of it.

Bar. Yfaith mistresse quickly did thee great wrong,
 For thou weart troth plight to her.

B

Nim. I

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Nim. I muſt do as I may, tho patience be a tyred mare, [11. 1]
 Yet ſheel plod, and ſome fay kniues haue edges, 12
 And men may ſleepe and haue their throtes about them
 At that time, and there is the humour of it.

Bar. Come yfaith, Ile beſtow a breakfast to make *Piſtoll*
 And thee friendes. What a plague ſhould we carrie kniues 16
 To cut our owne throates.

Nim. Yfaith Ile liue as long as I may, thats the certaine of it.
 And when I cannot liue any longer, Ile do as I may,
 And theres my reſt, and the randeuous of it. 20

Enter Piſtoll and Hoſtes Quickly, his wife.

Bar. Godmorrow ancient *Piſtoll*.
 Here comes ancient *Piſtoll*, I prithee *Nim* be quiet.

Nim. How do you my Hoſte?

Piſt. Baſe ſlaue, calleſt thou me hoſte? 24
 Now by gads lugges I ſweare, I ſcorne the title,
 Nor ſhall my *Nell* keepe lodging.

Hoſt. No by my troath not I,
 For we cānot bed nor boord half a ſcore honeſt gētlewomē 28
 That liue honeſtly by the prick of their needle,
 But it is thought ſfraight we keepe a bawdy-houſe.
 O Lord heeres Corporall *Nims*, now ſhall
 We haue wilful adultry and murder committed: 32
 Good Corporall *Nim* ſhew the valour of a man,
 And put vp your ſword.

Nim. Puſh.

Piſt. What doſt thou puſh, thou prickeard cur of Iſeland? 36

Nim. Will you ſhog off? I would haue you ſolus.

Piſt. Solus egregious dog, that ſolus in thy throte,
 And in thy lungs, and which is worſe, within
 Thy meſfull mouth, I do retort that ſolus in thy 40
 Bowels, and in thy Iaw, perdie: for I can talke,
 And *Piſtolls* flaſhing firy cock is vp.

Nim. I am not *Barbaſom*, you cannot coniuere me:
 I haue an humour *Piſtoll* to knock you indifferently well, 44
 And you fall foule with me *Piſtoll*, Ile ſcoure you with my
 Rapier

11

of Henry the first.

- [II. 1] Rapier in faire termes. If you will walke off a little,
Ile prick your guts a litle in good termes,
48 And theres the humour of it.
Pist. O braggard vile, and damned furious wight,
The Graue doth gape, and groaning
Death is neare, therefore exall.
- They drawe.*
- 52 *Bar.* Heare me, he that strikes the first blow,
Ile kill him, as I am a souldier.
Pist. An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate.
Nim. Ile cut your throat at one time or an other in faire
56 And theres the humor of it. (termes,
Pist. Couple gorge is the word, I thee desie agen :
A damned hound, thinkst thou my spouse to get ?
No, to the powdering tub of infamy,
60 Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cresides kinde,
Doll Tear-sheete, she by name, and her espowse
I haue, and I will hold, the quandom quickly,
For the onely she and Paco, there it is inough.
- Enter the Boy.*
- 64 *Boy.* Hoftes you must come straight to my maister,
And you Hofst *Pistoll.* Good *Bardolfe*
Put thy nose betweene the sheetes, and do the office of a
(warming pan.
Host. By my troath heele yeeld the crow a pudding one
(of these dayes.
- 68 Ile go to him, husband youle come ?
Bar. Come *Pistoll* be friends.
Nim prithe be friends, and if thou wilt not be
Enemies with me too.
- 72 *Ni.* I shal haue my eight shillings I woon of you at beating?
Pist. Bafe is the slaue that payes.
Nim. That now I will haue, and theres the humor of it.
Pist. As manhood shall compound. *They draw.*
- 76 *Bar.* He that strikes the first blow,
Ile kill him by this sword.
Pist. Sword is an oath, and oathes must haue their course.

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<i>Nim.</i> I shall haue my eight shillings I wonne of you at beating ?	[II. 1]
<i>Pist.</i> A noble shalt thou haue, and readie pay, And liquor likewise will I giue to thee, And friendship shall combind and brotherhood : He liue by <i>Nim</i> as <i>Nim</i> shall liue by me : Is not this iust ? for I shall Sutler be Vnto the Campe, and profit will occrue.	80
<i>Nim.</i> I shall haue my noble ? <i>Pist.</i> In cash most truly paid.	84
<i>Nim.</i> Why theres the humour of it.	88

Enter Hostes.

<i>Hostes.</i> As euer you came of men come in, Sir <i>Iohn</i> poore soule is so troubled With a burning tashan contigian feuer, tis wonderfull.	
<i>Pist.</i> Let vs condoll the knight : for lamkins we will liue.	92
<i>Exeunt omnes.</i>	

Enter Exeter and Gloster. [II. 2]

<i>Glost.</i> Before God my Lord, his Grace is too bold to trust these traytors. <i>Exe.</i> They shalbe apprehended by and by. <i>Glost.</i> I but the man that was his bedfellow Whom he hath cloyed and graced with princely fauours That he should for a forraine purse, to fell His Soueraignes life to death and trechery. <i>Exe.</i> O the Lord of <i>Mafsham</i> .	4
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Enter the King and three Lords.

<i>King.</i> Now firs the windes faire, and we wil aboard ; My Lord of <i>Cambridge</i> , and my Lord of <i>Mafsham</i> , And you my gentle Knight, giue me your thoughts, Do you not thinke the power we beare with vs, Will make vs conquerors in the field of <i>France</i> ? <i>Mafsha.</i> No doubt my Liege, if each man do his best.	8
<i>Cam.</i> Neuer	12

of Henry the fift.

[II. 2] *Cam.* Neuer was Monarch better feared and loued then
is your maieftie.

Gray. Euent hofe that were your fathers enemies

16 Haue fteeped their galles in honey for your fake.

King. We therefore haue great caufe of thankfulneffe,
And fhall forget the office of our hands :

Sooner then reward and merit,

20 According to their caufe and worthineffe.

Mafha. So feruice fhall with fteeled finewes fhine,
And labour fhall refresh it felfe with hope
To do your Grace inceffant feruice.

24 *King.* Vncle of *Exeter*, enlarge the man

Committed yesterday, that rayled againft our perfon,
We confider it was the heate of wine that fet him on,
And on his more aduice we pardon him.

28 *Mafha.* That is mercie, but too much fecuritie :

Let him bee punifht Soueraigne, leaft the example of
(him,

Breed more of fuch a kinde.

King. O let vs yet be mercifull.

32 *Cam.* So may your highneffe, and punish too.

Gray. You fhew great mercie if you giue him life,
After the tafte of his correction.

King. Alas your too much care and loue of me

36 Are heauy orifons gainft the poore wretch,
If litle faults proceeding on diftemper fhould not bee

(winked at,

How fhould we fretch our eye, when capitall crimes,
Chewed, fwallowed and digefted, appeare before vs :

40 Well yet enlarge the man, tho Cambridge and the reft
In their deare loues, and tender preferuation of our ftate,
Would haue him punifht.

Now to our French caufes.

44 Who are the late Commiffioners ?

Cam. Me one my Lord, your highneffe bad me afke for
it to day.

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<i>Mash.</i> So did you me my Soueraigne.	[II. 2]
<i>Gray.</i> And me my Lord.	
<i>King.</i> Then <i>Richard</i> Earle of <i>Cambridge</i> there is yours.	48
There is yours my Lord of <i>Masham</i> .	
And fir <i>Thomas Gray</i> knight of <i>Northumberland</i> , this fame is	
Read them, and know we know your worthineffe. (yours :	
Vnckle <i>Exeter</i> I will aboard to night.	52
Why how now Gentlemen, why change you colour ?	
What see you in those papers	
That hath so chafed your blood out of apparance ?	
<i>Cam.</i> I do confesse my fault, and do submit me	56
To your highnesse mercie.	
<i>Mash.</i> To which we all appeale.	
<i>King.</i> The mercy which was quit in vs but late,	
By your owne reasons is forestald and done :	60
You must not dare for shame to aske for mercy,	
For your owne confcience turue vpon your bosomes,	
As dogs vpon their maisters worrying them.	
See you my Princes, and my noble Peeres,	64
These English monfters :	
My Lord of <i>Cambridge</i> here,	
You know how apt we were to grace him,	
In all things belonging to his honour :	68
And this vilde man hath for a fewe light crownes,	
Lightly conspired and sworne vnto the practises of <i>France</i> :	
To kill vs here in <i>Hampton</i> . To the which,	
This knight no lesse in bountie bound to vs	72
Then <i>Cambridge</i> is, haah likewise sworne.	
But oh what shall I fay to thee false man,	
Thou cruell ingratefull and inhumane creature,	
Thou that didst beare the key of all my counsell,	76
That knewst the very secrets of my heart,	
That almost mightest a coyned me into gold,	
Wouldest thou a practise on me for thy vse :	
Can it be possible that out of thee	80
Should proceed one sparke that might annoy my finger ?	

Tis

15

of Henry the first.

- [11. 2] Tis so strange, that tho the truth doth shoue as grose
As black from white, mine eye wil scarcely see it.
- 84 Their faults are open, arrest them to the answer of the lawe,
And God acquit them of their practises.
- Exe.* I arrest thee of high treason,
By the name of *Richard*, Earle of *Cambridge*.
- 88 I arrest thee of high treason,
By the name of *Henry*, Lord of *Masham*.
I arrest thee of high treason,
By the name of *Thomas Gray*, knight of *Northumberland*.
- 92 *Mash.* Our purposes God iustly hath discovered,
And I repent my fault more then my death,
Which I beseech your maiestie forgieue,
Altho my body pay the price of it.
- 96 *King.* God quit you in his mercy. Heare your sentence.
You haue conspired against our royall person,
Ioyned with an enemy proclaimed and fixed.
And frō his coffers receiued the golden earnest of our death
- 100 Touching our person we seeke no redresse.
But we our kingdomes safetie must so tender
Whose ruine you haue fought,
That to our lawes we do deliuer you. death,
- 104 Get ye therefore hence : poore miserable creatures to your
The taste whereof, God in his mercy giue you (amisse :
Patience to endure, and true repentance of all your deeds
Beare them hence.

Exit three Lords.

- 108 Now Lords to *France*. The enterprife whereof,
Shall be to you as vs, successiuelly.
Since God cut off this dangerous treason lurking in our way
Cheerly to sea, the signes of war aduance :
- 112 No King of England, if not King of *France*.

Exit omnes.

Enter

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Enter Nim, Pistoll, Bardolfe, Hofstes and a Boy. [II. 3]

Hofst. I prethy sweete heart, let me bring thee so farre as
(*Stanes.*)

Pist. No fur, no fur.

Bar. Well fir *Iohn* is gone. God be with him.

Hofst. I, he is in *Arthors* bosom, if euer any were: 4

He went away as if it were a cryfombd childe,

Betweene twelue and one,

Iust at turning of the tide:

His nose was as sharpe as a pen: 8

For when I saw him fumble with the sheetes,

And talk of floures, and smile vpo his fingers ends

I knew there was no way but one.

How now fir *Iohn* quoth I? 12

And he cryed three times, God, God, God,

Now I to comfort him, bad him not think of God,

I hope there was no such need.

Then he bad me put more cloathes at his feete: 16

And I felt to them, and they were as cold as any stone:

And to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone.

And so vpward, and vpward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nim. They say he cride out on Sack. 20

Hofst. I that he did.

Boy. And of women.

Hofst. No that he did not.

Boy. Yes that he did: and he fed they were diuels incarnat. 24

Hofst. Indeed carnation was a colour he neuer loued.

Nim. Well he did cry out on women.

Hofst. Indeed he did in some fort handle women,

But then he was rumaticke, and talkt of the whore of 28

(*Babylon.*)

Boy. Hofstes do you remember he saw a Flea stand
Vpon *Bardolfes* Nose, and fed it was a black foule
Burning in hell fire?

Bar.

17

of Henry the fifth.

- [II. 3] *Bar.* Well, God be with him,
That was all the wealth I got in his seruice.
Nim. Shall we fhog off?
The king wil be gone from *Southampton*.
- 36 *Pist.* Cleare vp thy cristalles,
Looke to my chattels and my moueables.
Trust none: the word is pitch and pay :
Mens words are wafer cakes,
- 40 And holdfast is the only dog my deare.
Therefore cophetua be thy counsellor,
Touch her soft lips and part.
Bar. Farewell hostes.
- 44 *Nim.* I cannot kis: and theres the humor of it.
But adieu
Pist. Keepe fast thy buggle boe.
Exit omnes.

[II. 4] *Enter King of France, Bourbon, Dolphin,*
and others.

- King.* Now you Lords of *Orleance*,
Of *Bourbon*, and of *Berry*,
You see the King of England is not slack,
4 For he is footed on this land alreadie.
- Dolphin.* My gracious Lord, tis meet we all goe
And arme vs against the foe: (foorth,
And view the weak & sickly parts of *France* :
8 But let vs do it with no shew of feare,
No with no more, then if we heard
England were bufied with a Moris dance.
For my good Lord, she is so idely kingd,
12 Her scepter so fantastically borne,
So guided by a shallow humorous youth,
That feare attends her not.
- Con.* O peace Prince *Dolphin*, you deceiue your selfe,
C Question

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Question your grace the late Embassador, [II. 4]
With what regard he heard his Embassage,
How well supplied with aged Counsellours,
And how his resolution answered him,
You then would say that *Harry* was not wilde. 20
King. Well thinke we *Harry* strong :
And strongly arme vs to preuent the foe.
Con. My Lord here is an Embassador
From the King of England. 24
Kin. Bid him come in.
You see this chafe is hotly followed Lords.
Dol. My gracious father, cut vp this English short,
Selfeloue my Liege is not so vile a thing, 28
As selfe neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

King. From our brother England?
Exe. From him, and thus he greets your Maiestie :
He wils you in the name of God Almightye, 32
That you deuest your selfe and lay apart
That borrowed tytle, which by gift of heauen,
Of lawe of nature, and of nations, longs
To him and to his heires, namely the crowne 36
And all wide stretched titles that belongs
Vnto the Crowne of *France*, that you may know
Tis no finifter, nor no awkeward claime,
Pickt from the wormeholes of old vanisht dayes, 40
Nor from the dust of old obliuion rackte,
He sends you these most memorable lynes,
In euery branch truly demonstrated :
Willing you ouerlooke this pedigree, 44
And when you finde him euenly deriued
From his most famed and famous ancestors,
Edward the third, he bids you then resigne
Your crowne and kingdome, indirectly held 48
From him, the natiue and true challenger.

King.

of Henry the fifth.

[II. 4] King. If not, what follows?

Exe. Bloody constraint, for if you hide the crown

52 Euen in your hearts, there will he rake for it :

Therefore in fierce tempest is he comming,

In thunder, and in earthquake, like a *Ioue*,

That if requiring faile, he will compell it :

56 And on your heads turnes he the widowes teares,

The Orphanes cries, the dead mens bones,

The pining maydens grones.

For husbands, fathers, and distressed louers,

60 Which shall be swallowed in this controuersie.

This is his claime, his threatning, and my message.

Vnles the *Dolphin* be in prefence here,

To whom exprefly we bring greeting too.

64 *Dol.* For the *Dolphin* ? I stand here for him,

What to heare from England.

Exe. Scorn & defiance, flight regard, contempt,

And any thing that may not misbecome

68 The mightie sencer, doth he prise you at :

Thus faith my king. Vnles your fathers highnesse

Sweeten the bitter mocke you sent his Maiestie,

Heele call you to so loud an answere for it,

72 That caues and wombely vaultes of *France*

Shall chide your trespassse, and return your mock,

In second accent of his ordenance.

Dol. Say that my father render faire reply,

76 It is against my will :

For I desire nothing so much,

As oddes with England.

And for that cause according to his youth

80 I did present him with those *Paris* balles.

Exe. Heele make your *Paris* Louer shake for it,

Were it the mistresse Court of mightie *Europe*.

And be assured, youle finde a difference

84 As we his subiects haue in wonder found :

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Betweene his yonger dayes and theſe he muſters now, [II. 4]
Now he wayes time euen to the lateſt graine,
Which you ſhall finde in your owne loſſes
If he ſtay in *France*. 88

King. Well for vs, you ſhall returne our anſwere backe
To our brother England.

Exit omnes.

Enter Nim, Bardolfe, Piſtoll, Boy. [III. 2]

Nim. Before God here is hote ſeruice.

Piſt. Tis hot indeed, blowes go and come,
Gods vaffals drop and die.

Nim. Tis honor, and theres the humor of it. 4

Boy. Would I were in London :

Ide giue all my honor for a pot of Ale.

Piſt. And I. If wiſhes would preuaile,
I would not ſtay, but thither would I hie. 8

Enter Flewellen and beates them in.

Flew. Godes plud vp to the breaches
You rafcals, will you not vp to the breaches ?

Nim. Abate thy rage ſweete knight,
Abate thy rage. 12

Boy. Well I would I were once from them :
They would haue me as familiar

With mens pockets, as their gloues, and their
Handkerchers, they will ſteale any thing. 16

Bardolfe ſtole a Lute caſe, carryed it three mile,
And fold it for three hapence.

Nim ſtole a fier ſhouell.
I knew by that, they meant to carry coales : 20

Well, if they will not leaue me,
I meane to leaue them.

Exit Nim, Bardolfe, Piſtoll, and the Boy.

Enter Gower.

Gower. Gaptain *Flewellen*, you muſt come ſtrait
To the Mines, to the Duke of *Gloſter*. 24

Looke

21

of Henry the fift.

[III. 2] *Fleu.* Looke you, tell the Duke it is not so good
To come to the mines : the concaueties is otherwife.
You may discuffe to the Duke, the enemy is digd
28 Himfelfe fiue yardes vnder the countermines :
By *Iefus* I thinke heele blowe vp all
If there be no better direction.

[III. 3] *Enter the King and his Lords alarum.*

King. How yet refolues the Gouvernour of the Towne ?
This is the lateft parley weele admit :
Therefore to our beft mercie giue your felues,
4 Or like to men proud of deftruction, defie vs to our worft,
For as I am a fouldier, a name that in my thoughts
Becomes me beft, if we begin the battery once againe
I will not leaue the halfe atchieued Harflew,
8 Till in her afhes ſhe be buried,
The gates of mercie are all ſhut vp.
What fay you, will you yeeld and this auoyd,
Or guiltie in defence be thus deftroyd ?

Enter Gouvernour.

12 *Gouer.* Our expectation hath this day an end :
The Dolphin whom of fuccour we entreated,
Returns vs word, his powers are not yet ready,
To raife ſo great a ſiege : therefore dread King,
16 We yeeld our towne and liues to thy foft mercie :
Enter our gates, diſpoſe of vs and ours,
For we no longer are defenſiue now.

[III. 4] *Enter Katherine, Alice.*

Kate. Alice venecia, vous aues cates en,
Vou parte fort bon Angloys englatara,
Coman fae palla vou la main en francoy.

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<i>Alice.</i> La main madam de han.	[III. 4]
<i>Kate.</i> E da bras.	
<i>Alice.</i> De arma madam.	
<i>Kate.</i> Le main da han la bras de arma.	
<i>Alice.</i> Owy e madam.	8
<i>Kate.</i> E Coman fa pella vow la menton a la coll.	
<i>Alice.</i> De neck, e de cin, madam.	
<i>Kate.</i> E de neck, e de cin, e de code.	
<i>Alice.</i> De cudie ma foy Ie oblye, mais Ie remembre, Le tude, o de elbo madam.	12
<i>Kate.</i> Ecowte Ie reherfera, towt cella que Iac apoandre, De han, de arma, de neck, du cin, e de bilbo.	
<i>Alice.</i> De elbo madam.	16
<i>Kate.</i> O Iefu, Iea obloye ma foy, ecoute Ie recontera De han, de arma, de neck, de cin, e de elbo, e ca bon.	
<i>Alice.</i> Ma foy madam, vow parla au fe bon Angloys Afie vous aues ettue en Englatara.	20
<i>Kate.</i> Par la grace de deu an pettie tanes, Ie parle milleur Coman fe pella vou le peid e le robe.	
<i>Alice.</i> Le foot, e le con.	
<i>Kate.</i> Le fot, e le con, ô Iefu ! Ie ne vew poinct parle, Sie plus deuant le che cheualires de franca, Pur one million ma foy.	24
<i>Alice.</i> Madam, de foote, e le con.	
<i>Kate.</i> O et ill aufie, ecowte <i>Alice</i> , de han, de arma, De neck, de cin, le foote, e de con.	28
<i>Alice.</i> Cet fort bon madam.	
<i>Kate.</i> Aloues a diner.	

Exit omnes.

*Enter King of France Lord Constable, the Dolphin,
and Burbon.* [III. 5]

King. Tis certaine he is paf the Riuer Some.
Con. Mordeu ma via : Shall a few fpranes of vs,

The

of Henry the fift.

[III 5] The emptying of our fathers luxerie,

4 Outgrow their grafters.

Bur. Normanes, bafterd Normanes, mor du

And if they paffe vnfoughtwithall,

Ile fell my Dukedome for a foggy farme

8 In that short nooke Ile of England.

Const. Why whence haue they this mettall ?

Is not their clymate raw, foggy and colde.

On whom as in difdaine, the Sunne lookes pale ?

12 Can barley broath, a drench for fwolne Iades

Their sodden water decockt fuch liuely blood ?

And shall our quick blood spirited with wine

Seeme frofty ? O for honour of our names,

16 Let vs not hang like frozen Icefickles

Vpon our houfes tops, while they a more frofty clymate

Sweate drops of youthfull blood.

King. Constable difpatch, fend Montioy forth,

20 To know what willing raunfome he will giue ?

Sonne *Dolphin* you shall stay in *Rone* with me.

Dol. Not fo I do befeech your Maieftie.

King. Well, I fay it shalbe fo.

Exeunt omnes.

[III. 6]

Enter Gower.

Go. How now Captain *Flewellen*, come you frō the bridge?

Flew. By Iefus thers excellēt feruice cōmitted at ȳ bridge.

Gour. Is the Duke of *Exeter* safe?

4 *Flew.* The duke of *Exeter* is a mā whom I loue, & I honor,

And I worship, with my foule, and my heart, and my life,

And my lands and my liuings,

And my vttermoft powers.

8 The Duke is looke you,

God be praised and pleased for it, no harme in the worell.

He is maintain the bridge very gallently : there is an Ensigne

There,

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There, I do not know how you call him, but by Iesus I think [III. 6]
He is as valient a man as *Marke Anthonie*, he doth maintain 12
the bridge most gallantly: yet he is a man of no reckoning:
But I did see him do gallant seruice.

Gouer. How do you call him?

Flew. His name is ancient *Pistoll*. 16

Gouer. I know him not.

Enter Ancient Pistoll.

Flew. Do you not know him, here comes the man.

Pist. Captaine, I thee befeech to do me fauour,
The Duke of *Exeter* doth loue thee well. 20

Flew. I, and I praise God I haue merrited some loue at
(his hands.

Pist. *Bardolfe* a fouldier, one of buxsome valour,
Hath by furious fate
And giddy Fortunes fickle wheele, 24
That Godes blinde that stands vpon the rowling restlesse
(stone.

Flew. By your patience ancient *Pistoll*,
Fortune, looke you is painted,
Plind with a mufler before her eyes, 28
To signifie to you, that Fortune is plind:
And she is moreouer painted with a wheele,
Which is the morall that Fortune is turning,
And inconstant, and variation; and mutabilities: 32
And her fate is fixed at a sphericall stone
Which roules, and roules, and roules:
Surely the Poet is make an excellēt descriptiō of Fortune.
Fortune looke you is and excellent morall. 36

Pist. Fortune is *Bardolfes* foe, and frownes on him,
For he hath stolne a packs, and hanged must he be:
A damned death, let gallowes gape for dogs,
Let man go free, and let not death his windpipe stop. 40

But

of Henry the fift.

- [III. 6] But *Exeter* hath giuen the doome of death,
For packs of pettie price :
Therefore go ſpeake, the Duke will heare thy voyce,
44 And let not *Bardolfes* vitall threed be cut,
With edge of penny cord, and vile approach.
Speake Captaine for his life, and I will thee requite.
Flew. Captain *Piftoll*, I partly vnderftand your meaning.
48 *Pift.* Why then reioyce therefore.
Flew. Certainly Antient *Piftol*, tis not a thing to reioyce at,
For if he were my owne brother, I would wifh the Duke
To do his pleaſure, and put him to executions : for look you,
52 Difciplines ought to be kept, they ought to be kept.
Pift. Die and be damned, and figa for thy friendſhip.
Flew. That is good.
Pift. The figge of *Spaine* within thy Iawe.
56 *Flew.* That is very well.
Pift. I fay the fig within thy bowels and thy durty maw.
Exit Piftoll.
Fle. Captain *Gour*, cannot you hear it lighten & thunder ?
Gour. Why is this the Ancient you told me of ?
60 I remember him now, he is a bawd, a cutpurfe.
Flew. By Iefus heeis vtter as prauē words vpon the bridge
As you ſhall defire to ſee in a fommers day, but its all one,
What he hath fed to me, looke you, is all one.
64 *Go.* Why this is a gull, a foole, a rogue that goes to the wars
Onely to grace himſelfe at his returne to London :
And ſuch fellowes as he,
Are perfect in great Commaunders names.
68 They will learne by rote where ſeruices were done,
At ſuch and ſuch a ſconce, at ſuch a breach,
At ſuch a conuoy : who came off brauely, who was ſhot,
Who diſgraced, what termes the enemie ſtood on.
72 And this they con perfectly in phraſe of warre,
Which they trick vp with new tuned oathes, & what a berd
Of the Generalls cut, and a horid ſhout of the campe

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Will do among the foining bottles and alewasht wits [III. 6]
Is wonderfull to be thought on : but you must learne 76
To know such flanders of this age,
Or else you may maruelloufly be mistooke.

Flew. Certain captain *Gower*, it is not the man, looke you,
That I did take him to be : but when time shall serue, 80
I fhall tell him a litle of my desires : here comes his Maiestie.

Enter King, Clarence, Gloster and others.

King. How now *Flewellen*, come you from the bridge ?

Flew. I and it shall please your Maiestie,
There is excellent seruice at the bridge. 84

King. What men haue you lost *Flewellen* ?

Flew. And it shall please your Maiestie,
The partition of the aduerfarie hath bene great,
Very reasonably great : but for our own parts, like you now, 88
I thinke we haue lost neuer a man, vnlesse it be one
For robbing of a church, one *Bardolfe*, if your Maiestie
Know the man, his face is full of wheelkes and knubs,
And pumple, and his breath blowes at his nose 92
Like a cole, sometymes red, sometymes plew :
But god be praised, now his nose is executed, & his fire out.

King. We would haue all offenders so cut off,
And we here giue expresse commaundment, 96
That there be nothing taken from the villages but paid for,
None of the French abused,
Or abraidid with disdainfull language :
For when cruelty and lenitie play for a Kingdome, 100
The gentlest gamester is the sooner winner.

Enter French Herald.

Hera. You know me by my habit.

Ki. Well thē, we know thee, what shuld we know of thee ?

Hera. My maisters minde. 104

King. Vnfold it.

Heral. Go thee vnto *Harry of England*, and tell him,
Aduantage is a better fouldier then rashnesse :

Altho

of Henry the fift.

[III. 6] Altho we did feeme dead, we did but flumber.
 Now we fpeake vpon our kue, and our voyce is imperiall,
 England fhall repent her folly : fee her rafhneffe,
 And admire our fufferance. Which to raunfome,

112 His pettineffe would bow vnder :
 For the effufion of our blood, his army is too weake :
 For the difgrace we haue borne, himfelfe
 Kneeling at our feete, a weake and worthleffe fatiffaction.

116 To this, adde defyance. So much from the king my maifter.
King. What is thy name? we know thy qualitie.
Herald. Montioy.
King. Thou doft thy office faire, returne thee backe,

120 And tell thy King, I do not feeke him now :
 But could be well content, without impeach,
 To march on to *Callis* : for to fay the footh,
 Though tis no wifdome to confeffe fo much

124 Vnto an enemie of craft and vantage.
 My fouldiers are with fickneffe much infeebled,
 My Army leffoned, and thofe fewe I haue,
 Almost no better then fo many French :

128 Who when they were in heart, I tell thee Herauld,
 I thought vpon one paire of English legges,
 Did march three French mens.
 Yet forgiue me God, that I do brag thus :

132 This your heire of *France* hath blowne this vice in me.
 I muft repent, go tell thy maifter here I am,
 My raunfome is this frayle and worthleffe body,
 My Army but a weake and fickly garde.

136 Yet God before, we will come on,
 If *France* and fuch an other neighbour food in our way :
 If we may paffe, we will : if we be hindered,
 We fhall your tawny ground with your red blood difcolour.

140 So *Montioy* get you gone, there is for your paines :
 The fum of all our anfwere is but this,
 We would not feeke a battle as we are :

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Nor as we are, we fay we will not shun it.	[III. 6]
<i>Herauld.</i> I shall deliuer fo: thanks to your Maiestie.	144
<i>Glof.</i> My Liege, I hope they will not come vpon vs now.	
<i>King.</i> We are in Gods hand brother, not in theirs: To night we will encampe beyond the bridge, And on to morrow bid them march away.	148
<i>Enter</i> Burbon, Constable, Orleance, Gebon.	[III. 7]
<i>Const.</i> Tut I haue the best armour in the world.	
<i>Orleance.</i> You haue an excellent armour, But let my horse haue his due.	
<i>Burbon.</i> Now you talke of a horse, I haue a steed like the Palfrey of the sun, nothing but pure ayre and fire, And hath none of this dull element of earth within him.	4
<i>Orleance.</i> He is of the colour of the Nutmeg.	
<i>Bur.</i> And of the heate, a the Ginger.	8
Turne all the sands into eloquent tongues, And my horse is argument for them all: I once writ a Sonnet in the praise of my horse, And began thus. Wonder of nature.	12
<i>Con.</i> I haue heard a Sonnet begin fo, In the praise of ones Mistresse.	
<i>Burb.</i> Why then did they immitate that Which I writ in praise of my horse, For my horse is my mistresse.	16
<i>Con.</i> Ma foy the other day, me thought Your mistresse shooke you shrewdly.	
<i>Bur.</i> I bearing me. I tell thee Lord Constable, My mistresse weares her owne haire.	20
<i>Con.</i> I could make as good a boast of that, If I had had a fow to my mistresse.	
<i>Bur.</i> Tut thou wilt make vse of anything.	24
<i>Con.</i> Yet I do not vse my horse for my mistresse.	
<i>Bur.</i> Will it neuer be morning? He ride too morrow a mile, And my way shalbe paued with English faces.	28
<i>Con.</i> By	

21

of *Henry the fifth*.

- [III. 7] *Con.* By my faith so will not I,
For feare I be outfaced of my way.
Bur. Well ile go arme my selfe, hay.
- 32 *Gebon.* The Duke of *Burbon* longs for morning
Or. I he longs to eate the English.
Con. I thinke heele eate all he killes.
Orle. O peace, ill will neuer said well.
- 36 *Con.* Ile cap that prouerbe,
With there is flattery in friendship.
Or. O fir, I can answere that,
With giue the diuel his due.
- 40 *Con.* Haue at the eye of that prouerbe,
With a Iogge of the diuel.
Or. Well the Duke of *Burbon*, is simply,
The most actiue Gentleman of *France*.
- 44 *Con.* Doing his actiuitie, and heele stil be doing.
Or. He neuer did hurt as I heard off.
Con. No I warrant you, nor neuer will.
Or. I hold him to be exceeding valiant.
- 48 *Con.* I was told so by one that knows him better thē you.
Or. Whose that?
Con. Why he told me so himselfe :
And said he cared not who knew it.
- 52 *Or.* Well who will go with me to hazard,
For a hundred English prisoners?
Con. You must go to hazard your selfe,
Before you haue them.
- Enter a Messenger.*
- 56 *Mess.* My Lords, the English lye within a hundred
Paces of your Tent.
Con. Who hath measured the ground?
Mess. The Lord *Granpeere*.
- 60 *Con.* A valiant man, a. an expert Gentleman.
Come, come away :
The Sun is hie, and we weare out the day. *Exit omnes.*

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<i>Enter the King disguised, to him Pistoll.</i>	[IV. 1]
<i>Pist.</i> Ke ve la?	
<i>King.</i> A friend.	
<i>Pist.</i> Discus vnto me, art thou Gentleman?	
Or art thou common, base, and popeler?	4
<i>King.</i> No fir, I am a Gentleman of a Company.	
<i>Pist.</i> Trailes thou the puisfant pike?	
<i>King.</i> Euen so fir. What are you?	
<i>Pist.</i> As good a gentleman as the Emperour.	8
<i>King.</i> O then thou art better then the King?	
<i>Pist.</i> The kings a bago, and a hart of gold.	
<i>Pist.</i> A lad of life, an impe of fame :	
Of parents good, of fist most valiant :	12
I kis his durtie shoe : and from my hart frings	
I loue the louely bully. What is thy name?	
<i>King.</i> <i>Harry le Roy.</i>	
<i>Pist.</i> <i>Le Roy, a Cornish man :</i>	16
Art thou of Cornish crew ?	
<i>Kin.</i> No fir, I am a Wealchman.	
<i>Pist.</i> A Wealchman : knowft thou <i>Flewellen</i> ?	
<i>Kin.</i> I fir, he is my kinsman.	20
<i>Pist.</i> Art thou his friend ?	
<i>Kin.</i> I fir.	
<i>Pist.</i> Figa for thee then : my name is <i>Pistoll.</i>	
<i>Kin.</i> It forts well with your fierceness.	24
<i>Pist.</i> <i>Pistioll</i> is my name.	
<i>Exit Pistoll.</i>	
<i>Enter Gower and Flewellen.</i>	
<i>Gour.</i> Captaine <i>Flewellen.</i>	
<i>Flew.</i> In the name of Iefu speake lewer.	
It is the greateft folly in the worrell, when the auncient	28
Prerogatiues of the warres be not kept.	
I warrant you, if you looke into the warres of the Romanes,	
You shall finde no tittle tattle, nor bible bable there :	
But	

of Henry the fift.

[IV. 1] But you fhall finde the cares, and the feares,
And the ceremonies, to be otherwife.

Gour. Why the enemy is loud : you heard him all night.

Flew. Godes follud, if the enemy be an Affe & a Foole,

36 And a prating cocks-come, is it meet that we be alfo a foole,
And a prating cocks-come, in your confcience now ?

Gour. Ile fpeake lower.

Flew. I befeech you do, good Captaine *Gower*.

Exit Gower, and Flewellen.

40 *Kin.* Tho it appeare a litle out of fafhion,
Yet theres much care in this.

Enter three Souldiers.

1. *Soul.* Is not that the morning yonder ?

2. *Soul.* I we fee the beginning,

44 God knowes whether we fhall fee the end or no.

3. *Soul.* Well I thinke the king could wifh himfelfe

Vp to the necke in the middle of the Thames,

And fo I would he were, at all aduentures, and I with him.

48 *Kin.* Now mafters god morrow, what cheare ?

3. *S.* I faith fmall cheer some of vs is like to haue,
Ere this day ende.

Kin. Why fear nothing man, the king is frolike.

52 2. *S.* I he may be, for he hath no fuch caufe as we

Kin. Nay fay not fo, he is a man as we are.

The Violet fmels to him as to vs :

Therefore if he fee reaons, he feares as we do.

56 2. *Sol.* But the king hath a heauy reckoning to make,

If his caufe be not good : when all thofe foules

Whofe bodies fhall be flaughtered here,

Shall ioyne together at the latter day,

60 And fay *I* dyed at fuch a place. Some fwearing :

Some their wiues rawly left :

Some leauing their children poore behind them.

Now

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Now if his cause be bad, I think it will be a grieuous matter [IV. 1]
(to him.)

King. Why so you may say, if a man send his seruant 64
As Façtor into another Countrey,
And he by any meanes miscarry,
You may say the businesse of the maister,
Was the author of his seruants misfortune. 68
Or if a sonne be imployd by his father,
And he fall into any leaud action, you may say the father
Was the author of his sonnes damnation.
But the master is not to answere for his seruants, 72
The father for his sonne, nor the king for his subiects :
For they purpose not their deaths, whē they craue their ser-
Some there are that haue the gift of premeditated (uices :
Murder on them : 76
Others the broken seale of Forgery, in beguiling maydens.
Now if these outstrip the lawe,
Yet they cannot escape Gods punishment.
War is Gods Beadel. War is Gods vengeance : 80
Euery mans seruice is the kings :
But euery mans soule is his owne.
Therefore I would haue euery souldier examine himselfe,
And wash euery moath out of his conscience : 84
That in so doing, he may be the readier for death :
Or not dying, why the time was well spent,
Wherein such preparation was made.
3. *Lord.* Yfaith he saies true : 88
Euery mans fault on his owne head,
I would not haue the king answere for me.
Yet I intend to fight lustily for him.
King. Well, I heard the king, he wold not be ranfomde. 92
2. *L.* I he said so, to make vs fight :
But when our throates be cut, he may be ranfomde,
And we neuer the wiser.
King. If I liue to see that, Ile neuer trust his word againe. 96
2. *Lord,*

of *Henry the fifth*.

[IV. 1] 2. *Sol.* Mas youle pay him then, tis a great displeasure
That an elder gun, can do against a cannon,
Or a subiect against a monarke.

100 Youle nere take his word again, your a naffe goe.

King. Your reproofe is somewhat too bitter :
Were it not at this time I could be angry.

2. *Sol.* Why let it be a quarrell if thou wilt.

104 *King.* How fhall I know thee ?

2. *Sol.* Here is my gloue, which if euer I see in thy hat,
Ile challenge thee, and strike thee.

Kin. Here is likewise another of mine,
108 And assure thee ile weare it.

2. *Sol.* Thou dar'ft as well be hangd.

3. *Sol.* Be friends you fooles,

We haue French quarrels anow in hand :

112 We haue no need of English broyles.

Kin. Tis no treason to cut French crownes,
For to morrow the king himfelfe wil be a clipper.

Exit the souldiers.

*Enter the King, Gloster, Epingam, and
Attendants.*

K. O God of battels steele my souldiers harts,
116 Take from them now the fence of rekconing,
That the apposed multitudes which stand before them,
May not appall their courage.

O not to day, not to day ô God,
120 Thinke on the fault my father made,
In compassing the crowne.

I *Richards* bodie haue interred new,
And on it hath bestowed more contrite teares,
124 Then from it issued forced drops of blood :
A hundred men haue I in yearly pay,

E

Which

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Which euery day their withered hands hold vp [1V. 1]
To heauen to pardon blood,
And I haue built rwo chanceries, more wil I do : 128
Tho all that I can do, is all too litle.

Enter Gloster.

Glost. My Lord.

King. My brother *Glosters* voyce.

Glost. My Lord, the Army ftayes vpon your prefence. 133

King. Stay *Gloster* ftay, and I will go with thee,
The day my friends, and all things ftayes for me.

Enter Clarence, Glofter, Exeter, and Salisburie. [IV. 3]

War. My Lords the French are very frong.

Exe. There is fue to one, and yet they all are fresh.

War. Of fighting men they haue full fortie thoufand.

Sal. The odde is all too great. Farewell kind Lords : 4
Braue *Clarence*, and my Lord of *Gloster*,
My Lord of *Warwicke*, and to all farewell.

Clar. Farewell kind Lord, fight valiantly to day,
And yet in truth, I do thee wrong, 8
For thou art made on the rruer sparkes of honour.

Enter King.

War. O would we had but ten thoufand men
Now at this infant, that doth not worke in England.

King. Whofe that, that wifhes fo, my Coufen *Warwick* ? 12
Gods will, I would not loofe the honour

One man would fhare from me,

Not for my Kingdome.

No faith my Coufen, with not one man more, 16

Rather proclaime it prefently through our campe,

That he that hath no ftomacke to this feaft,

Let him depart, his pafport fhall bee drawne,

And crownes for conuoy put into his purfe, 20

We

27

of *Henry the first.*

- [IV. 3] We would not die in that mans company,
That feares his fellowship to die with vs.
This day is called the day of Cryspin,
24 He that outliues this day, and sees old age,
Shall stand a tiptoe when this day is named,
And rowse him at the name of Cryspin.
He that outliues this day, and comes safe home,
28 Shall yearely on the vygill feast his friends,
And say, to morrow is S. Crispines day :
Then shall we in their flowing bowles
Be newly remembred. *Harry the King,*
32 *Bedford and Exeter, Clarence and Gloster,*
Warwick and Yorke.
Familiar in their mouthes as household words.
This story shall the good man tell his sonne,
36 And from this day, vnto the generall doome :
But we in it shall be remembred.
We fewe, we happie fewe, we bond of brothers,
For he to day that sheds his blood by mine,
40 Shall be my brother : be he nere so base,
This day shall gentle his condition.
Then shall he strip his sleeuës, and shew his skars,
And say, these wounds I had on Crispines day :
44 And Gentlemen in England now a bed,
Shall thinke themselues accurst,
And hold their manhood cheape,
While any speake that fought with vs
48 Vpon Saint Crispines day.
Glost. My gracious Lord,
The French is in the field.
Kin. Why all things are ready, if our minds be so.
52 *War.* Perish the man whose mind is backward now.
King. Thou dost not wish more help frō England coufen ?
War. Gods will my Liege, would you and I alone,
Without more helpe, might fight this battle out.

E 2

King. Why

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Why well faid. That doth please me better, [IV. 3]
Then to wish me one. You know your charge,
God be with you all.

Enter the Herald from the French.

Herald. Once more I come to know of thee king *Henry*,
What thou wilt giue for raunsome? 60

Kin. Who hath sent thee now?

Her. The Constable of *France*.

Kin. I prethly beare my former answer backe :
Bid them atchieue me, and then fell my bones. 64

Good God, why should they mock good fellows
The man that once did fell the Lions skin, (thus ?
While the beast liued, was kild with hunting him.
A many of our bodies shall no doubt 68

Finde graues within your realme of *France* :
Tho buried in your dunghils, we shalbe famed,
For there the Sun shall greeete them,
And draw vp their honors reaking vp to heauen, 72

Leauing their earthly parts to choke your clyme :
The smel wherof, shall breed a plague in *France* :
Marke then abundant valour in our English,
That being dead, like to the bullets crafing. 76

Breakes forth into a second course of mischief, e,
Killing in relaps of mortalitie :
Let me speake proudly,
Ther's not a peece of feather in our campe, 80

Good argument I hope we shall not flye :
And time hath worne vs into flouendry.
But by the mas, our hearts are in the trim,
And my poore souldiers tel me, yet ere night 84

Thayle be in fresher robes, or they will plucke
The gay new cloathes ore your French souldiers eares,
And turne them out of seruice. If they do this,
As if it please God they shall, 88

Then shall our ranfome foone be leuied.

Saue

37

of Henry the fift.

[IV. 3] Saue thou thy labour Herauld :

 Come thou no more for ranfom, gentle Herauld.

92 They shall haue nought I sweare, but these my bones :

 Which if they haue, as *I* wil leaue am them,

 Will yeeld them litle, tell the Constable.

Her. I shall deliuer so.

Exit Herauld.

96 *Yorke.* My gracious Lord, vpon my knee *I* craue,
The leading of the vaward.

Kin. Take it braue *Yorke.* Come souldiers lets away :
And as thou pleasest God, dispose the day.

Exit.

[IV. 5] *Enter the foure French Lords.*

Ge. O diabello.

Const. Mor du ma vie.

Or. O what a day is this !

4 *Bur.* O Iour dei houte all is gone, all is lost.

Con. We are inough yet liuing in the field,
To smother vp the English,
If any order might be thought vpon.

8 *Bur.* A plague of order, once more to the field,
And he that will not follow *Burbon* now,
Let him go home, and with his cap in hand,
Like a bace leno hold the chamber doore,

12 Why leaft by a slaue no gentler then my dog,
His fairest daughter is contamuracke.

Con. Disorder that hath spoyld vs, right vs now,
Come we in heapes, wee le offer vp our liues

16 Vnto these English, or else die with fame.

 Come, come along,

 Lets dye with honour, our shame doth laft too long.

Exit omnes.

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<i>Enter Pistoll, the French man, and the Boy.</i>	[IV. 4]
<i>Pist.</i> Eyld cur, eyld cur.	
<i>French.</i> O Monfire, ie vous en pree aues petie de moy.	
<i>Pist.</i> Moy shall not ferue. I will haue fortie moys.	
Boy aske him his name.	4
<i>Boy.</i> Comant ettes vous apelles ?	
<i>French.</i> Monfier Fer.	
<i>Boy.</i> He saies his name is Maffer <i>Fer</i> .	
<i>Pist.</i> Ile Fer him, and ferit him, and ferke him :	8
Boy discus the same in French.	
<i>Boy.</i> Sir I do not know, whats French	
For fer, ferit and fearkt.	
<i>Pist.</i> Bid him prepare, for I wil cut his throate.	12
<i>Boy.</i> Feate, vou preat, ill voulles coupele votre gage.	
<i>Pist.</i> Ony e ma foy couple la gorge.	
Vnlesse thou giue to me egregious raunfome, dye.	
One poynt of a foxe.	16
<i>French.</i> Qui dit ill monfiere.	
Ill ditye fi vou ny vouly pa domy luy.	
<i>Boy.</i> La gran ranfome, ill vou tueres.	
<i>French.</i> O Iee vous en pri pettit gentelhome, parle	20
A cee, gran capataine, pour auez mercie	
A moy, ey Iee donerees pour mon ranfome	
Cinquante ocios. Ie fuyes vngentelhome de <i>France</i> .	
<i>Pist.</i> What sayes he boy ?	24
<i>Boy.</i> Marry fir he sayes, he is a Gentleman of a great	
Houfe, of <i>France</i> : and for his ranfome,	
He will giue you 500. crownes.	
<i>Pist.</i> My fury shall abate,	28
And I the Crownes will take.	
And as I suck blood, I will some mercie shew.	
Follow me cur.	
<i>Exit omnes.</i>	
<i>Enter the King and his Nobles, Pistoll.</i>	[IV. 6]
<i>King.</i> What the French retire ?	
Yet	

of Henry the fift.

[IV. 6] Yet all is not done, yet keepe the French the field.

Exe. The Duke of *Yorke* commends him to your Grace.

4 *King.* Liues he good Vnckle, twife I fawe him downe,
Twife vp againe :

From helmet to the fpurre, all bleeding ore.

Exe. In which aray, braue fouldier doth he lye,

8 Larding the plaines, and by his bloody fide,
Yoake fellow to his honour dying wounds,

The noble Earle of *Suffolke* alfo lyes.

Suffolke firft dyde, and *Yorke* all hafted ore,

12 Comes to him where in blood he lay fteept,
And takes him by the beard, kifles the gafhnes

That bloodily did yane vpon his face,
And cryde aloud, tary deare coufin *Suffolke* :

16 My foule fhall thine keep company in heauen :

Tary deare foule awhile, then flie to refit :

And in this glorious and well foughten field,

We kept together in our chiualdry.

20 Vpon thefe words I came and cheerd them vp,

He tooke me by the hand, faid deare my Lord,

Commend my feruice to my foueraigne.

So did he turne, and ouer *Suffolkes* necke

24 He threw his wounded arme, and fo espoufed to death,

With blood he fealed. An argument

Of neuer ending loue. The pretie and fweet maner of it,

Forft thofe waters from me, which I would haue ftopt,

28 But I not fo much of man in me,

But all my mother came into my eyes,

And gaue me vp to teares.

Kin. I blame you not : for hearing you,

32 I muft conuert to teares.

Alarum foundes.

What new alarum is this ?

Bid euery fouldier kill his prifoner.

Pift. Couple gorge.

Exit omnes.

Enter

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Enter Flewellen, and Captaine Gower.

[IV. 7]

Flew. Godes plud kil the boyes and the luyge,
Tis the arrants peece of knauery as can be defired,
In the worell now, in your conscience now.

Gour. Tis certaine, there is not a Boy left aliue,
And the cowerdly rascals that ran from the battell,
Themfelues haue done this slaughter :

4

Befide, they haue carried away and burnt,
All that was in the kings Tent :
Whervpon the king caufed euery prifoners
Throat to be cut. O he is a worthy king.

8

Flew. I he was born at *Monmorth.*
Captain *Gower*, what call you the place where
Alexander the big was borne ?

12

Gour. *Alexander* the great.

Flew. Why I pray, is nat big great ?
As if I fay, big or great, or magnanimous,
I hope it is all one reconing,
Saue the frafe is a litle varation.

16

Gour. I thinke *Alexander* the great
Was borne at *Macedon.*
His father was called *Philip* of *Macedon*,
As I take it.

20

Flew. I thinke it was *Macedon* indeed where *Alexander*
Was borne : looke you captaine *Gower*,
And if you looke into the mappes of the worell well,
You shall finde litle difference betweene
Macedon and *Monmorth.* Looke you, there is
A Riuer in *Macedon*, and there is also a Riuer
In *Monmorth*, the Riuers name at *Monmorth*,
Is called *Wye.*

24

But tis out of my braine, what is the name of the other :
But tis all one, tis so like, as my fingers is to my fingers,
And there is Samons in both.

28

Looke you captaine *Gower*, and you marke it,

You

41

of Henry the fift.

[IV. 7] You fhall finde our King is come after *Alexander*.

36 God knowes, and you know, that *Alexander* in his
Bowles, and his alles, and his wrath, and his displeafures,
And indignations, was kill his friend *Clitus*.

Gower. I but our King is not like him in that,

40 For he neuer killd any of his friends.

Flew. Looke you, tis not well done to take the tale out

Of a mans mouth, ere it is made an end and finished :

I fpeake in the comparifons, as *Alexander* is kill

44 His friend *Clitus* : fo our King being in his ripe
Wits and iudgements, is turne away, the fat knite
With the great belly doublet : I am forget his name.

Gower. Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*.

48 *Flew*. I, I thinke it is Sir *Iohn Falstaffe* indeed,
I can tell you, theres good men borne at *Monmorth*.

Enter King and the Lords.

King. I was not angry fince I came into *France*,
Vntill this houre.

52 Take a trumpet Herald,

And ride vnto the horfmen on yon hill :

If they will fight with vs bid them come downe,

Or leaue the field, they do offend our fight :

56 Will they do neither, we will come to them,

And make them skyr away, as fast

As ftones enforft from the old Affirian flings.

Befides, weele cut the throats of thofe we haue,

60 And not one aliue fhall tafte our mercy.

Enter the Herald.

Gods will what meanes this ? knowft thou no

That we haue fined thefe bones of ours for ranfome ?

Herald. I come great king for charitable fauour,

64 To fort our Nobles from our common men,

We may haue leaue to bury all our dead,

Which in the field lye fpoyled and troden on.

Kin. I tell thee truly Heraldu, I do not know whether

F

The

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The day be ours or no : [IV. 7]
For yet a many of your French do keep the field.
Hera. The day is yours.
Kin. Praised be God therefore.
What Castle call you that ? 72
Hera. We call it *Agincourt.*
Kin. Then call we this the field of *Agincourt.*
Fought on the day of *Cryspin, Cryspin.*
Flew. Your grandfather of famous memorie, 76
If your grace be remembered,
Is do good seruice in *France.*
Kin. Tis true *Flewellen.*
Flew. Your Maiestie faves verie true. 80
And it please your Maiestie,
The Wealchmen there was do good seruice,
In a garden where Leekes did grow.
And I thinke your Maiestie wil take no sorne, 84
To weare a Leake in your cap vpon S. *Dauies* day.
Kin. No *Flewellen*, for I am wealch as well as you.
Flew. All the water in *VVye* wil not wash your wealch
Blood out of you, God keep it, and preferue it, 88
To his graces will and pleasure.
Kin. Thankes good countryman.
Flew. By Iesus I am your Maiesties countryman :
I care not who know it, so long as your maiesty is an honest 92
K. God keep me so. Our Herald go with him, (man.
And bring vs the number of the scattred French.

Exit Herald.

Call yonder fouldier hither.
Flew. You fellow come to the king. 96
Kin. Fellow why doost thou weare that gloue in thy hat ?
Soul. And please your maiestie, tis a rascals that fwagard
With me the other day : and he hath one of mine,
Which if euer I see, I haue sworne to strike him. 100
So

of Henry the fift.

[IV. 7] So hath he sworne the like to me.

K. How think you *Flewellen*, is it lawfull he keep his oath?

Fl. And it please your maiefty, tis lawful he keep his vow.

104 If he be periur'd once, he is as arrant a beggerly knaue,
As treads vpon too blacke shues.

Kin. His enemy may be a gentleman of worth.

Flew. And if he be as good a gentleman as Lucifer
108 And Belzebub, and the diuel himfelfe,
Tis meete he keepe his vowe.

Kin. Well firrha keep your word.
Vnder what Captain ferueft thou?

112 *Soul.* Vnder Captaine *Gower*.

Flew. Captaine *Gower* is a good Captaine:
And hath good littrature in the warres.

Kin. Go call him hither.

116 *Soul.* I will my Lord.

Exit souldier.

Kin. Captain *Flewellen*, when *Alonson* and I was
Downe together, *I* tooke this gloue off from his helmet,
Here *Flewellen*, weare it. If any do challenge it,
120 He is a friend of *Alonsons*,
And an enemy to mee.

Fl. Your maieftie doth me as great a fauour
As can be desired in the harts of his subiects.
124 *I* would see that man now that should chalenge this gloue:
And it please God of his grace. *I* would but see him,
That is all.

Kin. *Flewellen* knowft thou Captaine *Gower*?

128 *Fl.* Captaine *Gower* is my friend.
And if it like your maieftie, *I* know him very well.

Kin. Go call him hither.

Flew. *I* will and it shall please your maieftie.

132 *Kin.* Follow *Flewellen* closely at the heeles,
The gloue he weares, it was the souldiers:

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It may be there will be harme betweene them, [IV. 7]
For I do know *Flewellen* valiant,
And being toucht, as hot as gunpowder : 136
And quickly will returne an iniury.
Go see there be no harme betweene them.

Enter Gower, Flewellen, and the Souldier. [IV. 8]

Flew. Captain *Gower*, in the name of Iesu,
Come to his Maiestie, there is more good toward you,
Then you can dreame off.

Soul. Do you heare you fir? do you know this gloue? 4

Flew. I know the the gloue is a gloue.

Soul. Sir I know this, and thus I challenge it.

He strikes him.

Flew. Gode plut, and his. Captain *Gower* stand away : 8
He giue treason his due presently.

Enter the King, Warwicke, Clarence, and Exeter.

King. How now, what is the matter?

Flew. And it shall please your Maiestie,
Here is the notablest peece of treason come to light,
As you shall desire to see in a Summers day. 12
Here is a rascall, beggerly rascall, is strike the gloue,
Which your Maiestie tooke out of the helmet of *Alonjon* :
And your Maiestie will beare me witness, and testimony,
And smouchments, that this is the gloue. 15

Soul. And it please your Maiestie, that was my gloue.
He that I gaue it too in the night,
Promited me to weare it in his hat :
I promited to strike him if he did. 18

I met that Gentleman, with my gloue in his hat,
And I thinke I haue bene as good as my word.

Flew. Your Maiestie heares, vnder your Maiesties
Manhood, what a beggerly lowtie knowe it is. 24

King. Let me see thy gloue. Looke you,
This is the fellow of it.
It was I indeed you promited to strike.

And

45

of Henry the fift.

- [IV. 8] And thou thou hast giuen me most bitter words.
How canst thou make vs amends?
Flew. Let his necke answere it,
If there be any marshals lawe in the worell.
- 32 *Soul.* My Liege, all offences come from the heart :
Neuer came any from mine to offend your Maiestie.
You appeard to me as a common man :
Witnesse the night, your garments, your lowlineffe,
- 36 And whatfoeuer you receiued vnder that habit,
I beseech your Maiestie impute it to your owne fault
And not mine. For your selfe came not like your selfe :
Had you bene as you seemed, I had made no offence.
- 40 Therefore I beseech your grace to pardon me.
Kin. Vnckle, fill the gloue with crownes,
And giue it to the fouldier. Weare it fellow,
As an honour in thy cap, till I do challenge it.
- 44 Giue him the crownes. Come Captaine *Flewellen*,
I must needs haue you friends.
Flew. By Iesus, the fellow hatn mettall enough
In his belly. Harke you fouldier, there is a shilling for you,
- 48 And keep your selfe out of brawles & brables, & dissentiōs,
And looke you, it shall be the better for you.
Soul. Ile none of your money sir, not I.
Flew. Why tis a good shilling man.
- 52 Why should you be queamish? Your shoes are not so good :
It will serue you to mend your shoes.
Kin. What men of fort are taken vnckle ?
Exe. *Charles* Duke of *Orleance*, Nephew to the King.
- 56 *Iohn* Duke of *Burbon*, and Lord *Bowchquall*.
Of other Lords and Barrons, Knights and Squiers,
Full fiteene hundred, besides common men.
This note doth tell me of ten thousand
- 60 French, that in the field lyes flaine.
Of Nobles bearing banners in the field,

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<i>Charles de le Brute, hie Conftable of France.</i>	[IV. 8]
<i>Iaques of Chattillian, Admirall of France.</i>	
The Maifter of the crosbows, <i>Iohn Duke Alßfon.</i>	64
Lord <i>Ranbieres</i> , hie Maifter of <i>France.</i>	
The braue fir <i>Gwigzard, Dolphin.</i> Of <i>Nobelle Charillas,</i> Gran <i>Prie</i> , and <i>Roffe, Fawconbridge</i> and <i>Foy.</i> <i>Gerard</i> and <i>Verton.</i> <i>Vandemant</i> and <i>Leftra.</i>	68
Here was a royall fellowſhip of death. Where is the number of our Engliſh dead ? <i>Edward</i> the Duke of <i>Yorke</i> , the Earle of <i>Suffolke,</i> Sir <i>Richard Ketly, Davy Gam</i> Eſquier :	72
And of all other, but five and twentie. O God thy arme was here, And vnto thee alone, aſcribe we praife. When without ſtrategem,	76
And in euen ſhock of battle, was euer heard So great, and litle loſſe, on one part and an other. Take it God, for it is onely thine. <i>Exe.</i> Tis wonderfull.	80
<i>King.</i> Come let vs go on proceſſion through the camp : Let it be death proclaimed to any man, To boaſt hereof, or take the praife from God, Which is his due.	84
<i>Flew.</i> Is it lawful, and it pleaſe your Maieſtie, To tell how many is kild ? <i>King.</i> Yes <i>Flewellen,</i> but with this acknowledgement, That God fought for vs.	88
<i>Flew.</i> Yes in my conſcience, he did vs great good. <i>King.</i> Let there be fung, <i>Nououes</i> and <i>te Deum.</i> The dead with charitie entered in clay : Weele then to <i>Calice</i> , and to <i>England</i> then,	92
Where nere from <i>France</i> , arriude more happier men. <i>Exit omnes.</i>	
<i>Enter Gower, and Flewellen.</i>	[V. 1]
<i>Gower.</i> But why do you weare your Leeke to day ? Saint	

47

of Henry the fift.

[V. 1] Saint *Dauies* day is past ?

Flew. There is occasion Captaine *Gower*,

4 Looke you why, and wherefore,

The other day looke you, *Pistolles*

Which you know is a man of no merites

In the worell, is come where I was the other day,

8 And brings bread and fault, and bids me

Eate my Leeke : twas in a place, looke you,

Where *I* could moue no difcentions :

But if *I* can see him, *I* shall tell him,

12 A litle of my defires.

Gow. Here a comes, fwelling like a Turkecocke.

Enter Pistoll.

Flew. Tis no matter for his fwelling, and his turkecocks,

God plesse you Antient *Pistoll*, you scall,

16 Beggerly, lowfie knaue, God plesse you.

Pift. Ha, art thou bedlem ?

Dost thou thurst bafe Troyan,

To haue me folde vp *Parcas* fatall web ?

20 Hence, *I* am qualmish at the smell of Leeke.

Flew. Antient *Pistoll*. I would defire you becaufe

It doth not agree with your stomacke, and your appetite,

And your digeftions, to eate this Leeke.

24 *Pift.* Not for *Cadwalleder* and all his goates.

Flew. There is one goate for you Antient *Piftol*.

He strikes him.

Pift. Bace Troyan, thou shall dye.

Flew. I, I know I shall dye, meane time, I would

28 Defire you to liue and eate this Leeke.

Gower. Inough Captaine, you haue astonisht him.

Flew. Astonisht him, by *Iefu*, Ile beate his head

Foure dayes, and foure nights, but Ile

32 Make him eate some part of my Leeke.

Pist. Well must I byte ?

Flew. I

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<i>Flew.</i> I out of question or doubt, or ambiguities	[V. 1]
You must byte.	
<i>Pist.</i> Good good.	36
<i>Flew.</i> I Leekes are good, Antient <i>Pistoll.</i>	
There is a shilling for you to heale your bloody coxkome.	
<i>Pist.</i> Me a shilling.	
<i>Flew.</i> If you will not take it,	40
I haue an other Leeke for you.	
<i>Pist.</i> I take thy shilling in earnest of reconing.	
<i>Flew.</i> If I owe you any thing, ile pay you in cudgels,	
You shalbe a woodmonger,	44
And by cudgels, God bwy you,	
Antient <i>Pistoll</i> , God bleffe you,	
And heale your broken pate.	
Antient <i>Pistoll</i> , if you see Leekes an other time,	48
Mocke at them, that is all : God bwy you.	
<i>Exit Flewellen.</i>	
<i>Pist.</i> All hell shall stir for this.	
Doth Fortune play the hufwy with me now ?	
Is honour cudgeld from my warlike lines ?	52
Well <i>France</i> farwell, newes haue I certainly	
That Doll is ficke. One mallydie of <i>France</i> ,	
The warres affordeth nought, home will I trug.	
Bawd will I turne, and vse the flyte of hand :	56
To England will I steale,	
And there Ile steale.	
And patches will I get vnto these skarres,	
And sweare I gat them in the Gallia warres.	60
<i>Exit Pistoll.</i>	

*Enter at one doore, the King of England and his Lords. And at [V. 2]
the other doore, the King of France, Queene Katherine, the
Duke of Burbon, and others.*

Harry. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met.

And

of *Henry the fifth*.

[V. 2] And to our brother *France*, Faire time of day.

Faire health vnto our louely cousen *Katherine*.

4 And as a branch, and member of this stock :

We do salute you Duke of *Burgondie*.

Fran. Brother of *England*, right ioyous are we to behold

Your face, so are we Princes English euery one.

8 *Duk.* With pardon vnto both your mightines.

Let it not displease you, if I demaund

What rub or bar hath thus far hindred you,

To keepe you from the gentle speech of peace ?

12 *Har.* If Duke of *Burgondy*, you wold haue peace,

You must buy that peace,

According as we haue drawne our articles.

Fran. We haue but with a cursenary eye,

16 Oreviewd them pleafeth your Grace,

To let some of your Counsell fit with vs,

We shall returne our peremptory answere.

Har. Go Lords, and fit with them,

20 And bring vs answere backe.

Yet leaue our cousen *Katherine* here behind.

France. Withall our hearts.

Exit King and the Lords. Manet, Herry, Katherine, and the Gentlewoman.

Hate. Now *Kate*, you haue a blunt wooer here

24 Left with you.

If I could win thee at leapfrog,

Or with vawting with my armour on my backe,

Into my saddle,

28 Without brag be it spoken,

Ide make compare with any

But leauing that *Kate*,

If thou takest me now,

32 Thou shalt haue me at the worst :

G

And

The Chronicle Historie

May foy ie oblye, what is to baffie? [V. 2]

Har. To kis, to kis. O that tis not the
Fashion in *Frannce*, for the maydes to kis
Before they are married. 104

Lady. Owee fee votree grace.

Har. Well, weele breake that custome. 108
Therefore *Kate* patience performe and yeeld.
Before God *Kate*, you haue witchcraft
In your kiffes :

And may perfwade with me more, 112
Then all the French Councill.
Your father is returned.

*Enter the King of France, and
the Lordes.*

How now my Lords?

France. Brother of England, 116
We haue oreded the Articles,
And haue agreed to all that we in fedule had.

Exe. Only he hath not subscribed this,
Where your maicstie demaunds, 120
That the king of *France* hauing any occasion
To write for matter of graunt,

Shall name your highnesse, in this forme :
And with this addition in French. 124

*Nostre tresher filz, Henry Roy D'anglaterre,
E heare de France.* And thus in Latin :
*Preclarissimus filius noster Henricus Rex Anglie,
Et heres Francie.* 128

Fran. Nor this haue we so nicely stood vpon,
But you faire brother may intreat the fame.

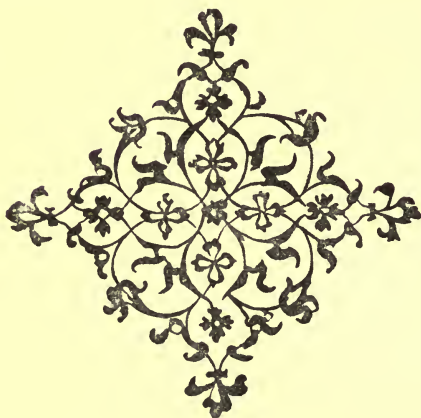
Har. Why then let this among the rest,
Haue his full course : And withall, 132
Your daughter *Katherine* in mariage.

France.

of *Henry the fifth*.

- [V. 2] *Fran.* This and what else,
Your maiestie shall craue.
136 God that disposeth all, giue you much ioy.
Har. Why then faire *Katherine*,
Come giue me thy hand :
Our mariage will we present solemniſe,
140 And end our hatred by a bond of loue.
Then will I sweare to *Kate*, and *Kate* to mee :
And may our vowes once made, vnbroken bee.

FINIS



The
Life of Henry the Fifth.



REPRINTED FROM THE FIRST FOLIO, 1623.

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The Life of Henry the Fift.

Enter Prologue.

- [COL. 1] **O** For a Muse of Fire, that would ascend
The brightest Heauen of Inuention:
A Kingdome for a Stage, Princes to Act,
4 And Monarchs to behold the swelling Scene.
Then should the Warlike Harry, like himselfe,
Assume the Port of Mars, and at his heeles
(Leasht in, like Hounds) should Famine, Sword, and Fire
8 Crouch for employment. But pardon, Gentles all:
The flat vnrayed Spirits, that hath dar'd,
On this vnworthy Scaffold, to bring forth
So great an Obiect. Can this Cock-Pit hold
12 The vastie fields of France? Or may we cramme
Within this Woodden O, the very Caskes
That did affright the Ayre at Agincourt?
O pardon: since a crooked Figure may
16 Attest in little place a Million,
And let vs, Cyphers to this great Accompt,
[COL. 2] On your imaginarie Forces worke.
Suppose within the Girdle of these Walls
20 Are now confin'd two mightie Monarchies,
Whose high, vp-reared, and abutting Fronts,
The perillous narrow Ocean parts asunder.
Peece out our imperfections with your thoughts:
24 Into a thousand parts diuide one Man,
And make imaginarie Puissance.
Thinke when we talke of Horses, that you see them,
Printing their proud Hoofes i'th' receiuing Earth:
28 For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our Kings,
Carry them here and there: Iumping o're Times;
Turning th' accomplishment of many yeeres
Into an Howre-glasse: for the which supplie,
32 Admit me Chorus to this Historie;
Who Prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to heare, kindly to iudge our Play.

Exit.

[The Life of Henry the Fift.]

*Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.**Enter the two Bishops of Canterbury and Ely.*

[COL. I]

Bish. Cant.

Y Lord, Ile tell you, that selfe Bill is vrg'd,
 Which in th'eleuēth yere of y^e last Kings reign
 Was like, and had indeed against vs past,
 But that the scambling and vnquiet time
 Did push it out of farther question.

[I. I]

4

Bish. Ely. But how my Lord shall we resist it now?

Bish. Cant. It must be thought on : if it passe against vs,
 We loose the better halfe of our Possession :
 For all the Temporall Lands, which men deuout
 By Testament haue giuen to the Church,
 Would they strip from vs ; being valu'd thus,
 As much as would maintaine, to the Kings honor,
 Full fiftene Earles, and fiftene hundred Knights,
 Six thousand and two hundred good Esquires :

8

12

- [I. 1] And to reliefe of Lazars, and weake age
 16 Of indigent faint Soules, past corporall toyle,
 A hundred Almes-houfes, right well supply'd :
 And to the Coffers of the King beside,
 A thousand pounds by th'yeere. Thus runs the Bill.
- 20 *Bish. Ely.* This would drinke deepe.
Bish. Cant. 'Twould drinke the Cup and all.
Bish. Ely. But what preuention ?
- [COL. 2] *Bish. Cant.* The King is full of grace, and faire re-
 gard.
- 24 *Bish. Ely.* And a true louer of the holy Church.
Bish. Cant. The courfes of his youth promis'd it not.
 The breath no sooner left his Fathers body,
 But that his wildnesse, mortify'd in him,
 28 Seem'd to dye too : yea, at that very moment,
 Consideration like an Angell came,
 And whipt th'offending *Adam* out of him ;
 Leauing his body as a Paradife,
- 32 T'inuelop and containe Celestiall Spirits.
 Neuer was such a sodaine Scholler made :
 Neuer came Reformation in a Flood,
 With such a heady currance scowring faults :
- 36 Nor neuer *Hidra*-headed Wilfulnesse
 So soone did loofe his Seat ; and all at once ;
 As in this King.
Bish. Ely. We are blessed in the Change.
- 40 *Bish. Cant.* Heare him but reason in Diuinitie ;
 And all-admiring, with an inward wish
 You would desire the King were made a Prelate :
 Heare him debate of Common-wealth Affaires ;
- 44 You would say, it hath been all in all his study :
 Lift his discourse of Warre ; and you shall heare
 A fearefull Battaile rendred you in Musique.

Turne him to any Cause of Pollicy,	[I. 1]
The Gordian Knot of it he will vnloofe,	48
Familiar as his Garter : that when he fpeakes,	
The Ayre, a Charter'd Libertine, is fill,	
And the mute Wonder lurketh in mens eares,	
To feale his fweet and honyed Sentences:	52
So that the Art and Praëtique part of Life,	
Must be the Miftrefse to this Theorique.	
Which is a wonder how his Grace should gleane it,	
Since his addiction was to Courfes vaine,	56
His Companies vnletter'd, rude, and shallow,	
His Houres fill'd vp with Ryots, Banquets, Sports ;	
And neuer noted in him any studie,	
Any retyrement, any fequestration,	60
From open Haunts and Popularitie.	
<i>B. Ely.</i> The Strawberry growes vnderneath the Nettle,	
And holefome Berryes thriue and ripen beft,	
Neighbour'd by Fruit of baser qualitie :	64
And fo the Prince obfcure'd his Contemplation	
Vnder the Veyle of Wildneffe, which (no doubt)	
Grew like the Summer Graffe, fafteft by Night,	
Vnfeene, yet crefsiue in his facultie.	68
<i>B. Cant.</i> It must be fo ; for Miracles are ceaft :	
And therefore we must needs admit the meanes,	
How things are perfected.	
<i>B. Ely.</i> But my good Lord :	72
How now for mittigation of this Bill,	
Vrg'd by the Commons? doth his Maieftie	
Incline to it, or no?	
<i>B. Cant.</i> He seemes indifferent :	76
Or rather fwaying more vpon our part,	
Then cherifhing th'exhibitors againft vs :	
For I haue made an offer to his Maieftie,	

- [I. 1] Vpon our Spirituall Conuocation,
 And in regard of Causes now in hand,
 Which I haue open'd to his Grace at large,
 As touching France, to giue a greater Summe,
 84 Then euer at one time the Clergie yet
 Did to his Predecessors part withall.
B. Ely. How did this offer seeme receiu'd, my Lord?
B. Cant. With good acceptance of his Maiestie :
 88 Saue that there was not time enough to heare,
 As I perceiu'd his Grace would faine haue done,
 The feueralls and vnhidden passages
 Of his true Titles to some certaine Dukedomes,
 92 And generally, to the Crowne and Seat of France,
 Deriu'd from *Edward*, his great Grandfather.
B. Ely. What was th'impediment that broke this off?
B. Cant. The French Embassador vpon that instant
 96 Crau'd audience; and the howre I thinke is come,
 To giue him hearing: I it foure a Clock?
B. Ely. It is.
B. Cant. Then goe we in, to know his Embassie :
 100 Which I could with a ready guesse declare,
 Before the Frenchman speake a word of it.
B. Ely. Ile wait vpon you, and I long to heare it.

Exeunt.

- [I. 2] *Enter the King, Humfrey, Bedford, Clarence,
 Warwick, Westmerland, and Exeter.*
King. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?
Exeter. Not here in presence.
King. Send for him, good Vnckle.
 4 *Westm.* Shall we call in th'Ambassador, my Liege?
King. Not yet, my Coufin: we would be resolu'd,
 Before we heare him, of some things of weight,
 That taske our thoughts, concerning vs and France.

Enter two Bishops.

[I 2]

B. Cant. God and his Angels guard your sacred Throne,
8
And make you long become it.

King. Sure we thanke you.
My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed,
And iustly and religiously unfold, 12
Why the Law *Salike*, that they haue in France,
Or should or should not barre vs in our Clayme :
And God forbid, my deare and faithfull Lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading, 16
Or nicely charge your vnderstanding Soule,
With opening Titles miscreate, whose right
Sutes not in natiue colours with the truth :
For God doth know, how many now in health, 20
Shall drop their blood, in approbation
Of what your reuerence shall incite vs to.
Therefore take heed how you impawne our Person,
How you awake our sleeping Sword of Warre; 24
We charge you in the Name of God take heed :
For neuer two such Kingdomes did contend,
Without much fall of blood, whose guiltlesse drops
Are euery one, a Woe, a fore Complaint, 28
'Gainst him, whose wrongs giues edge vnto the Swords,
That makes such waste in briefe mortalitie.
Vnder this Coniuration, speake my Lord :
For we will heare, note, and beleue in heart, 32
That what you speake, is in your Conscience washt,
As pure as sinne with Baptifme.

B. Can. Then heare me gracious Soueraign, & you Peers,
That owe your felues, your liues, and seruices, 36
To this Imperiall Throne. There is no barre
To make against your Highnesse Clayme to France,

- [I. 2] But this which they produce from *Pharamond*,
 40 *In terram Salicam Mulieres ne succedaui*,
 No Woman shall succeed in *Salike* Land :
 Which *Salike* Land, the French vniusfly gloze
 To be the Realme of France, and *Pharamond*
 44 The founder of this Law, and Female Barre.
 Yet their owne Authors faithfully affirme,
 That the Land *Salike* is in Germanie,
 Betweene the Flouds of Sala and of Elue :
 48 Where *Charles* the Great hauing subdu'd the Saxons,
 There left behind and fettled certaine French :
 Who holding in disdaine the German Women,
 For some dishonest manners of their life,
 52 Eftablisht then this Law ; to wit, No Female
 Should be Inheritrix in *Salike* Land :
 Which *Salike* (as I said) 'twixt Elue and Sala,
 Is at this day in Germanie, call'd *Meisen*.
 56 Then doth it well appeare, the *Salike* Law
 Was not deuised for the Realme of France :
 Nor did the French possessè the *Salike* Land,
 Vntill foure hundred one and twentie yeeres
 60 After defunçtion of King *Pharamond*,
 Idly suppos'd the founder of this Law,
 Who died within the yeere of our Redemption,
 Foure hundred twentie six : and *Charles* the Great
 64 Subdu'd the Saxons, and did feat the French
 Beyond the Riuer Sala, in the yeere
 Eight hundred fiue. Besides, their Writers say,
 King *Pepin*, which deposed *Childerike*,
 68 Did as Heire Generall, being descended
 Of *Blithild*, which was Daughter to King *Clothair*,
 Make Clayme and Title to the Crowne of France.
Hugh Capet also, who vsurpt the Crowne

Of

Of <i>Charles</i> the Duke of <i>Lorraine</i> , sole Heire male	[I. 2]
Of the true Line and Stock of <i>Charles</i> the Great :	
To find his Title with some shewes of truth,	
Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught,	
Conuey'd himselfe as th'Heire to th' Lady <i>Lingare</i> ,	76
Daughter to <i>Charlemaine</i> , who was the Sonne	
To <i>Lewes</i> the Emperour, and <i>Lewes</i> the Sonne	
Of <i>Charles</i> the Great : also King <i>Lewes</i> the Tenth,	
Who was sole Heire to the Vfurper <i>Capet</i> ,	80
Could not keepe quiet in his conscience,	
Wearing the Crowne of France, 'till satisfied,	
That faire Queene <i>Ifabel</i> , his Grandmother,	
Was Lineall of the Lady <i>Ermengare</i> ,	84
Daughter to <i>Charles</i> the foresaid Duke of <i>Lorraine</i> :	
By the which Marriage, the Lyne of <i>Charles</i> the Great	
Was re-vnited to the Crowne of France.	
So, that as cleare as is the Summers Sunne,	88
King <i>Pepins</i> Title, and <i>Hugh Capets</i> Clayme,	
King <i>Lewes</i> his satisfaction, all appeare	
To hold in Right and Title of the Female :	
So doe the Kings of France vnto this day.	92
Howbeit, they would hold vp this Salique Law,	
To barre your Highnesse clayming from the Female,	
And rather chuse to hide them in a Net,	
Then amply to imbarre their crooked Titles,	96
Vfurpt from you and your Progenitors.	
King. May I with right and conscience make this claim ?	
Bish. Cant. The sinne vpon my head, dread Soueraigne :	
For in the Booke of <i>Numbers</i> is it writ,	100
When the man dyes, let the Inheritance	
Descend vnto the Daughter. Gracious Lord,	
Stand for your owne, vnwind your bloody Flagge,	
Looke back into your mightie Ancestors :	104

- [I. 2] Goe my dread Lord, to your great Grandfires Tombe,
 From whom you clayme; inuoke his Warlike Spirit,
 And your Great Vnckles, *Edward* the Black Prince,
 108 Who on the French ground play'd a Tragedie,
 Making defeat on the full Power of France:
 Whiles his most mightie Father on a Hill
 Stood smiling, to behold his Lyons Whelpe
 112 Forrage in blood of French Nobilitie.
 O Noble English, that could entertaine
 With halfe their Forces, the full pride of France,
 And let another halfe stand laughing by,
 116 All out of worke, and cold for action.
Bish. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
 And with your puissant Arme renew their Feats;
 You are their Heire, you sit vpon their Throne:
 120 The Blood and Courage that renowned them,
 Runs in your Veines: and my thrice-puissant Liege
 Is in the very May-Morne of his Youth,
 Ripe for Exploits and mightie Enterprises.
 124 *Exe.* Your Brother Kings and Monarchs of the Earth
 Doe all expect, that you should rowse your selfe,
 As did the former Lyons of your Blood. (might;
Wesl. They know your Grace hath cause, and means, and
 128 So hath your Highnesse: neuer King of England
 Had Nobles richer, and more loyall Subiects,
 Whose hearts haue left their bodyes here in England,
 And lye pauillion'd in the fields of France.
 132 *Bish. Can.* O let their bodyes follow my deare Liege
 With Bloods, and Sword and Fire, to win your Right:
 In ayde whereof, we of the Spiritualltie
 Will rayse your Highnesse such a mightie Summe,
 136 As neuer did the Clergie at one time
 Bring in to any of your Ancestors.

King. We must not onely arme t'invade the French,
But lay downe our proportions, to defend
Against the Scot, who will make roade vpon vs,
With all aduantages. 140

Bish. Can. They of those Marches, gracious Soueraign,
Shall be a Wall sufficient to defend
Our in-land from the pilfering Borderers. 144

King. We do not meane the courting snatchers onely,
But feare the maine intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to vs:
For you shall reade, that my great Grandfather 148
Neuer went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot, on his vn furnisht Kingdome,
Came pouring like the Tyde into a breach,
With ample and brim fulnesse of his force, 152
Galling the gleaned Land with hot Assayes,
Girding with grienous siege, Castles and Townes:
That England being emptie of defence,
Hath shooke and trembled at th'ill neighbourhood. 156

B. Can. She hath bin thē more fear'd thē harm'd, my Liege:
For heare her but exampl'd by her selfe,
When all her Cheualrie hath been in France,
And shee a mourning Widdow of her Nobles, 160
Shee hath her selfe not onely well defended,
But taken and impounded as a Stray,
The King of Scots: whom shee did send to France,
To fill King *Edwards* fame with prisoner Kings, 164
And make their Chronicle as rich with prayse,
As is the Owfe and bottome of the Sea
With funken Wrack, and sum-lesse Treasuries.

Bish. Ely. But there's a saying very old and true, 168
If that you will France win, then with Scotland first begia.
For once the Eagle (England) being in prey,

- [I. 2] To her vnguarded Nest, the Weazell (Scot)
 172 Comes sneaking, and so fucks her Princely Egges,
 Playing the Mouse in absence of the Cat,
 To tame and hauocke more then she can eate.
Exet. It followes theu, the Cat must stay at home,
 176 Yet that 'is but a crush'd necessity,
 Since we haue lockes to safegard necessaries,
 And pretty traps to catch the petty theeues.
 While that the Armed hand doth fight abroad,
 180 Th'aduised head defends it selfe at home :
 For Government, though high, and low, and lower,
 Put into parts, doth keepe in one consent,
 Congreeing in a full and natural close,
 184 Like Musicke.
Cant. Therefore doth heauen diuide
 The state of man in diuers functions,
 Setting endeuour in continual motion :
 188 To which is fixed as an ayme or butt,
 Obedience : for so worke the Hony Bees,
 Creatures that by a rule in Nature teach
 The Act of Order to a peopled Kingdome.
 192 They haue a King, and Officers of forts,
 Where some like Magistrates correct at home :
 Others, like Merchants venter Trade abroad :
 Others, like Souldiers armed in their flings,
 196 Make boote vpon the Summers Veluet buddes :
 Which pillage, they with merry march bring home
 To the Tent-royal of their Emperor :
 Who bufied in his Maiesties surueyes
 200 The sining Mafons building roofes of Gold,
 The ciuil Citizens kneading vp the hony ;
 The poore Mechanicke Porters, crowding in
 Their heauy burthens at his narrow gate :

The sad-ey'd Iustice with his furly humme,
 Deliuering ore to Executors pale [1. 2]
 The lazie yawning Drone : I this inferre,
 That many things hauing full reference
 To one consent, may worke contrarioufly, 208
 As many Arrowes loofed feuerall wayes
 Come to one marke : as many wayes meet in one towne,
 As many fresh streames meet in one salt sea ;
 As many Lynes clofe in the Dials center : 212
 So may a thousand actions once a foote,
 And in one purpose, and be all well borne
 Without defeat. Therefore to France, my Liege,
 Diuide your happy England into foure, 216
 Whereof, take you one quarter into France,
 And you withall shall make all Gallia shake.
 If we with thrice such powers left at home,
 Cannot defend our owne doores from the dogge, 220
 Let vs be worried, and our Nation lose
 The name of hardinesse and policie.

King. Call in the Messengers sent from the Dolphin.
 Now are we well resolu'd, and by Gods helpe 224
 And yours, the noble finewes of our power,
 France being ours, wee'l bend it to our Awe,
 Or breake it all to peeces. Or there wee'l fit,
 (Ruling in large and ample Emperie, 228
 Ore France, and all her (almost) Kingly Dukedomes)
 Or lay these bones in an vnworthy Vrne,
 Tombleffe, with no remembrance ouer them :
 Either our History shall with full mouth 232
 Speake freely of our Acts, or else our graue
 Like Turkish mute, shall haue a tonguelesse mouth,
 Not worshipt with a waxen Epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.

- [1. 2] Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
 Of our faire Cofin Dolphin : for we heare,
 Your greeting is from him, not from the King.
Amb. May't please your Maiestie to giue vs leaue
 240 Freely to render what we haue in charge :
 Or shall we sparingly shew you farre off
 The Dolphins meauing, and our Embasie.
King. We are no Tyrant, but a Christian King,
 244 Vnto whose grace our passion is as subiect
 As is our wretches fettred in our prisons,
 Therefore with franke and with vncurbed plainnesse,
 Tell vs the *Dolphin* minde.
 248 *Amb.* Thus than in few :
 Your Highnesse lately sending into France,
 Did claime some certaine Dukedomes, in the right
 Of your great Predecessor, King *Edward* the third.
 252 In answer of which claime, the Prince our Master
 Sayes, that you fauour too much of your youth,
 And bids you be aduis'd : There's nought in France,
 That can be with a nimble Galliard wonne :
 256 You cannot reuell into Dukedomes there.
 He therefore sends you meeter for your spirit
 This Tun of Treasure; and in lieu of this,
 Desires you let the dukedomes that you claime
 260 Heare no more of you. This the *Dolphin* speakes.
King. What Treafure Vncle?
Exe. Tennis balles, my Liege.
Kin. We are glad the *Dolphin* is so pleasant with vs,
 264 His Present, and your paines we thanke you for :
 When we haue matcht our Rackets to these Balles,
 We will in France (by Gods grace) play a fet,
 Shall strike his fathers Crowne into the hazard.
 268 Tell him, he hath made a match with such a Wrangler,

That all the Courts of France, will be disturb'd
 With Chaces. And we vnderstand him well, [I. 2]
 How he comes o're vs with our wilder dayes,
 Not meafuring what vse we made of them. 272
 We neuer valew'd this poore feate of England,
 And therefore liuing hence, did giue our felfe
 To barbarous licenſe : As 'tis euer common,
 That men are merrieſt, when they are from home. 276
 But tell the *Dolphin*, I will keepe my State,
 Be like a King, and ſhew my ſayle of Greatneſſe,
 When I do rowſe me in my Throne of France.
 For that I haue layd by my Maieſtie, 280
 And plodded like a man for working dayes :
 But I will riſe there with ſo full a glorie,
 That I will dazle all the eyes of France,
 Yea ſtrike the *Dolphin* blinde to looke on vs, 284
 And tell the pleaſant Prince, this Mocke of his
 Hath turn'd his balles to Gun-ſtones, and his foule
 Shall ſtand fore charged, for the waſtefull vengeance
 That ſhall flye with them : for many a thouſand widows 288
 Shall this his Mocke, mocke out of their deer husbands ;
 Mocke mothers from their ſonnes, mock Caſtles downe :
 And ſome are yet vngotten and vnborne,
 That ſhal haue cauſe to curſe the *Dolphins* ſcorne. 292
 But this lyes all within the wil of God,
 To whom I do appeale, and in whoſe name
 Tel you the *Dolphin*, I am comming on,
 To venge me as I may, and to put forth 296
 My rightfull hand in a wel-hallow'd cauſe.
 So get you hence in peace : And tell the *Dolphin*,
 His leſt will fauour but of ſhallow wit,
 When thouſands weepe more then did laugh at it. 300
 Conuey them with ſafe conduct. Fare you well.

Exeunt Ambaſſadors.

[I. 2] *Exe.* This was a merry Message.

King. We hope to make the Sender blush at it :

- 304 Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy howre,
That may giue furth'rance to our Expedition :
For we haue now no thought in vs but France,
Saue those to God, that runne before our businesse.
- 308 Therefore let our proportions for these Warres
Be soone collected, and all things thought vpon,
That may with reasonable swiftnesse adde
More Feathers to our Wings: for God before,
- 312 Wee'le chide this *Dolphin* at his fathers doore.
Therefore let every man now taske his thought,
That this faire Action may on foot be brought. *Exeunt.*

[II.] *Flourish. Enter Chorus.*

- Now all the Youth of England are on fire,
And filken Dalliance in the Wardrobe lyes :
Now thriue the Armorers, and Honors thought
- 4 Reignes solely in the breast of euery man.
They sell the Pasture now, to buy the Horfe;
Following the Mirror of all Christian Kings,
With winged heeles, as English *Mercuries*.
- 8 For now fits Expectation in the Ayre,
And hides a Sword, from Hilts vnto the Point,
With Crownes Imperiall, Crownes and Coronets.
Promis'd to *Harry*, and his followers.
- 12 The French aduis'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadfull preparation,
Shake in their feare, and with pale Pollicy
Seeke to diuert the English purposes.
- 16 O England: Modell to thy inward Greatnesse,
Like little Body with a mightie Heart:

What

What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do, [II.]
 Were all thy children kinde and naturall :
 But see, thy fault France hath in thee found out, 20
 A nest of hollow bofomes, which he filles
 With treacherous Crownes, and three corrupted men:
 One, *Richard* Earle of Cambridge, and the second
Henry Lord *Scroope* of *Mafham*, and the third 24
 Sir *Thomas Grey* Knight of Northumberland,
 Haue for the Gilt of France (O guilt indeed)
 Confirm'd Conspiracy with fearefull France,
 And by their hands, this grace of Kings must dye. 28
 If Hell and Treafon hold their promifes,
 Ere he take ship for France; and in Southampton.
 Linger your patience on, and wee'l digeft
 Th'abufe of diftance; force a play : 32
 The fumme is payde, the Traitors are agreed,
 The King is fet from London, and the Scene
 Is now transported (Gentles) to Southampton,
 There is the Play-houfe now, there must you fit, 36
 And thence to France shall we conuey you safe,
 And bring you backe : Charming the narrow seas
 To giue you gentle Paffe : for if we may,
 Wee'l not offend one stomacke with our Play. 40
 But till the King come forth, and not till then,
 Vnto Southampton do we shift our Scene. *Exit.*

Enter Corporall Nym, and Lieutenant Bardolfe. [II. 1]

Bar. Well met Corporall *Nym*.

Nym. Good morrow Lieutenant *Bardolfe*.

Bar. What, are Ancient *Pistoll* and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not: I fay little: but when 4
 time shall serue, there shall be smiles, but that shall be as
 it may. I dare not fight, but I will winke and holde out

[II. 1] mine yron : it is a simple one, but what though? It will
8 toste Cheefe, and it will endure cold, as another mans
sword will : and there's an end.

Bar. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friendes,
and wee'l bee all three fworne brothers to France: Let't
12 be so good Corporall *Nym*.

Nym. Faith, I will liue so long as I may, that's the cer-
taine of it: and when I cannot liue any longer, I will doe
as I may: That is my rest, that is the rendezous of it.

16 *Bar.* It is certaine Corporall, that he is married to
Nell Quickly, and certainly she did you wrong, for you
were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell, Things must be as they may: men
20 may sleepe, and they may haue their throats about them
at that time, and some say, kniues haue edges: It mu't
be as it may, though patience be a tyred name, yet shee
will plodde, there must be Conclufions, well, I cannot
24 tell.

Enter Pistoll, & Quickly.

Bar. Heere comes Ancient *Pistoll* and his wife: good
Corporall be patient heere. How now mine Hoaste *Pi-
stoll*?

28 *Pist.* Bafe Tyke, cal't thou mee Hofte, now by this
hand I sweare I scorne the terme: nor shall my *Nel* keep
Lodgers.

Hofst. No by my troth, not long: For we cannot lodge
32 and board a dozen or fourteene Gentlewomen that liue
honestly by the pricke of their Needles, but it will bee
thought we keepe a Bawdy-houfe straight. O welliday
Lady, if he be not hewne now, we shall see wilful adulte-
36 ry and murther committed.

Bar. Good Lieutenant, good Corporal offer nothing
heere.

Nym. Pish.

Pist. Pith for thee, Island dogge : thou prickeard cur [II. 1]
of Island. 40

Hofl. Good Corporall *Nym* shew thy valor, and put
vp your sword.

Nym. Will you shogge off? I would haue you folus.

Pist. Solus, egregious dog? O Viper vile; The solus 44
in thy most meruailous face, the solus in thy teeth, and
in thy throate, and in thy hatefull Lungs, yea in thy Maw
perdy; and which is worfe, within thy nastie mouth. I
do retort the solus in thy bowels, for I can take, and *Pi-* 48
stols cocke is vp, and flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not *Barbafon*, you cannot coniuere mee : I
haue an humor to knocke you indifferently well : If you
grow fowle with me Pistoll, I will scoure you with my 52
Rapier, as I may, in fayre tearmes. If you would walke
off, I would pricke your guts a little in good tearmes, as
I may, and that's the humor of it.

Pist. O Braggard vile, and damned furious wight, 56
The Graue doth gape, and doting death is neere,
Therefore exhale.

Bar. Heare me, heare me what I say : Hee that strikes
the first stroake, Ile run him vp to the hilts, as I am a fol- 60
dier.

Pist. An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate.
Giue me thy fist, thy fore-foote to me giue : Thy spiritus
are most tall. 64

Nym. I will cut thy throate one time or other in faire
termes, that is the humor of it.

Pistoll. Couple a gorge, that is the word. I desie thee a-
gaine. O hound of Creet, think'ft thou my spouse to get? 68
No, to the spittle goe, and from the Poudring tub of in-
famy, fetch forth the Lazar Kite of *Cressids* kinde, *Doll*
Teare-sheete, she by name, and her espouse. I haue, and I

[II. 1] will hold the *Quondam Quickly* for the onely shee : and
Pauca, there's enough to go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine Hoast *Pistoll*, you must come to my May-
 ster, and your Hofteffe: He is very sicke, & would to bed.
 76 Good *Bardolfe*, put thy face betweene his sheets, and do
 the Office of a Warming-pan: Faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away you Rogue.

Hofst. By my troth he'l yeeld the Crow a pudding one
 80 of these dayes: the King has kild his heart. Good Huf-
 band come home presently. *Exit*

Bar. Come, shall I make you two friends. Wee must
 to France together: why the diuel should we keep kniues
 84 to cut one anothers throats?

Pist. Let floods ore-fwell, and fiends for food howle
 on.

Nym. You'l pay me the eight shillings I won of you
 88 at Betting?

Pist. Bafe is the Slaue that payes.

Nym. That now I wil haue: that's the humor of it.

Pist. As manhood shal compound: push home. *Draw*

92 *Bard.* By this sword, hee that makes the first thrust,
 Ile kill him: By this sword, I wil.

Pi. Sword is an Oath, & Oaths must haue their course

Bar. Coporall *Nym*, & thou wilt be friends be friends,
 96 and thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me to: pre-
 thee put vp.

Pist. A Noble shalt thou haue, and present pay, and
 Liquor likewise will I giue to thee, and friendshippe
 100 shall combyne, and brotherhood. Ile liue by *Nymme*, &
Nymme shall liue by me, is not this iust? For I shal Sut-
 ter be vnto the Campe, and profits will accrue. Giue mee
 thy hand.

h 3

Nym.

Nym. I shall haue my Noble

[II. 1]

Pist. In cash, most iustly payd.

Nym. Well, then that the humor of't.

Enter Hostesse.

Host. As euer you come of women, come in quickly
to sir *Iohn*: A poore heart, hee is so shak'd of a burning
quotidian Tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. 108
Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The King hath run bad humors on the Knight,
that's the euen of it. 112

Pist. *Nym*, thou hast spoke the right, his heart is fra-
cted and corroborate.

Nym. The King is a good King, but it must bee as it
may: he passes some humors, and carrees. 116

Pist. Let vs condole the Knight, for (*Lambekins*) we
will liue.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, & Westmerland. [II. 2]

Bed Fore God his Grace is bold to trust these traitors

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and euen they do bear themselues,
As if allegiance in their bosomes fate 4
Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.

Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend,
By interception, which they dreame not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow, 8
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious fauours;
That he should for a forraigne purse, so sell
His Soueraignes life to death and treachery.

Sound Trumpets.

Enter the King, Scroope, Cambridge, and Gray.

King. Now fits the winde faire, and we will aboard. 12
My Lord of *Cambridge*, and my kinde Lord of *Masham*,
And you my gentle Knight, giue me your thoughts:

- [II. 2] Thinke you not that the powres we beare with vs
 16 Will cut their passage through the force of France ?
 Doing the execution, and the acte,
 For which we haue in head assembled them.
- Scro.* No doubt my Liege, if each man do his best.
- 20 *King.* I doubt not that, since we are well perswaded
 We carry not a heart with vs from hence,
 That growes not in a faire consent with ours:
 Nor leaue not one behinde, that doth not wish
 24 Successe and Conquest to attend on vs.
- Cam.* Neuer was Monarch better fear'd and lou'd,
 Then is your Maiesty; there's not I thinke a subiect
 That fits in heart-greefe and vneafinesse
- 28 Vnder the sweet shade of your gouernment.
- Kni.* True: those that were your Fathers enemies,
 Haue steep'd their gauls in hony, and do ferue you
 With hearts create of duty, and of zeale.
- 32 *King.* We therefore haue great cause of thankfulnes,
 And shall forget the office of our hand
 Sooner then quittance of desert and merit,
 According to the weight and worthinesse.
- 36 *Scro.* So seruice shall with steeled finewes toyle,
 And labour shall refresh it selfe with hope
 To do your Grace incessant seruices.
- King.* We Iudge no lesse. Vnkle of *Exeter*,
- 40 Inlarge the man committed yesterday,
 That rayl'd against our person: We consider
 It was excesse of Wine that set him on,
 And on his more aduice, We pardon him.
- 44 *Scro.* That's mercy, but too much security:
 Let him be punish'd Soueraigne, least example
 Breed (by his sufferance) more of such a kind.
- King.* O let vs yet be mercifull.

Cam. So may your Highnesse, and yet punish too. [II. 2]

Grey. Sir, you shew great mercy if you giue him life,
After the taste of much correction.

King. Alas, your too much loue and care of me,
Are heauy Orifons 'gainst this poore wretch: 52

If little faults proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye
When capitall crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,
Apppeare before vs? Wee'l yet inlarge that man, 56
Though *Cambridge*, *Scroope*, and *Gray*, in their deere care
And tender preferuation of our person

Wold haue him punish'd. And now to our French causes,
Who are the late Commiffioners? 60

Cam. I one my Lord,
Your Highnesse bad me aske for it to day.

Scro. So did you me my Liege.

Gray. And I my Royall Soueraigne. 64

King. Then *Richard* Earle of *Cambridge*, there is yours:
There yours Lord *Scroope* of *Masham*, and Sir Knight:
Gray of *Northumberland*, this same is yours:
Reade them, and know I know your worthinesse. 68

My Lord of *Westmerland*, and Vnkle *Exeter*,
We will aboard to night. Why how now Gentlemen?
What see you in those papers, that you loose
So much complexion? Looke ye how they change: 72
Their cheekes are paper. Why, what reade you there,
That haue so cowarded and chac'd your blood
Out of apparance.

Cam. I do confesse my fault, 76
And do submit me to your Highnesse mercy.

Gray. *Scro.* To which we all appeale.

King. The mercy that was quicke in vs but late,
By your owne counsaile is supprest and kill'd: 80

- [II. 2] You must not dare (for shame) to talke of mercy,
 For your owne reasons turne into your bosomes,
 As dogs vpon their maisters, worrying you :
- 84 See you my Princes, and my Noble Peeres,
 These English monsters : My Lord of *Cambridge* heere.
 You know how apt our loue was, to accord
 To furnish with all appertinents
- 88 Belonging to his Honour ; and this man,
 Hath for a few light Crownes, lightly conspir'd
 And sworne vnto the practises of France
 To kill vs heere in Hampton. To the which,
- 92 This Knight no lesse for bounty bound to Vs
 Then Cambridge is, hath likewise sworne. But O,
 What shall I say to thee Lord *Scroope*, thou cruell,
 Ingratefull, sauage, and inhumane Creature ?
- 96 Thou that didst beare the key of all my counsailes,
 That knew'st the very bottome of my soule,
 That (almost) might'st haue coyn'd me into Golde,
 Would'st thou haue practis'd on me, for thy vse ?
- 100 May it be possible, that forraigne hyer
 Could out of thee extract one sparke of euill
 That might annoy my finger ? 'Tis so strange,
 That though the truth of it stands off as grosse
- 104 As blacke and white, my eye will scarcely see it.
 Treason, and murther, euer kept together,
 As two yoake diuels sworne to eythers purpose,
 Working so grossely in an naturall cause,
- 108 That admiration did not hoope at them.
 But thou (gainst all proportion) didst bring in
 Wonder to waite on treason, and on murther :
 And whatsoeuer cunning fiend it was
- 112 That wrought vpon thee so preposterously,
 Hath got the voyce in hell for excellence :

And

And other diuels that suggest by treasons, [II. 2]
 Do botch and bungle vp damnation,
 With patches, colours, and with formes being fetcht 116
 From glift'ring semblances of piety :
 But he that temper'd thee, bad thee stand vp,
 Gaue thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
 Vnlesse to dub thee with the name of Traitor. 120
 If that same Dæmon that hath gull'd thee thus,
 Should with his Lyon-gate walke the whole world,
 He might returne to vastie Tartar backe,
 And tell the Legions, I can neuer win 124
 A foule so easie as that Englishmans.
 Oh, how hast thou with iealousie infected
 The sweetnesse of affiance? Shew men dutifull,
 Why so didst thou : seeme they graue and learned? 128
 Why so didst thou. Come they of Noble Family ?
 Why so didst thou. Seeme they religious ?
 Why so didst thou. Or are they spare in diet,
 Free from grosse passion, or of mirth, or anger, 132
 Constant in spirit, not sweruing with the blood,
 Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,
 Not working with the eye, without the eare,
 And but in purged iudgement trusting neither, 136
 Such and so finely boulded didst thou seeme :
 And thus thy fall hath left a kinde of blot,
 To make thee full fraught man, and best indued
 With some suspition, I will weepe for thee. 140
 For this reuolt of thine, me thinkes is like
 Another fall of Man. Their faults are open,
 Arrest them to the answer of the Law,
 And God acquit them of their practises. 144

Exe. I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of
Richard Earle of Cambridge .

[II. 2] I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of *Thomas*
148 Lord *Scroope of Marsham*.

I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of *Thomas*
Grey, Knight of Northumberland.

Scro. Our purposes, God iustly hath discover'd,
152 And I repent my fault more then my death,
Which I beseech your Highnesse to forgiue,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me, the Gold of France did not seduce,
156 Although I did admit it as a motiue,
The sooner to effect what I intended:
But God be thanked for preuention,
Which in sufferance heartily will reioyce,
160 Beseeching God, and you, to pardon mee.

Gray. Neuer did faithfull subiect more reioyce
At the discoverie of most dangerous Treason,
Then I do at this houre ioy ore my selfe,
164 Preuented from a damned enterprize;
My fault, but not my body, pardon Soueraigne.

King. God quit you in his mercy: Hear your sentence
You haue conspir'd against Our Royall person,
168 Ioyn'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his Coffers,
Recey'd the Golden Earneft of Our death:
Wherein you would haue sold your King to slaughter,
His Princes, and his Peeres to seruitude,
172 His Subiects to oppression, and contempt,
And his whole Kingdome into desolation:
Touching our person, seeke we no reuenge,
But we our Kingdomes safety must so tender,
176 Whose ruine you fought, that to her Lawes
We do deliuer you. Get you therefore hence,
(Poore miserable wretches) to your death:
The taste whereof, God of his mercy giue

You patience to indure, and true Repentance
Of all your deare offences. Beare them hence. [II. 2]
Exit.
Now Lords for France: the enterprife whereof
Shall be to you as vs,like glorious.
We doubt not of a faire and luckie Warre, 184
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous Treafon, lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now,
But euery Rubbe is smoothed on our way. 188
Then forth, deare Countreymen: Let vs deliuer
Our Puiffance into the hand of God,
Putting it ftraight in expedition.
Chearely to Sea,the fignes of Warre aduance, 192
No King of England,if not King of France. *Flourish.*

Enter Pistoll, Nim, Bardolph, Boy, and Hofteffe. [II. 3]

Hofteffe. 'Prythee honey sweet Husband, let me bring
thee to Staines.

Pistoll. No: for my manly heart doth erne. *Bardolph,*
be blythe: *Nim,* rowfe thy vaunting Veines: *Boy,* brisfe 4
thy Courage vp: for *Falstaffe* hee is dead, and wee must
erne therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, wheresomere hee is,
eyther in Heauen, or in Hell. 8

Hofteffe. Nay fure, hee's not in Hell: hee's in *Arthurs*
Bosome, if euer man went to *Arthurs* Bosome: a made a
finer end, and went away and it had beene any Christome
Child: a parted eu'n iust betweene Twelue and One, eu'n 12
at the turning o'th'Tyde: for after I saw him fumble with
the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and smile vpon his fin-
gers end, I knew there was but one way: for his Nose was
as sharpe as a Pen, and a Table of greene fields. How now 16
Sir *Iohn* (quoth I?) what man? be a good cheare: so a
cryed out, God, God, God, three or foure times: now I,

[II. 3] to comfort him, bid him a should not thinke of God; I
 20 hop'd there was no neede to trouble himfelfe with any
 fuch thoughts yet: fo a bad me lay more Clothes on his
 feet: I put my hand into the Bed, and felt them, and they
 were as cold as any ftone: then I felt to his knees, and fo
 24 vp-peer'd, and vpward, and all was as cold as any ftone.

Nim. They fay he cryed out of Sack.

Hofteffe. I, that a did.

Bard. And of Women.

28 *Hofteffe.* Nay, that a did not.

Boy. Yes that a did, and faid they were Deules incar-
 nate.

Woman. A could neuer abide Carnation, 'twas a Co-
 32 lour he neuer lik'd.

Boy. A faid once, the Deule would haue him about
 Women.

Hofteffe. A did in fome fort (indeed) handle Women:
 36 but then hee was rumatique, and talk'd of the Whore of
 Babylon.

Boy. Doe you not remember a faw a Flea fticke vpon
Bardolphs Nofe, and a faid it was a blacke Soule burning
 40 in Hell.

Bard. Well, the fuell is gone that maintain'd that fire:
 that's all the Riches I got in his feruice.

Nim. Shall wee fhogg? the King will be gone from
 44 Southampton.

Pift. Come, let's away. My Loue, giue me thy Lippes:
 Looke to my Chattels, and my Moueables: Let Sences
 rule: The world is, Pitch and pay: truft none: for Oathes
 48 are Strawes, mens Faiths are Wafer-Cakes, and hold-faft
 is the onely Dogge: My Ducke, therefore *Caucto* bee
 thy Counfailor. Goe, cleare thy Chryftalls. Yoke-
 fellowes in Armes, let vs to France, like Horfe
 leeches

leeches my Boyes, to fucke, to fucke, the very blood to [II. 3]
fucke.

Boy. And that's but vnwholesome food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farwell Hofteffe. 56

Nim. I cannot kisse, that is the humor of it: but
adieu.

Pist. Let Hufwiferie appeare: keepe close, I thee
command. 60

Hofteffe. Farwell: adieu.

Exeunt.

Flourish.

[II. 4]

*Enter the French King, the Dolphin, the Dukes
of Berry and Britaine.*

King. Thus comes the English with full power vpon vs,
And more then carefully it vs concernes,
To answer Royally in our defences.

Therefore the Dukes of Berry and of Britaine, 4

Of Brabant and of Orleance, shall make forth,

And you Prince Dolphin, with all swift dispatch

To lyne and new repayre our Townes of Warre
With men of courage, and with meanes defendant: 8

For England his approaches makes as fierce,

As Waters to the sucking of a Gulfe.

It fits vs then to be as prouident,

As feare may teach vs, out of late examples 12

Left by the fatall and neglected English,

Vpon our fields.

Dolphin. My most redoubted Father,

It is most meet we arme vs 'gainst the Foe: 16

For Peace it selfe should not so dull a Kingdome,

(Though War nor no knowne Quarrel were in question)

But that Defences, Musters, Preparations,

Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected, 20

[II. 4] As were a Warre in expectation.

Therefore I say, 'tis meet we all goe forth,
To view the sick and feeble parts of France :

24 And let us doe it with no shew of feare,
No, with no more, then if we heard that England
Were bufied with a Whitson Morris-dance :
For, my good Liege, thee is fo idly King'd,

28 Her Scepter fo phantastically borne,
By a vaine giddie shallow humorous Youth,
That feare attends her not.

Const. O peace, Prince Dolphin,

32 You are too much mistaken in this King :
Question your Grace the late Embassadors,
With what great State he heard their Embassie,
How well supply'd with Noble Councillors,

36 How modest in exception ; and withall,
How terrible in constant resolution :
And you shall find, his Vanities fore-spent,
Were but the out-side of the Roman *Brutus*,

40 Couering Discretion with a Coat of Folly ;
As Gardeners doe with Ordure hide those Roots
That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

Dolphin. Well, 'tis not so, my Lord High Constable.

44 But though we thinke it so, it is no matter :
In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh
The Enemie more mightie then he seemes,
So the proportions of defence are fill'd :

48 Which of a weake and niggardly proiection,
Doth like a Miser spoyle his Coat, with scanting
A little Cloth.

King. Thinke we King *Harry* strong :

52 And Princes, looke you strongly arme to meet him.
The Kindred of him hath bene flesht vpon vs :

And he is bred out of that bloodie fraine, [II. 4]
 That haunted vs in our familiar Pathes :
 Witnesse our too much memorable flame, 56
 When Cressy Battell fatally was strucke,
 And all our Princes captiu'd,by the hand
 Of that black Name,*Edward*,black Prince of Wales :
 Whiles that his Mountaine Sire,on Mountaine standing 60
 Vp in the Ayre,crown'd with the Golden Sunne,
 Saw his Heroicall Seed,and smil'd to see him
 Mangle the Worke of Nature,and deface
 The Patternes,that by God and by French Fathers 64
 Had twentie yeeres been made. This is a Stem
 Of that Victorious Stock : and let vs feare
 The Natiue mightinesse and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Embassadors from *Harry* King of England, 68
 Doe craue admittance to your Maiestie.

King. Weele giue them present audience.
 Goe,and bring them.

You see this Chafe is hotly followed, friends. 72

Dolphin. Turne head,and stop purfuit:for coward Dogs
 Most spend their mouths,whē what they seem to threaten
 Runs farre before them. Good my Soueraigne
 Take vp the English short,and let them know 76
 Of what a Monarchie you are the Head :
 Selfe-loue,my Liege,is not so vile a sinne,
 As selfe-neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

King. From our Brother of England? 80

Exe. From him,and thus he greets your Maiestie :
 He wills you in the Name of God Almightye,
 That you deuest your selfe,and lay apart
 The borrowed Glories,that by gift of Heauen, 84

- [II. 4] By Law of Nature, and of Nations, longs
 To him and to his Heires, namely, the Crowne,
 And all wide-ftretched Honors, that pertaine
 88 By Cufrome, and the Ordinance of Times,
 Vnto the Crowne of France : that you may know
 'Tis no finifter, nor no awk-ward Clayme,
 Pickt from the worme-holes of long-vanifht dayes,
 92 Nor from the duft of old Obliuion rakt,
 He fendes you this moft memorable Lyne,
 In euery Branch truly demonftratiue ;
 Willing you ouer-looke this Pedigree :
- 96 And when you find him euenly deriu'd
 From his moft fam'd, of famous Anceftors,
Edward the third ; he bids you then refigne
 Your Crowne and Kingdome, indirectly held
 100 From him, the Natiue and true Challenger.
King. Or elfe what followes ?
Exe. Bloody constraint : for if you hide the Crowne
 Euen in your hearts, there will he rake for it.
- 104 Therefore in fierce Tempeft is he comming,
 In Thunder and in Earth-quake, like a *Ioue* :
 That if requiring faile, he will compell.
 And bids you, in the Bowels of the Lord,
 108 Deliuer vp the Crowne, and to take mercie
 On the poore Soules, for whom this hungry Warre
 Opens his vaffie Iawes: and on your head
 Turning the Widdowes Teares, the Orphans Cryes,
 112 The dead-mens Blood, the priuy Maidens Groanes,
 For Husbands, Fathers, and betrothed Louers,
 That fhall be fwallowed in this Controuerfie.
 This is his Clayme, his Threatning, and my Message :
- 116 Vnleffe the Dolphin be in prefence here ;
 To whom expreffely I bring greeting to.

King. For

<i>King.</i> For vs, we will consider of this further :	[II. 4]
To morrow shall you beare our full intent	
Back to our Brother of England.	120
<i>Dolph.</i> For the Dolphin,	
I stand here for him : what to him from England ?	
<i>Exe.</i> Scorne and defiance, sleight regard, contempt,	
And any thing that may not mis-become	124
The mightie Sender, doth he prize you at.	
Thus sayes my King : and if your Fathers Highnesse	
Doe not, in graunt of all demands at large,	
Sweeten the bitter Mock you sent his Maiestie ;	128
Hee'le call you to so hot an Answer of it,	
That Caues and Wombie Vaultages of France	
Shall chide your Trespas, and returne your Mock	
In second Accent of his Ordinance.	132
<i>Dolph.</i> Say : if my Father render faire returne,	
It is against my will : for I desire	
Nothing but Oddes with England.	
To that end, as matching to his Youth and Vanitie,	136
I did present him with the Paris-Balls.	
<i>Exe.</i> Hee'le make your Paris Louer shake for it,	
Were it the Mistresse Court of mightie Europe :	
And be assur'd, you'le find a difference,	140
As we his Subiects haue in wonder found,	
Betweene the promise of his greener dayes,	
And these he masters now : now he weighes Time	
Euen to the vtmost Graine : that you shall reade	144
In your owne Losses, if he stay in France.	
<i>King.</i> To morrow shall you know our mind at full.	
<i>Flourish.</i>	
<i>Exe.</i> Dispatch vs with all speed, least that our King	
Come here himsele to question our delay ;	148
For he is footed in this Land already.	

- [II. 4.] *King.* You shalbe soone dispatch, with faire conditions.
 A Night is but small breathe, and little pawfe,
 152 To answer matters of this consequence. *Exeunt.*

[III.]

*Actus Secundus.**Flourish. Enter Chorus.*

- Thus with imagin'd wing our swift Scene flies,
 In motion of no lesse celeritie then that of Thought.
 Suppose, that you haue seene
 4 The well-appointed King at Douer Peer,
 Embarke his Royaltie: and his braue Fleet,
 With filken Streamers, the young *Phebus* fayning;
 Play with your Fancies: and in them behold,
 8 Vpon the Hempten Tackle, Ship-boyes climbing;
 Heare the shrill Whistle, which doth order giue
 To sounds confus'd: behold the threaden Sayles,
 Borne with th'inuisible and creeping Wind,
 12 Draw the huge Bottomes through the furrowed Sea,
 Breasting the loftie Surge. O, doe but thinke
 You stand vpon the Riuaige, and behold
 A Citie on th'inconstant Billowes dauncing:
 16 For so appeares this Fleet Maiesticall,
 Holding due course to Harflew. Follow, follow
 Grapple your minds to sternage of this Nauie,
 And leaue your England as dead Mid-night, still,
 20 Guarded with Grandfires, Babies, and old Women,
 Eyther past, or not arriu'd to pyth and puissance:
 For who is he, whose Chin is but enricht

With one appearing Hayre, that will not follow [III.]
 These cull'd and choise-drawne Caualliers to France? 24
 Worke, worke your Thoughts, and therein see a Siege:
 Behold the Ordenance on their Carriages,
 With fatall mouthes gaping on girded Harflew.
 Suppose th'Embassador from the French comes back: 28
 Tells *Harry*, That the King doth offer him
Katherine his Daughter, and with her to Dowrie,
 Some petty and vnprofitable Dukedomes.
 The offer likes not: and the nimble Gunner 32
 With Lynstock now the diuellish Cannon touches,
Alarum, and Chambers goe off.
 And downe goes all before them. Still be kind,
 And eech out our performance with your mind. *Exit*

Enter the King, Exeter, Bedford, and Gloucester. [III. 1]
Alarum: Scaling Ladders at Harflew.

King. Once more vnto the Breach,
 Deare friends, once more;
 Or close the Wall vp with our English dead:
 In Peace, there's nothing so becomes a man, 4
 As modest stillnesse, and humilitie:
 But when the blast of Warre blowes in our eares,
 Then imitate the action of the Tyger:
 Stiffen the sinewes, commune vp the blood, 8
 Disguise faire Nature with hard-fauour'd Rage:
 Then lend the Eye a terrible aspect:
 Let it pry through the portage of the Head,
 Like the Brasse Cannon: let the Brow o'rewhelme it, 12
 As fearefully, as doth a galled Rocke
 O're-hang and iutty his confounded Base,
 Swill'd with the wild and waffull Ocean.
 Now set the Teeth, and stretch the Nosthrill wide, 16

- [III. 1] Hold hard the Breath, and bend vp euery Spirit
 To his full height. On, on, you Noblith English,
 Whose blood is fet from Fathers of Warre-prooffe :
- 20 Fathers, that like so many *Alexanders*,
 Haue in these parts from Morne till Euen fought,
 And sheath'd their Swords, for lack of argument.
 Dishonour not your Mothers: now attest,
- 24 That those whom you call'd Fathers, did beget you.
 Be Coppy now to me of grosser blood,
 And teach them how to Warre. And you good Yeomen,
 Whose Lyms were made in England; shew vs here
- 28 The mettell of your Pasture: let vs sweare,
 That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not:
 For there is none of you so meane and base,
 That hath not Noble luster in your eyes.
- 32 I see you stand like Grey-hounds in the slips,
 Straying vpon the Start. The Game's afoot:
 Follow your Spirit; and vpon this Charge,
 Cry, God for *Harry*, England, and *S. George*.

Alarum, and Chambers goe off.

[III. 2] *Enter Nim, Bardolph, Pistol, and Boy.*

Bard. On, on, on, on, to the breach, to the breach.

Nim. 'Pray thee Corporall stay, the Knocks are too
 hot: and for mine owne part, I haue not a Case of Liues:
 4 the humor of it is too hot, that is the very plaine-Song
 of it.

Pist. The plaine-Song is most iust: for humors doe a-
 bound: Knocks goe and come: Gods Vassals drop and
 8 dye: and Sword and Shield, in bloody Field, doth winne
 immortall fame.

Boy. Would I were in an Ale-house in London, I
 would giue all my fame for a Pot of Ale, and safetie.

Pist. And

Pist. And I: If wishes would preuaile with me, my [III. 2] purpose should not fayle with me; but thither would I high.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly, as Bird doth sing on bough.

16

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Vp to the breach, you Dogges; auant you Cullions.

Pist. Be mercifull great Duke to men of Mould: abate thy Rage, abate thy manly Rage; abate thy Rage, 20 great Duke. Good Bawcock bate thy Rage: vse lenitie fweet Chuck.

Nim. These be good humors: your Honour wins bad humors.

Exit.

24

Boy. As young as I am, I haue obseru'd these three Swafhers: I am Boy to them all three, but all they three, though they would serue me, could not be Man to me; for indeed three such Antiques doe not amount to a man: 28 for *Bardolph*, hee is white-liuer'd, and red-fac'd; by the means whereof, a faces it out, but fights not: for *Pistoll*, hee hath a killing Tongue, and a quiet Sword; by the meanes whereof, a breakes Words, and keeps whole 32 Weapons: for *Nim*, hee hath heard, that men of few Words are the best men, and therefore hee scornes to say his Prayers, lest a should be thought a Coward: but his few bad Words are matcht with as few good Deeds; for 36 a neuer broke any mans Head but his owne, and that was against a Post, when he was drunke. They will steale any thing, and call it Purchase. *Bardolph* stole a Lute-case, bore it twelue Leagues, and sold it for three halpence. 40 *Nim* and *Bardolph* are sworne Brothers in filching: and in Callice they stole a fire-shouell. I knew by that peece of Seruce, the men would carry Coales. They would

[III. 2] haue me as familiar with mens Pockets, as their Gloues
or their Hand-kerchers: which makes much against my
Manhood, if I should take from anothers Pocket, to put
into mine; for it is plaine pocketting vp of Wrongs.

48 I must leaue them, and seeke some better Seruice: their
Villany goes against my weake stomacke, and therefore
I must cast it vp. *Exit.*

Enter Gower.

Gower. Captaine *Fluellen*, you must come presently to
52 the Mynes; the Duke of Gloucester would speake with
you.

Flu. To the Mynes? Tell you the Duke, it is not so
good to come to the Mynes: for looke you, the Mynes
56 is not according to the disciplines of the Warre; the con-
cauties of it is not sufficient: for looke you, th'athuer-
farie, you may discusse vnto the Duke, looke you, is digt
himselfe foure yard vnder the Countermines: by *Chefhu*,
60 I thinke a will plowe vp all, if there is not better directi-
ons.

Gower. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the Order
of the Siege is giuen, is altogether directed by an Irish
64 man, a very valiant Gentleman yfaith.

Welch. It is Captaine *Makmorrice*, is it not?

Gower. I thinke it be.

Welch. By *Chefhu* he is an Affe, as in the World, I will
68 verifie as much in his Beard: he ha's no more directions
in the true disciplines of the Warres, looke you, of the
Roman disciplines, then is a Puppy-dog.

Enter Makmorrice, and Captaine Iamy.

Gower. Here a comes, and the Scots Captaine, Captaine
72 *Iamy*, with him.

Welch. Captaine *Iamy* is a maruellous falorous Gen-
tleman, that is certain, and of great expedition and know-

ledge in th'aunchiant Warres, vpon my particular know- [III. 2]
ledge of his directions: by *Chefhu* he will maintaine his 76
Argument as well as any Militarie man in the World, in
the difciplines of the Priftine Warres of the Romans.

Scot. I fay gudday, Captaine *Fluellen*.

Welch. Godden to your Worship, good Captaine 80
James.

Gower. How now Captaine *Mackmorrice*, haue you
quit the Mynes? haue the Pioners giuen o're?

Irish. By Chrish Law tish ill done: the Worke ish 84
giue ouer, the Trompet found the Retreat. By my Hand
I sweare, and my fathers Soule, the Worke ish ill done:
it ish giue ouer: I would haue blowed vp the Towne,
fo Chrish faue me law, in an houre. O tish ill done, tish ill 88
done: by my Hand tish ill done.

Welch. Captaine *Mackmorrice*, I beseech you now,
will you voutsafe me, looke you, a few disputations with
you, as partly touching or concerning the difciplines of 92
the Warre, the Roman Warres, in the way of Argument,
looke you, and friendly communication: partly to satisfie
my Opinion, and partly for the fatisfaction, looke you, of
my Mind: as touching the direction of the Militarie dif- 96
cipline, that is the Point.

Scot. It fall be vary gud, gud feith, gud Captens bath,
and I fall quit you with gud leue, as I may pick occasion:
that fall I mary. 100

Irish. It is no time to discourse, fo Chrish faue me:
the day is hot, and the Weather, and the Warres, and the
King, and the Dukes: it is no time to discourse, the Town
is beseech'd: and the Trumpet call vs to the breech, and 104
we talke, and be Chrish do nothing, tis shame for vs all:
fo God fa'me tis shame to stand still, it is shame by my
hand: and there is Throats to be cut, and Workes to be

[III. 2] done, and there ish nothing done, fo Chrif sa'me law.

Scot. By the Mes, ere theife eyes of mine take them-
felues to flomber, ayle de gud feruice, or Ile ligge i'th'
grund for it; ay, or goe to death: and Ile pay't as valo-
112 roufly as I may, that fal I fuerly do, that is the breff and
the long: mary, I wad full faine heard some queftion
tween you tway.

Welch. Captaine *Mackmorrice*, I thinke, looke you,
116 vnder your correction, there is not many of your Na-
tion.

Irish. Of my Nation? What ish my Nation? Ish a
Villaine, and a Bafterd, and a Knaue, and a Rafcall. What
120 ish my Nation? Who talkes of my nation?

Welch. Looke you, if you take the matter otherwise
then is meant, Captaine *Mackmorrice*, peraduenture I
fhall thinke you doe not vfe me with that affabilitie, as in
124 difcretion you ought to vfe me, looke you, being as good
a man as your felfe, both in the difciplines of Warre, and
in the deriuation of my Birth, and in other particula-
rities.

128 *Irish.* I doe not know you fo good a man as my felfe:
fo Chrif faue me, I will cut off your Head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will miftake each other.

Scot. A, that's a foule fault. *A Parley.*

132 *Gower.* The Towne founds a Parley.

Welch. Captaine *Mackmorrice*, when there is more
better oportunitie to be required, looke you, I will be
fo bold as to tell you, I know the difciplines of Warre:
136 and there is an end. *Exit.*

[III. 3] *Enter the King and all his Traine before the Gates.*

King. How yet refolues the Gouvernour of the Towne?
This is the lateft Parle we will admit:

There-

Therefore to our best mercy giue your selues,	[III. 3]
Or like to men proud of destruction,	4
Defie vs to our worst : for as I am a Souldier,	
A Name that in my thoughts becomes me best ;	
If I begin the batt'rie once againe,	
I will not leaue the halfe-atchieued Harflew,	8
Till in her ashes she lye buryed.	
The Gates of Mercy shall be all shut vp,	
And the flesh'd Souldier, rough and hard of heart,	
In libertie of bloody hand, shall raunge	12
With Conscience wide as Hell, mowing like Graffe	
Your fresh faire Virgins, and your flowring Infants.	
What is it then to me, if impious Warre,	
Arrayed in flames like to the Prince of Fiends,	16
Doe with his smyrcht complexion all fell feats,	
Enlynckt to waft and defolation ?	
What is't to me, when you your selues are cause,	
If your pure Maydens fall into the hand	20
Of hot and forcing Violation ?	
What Reyne can hold licentious Wickednesse,	
When downe the Hill he holds his fierce Carriere ?	
We may as bootlesse spend our vaine Command	24
Vpon th'enraged Souldiers in their spoyle,	
As send Precepts to the <i>Leuiathan</i> , to come ashore.	
Therefore, you men of Harflew,	
Take pittie of your Towne and of your People,	28
Whiles yet my Souldiers are in my Command,	
Whiles yet the coole and temperate Wind of Grace	
O're-blowes the filthy and contagious Clouds	
Of headly Murther, Spoyle, and Villany.	32
If not : why in a moment looke to see	
The blind and bloody Souldier, with foule hand	
Defire the Locks of your shrill-shrieking Daughters :	

- [III. 3] Your Fathers taken by the filuer Beards,
 And their most reuerend Heads dashed to the Walls :
 Your naked Infants spitted vpon Pykes,
 Whiles the mad Mothers, with their howles confus'd,
 40 Doe breake the Clouds ; as did the Wiues of Iewry,
 At *Herods* bloody-hunting slaughter-men.
 What say you? Will you yeeld, and this auoyd
 Or guiltie in defence, be thus destroy'd.

Enter Governour.

- 44 *Gouer.* Our expectation hath this day an end :
 The Dolphin, whom of Succours we entreated,
 Returnes vs, that his Powers are yet not ready,
 To raise so great a Siege : Therefore great King,
 48 We yeeld our Towne and Liues to thy soft Mercy :
 Enter our Gates, dispose of vs and ours,
 For we no longer are defensible.

King. Open your Gates : Come Vnckle *Exeter*,

- 52 Goe you and enter Harflew ; there remaine,
 And fortifie it strongly 'gainst the French :
 Vse mercy to them all for vs, deare Vnckle.
 The Winter comming on, and Sicknesse growing
 56 Vpon our Souldiers, we will retyre to Calis.
 To night in Harflew will we be your Guest,
 To morrow for the March are we adrest.

Flourish, and enter the Towne.

- [III. 4] *Enter Katherine and an old Gentlewoman.*

Kathe. *Alice*, tu as este en Angleterre, & tu bien parlas
 le Language.

Alice. *En peu Madame.*

- 4 *Kath.* *Je te prie m'enseigniez, il faut que ie apprend a par-*
ler : Comient appelle vous le main en Anglois ?

Alice. *Le main il & appelle de Hand.*

Kath. De Hand.

[III. 4]

Alice. E le doys.

8

Kat. Le doys, ma foy Ie oublie, e doyt mays, ie me foumeray le doys ie pense qu'ils ont appelle de fingres, ou de fingres.

Alice. Le main de Hand, le doys le Fingres, ie pense que ie suis le bon escholier.

12

Kath. I'ay gainie diux mots d'Anglois viftement, coment appelle vous le ongles?

Alice. Le ongles, les appellons de Nayles.

Kath. De Nayles escoute: dites moy, si ie parle bien: de Hand, de Fingres, e de Nayles.

Alice. C'est bien diët Madame, il ƒ fort bon Anglois.

Kath. Dites moy l'Anglois pour le bras.

Alice. De Arme, Madame.

20

Kath. E de coudee.

Alice. D'Elbow.

Kath. D'Elbow: Ie men fay le repiticio de tous les mots que vous maves, aprins des a present.

24

Alice. Il ƒ trop difficile Madame, comme Ie pense.

Kath. Excuse moy Alice escoute, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, d'Arma, de Bilbow.

Alice. D'Elbow, Madame.

28

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, ie men oublie d'Elbow, coment appelle vous le col.

Alice. De Nick, Madame.

Kath. De Nick, e le menton.

32

Alice. De Chin.

Kath. De Sin: le col de Nick, le menton de Sin.

Alice. Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur en verite vous pronouncies les mots ausi droiët, que le Natifs d'Angleterre.

36

Kath. Ie ne doute point d'apprendre par de grace de Dieu, ƒ en peu de temps.

Alice. N'ave vos y defia oublie ce que ie vous a ensignée.

- [III. 4] *Kath.* *Nome ie recitera a vous promptement, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Maylees.*
Alice. *De Nayles, Madame.*
Kath. *De Nayles, de Arme, de Elbow.*
 44 *Alice.* *Sans vostre honeus d'Elbow.*
Kath. *Ainsi de ie d'Elbow, de Nick, & de Sin : coment appelle vous les pied & de roba.*
Alice. *Le Foot Madame, & le Count.*
 48 *Kath.* *Le Foot, & le Count : O Seigneur Dieu, il font le mots de son mauvais corruptible grosse & impudique, & non pour le Dames de Honeur d'vser : Je ne voudray prononcer ce*
 52 *Foot & le Count, neant moys, Je recitera vn autrefois ma lecon ensemble, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, d'Arme, d'Elbow, de Nick, de Sin, de Foot, le Count.*
Alice. *Excellent, Madame.*
 56 *Kath.* *C'est assez pour vne foyes, alons nous a diner.*
Exit.

- [III. 5] *Enter the King of France, the Dolphin, the Constable of France, and others.*
King. 'Tis certaine he hath past the Riuer Some.
Const. And if he be not fought withall, my Lord,
 Let vs not liue in France : let vs quit all,
 4 And giue our Vineyards to a barbarous People.
Dolph. *O Dieu viuant : Shall a few Sprayes of vs,*
 The emptying of our Fathers Luxurie,
 Our Syens, put in wilde and sauage Stock,
 8 Spirt vp so suddently into the Clouds,
 And ouer-looke their Grafters ?
Brit. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards :
Mort du ma vie, if they march along
 12 Vnfought withall, but I will sell my Dukedome,

To

To buy a flobbry and a durtie Farme In that nooke-shotten Ile of Albion.	[III. 5]
<i>Const. Dieu de Battailes</i> , where haue they this mettell? Is not their Clymate foggy, raw, and dull?	16
On whom, as in despight, the Sunne lookes pale, Killing their Fruit with frownes. Can foddren Water, A Drench for sur-reyn'd Iades, their Barly broth, Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?	20
And shall our quick blood, spirited with Wine, Seeme frostie? O, for honor of our Land, Let vs not hang like roping Ifyckles Vpon our Houfes Thatch, whiles a more frostie People Sweat drops of gallant Youth in our rich fields: Poore we call them, in their Natiue Lords.	24
<i>Dolphin</i> . By Faith and Honor, Our Madames mock at vs, and plainly say, Our Mettell is bred out, and they will giue Their bodyes to the Lust of English Youth, To new-store France with Bastard Warriors.	28
<i>Brit</i> . They bid vs to the English Dancing-Schooles, And teach <i>Lauolta's</i> high, and swift <i>Carranto's</i> , Saying, our Grace is onely in our Heeles, And that we are most loftie Run-awayes.	32
<i>King</i> . Where is <i>Montioy</i> the Herald? speed him hence, Let him greet England with our sharpe defiance. Vp Princes, and with spirit of Honor edged, More sharper then your Swords, high to the field: <i>Charles Delabreth</i> , High Constable of France, You Dukes of <i>Orleance</i> , <i>Burbon</i> , and of <i>Berry</i> , <i>Alanfon</i> , <i>Brabant</i> , <i>Bar</i> , and <i>Burgonie</i> , <i>Iaques Chattillion</i> , <i>Rambures</i> , <i>Vandemont</i> , <i>Beumont</i> , <i>Grand Pree</i> , <i>Rouffi</i> , and <i>Faulconbridge</i> , <i>Louys</i> , <i>Lestrale</i> , <i>Bouciquall</i> , and <i>Charaloyes</i> ,	36 40 44

[III. 5] High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords, and Kings;

For your great Seats, now quit you of great flames:

48 Barre *Harry* England, that sweepes through our Land

With Penons painted in the blood of Harflew:

Rush on his Hoast, as doth the melted Snow

Vpon the Valleyes, whose low Vassall Seat,

52 The Alpes doth spit, and void his rhowme vpon.

Goe downe vpon him, you haue Power enough,

And in a Captiue Chariot, into Roan

Bring him our Prifoner.

56 *Const.* This becomes the Great.

Sorry am I his numbers are so few,

His Souldiers sick, and famisht in their March:

For I am sure, when he shall see our Army,

60 Hee'le drop his heart into the snuck of feare,

And for atchieuement, offer vs his Ransome.

King. Therefore Lord Conftable, haft on *Montioy*,

And let him say to England, that we send,

64 To know what willing Ransome he will giue.

Prince *Dolphin*, you shall stay with vs in Roan.

Dolph. Not so, I doe beseech your Maiestie.

King. Be patient, for you shall remaine with vs.

68 Now forth Lord Conftable, and Princes all,

And quickly bring vs word of Englands fall. *Exeunt.*

[III. 6] *Enter Captaines, English and Welch, Gower
and Fluellen.*

Gower. How now Captaine *Fluellen*, come you from
the Bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent Seruices com-
4 mitted at the Bridge.

Gower. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as *Aga-*

memnon, and a man that I loue and honour with my soule, [III. 6] and my heart, and my dutie, and my liue, and my liuing, 8 and my vttermoſt power. He is not, God be prayſed and bleſſed, any hurt in the World, but keeps the Bridge moſt valiantly, with excellent diſcipline. There is an aunchient Lieutenant there at the Pridge, I thinke in my very 12 conſcience hee is as valiant a man as *Marke Anthony*, and hee is a man of no eſtimation in the World, but I did ſee him doe as gallant ſeruice.

Gower. What doe you call him? 16

Flu. Hee is call'd aunchient *Piſſoll*.

Gower. I know him not.

Enter Piſſoll.

Flu. Here is the man.

Piſt. Captaine, I thee befeech to doe me fauours: the 20 Duke of Exeter doth loue thee well.

Flu. I, I prayſe God, and I haue merited ſome loue at his hands.

Piſt. *Bardolph*, a Souldier firme and ſound of heart, 24 and of buxome valour, hath by cruell Fate, and giddie Fortunes furious fickle Wheele, that Goddeſſe blind, that ſtands vpon the rolling reſtleſſe Stone.

Flu. By your patience, aunchient *Piſſoll*: Fortune is 28 painted blinde, with a Muffler afore his eyes, to ſignifie to you, that Fortune is blinde; and ſhee is painted alſo with a Wheele, to ſignifie to you, which is the Morall of it, that ſhee is turning and inconstant, and mutabilitie, 32 and variation: and her foot, looke you, is fixed vpon a Sphericall Stone, which rowles, and rowles, and rowles: in good truth, the Poet makes a moſt excellent deſcription of it: Fortune is an excellent Morall. 36

Piſt. Fortune is *Bardolphs* foe, and frownes on him: for he hath ſtolne a Pax, and hanged muſt a be: a damned

[III. 6] death: let Gallowes gape for Dogge, let man goe free,
 40 and let not Hempe his Wind-pipe suffocate: but *Exeter*
 hath giuen the doome of death, for Pax of little price.
 Therefore goe speake, the Duke will heare thy voyce;
 and let not *Bardolphs* vitall thred bee cut with edge of
 44 Penny-Cord, and vile reproach. Speake Capitaine for
 his Life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Aunchient *Pistoll*, I doe partly vnderstand your
 meaning.

48 *Pist.* Why then reioyce therefore.

Flu. Certainly Aunchient, it is not a thing to reioyce
 at: for if, looke you, he were my Brother, I would desire
 the Duke to vse his good pleafure, and put him to execu-
 52 tion; for discipline ought to be vsed.

Pist. Dye, and be dam'd, and *Figo* for thy friendship.

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The Figge of Spaine *Exit.*

56 *Flu.* Very good.

Gower. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit Rascall, I
 remember him now: a Bawd, a Cut-purse.

Flu. Ile assure you, a vtt'red as prauē words at the
 60 Pridge, as you shall see in a Summers day: but it is very
 well: what he ha's spoke to me, that is well I warrant you,
 when time is serue.

Gower. Why 'tis a Gull, a Foole, a Rogue, that now and
 64 then goes to the Warres, to grace himselfe at his returne
 into London, vnder the forme of a Souldier: and such
 fellowes are perfit in the Great Commanders Names, and
 they will learne you by rote where Seruices were done;
 68 at such and such a Sconce, at such a Breach, at such a Con-
 uoy: who came off brauely, who was shot, who dif-
 grac'd, what termes the Enemy stood on: and this they
 conne perfitly in the phraze of Warre; which they tricke

vP

vp with new-tuned Oathes: and what a Beard of the Ge- [III. 6]
neralls Cut, and a horride Sute of the Campe, will doe a-
mong foming Bottles, and Ale-wafht Wits, is wonder-
full to be thought on: but you must learne to know such
slanders of the age, or else you may be maruellously mi- 76
stooke.

Flu. I tell you what, Captaine *Gower*: I doe perceiue
hee is not the man that hee would gladly make shew to
the World hee is: if I finde a hole in his Coat, I will tell 80
him my minde: hearke you, the King is comming, and I
must speake with him from the Pridge.

*Drum and Colours. Enter the King and his
poore Souldiers.*

Flu. God plesse your Maiestie.

King. How now *Fluellen*, cam'ft thou from the Bridge? 84

Flu. I, so please your Maiestie: The Duke of Exeter
ha's very gallantly maintain'd the Pridge; the French is
gone off, looke you, and there is gallant and most prau
passages: marry, th'athuerfarie was haue possession of 88
the Pridge, but he is enforced to retyre, and the Duke of
Exeter is Master of the Pridge: I can tell your Maiestie,
the Duke is a prau man.

King. What men haue you lost, *Fluellen*? 92

Flu. The perdition of th'athuerfarie hath beene very
great, reasnable great: marry for my part, I thinke the
Duke hath lost neuer a man, but one that is like to be exe-
cuted for robbing a Church, one *Bardolph*, if your Maie- 96
stie know the man: his face is all bubukles and whelkes,
and knobs, and flames a fire, and his lippes blowes at his
nose, and it is like a coale of fire, sometimes plew, and
sometimes red, but his nose is executed, and his fire's 100
out.

[III. 6] *King.* Wee would haue all such offenders so cut off:
and we giue expresse charge, that in our Marches through
104 the Countrey, there be nothing compell'd from the Vil-
lages; nothing taken, but pay'd for: none of the French
vpbrayded or abused in disdaineiful Language; for when
Leuitie and Crueltie play for a Kingdome, the gentler
108 Gamester is the soonest winne

Tucket. Enter Mountioy.

Mountioy. You know me by my habit.

King. Well then, I know thee: what shall I know of
thee?

112 *Mountioy.* My Masters mind.

King. Vnfold it.

Mountioy. Thus sayes my King: Say thou to *Harry*
of England, Though we seem'd dead, we did but sleepe:
116 Aduantage is a better Souldier then rashnesse. Tell him,
wee could haue rebuk'd him at Harflewe, but that wee
thought not good to bruiſe an iniurie, till it were full
ripe. Now wee speake vpon our Q. and our voyce is im-
120 periall: England shall repent his folly, see his weake-
nesse, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore con-
sider of his ranſome, which must proportion the losses we
haue borne, the subiects we haue lost, the disgrace we
124 haue digested; which in weight to re-answer, his petti-
nesse would bow vnder. For our losses, his Exchequer is
too poore; for th' effusion of our blood, the Muster of his
Kingdome too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his
128 owne person kneeling at our feet, but a weake and worth-
lesse satisfaction. To this adde defiance: and tell him for
conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose con-
demnation is pronounc't: So farre my King and Master;
132 so much my Office.

King. What is thy name? I know thy qualitie. [III. 6]

Mount. Mountioly.

King. Thou doo'ft thy Office fairely. Turne thee back,
And tell thy King, I doe not seeke him now, 136

But could be willing to march on to Callice,
Without impeachment: for to say the sooth,
Though 'tis no wifdome to confesse so much
Vnto an enemy of Craft and Vantage, 140

My people are with sicknesse much enfeebled,
My numbers less'n'd: and those few I haue,
Almost no better then so many French;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee Herald, 144

I thought, vpon one payre of English Legges
Did march three Frenchmen. Yet forgiue me God,
That I doe bragge thus; this your ayre of France
Hath blowne that vice in me. I must repent: 148

Goe therefore tell thy Master, heere I am;
My Ransome, is this frayle and worthlesse Trunke;
My Army, but a weake and fickly Guard:
Yet God before, tell him we will come on, 152

Though France himselfe, and such another Neighbor
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour *Mountioly*.
Goe bid thy Master well aduise himselfe.
If we may passe, we will: if we be hindred, 156

We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
Discolour: and so *Mountioly*, fare you well.
The summe of all our Answer is but this:
We would not seeke a Battaile as we are, 160

Nor as we are, we say we will not shun it:
So tell your Master.

Mount. I shall deliuer so: Thankes to your High-
nesse.

Glouc. I hope they will not come vpon vs now. 164

[III. 6] *King.* We are in Gods hand, Brother, not in theirs :
 March to the Bridge, it now drawes toward night,
 Beyond the Riuer wee'le encampe our felues,
 168 And on to morrow bid them march away *Exeunt.*

[III. 7] *Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Ramburs,
 Orleance, Dolphin, with others.*

Const. Tut, I haue the best Armour of the World :
 would it were day.

Orleance. You haue an excellent Armour: but let my
 4 Horſe haue his due.

Const. It is the best Horſe of Europe.

Orleance. Will it neuer be Morning?

Dolph. My Lord of Orleance, and my Lord Con-
 8 stable, you talke of Horſe and Armour?

Orleance. You are as well prouided of both, as any
 Prince in the World.

Dolph. What a long Night is this? I will not change
 12 my Horſe with any that treades but on foure poſtures :
 ch'ha: he bounds from the Earth, as if his entrayles were
 hayres: *le Cheual volante*, the Pegafus, *ches les narines de*
feu. When I beſtryde him, I ſoare, I am a Hawke: he trots
 16 the ayre: the Earth ſings, when he touches it: the beſt
 horne of his hoofe, is more Muſicall then the Pipe of
Hermes.

Orleance. Hee's of the colour of the Nutmeg.

20 *Dolph.* And of the heat of the Ginger. It is a Beaſt
 for *Perſeus*: hee is pure Ayre and Fire; and the dull Ele-
 ments of Earth and Water neuer appeare in him, but on-
 ly in patient ſtillneſſe while his Rider mounts him: hee
 24 is indeede a Horſe, and all other Iades you may call
 Beaſts.

Const. Indeed my Lord, it is a most absolute and excellent Horſe. [III. 7]

Dolph. It is the Prince of Palfrayes, his Neigh is like the bidding of a Monarch, and his countenance enforces Homage.

Orleance. No more Couſin.

Dolph. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot from the riſing of the Larke to the lodging of the Lambe, varie deſerued prayſe on my Palfray: it is a Theame as fluent as the Sea: Turne the Sands into eloquent tongues, and my Horſe is argument for them all: 'tis a ſubiect for a Soueraigne to reaſon on, and for a Soueraignes Soueraigne to ride on: And for the World, familiar to vs, and vnknowne, to lay apart their particular Functions, and wonder at him, I once writ a Sonnet in his prayſe, and began thus, *Wonder of Nature.*

Orleance. I haue heard a Sonnet begin ſo to ones Miſtreſſe.

Dolph. Then did they imitate that which I compos'd to my Courſer, for my Horſe is my Miſtreſſe.

Orleance. Your Miſtreſſe beares well.

Dolph. Me well, which is the preſcript prayſe and perfection of a good and particular Miſtreſſe.

Const. Nay, for me thought yeſterday your Miſtreſſe ſhrewdly ſhooke your back.

Dolph. So perhaps did yours.

Const. Mine was not bridle.

Dolph. O then belike ſhe was old and gentle, and you rode like a Kerne of Ireland, your French Hoſe off, and in your ſtrait Stroſſers.

Const. You haue good iudgement in Horſemanſhip.

Dolph. Be warn'd by me then: they that ride ſo, and

[III. 7] ride not warily, fall into foule Boggs: I had rather haue
60 my Horſe to my Miſtreſſe.

Conſt. I had as liue haue my Miſtreſſe a Iade.

Dolph. I tell thee Conſtable, my Miſtreſſe weares his
owne hayre.

64 *Conſt.* I could make as true a boaft as that, if I had a
Sow to my Miſtreſſe.

Dolph. *Le chien eſt retourne a ſon propre vemiffement eſt
la leuye lauee au boubier:* thou mak'ſt uſe of any thing.

68 *Conſt.* Yet doe I not uſe my Horſe for my Miſtreſſe,
or any ſuch Prouerbe, ſo little kin to the purpoſe.

Ramb. My Lord Conſtable, the Armour that I ſaw in
your Tent to night, are thoſe Starres or Sunnes vpon it?

72 *Conſt.* Starres my Lord.

Dolph. Some of them will fall to morrow, I hope.

Conſt. And yet my Sky ſhall not want.

Dolph. That may be, for you beare a many ſuperflu-
76 oufly, and 'twere more honor ſome were away.

Conſt. Eu'n as your Horſe beares your prayſes, who
would trot as well, were ſome of your bragges diſmoun-
ted.

80 *Dolph.* Would I were able to loade him with his de-
fert. Will it neuer be day? I will trot to morrow a mile,
and my way ſhall be paued with Engliſh Faces.

Conſt. I will not ſay ſo, for feare I ſhould be fac't out
84 of my way: but I would it were morning, for I would
faine be about the eares of the Engliſh.

Ramb. Who will goe to Hazard with me for twentie
Prifoners?

88 *Conſt.* You muſt firſt goe your ſelfe to hazard, ere you
haue them.

Dolph. 'Tis Mid-night, Ile goe arme my ſelfe. *Exit.*

Orleance. The Dolphin longs for morning.

Ramb. He longs to eate the English.

[III. 7]

Const. I thinke he will eate all he kills.

Orleanse. By the white Hand of my Lady, hee's a gallant Prince.

Const. Swear by her Foot, that she may tread out the Oath. 96

Orleanse. He is simply the most actiue Gentleman of France.

Const. Doing is actiuitie, and he will still be doing. 100

Orleanse. He neuer did harme, that I heard of.

Const. Nor will doe none to morrow: hee will keepe that good name fill.

Orleanse. I know him to be valiant. 104

Const. I was told that, by one that knowes him better then you.

Orleanse. What's hee?

Const. Marry hee told me fo himselfe, and hee sayd hee car'd not who knew it. 108

Orleanse. Hee needes not, it is no hidden vertue in him.

Const. By my faith Sir, but it is: neuer any body saw it, but his Lacquey: 'tis a hooded valour, and when it appeares, it will bate. 112

Orleanse. Ill will neuer sayd well.

Const. I will cap that Prouerbe with, There is flatterie in friendship. 116

Orleanse. And I will take vp that with, Giue the Deuill his due.

Const. Well plac't: there stands your friend for the Deuill: haue at the very eye of that Prouerbe with, A Pox of the Deuill. 120

Orleanse. You are the better at Prouerbs, by how much a Fooles Bolt is soone shot. 124

[III. 7] *Const.* You have shot ouer.
Orleance. 'Tis not the first time you were ouer-shot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord high Conftable, the English lye within
 128 fifteene hundred paces of your Tents.

Const. Who hath mea'ur'd the ground?

Mess. The Lord *Grandpree*.

Const. A valiant and most expert Gentleman. Would
 132 it were day? Alas poore *Harry* of England: hee longs
 not for the Dawning, as wee doe.

Orleance. What a wretched and peeuisish fellow is this
 King of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers
 136 so farre out of his knowledge.

Const. If the English had any apprehension, they
 would runne away.

Orleance. That they lack: for if their heads had any in-
 140 tellecual Armour, they could neuer weare such heaue
 Head-pieces.

Ramb. That Iland of England breedes very valiant
 Creatures; their Mastiffes are of vnmatchable co-
 144 rage.

Orleance. Foolish Curses, that runne winking into
 the mouth of a Russian Beare, and haue their heads crusht
 like rotten Apples: you may as well say, that's a valiant
 148 Flea, that dare eate his breakefast on the Lippe of a
 Lyon.

Const. Iust, iust: and the men doe sympathize with
 the Mastiffes, in robustious and rough comming on,
 152 leauing their Wits with their Wiues: and then giue
 them great Meales of Beefe, and Iron and Steele; they
 will eate like Wolues, and fight like Deuils.

Orleance. I,

Orleance. I, but these English are shrowdly out of [III. 7]
Beefe. 156

Const. Then shall we finde to morrow, they naue only
fomackes to eate, and none to fight. Now is it time to
arme : come, shall we about it ?

Orleance. It is now two a Clock : but let me see, by ten 160
Wee shall haue each a hundred English men. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius.

[IV.]

Chorus.

Now entertaine coniecture of a time,
When creeping Murmure and the poring Darke
Fills the wide Vessell of the Vniuerse.
From Camp to Camp, through the foule Womb of Night 4
The Humme of eyther Army filly founds ;
That the fixt Centinels almost receiue
The secreet Whispers of each others Watch.
Fire anfwers fire, and through their paly flames 8
Each Battaile sees the others vंबर'd face.
Steed threatens Steed, in high and boastfull Neighs
Piercing the Nights dull Eare : and from the Tents,
The Armourers accomplishing the Knights, 12
With busie Hammers closing Riuetts vp,
Giue dreadfull note of preparation.
The Country Cocks doe crow, the Clocks doe towle :
And the third howre of drowfie Morning nam'd, 10
Prowd of their Numbers, and secure in Soule,
The confident and ouer-lustie French,

- [IV.] Doe the low-rated English play at Dice ;
 20 And chide the creeple-tardy-gated Night,
 Who like a foule and ougly Witch doth limpe
 So tediously away. The poore condemned English,
 Like Sacrifices, by their watchfull Fires
 24 Sit patiently, and inly ruminatē
 The Mornings danger : and their gesture sad,
 Inuesting lanke-leane Cheekes, and Warre-worne Coats,
 Presented them vnto the gazing Moone
 28 So many horride Ghosts. O now, who will behold
 The Royall Captaine of this ruin'd Band
 Walking from Watch to Watch, from Tent to Tent ;
 Let him cry, Prayfe and Glory on his head :
 32 For forth he goes, and visits all his Hoast,
 Bids them good morrow with a modest Smyle,
 And calls them Brothers, Friends, and Countreymen.
 Vpon his Royall Face there is no note,
 36 How dread an Army hath enrounded him ;
 Nor doth he dedicate one iot of Colour
 Vnto the wearie and all-watched Night :
 But freshly lookes, and ouer-bears Attaint,
 40 With chearefull semblance, and sweet Maiestie :
 That euery Wretch, pining and pale before,
 Beholding him, plucks comfort from his Lookes.
 A Largeffe vniuerfall, like the Sunne,
 44 His liberall Eye doth giue to euery one,
 Thawing cold feare, that meane and gentle all
 Behold, as may vnworthinesse define.
 A little touch of *Harry* in the Night,
 48 And so our Scene must to the Battaile flye :
 Where, O for pittie, we shall much disgrace,
 With foure or fīue most vile and ragged foyles,
 (Right ill dispos'd, in brawle ridiculous)

The Name of Agincourt : Yet fit and fee,
Minding true things, by what their Mock'ries bee.

[IV.]

*Exit.**Enter the King, Bedford, and Gloucester.*

[IV. 1]

King. Gloster, 'tis true that we are in great danger,
The greater therefore should our Courage be.
God morrow Brother *Bedford* : God Almighty,
There is some foule of goodnesse in things euill,
Would men obseruingly difill it out.

4

For our bad Neighbour makes vs early stirrers,
Which is both healthfull, and good husbandry.

Befides, they are our outward Consciences,
And Preachers to vs all ; admonishing,

8

That we should dresse vs fairely for our end.
Thus may we gather Honey from the Weed,
And make a Morall of the Diuell himfelfe.

12

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow old Sir *Thomas Erpingham* :
A good soft Pillow for that good white Head,
Were better then a churlish turfe of France.

Erping. Not so my Liege, this Lodging likes me better,
Since I may say, now lye I like a King.

16

King. 'Tis good for men to loue their present paines,
Vpon example, so the Spirit is eased :

And when the Mind is quickned, out of doubt
The Organs, though defunct and dead before,
Breake vp their drowfie Graue, and newly moue
With casted slough, and fresh legeritie.

20

Lend me thy Cloake Sir *Thomas* : Brothers both,
Commend me to the Princes in our Campe ;
Doe my good morrow to them and anon

24

[IV. 1] Desire them all to my Pauillion.

28 *Gloster.* We shall, my Liege.

Erping. Shall I attend your Grace?

King. No, my good Knight:

Goe with my Brothers to my Lords of England:

32 I and my Bosome must debate a while,

And then I would no other company.

Erping. The Lord in Heauen bleffe thee, Noble
Harry. *Exeunt.*

King. God a mercy old Heart, thou speak'st cheare-
fully. *Enter Pistoll.*

36 *Pist.* *Che vous la?*

King. A friend.

Pist. Discusse vnto me, art thou Officer, or art thou
base, common, and popular?

40 *King.* I am a Gentleman of a Company.

Pist. Trayl'st thou the puissant Pyke?

King. Euen so: what are you?

Pist. As good a Gentleman as the Emperor.

44 *King.* Then you are a better then the King.

Pist. The King's a Bawcock, and a Heart of Gold, a
Lad of Life, an Impe of Fame, of Parents good, of Fift
most valiant: I kisse his durtie shooe, and from heart-

48 string I loue the louely Bully. What is thy Name?

King. *Harry le Roy.*

Pist. *Le Roy?* a Cornish Name: art thou of Cornish Crew?

King. No, I am a Welchman.

52 *Pist.* Know'st thou *Fluellen?*

King. Yes.

Pist. Tell him Ile knock his Leeke about his Pate vpon
S. *Dauies* day.

56 *King.* Doe not you weare your Dagger in your Cappe
that day, leaft he knock that about yours.

Pist. Art thou his friend? [IV. 1]

King. And his Kinsman too.

Pist. The *Figo* for thee then. 60

King. I thanke you: God be with you.

Pist. My name is *Pistoll* call'd. *Exit.*

King. It forts well with your fierceneffe.

Manet King.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gower. Captaine *Fluellen.* 64

Flu. 'So, in the Name of Iesu Christ, speake fewer: it is the greatest admiration in the vniuerfall World, when the true and aunchient Prerogatifes and Lawes of the Warres is not kept: if you would take the paines but to examine the Warres of *Pompey* the Great, you shall finde, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle tadle nor pibble bable in *Pompeyes* Campe: I warrant you, you shall finde the Ceremonies of the Warres, and the Cares of it, and the Formes of it, and the Sobrietie of it, and the Modestie of it, to be otherwife. 68 72

Gower. Why the Enemie is lowd, you heare him all Night. 76

Flu. If the Enemie is an Affe and a Foole, and a prating Coxcombe; is it meet, thinke you, that wee should also, looke you, be an Affe and a Foole, and a prating Coxcombe, in your owne conscience now? 80

Gow. I will speake lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beseech you, that you will. *Exit.*

King. Though it appeare a little out of fashion, There is much care and valour in this Welchman. 84

Enter three Souldiers, Iohn Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.

[IV. 1] *Court.* Brother *Iohn Bates*, is not that the Morning which breakes yonder?

Bates. I thinke it be: but wee haue no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Williams. Wee see yonder the beginning of the day, but I thinke wee shall neuer see the end of it. Who goes there?

92 *King.* A Friend.

Williams. Vnder what Captaine serue you?

King. Vnder Sir *Iohn Erpingham*.

Williams. A good old Commander, and a most kinde
96 Gentleman: I pray you, what thinkes he of our estate?

King. Euen as men wrackt vpon a Sand, that looke to be washt off the next Tyde.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the King?

100 *King.* No: nor it is not meet he should: for though I speake it to you, I thinke the King is but a man, as I am: the Violet smells to him, as it doth to me; the Element shewes to him, as it doth to me; all his Sences haue but
104 humane Conditions: his Ceremonies layd by, in his Nakedness he appeares but a man; and though his affecti-
ons are higher mounted then ours, yet when they stoupe, they stoupe with the like wing: therefore, when he sees
108 reason of feares, as we doe; his feares, out of doubt, be of the same rellish as ours are: yet in reason, no man should possesse him with any appearance of feare; least hee, by shewing it, should dis-hearten his Army.

112 *Bates.* He may shew what outward courage he will: but I beleeeue, as cold a Night as 'tis, hee could wish himselfe in Thames vp to the Neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all aduentures, so we were quit here.

116 *King.* By my troth, I will speake my conscience of the

King: I thinke hee would not with himselfe any where, [IV. 1]
but where hee is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone; so should he be
fure to be ransomed, and a many poore mens liues saued. 120

King. I dare say, you loue him not so ill, to with him
here alone: howfoeuer you speake this to feele other
mens minds, me thinks I could not dye any where so con-
tented, as in the Kings company; his Cause being iust, and 124
his Quarrell honorable.

Williams. That's more then we know.

Bates. I, or more then wee should seeke after; for wee
know enough, if wee know wee are the Kings Subiects: 128
if his Cause be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes
the Cryme of it out of vs.

Williams. But if the Cause be not good, the King him-
selfe hath a heauie Reckoning to make, when all those 132
Legges, and Armes, and Heads, chopt off in a Battaile,
shall ioyn together at the latter day, and cry all, Wee dy-
ed at such a place, some swearing, some crying for a Sur-
gean; some vpon their Wines, left poore behind them; 136
some vpon the Debts they owe, some vpon their Children
rawly left: I am as fear'd, there are few dye well, that dye
in a Battaile: for how can they charitably dispose of any
thing, when Blood is their argument? Now, if these men 140
doe not dye well, it will be a black matter for the King,
that led them to it; who to disobey, were against all pro-
portion of subiection.

King. So, if a Sonne that is by his Father sent about 144
Merchandize, doe sinfully miscarry vpon the Sea; the im-
putation of his wickednesse, by your rule, should be im-
posed vpon his Father that sent him: or if a Seruant, vn-
der his Masters command, transporting a summe of Mo- 148
ney, be assailed by Robbers, and dye in many irreconcil'd

[IV. 1] Iniquities; you may call the businesse of the Master the author of the Seruants damnation: but this is not so:
 152 The King is not bound to answer the particular endings of his Souldiers, the Father of his Sonne, nor the Master of his Seruant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their seruices. Besides, there is no King, be
 156 his Cause neuer so spotlesse, if it come to the arbitrement of Swords, can trye it out with all vnspotted Souldiers: some (peradventure) haue on them the guilt of premeditated and contriued Murther; some, of beguiling Virgins with the broken Scales of Periurie; some,
 160 making the Warres their Bulwarke, that haue before gored the gentle Bosome of Peace with Pillage and Robberie. Now, if these men haue defeated the Law, and outrunne
 164 Natieue punishment; though they can out-strip men, they haue no wings to flye from God. Warre is his Beadle, Warre is his Vengeance: so that here men are punished, for before breach of the Kings Lawes, in
 168 now the Kings Quarrell: where they feared the death, they haue borne life away; and where they would bee safe, they perish. Then if they dye vnprouided, no more is the King guiltie of their damnation, then hee was before
 172 guiltie of those Impieties, for the which they are now visited. Euerie Subiects Dutie is the Kings, but euerie Subiects Soule is his owne. Therefore should euerie Souldier in the Warres doe as euerie sicke man in
 176 his Bed, wash euerie Moth out of his Conscience: and dying so, Death is to him aduantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gayned: and in him that escapes, it were not finne to
 180 thinke, that making God so free an offer, he let him out-lie that day, to see his Greatnesse, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis

Will. 'Tis certaine, euery man that dyes ill, the ill vpon [IV. 1]
his owne head, the King is not to anſwer it. 184

Bates. I doe not deſire hee ſhould anſwer for me, and yet I determine to fight luftily for him.

King. I my ſelfe heard the King ſay he would not be ranſom'd. 188

Will. I, hee ſaid ſo, to make vs fight chearefully: but when our throats are cut, hee may be ranſom'd, and wee ne're the wiſer.

King. If I liue to ſee it, I will neuer truſt his word after. 192

Will. You pay him then: that's a perillous ſhot out of an Elder Gunne, that a poore and a priuate diſpleaſure can doe againſt a Monarch: you may as well goe about 196 to turne the Sunne to yce, with fanning in his face with a Peacocks feather: You'le neuer truſt his word after; come, 'tis a fooliſh ſaying.

King. Your reproofe is ſomething too round, I ſhould 200 be angry with you, if the time were conuenient.

Will. Let it bee a Quarrell between vs, if you liue.

King. I embrace it. 204

Will. How ſhall I know thee againe?

King. Giue me any Gage of thine, and I will weare it in my Bonnet: Then if euer thou dar'ſt acknowledge it, I will make it my Quarrell. 208

Will. Heere's my Gloue: Giue mee another of thine.

King. There.

Will. This will I alſo weare in my Cap: if euer thou 212 come to me, and ſay, after to morrow, This is my Gloue, by this Hand I will take thee a box on the eare.

King. If euer I liue to ſee it, I will challenge it.

- [IV. 1] *Will.* Thou dar'ft as well be hang'd.
King. Well, I will doe it, though I take thee in the
 Kings companie.
Will. Keepe thy word : fare thee well.
- 220 *Bates.* Be friends you English fooles, be friends, wee
 haue French Quarrels enow, if you could tell how to rec-
 kon. *Exit Souldiers.*
- King.* Indeede the French may lay twentie French
 224 Crownes to one, they will beat vs, for they beare them
 on their shoulders : but it is no English Treason to cut
 French Crownes, and to morrow the King himfelfe will
 be a Clipper.
- 228 Vpon the King, let vs our Liues, our Soules,
 Our Debts, our carefull Wiues,
 Our Children, and our Sinnes, lay on the King :
 We muft beare all.
- 232 O hard Condition, Twin-borne with Greatneffe,
 Subiect to the breath of euery foole, whose fence
 No more can feele, but his owne wringing.
 What infinite hearts-eafe muft Kings neglect,
- 236 That priuate men enjoy ?
 And what haue Kings, that Priuates haue not too,
 Saue Ceremonie, faue generall Ceremonie ?
 And what art thou, thou Idoll Ceremonie ?
- 240 What kind of God art thou ? that suffer'ft more
 Of mortall griefes, then doe thy worshippers.
 What are thy Rents ? what are thy Commings in ?
 O Ceremonie, shew me but thy worth.
- 244 What ? is thy Soule of Odoration ?
 Art thou ought elfe but Place, Degree, and Forme,
 Creating awe and feare in other men ?
 Wherein thou art lesse happy, being fear'd,
- 2,8 Then they in fearing.

What drink'st thou oft, in stead of Homage sweet, [IV. 1]
 But poyson'd flatterie? O, be sick, great Greatnesse,
 And bid thy Ceremonie giue thee cure.
 Thinks thou the fierie Feuer will goe out 252
 With Titles blowne from Adulation?
 Will it giue place to flexure and low bending?
 Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggers knee,
 Command the health of it? No, thou proud Dreame, 256
 That play'st so subtilly with a Kings Repose.
 I am a King that find thee: and I know,
 'Tis not the Balme, the Scepter, and the Ball,
 The Sword, the Mase, the Crowne Imperiall, 260
 The enter-tissued Robe of Gold and Pearle,
 The farfed Title running 'fore the King,
 The Throne he sits on: nor the Tyde of Pompe,
 That beates vpon the high shore of this World: 264
 No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous Ceremonie;
 Not all these, lay'd in Bed Maiesticall,
 Can sleepe so soundly, as the wretched Slaue:
 Who with a body fill'd, and vacant mind, 268
 Gets him to rest, cram'd with distressefull bread,
 Neuer sees horride Night, the Child of Hell:
 But like a Lacquey, from the Rise to Set,
 Sweates in the eye of *Phebus*; and all Night 272
 Sleepes in *Elizium*: next day after dawne,
 Doth rise and helpe *Hiperio* to his Horse,
 And followes so the euer-running yeere
 With profitable labour to his Graue: 276
 And but for Ceremonie, such a Wretch,
 Winding vp Days with toyle, and Nights with sleepe,
 Had the fore-hand and vantage of a King.
 The Slaue, a Member of the Countreyes peace, 280
 Enioyes it; but in grosse braine little wots,

[IV. 1] What watch the King keeps, to maintaine the peace ;
Whose howres, the Pefant best aduantages.

Enter Erpingham.

284 *Erp.* My Lord, your Nobles iealous of your abfence,
Seeke through your Campe to find you.

King. Good old Knight, collect them all together
At my Tent : Ile be before thee.

288 *Erp.* I shall doo't, my Lord. *Erit.*

King. O God of Battailes, Steele my Souldiers hearts,
Poffesse them not with feare : Take from them now
The fence of reckning of th'oppofed numbers :

292 Pluck their hearts from them. Not to day, O Lord,
O not to day, thinke not vpon the fault
My Father made, in compassing the Crowne.
I *Richards* body haue interred new,

296 And on it haue bestowed more contrite teares,
Then from it iffued forced drops of blood.
Fiue hundred poore I haue in yeerely pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold vp

300 Toward Heauen, to pardon blood :
And I haue built two Chauntries,
Where the sad and folemne Priests fing fill
For *Richards* Soule. More will I doe :
Though all that I can doe, is nothing worth ;

304 Since that my Penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

Enter Gloucester.

Glouc. My Liege.

King. My Brother *Gloucesters* voyce ? I :

308 I know thy errand, I will goe with thee :
The day, my friend, and all things stay for me.

Excunt

Enter the Dolphin, Orleans, Ramburs, and

[IV. 2]

Beaumont.

Orleans. The Sunne doth gild our Armour vp, my
Lords.

Dolph. *Monte Cheual:* My Horſe, *Verlot Lacquay:*
Ha.

Orleans. Oh braue Spirit.

Dolph. *Via les ewes & terre.* 4

Orleans. *Rien puis le air & feu.*

Dolph. *Cein, Couſin Orleans.* *Enter Conſtable.*

Now my Lord Conſtable?

Conſt. Hearke how our Steedes, for preſent Service 8
neigh.

Dolph. Mount them, and make incifion in their Hides,
That their hot blood may ſpin in Engliſh eyes,
And doubt them with ſuperfluous courage: ha.

Ram. What, wil you haue them weep our Horſes blood? 12
How ſhall we then behold their naturall tears?

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſeng. The Engliſh are embattail'd, you French
Peeres.

Conſt. To Horſe you gallant Princes, fraight to Horſe.
Doe but behold yond poore and ſtarued Band, 16
And your faire ſhew ſhall ſuck away their Soules,
Leauing them but the ſhales and huſkes of men.
There is not worke enough for all our hands,
Scarce blood enough in all their ſickly Veines, 20
To giue each naked Curtleax a ſtayne,
That our French Gallants ſhall to day draw out,
And ſheath for lack of ſport. Let vs but blow on them,
The vapour of our Valour will o're-terne them. 24
'Tis poſitiue againſt all exceptions, Lords,
That our ſuperfluous Lacquies, and our Peſants,

- [IV. 2] Who in vnnecessarie action swarme
 28 About our Squares of Battaile, were enow
 To purge this field of such a hilding Foe ;
 Though we vpon this Mountaines Basis by,
 Tooke stand for idle speculation :
- 32 But that our Honours must not. What's to say ?
 A very little little let vs doe,
 And all is done : then let the Trumpets found
 The Tucket Sonnance, and the Note to mount :
- 36 For our approach shall so much dare the field,
 That England shall couch downe in feare, and yeeld.

Enter Graundpree.

- Grandpree.* Why do you stay so long, my Lords of France?
 Yond Hand Carrions, desperate of their bones,
 40 Ill-fauoredly become the Morning field :
 Their ragged Curtaines poorely are let loose,
 And our Ayre shakes them passing scornefully,
 Bigge *Mars* seemes banqu'rout in their begger'd Hoast,
- 44 And faintly through a rustie Beuer peepes.
 The Horsemen fit like fixed Candlesticks,
 With Torch-staues in their hand : and their poore Iades
 Lob downe their heads, dropping the hides and hips :
- 48 The gumme downe roping from their pale-dead eyes,
 And in their pale dull mouthes the Iymold Bitt
 Lyes foule with chaw'd-grasse, still and motionlesse.
 And their executors, the knauith Crowes,
 52 Fly o're them all, impatient for their howre.
 Description cannot sute it selfe in words,
 To demonstrate the Life of such a Battaile,
 In life so liuelesse, as it shews it selfe.
- 56 *Consl.* They haue said their prayers,
 And they stay for death.
Dolph. Shall we goe send them Dinners, and fresh Sutes,

And giue their fasting Horfes Prouender,
And after fight with them? [IV. 2]
60

Const. I stay but for my Guard: on
To the field, I will the Banner from a Trumpet take,
And vse it for my haste. Come, come away,
The Sunne is high, and we out-weare the day. *Exeunt.* 64

Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham [IV. 3]
with all his Hoast: Salisbury, and
Westmerland.

Glouc. Where is the King?

Bedf. The King himselfe is rode to view their Bat-
taile.

West. Of fighting men they haue full threescore thou-
sand.

Exe. There's fieu to one, besides they all are fresh. 4

Salisb. Gods Arme strike with vs, 'tis a fearefull oddes.

God buy' you Princes all; Ile to my Charge:
If we no more meet, till we meet in Heauen;
Then ioyfully, my Noble Lord of Bedford, 8
My deare Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,
And my kind Kinsman, Warriors all, adieu.

Bedf. Farwell good *Salisbury*, & good luck go with thee:
And yet I doe thee wrong, to mind thee of it, 12
For thou art fram'd of the firme truth of valour.

Exe. Farwell kind Lord: fight valiantly to day.

Bedf. He is as full of Valour as of Kindnesse,
Princely in both. 16

Enter the King.

West. O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England,
That doe no worke to day.

King. What's he that wilhes so? 20

- [IV. 3] My Cousin *Westmerland*. No, my faire Cousin :
 If we are markt to dye, we are enow
 To doe our Countrey losse : and if to liue,
 24 The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
 Gods will, I pray thee with not one man more.
 By *Ioue*, I am not couetous for Gold,
 Nor care I who doth feed vpon my cost :
 28 It yernes me not, if men my Garments weare ;
 Such outward things dwell not in my desires.
 But if it be a finne to couet Honor,
 I am the most offending Soule aliuie.
 32 No 'faith, my Couze, with not a man from England :
 Gods peace, I would not loose so great an Honor,
 As one man more me thinkes would share from me,
 For the best hope I haue. O, doe not wish one more :
 36 Rather proclaime it (*Westmerland*) through my Hoast,
 That he which hath no stomack to this fight,
 Let him depart, his Pasport shall be made,
 And Crownes for Conuoy put into his Purse :
 40 We would not dye in that mans companie,
 That feares his fellowship, to dye with vs.
 This day is call'd the Feast of *Crispian* :
 He that out-liues this day, and comes safe home,
 44 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
 And rowse him at the Name of *Crispian*.
 He that shall see this day, and liue old age,
 Will yeerely on the Vigil feast his neighbours,
 48 And say, to morrow is Saint *Crispian*.
 Then will he strip his fleewe, and shew his skarres :
 Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot :
 But hee'le remember, with aduantages,
 52 What feats he did that day. Then shall our Names,
 Familiar in his mouth as household words,

Harry

- Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,* [IV. 3]
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
 Be in their flowing Cups freshly remembred. 56
 This story shall the good man teach his sonne :
 And *Crispine Crispian* shall ne're goe by,
 From this day to the ending of the World,
 But we in it shall be remembred ; 60
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers :
 For he to day that sheds his blood with me,
 Shall be my brother : be he ne're so vile,
 This day shall gentle his Condition. 64
 And Gentlemen in England, now a bed,
 Shall thinke themselves accurst they were not here ;
 And hold their Manhoods cheape, whiles any speakes,
 That fought with vs vpon Saint *Crispines* day. 68
Enter Salisbury.
Sal. My Soueraign Lord, bestow your selfe with speed :
 The French are brauely in their battailes set,
 And will with all expedience charge on vs.
King. All things are ready, if our minds be so. 72
West. Perish the man, whose mind is backward now.
King. Thou do'st not wish more helpe from England,
 Couze ?
West. Gods will, my Liege, would you and I alone,
 Without more helpe, could fight this Royall battaile. 76
King. Why now thou hast vnwistht fise thousand men :
 Which likes me better, then to wish vs one.
 You know your places : God be with you all.
- Tucket. Enter Montioy.*
Mont. Once more I come to know of thee King *Harry,* 80
 If for thy Ransome thou wilt now compound,
 Before thy most assured Ouerthrow :

- [IV. 3] For certainly, thou art so neere the Gulfe,
 84 Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy
 The Constable desires thee, thou wilt mind
 Thy followers of Repentance ; that their Soules
 May make a peacefull and a sweet retyre
 88 From off these fields : where(wretches)their poore bodies
 Must lye and fester.
King. Who hath sent thee now ?
Mont. The Constable of France.
- 92 *King.* I pray thee beare my former Answer back :
 Bid them atchieue me, and then fell my bones.
 Good God, why should they mock poore fellowes thus ?
 The man that once did fell the Lyons skin
 96 While the beaft liu'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
 A many of our bodyes shall no doubt
 Find Natiue Graues : vpon the which, I trust
 Shall witnesse liue in Brasse of this dayes worke.
 100 And those that leaue their valiant bones in France,
 Dying like men, though buryed in your Dunghills,
 They shall be fam'd : for there the Sun shall greet them,
 And draw their honors reeking vp to Heauen,
 104 Leauing their earthly parts to choake your Clyme,
 The smell whereof shall breed a Plague in France.
 Marke then abounding valour in our English :
 That being dead, like to the bullets crafing,
 108 Breake out into a second course of mischief, e,
 Killing in relapse of Mortalitie.
 Let me speake proudly : Tell the Constable,
 We are but Warriors for the working day :
 112 Our Gaynesse and our Gilt are all besmyrcht
 With raynie Marching in the painefull field.
 There's not a piece of feather in our Hoast :
 Good argument(I hope)we will not flye :

And time hath worne vs into flouerie. [IV. 3]

But by the Masse, our hearts are in the trim :

And my poore Souldiers tell me, yet ere Night,
They'le be in fresher Robes, or they will pluck
The gay new Coats o're the French Souldiers heads,

120

And turne them out of seruice. If they doe this,
As if God please, they shall ; my Ranfome then
Will soone be leuyed.

Herauld, saue thou thy labour :

124

Come thou no more for Ranfome, gentle Herauld,
They shall haue none, I sweare, but these my ioynts :
Which if they haue, as I will leaue vm them,
Shall yeeld them little, tell the Constable.

128

Mont. I shall, King *Harry.* And so fare thee well :
Thou neuer shalt heare Herauld any more. *Exit.*

King. I feare thou wilt once more come againe for a
Ranfome.

Enter Yorke.

Yorke. My Lord, most humbly on my knee I begge
The leading of the Vaward. 132

King. Take it, braue *Yorke.*

Now Souldiers march away,
And how thou pleasest God, dispose the day. *Exeunt.* 136

Alarum. Excursions.

[IV. 4]

Enter Pistol, French Souldier, Boy.

Pist. Yeeld Curre.

French. *Je pense que vous estes le Gentilhomme de bon qualitee.*

Pist. Qualtitie calme cuture me. Art thou a Gentle- 4
man ? What is thy Name ? discusse.

French. *O Seigneur Dieu.*

Pist. O Signieur Dewe should be a Gentleman : per-

[IV. 4.] pend my words O Signieur Dewe, and marke : O Signieur Dewe, thou dyest on point of Fox, except O Signieur thou doe giue to me egregious Ransome.

French. O prenes misericordie aye pitez de moy.

12 *Pist.* Moy fhall not ferue, I will haue fortie Moyes : for I will fetch thy rymme out at thy Throat, in droppes of Crimfon blood.

French. Est il impossible d'eschapper le force de ton bras.

16 *Pist.* Braffe, Curre? thou damned and luxurious Moun-
taine Goat, offer'ft me Braffe?

French. O pardonne moy.

Pist. Say'ft thou me so? is that a Tonne of Moyes?

20 Come hither boy, aske me this flaue in French what is his Name.

Boy. Escoute comment estes vous appelle?

French. Mounſieur le Fer.

24 *Boy.* He sayes his Name is M. Fer.

Pist. M. Fer : Ile fer him, and firke him, and ferret him :
discusse the same in French vnto him.

Boy. I doe not know the French for fer, and ferret, and
28 firke.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

French. Que dit il Mounſieur?

Boy. Il me commande a vous dire que vous faite vous
32 *prest, car ce soldat icy est disposee tout asture de coupes vostre*
gorge.

Pist. Owy, cuppele gorge permafoy pefant, vnlesse
thou giue me Crownes, braue Crownes; or mangled thalt
36 thou be by this my Sword.

French. O le vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu : ma par-
donner, le suis le Gentilhome de bon maison, garde ma vie, & le
vous donneray deux cent escus.

40 *Pist.* What are his words?

Boy. He

Boy. He prayes you to faue his life, he is a Gentleman [IV. 4]
of a good houle, and for his ranfom he will giue you two
hundred Crownes.

Pift. Tell him my fury fhall abate, and I the Crownes 44
will take.

Fren. *Petit Monsieur que dit il?*

Boy. *Encore qu'il et contra fon Iurement, de pardonner au-*
cune prifonner: neant-mons pour les escues que vous layt a pro- 48
mets, il eft content a vous donnes le liberte le franchifement.

Fre. *Sur mes genoux fe vous donnes milles remerciours, et*
le me efime heureux que le intombe, entre les main. d'vn Che-
ualier le peufe le plus braue valiant et tres diftinie fignieur 52
d'Angleterre.

Pift. Expound vnto me boy.

Boy. He giues you vpon his knees a thoufand thanks,
and he esteemes himfelfe happy, that he hath falne into 56
the hands of one (as he thinkes) the moft braue, valorous
and thrice-worthy fignieur of England.

Pift. As I fucke blood, I will fome mercy fhew. Fol-
low mee. 60

Boy. *Saaué vous le grand Capitaine?*

I did neuer know fo full a voyce iffue from fo emptie a
heart: but the faying is true, The empty vefſel makes the
greateft found, *Bardolfe* and *Nym* had tenne times more 64
valour, then this roaring diuell i'th olde play, that euerie
one may payre his nayles with a wooden dagger, and
they are both hang'd, and fo would this be, if hee durft
fteale any thing aduenturoufly. I muſt ſtay with the 68
Lackies with the luggage of our camp, the French might
haue a good pray of vs, if he knew of it, for there is none
to guard it but boyes. *Exit.*

Enter Conſtable, Orleance, Burbon, Dolphin, [IV. 5]
and Ramburs.

[IV. 5] *Con.* O Diable.

Orl. O *figueur le iour et perdia, toute et perdie.*

Dol. *Mor Dieu ma vie,* all is confounded all,

4 Reproach, and euerlasting shame

Sits mocking in our Plumes.

A short Alarum.

O meschante Fortune, do not runne away.

Con. Why all our rankes are broke.

8 *Dol,* O perdurable shame, let's stab our felues :

Be these the wretches that we plaid at dice for ?

Orl. Is this the King we sent too, for his ranfome ?

Bur. Shame, and eternall shame, nothing but shame,

12 Let vs dye in once more backe againe,

And he that will not follow *Burbon* now,

Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand

Like a base Pander hold the Chamber doore,

16 Whilst a base slaue, no gentler then my dogge,

His fairest daughter is contaminated.

Con. Diforder that hath spoyl'd vs, friend vs now,

Let vs on heapes go offer vp our liues.

20 *Orl.* We are enow yet liuing in the Field,

To smother vp the English in our throngs,

If any order might be thought vpon.

Bur. The diuell take Order now, Ile to the throng ;

24 Let life be short, else shame will be too long.

Exit.

[IV. 6] *Alarum.* Enter the King and his trayne,
with Prisoners

King. Well haue we done, thrice-ualiant Countrimen,
But all's not done, yet keepe the French the field.

Exe. The D. of York commends him to your Maiesty

<i>King.</i> Liues he good Vnckle: thrice within this houre I saw him downe; thrice vp againe, and fighting, From Helmet to the spurre, all blood he was.	[1V. 6]
<i>Exe.</i> In which array (braue Soldier) doth he lye, Larding the plaine: and by his bloody fide, (Yoake-fellow to his honour-owing-wounds) The Noble Earle of Suffolke also lyes. Suffolke first dyed, and Yorke all haged ouer Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteeped, And takes him by the Beard, kisses the gashes That bloodily did yawne vpon his face. He cries aloud; Tarry my Cofin Suffolke, My soule shall thine keepe company to heauen: Tarry (sweet soule) for mine, then flye a-breft: As in this glorious and well-foughten field We kept together in our Chiualrie. Vpon these words I came, and cheer'd him vp, He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand, And with a feeble gripe, sayes: Deere my Lord, Commend my seruice to my Soueraigne, So did he turne, and ouer Suffolkes necke He threw his wounded arme, and kist his lippes, And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd A Testament of Noble-ending-loue: The prettie and sweet manner of it forc'd Those waters from me, which I would haue stop'd, But I had not so much of man in mee, And all my mother came into mine eyes, And gaue me vp to teares.	8 12 16 20 24 28 32
<i>King.</i> I blame you not, For hearing this, I must perforce compound With mixtfull eyes, or they will issue to. But hearke, what new alarum is this same?	<i>Alarum</i> 36

[IV. 6] The French haue re-enforc'd their scatter'd men :
 Then euery souldiour kill his Prifoners,
 Giue the word through.

Exit

[IV. 7]

*Actus Quartus.**Enter Fluellen and Gower.*

Flu. Kill the poyes and the luggage, 'Tis expreffely
 againft the Law of Armes, tis as arrant a peece of knaue-
 ry marke you now, as can bee offert in your Confcience
 4 now, is it not ?

Gow. Tis certaine, there's not a boy left aliue, and the
 Cowardly Rascalls that ranne from the battaile ha' done
 this slaughter: besides they haue burned and carried a-
 8 way all that was in the Kings Tent, wherefore the King
 moft worthily hath caus'd euery soldiour to cut his pri-
 foners throat. O 'tis a gallant King.

Flu. I, hee was borne at *Monmouth* Captaine *Gower* :
 12 What call you the Townes name where *Alexander* the
 pig was borne ?

Gow. *Alexander* the Great.

Flu. Why I pray you, is not pig, great ? The pig, or
 16 the grear, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnani-
 mous, are all one reckonings, faue the phrafè is a litle va-
 riations.

Gower. I thinke *Alexander* the Great was borne in
 20 *Macedon*, his Father was called *Phillip* of *Macedon*, as I
 take it.

Flu. I thinke it is in *Macedon* where *Alexander* is
 borne.

porne : I tell you Captaine, if you looke in the Maps of [IV. 7] the Orld, I warrant you fall finde in the comparifons betweene *Macedon* & *Monmouth*, that the fituations looke you, is both alike. There is a Riuer in *Macedon*, & there is alfo moreouer a Riuer at *Monmouth*, it is call'd Wye at *Monmouth*: but it is out of my praines, what is the name of the other Riuer : but 'tis all one, tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is Salmons in both. If you marke *Alexanders* life well, *Harry of Monmouthes* life is come after it indifferent well, for there is figures in all things. *Alexander* God knowes, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his chollers, and his moodes, and his difpleafures, and his indignations, and alfo being a little intoxicates in his praines, did in his Ales and his angers (looke you) kill his beft friend *Clytus*.

• *Gow.* Our King is not like him in that, he neuer kill'd any of his friends. 40

Flu. It is not well done (marke you now) to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures, and comparifons of it: as *Alexander* kild his friend *Clytus*, being in his Ales and his Cuppes; fo alfo *Harry Monmouth* being in his right wittes, and his good iudgements, turn'd away the fat Knight with the great belly doublet: he was full of iests, and gypes, and knaueries, and mockes, I haue forgot his name. 48

Gow. Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*.

Flu. That is he: Ile tell you, there is good men porne at *Monmouth*.

Gow. Heere comes his Maiefty. 52

Alarum. Enter King Harry and Burbon
with prifoners. Flourish.

[IV. 7] *King.* I was not angry since I came to France,
 Vntill this instant. Take a Trumpet Herald,
 Ride thou vnto the Horsemen on yond hill :
 56 If they will fight with vs, bid them come downe,
 Or voyde the field: they do offend our fight.
 If they'l do neither, we will come to them,
 And make them sker away, as swift as stones
 60 Enforced from the old Assyrian slings:
 Besides, wee'l cut the throats of those we haue,
 And not a man of them that we shall take,
 Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

Enter Montioy.

64 *Exe.* Here comes the Herald of the French, my Liege
Glou. His eyes are humbler then they vs'd to be.
King. How now, what meanes this Herald ? Knowst
 thou not,
 That I haue fin'd these bones of mine for ranfome?
 68 Com'ft thou againe for ranfome ?
Her. No great King :
 I come to thee for charitable License,
 That we may wander ore this bloody field,
 72 To booke our dead, and then to bury them,
 To fort our Nobles from our common men.
 For many of our Princes (woe the while)
 Lye drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood :
 76 So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbes
 In blood of Princes, and with wounded steeds
 Fret fet-locke deepe in gore, and with wilde rage
 Yerke out their armed heeles at their dead masters
 80 Killing them twice. O giue vs leaue great King,
 To view the field in safety, and dispose
 Of their dead bodies.

Kin. I tell thee truly Herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no,
For yet a many of your horsemen peere,
And gallop ore the field.

[IV. 7]

84

Her. The day is yours.

Kin. Praised be God, and not our strength for it :
What is this Castle call'd that stands hard by.

88

Her. They call it *Agincourt*.

King. Then call we this the field of *Agincourt*,
Fought on the day of *Crispin Crispianus*.

92

Flu. Your Grandfather of famous memory (an't please
your Maiefty) and your great Vncle *Edward* the Placke
Prince of Wales, as I haue read in the Chronicles, fought
a most prauie pattle here in France.

95

Kin. They did *Fluellen*.

Flu. Your Maiefty sayes very true: If your Maiefties
is remembred of it, the Welchmen did good seruice in a
Garden where Leekes did grow, wearing Leekes in their
Monmouth caps, which your Maiefty know to this houre
is an honourable badge of the seruice: And I do beleue
your Maiefty takes no sorne to weare the Leeke vppon
S. Tauies day.

104

King. I weare it for a memorable honor:
For I am Welch you know good Countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye, cannot wash your Maie-
fties Welch plood out of your pody, I can tell you that:
God plesse it, and preferue it, as long as it pleases his
Grace, and his Maiefty too.

108

Kin. Thankes good my Countrymen.

Flu. By Ieshu, I am your Maiefties Countreyman, I
care not who know it: I will confesse it to all the Orld, I
need not to be ashamed of your Maiefty, praised be God
so long as your Maiefty is an honest man.

112

[IV. 7] *King.* Good keepe me so.

Enter Williams.

Our Heralds go with him,
Bring me iust notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

120 *Exe.* Souldier, you must come to the King.

Kin. Souldier, why wear'ft thou that Gloue in thy
Cappe?

Wil. And't please your Maiefty, tis the gage of one
124 that I should fight withall, if he be aliue.

Kin. An Englishman?

Wil. And't please your Maiefty, a Rafcall that swag-
ger'd with me last night: who if aliue, and euer dare to
128 challenge this Gloue, I haue sworne to take him a boxe
a'th ere: or if I can see my Gloue in his cappe, which he
swore as he was a Souldier he would weare (if aliue) I wil
strike it out foundly.

132 *Kin.* What thinke you Captaine *Fluellen*, is it fit this
souldier keepe his oath.

Flu. Hee is a Crauen and a Villaine else, and't please
your Maiefty in my conscience.

136 *King.* It may bee, his enemy is a Gentleman of great
fort quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a Gentleman as the diuel is,
as Lucifer and Belzebub himselfe, it is necessary (looke
140 your Grace) that he keepe his vow and his oath: If he
bee periur'd (see you now) his reputation is as arrant a
villaine and a Iacke sawce, as euer his blacke shoo trodd
vpon Gods ground, and his earth, in my conscience law

144 *King.* Then keepe thy vow firrah, when thou meet'ft
the fellow.

Wil. So, I wil my Liege, as I liue.

King. Who seru'ft thou vnder?

Wil.

Will. Vnder Captaine *Gower*, my Liege.

[IV. 7]

Flu. *Gower* is a good Captaine, and is good knowledge and literated in the Warres.

King. Call him hither to me, Souldier.

Will. I will my Liege.

Exit. 152

King. Here *Fluellen*, weare thou this fauour for me, and flicke it in thy Cappe : when *Alanfon* and my selfe were downe together, I pluckt this Gloue from his Helme : If any man challenge this, hee is a friend to *Alanfon*, and an enemy to our Person ; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, and thou do'ft me loue.

Flu. Your Grace doo's me as great Honors as can be desir'd in the hearts of his Subiects : I would faine see the man, that ha's but two legges, that shall find himselfe agreefd at this Gloue ; that is all : but I would faine see it once, and please God of his grace that I might see.

King. Know'ft thou *Gower* ? 164

Flu. He is my deare friend, and please you.

King. Pray thee goe seeke him, and bring him to my Tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. *Exit.* 168

King. My Lord of *Warwick*, and my Brother *Gloster*, Follow *Fluellen* closely at the heeles.

The Gloue which I haue giuen him for a fauour,

May haply purchase him a box a'th'eare. 172

It is the Souldiers : I by bargaine should

Weare it my selfe. Follow good Cousin *Warwick* :

If that the Souldier strike him, as I iudge

By his blunt bearing, he will keepe his word ; 176

Some sodaine mischiefe may arise of it :

For I doe know *Fluellen* valiant,

And toucht with Choler, hot as Gunpowder,

And quickly will returne an iniurie. 180

[IV. 7] Follow, and see there be no harme betweene them.

Goe you with me, Vnckle of Exeter.

Exeunt.

[IV. 8]

Enter Gower and Williams.

Will. I warrant it is to Knight you, Captaine.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Gods will, and his pleafure, Captaine, I beseech you now, come apace to the King: there is more good toward you peradventure, then is in your knowledge to dreame of.

Will. Sir, know you this Gloue?

Flu. Know the Gloue? I know the Gloue is a Gloue.

8 *Will.* I know this, and thus I challenge it.

Strikes him.

Flu. 'Sblud, an arrant Traytor as anyes in the Vniuersall World, or in France, or in England.

Gower. How now Sir? you Villaine.

12 *Will.* Doe you thinke Ile be forfworne?

Flu. Stand away Captaine *Gower*, I will giue Treason his payment into plowes, I warrant you.

Will. I am no Traytor.

16 *Flu.* That's a Lye in thy Throat. I charge you in his Maiesties Name apprehend him, he's a friend of the Duke *Alanfons*.

Enter Warwick and Gloucester.

Warw. How now, how now, what's the matter?

20 *Flu.* My Lord of Warwick, heere is, prayfed be God for it, a most contagious Treason come to light, looke you, as you shall desire in a Summers day. Heere is his Maiestie.

Enter King and Exeter.

24 *King.* How now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Liege, heere is a Villaine, and a Traytor, that looke your Grace, ha's froke the Gloue which

your Maieftie is take out of the Helmet of *Alan-* [IV. 8]
fon. 28

Will. My Liege, this was my Gloue, here is the fellow of it: and he that I gaue it to in change, promis'd to weare it in his Cappe : I promis'd to strike him, if he did : I met this man with my Gloue in his Cappe, and I haue been as 32 good as my word.

Flu. Your Maieftie heare now, fauing your Maiefties Manhood, what an arrant rascally, beggerly, lowfie Knaue it is : I hope your Maieftie is peare me testimonie 36 and witneffe, and will auouchment, that this is the Gloue of *Alanfon*, that your Maieftie is giue me, in your Conscience now.

King. Giue me thy Gloue Souldier ; 40
Looke, heere is the fellow of it :
'Twas I indeed thou promised't to strike,
And thou hast giuen me most bitter termes.

Flu. And please your Maieftie, let his Neck answere 44 for it, if there is any Marshall Law in the World.

King. How canst thou make me satisfaction ?

Will. All offences, my Lord, come from the heart: neuer came any from mine, that might offend your Ma- 48 iestie.

King. It was our selfe thou didst abuse.

Will. Your Maieftie came not like your selfe: you appear'd to me but as a common man; witneffe the 52 Night, your Garments, your Lowlineffe: and what your Highneffe suffer'd vnder that shape, I beseech you take it for your owne fault, and not mine: for had you bene as I tooke you for, I made no offence; therefore I 56 beseech your Highneffe pardon me.

King. Here Vnckle *Exeter*, fill this Gloue with Crownes, And giue it to this fellow. Keepe it fellow,

[IV. 8] And weare it for an Honor in thy Cappe,
 Till I doe challenge it. Giue him the Crownes:
 And Captaine, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this Day and this Light, the fellow ha's met-
 64 tell enough in his belly: Hold, there is twelue-pence for
 you, and I pray you to ferue God, and keepe you out of
 prawles and prabbles, and quarrels and dissentions, and I
 warrant you it is the better for you.

68 *Will.* I will none of your Money.

Flu. It is with a good will: I can tell you it will ferue
 you to mend your shooes: come, wherefore should you
 be so pashfull, your shooes is not so good: 'tis a good
 72 filling I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter Herald.

King. Now Herald, are the dead numbred?

Herald. Heere is the number of the slaught'red
 French.

76 *King.* What Prifoners of good fort are taken,
 Vnckle?

Exe. *Charles* Duke of Orleance, Nephew to the King,
Iohn Duke of Burbon, and Lord *Bouchiquald*:

80 Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squires,
 Full fiftene hundred, besides common men.

King. This Note doth tell me of ten thousand French
 That in the field lye flaine: of Princes in this number,

84 And Nobles bearing Banners, there lye dead
 One hundred twentie six: added to these,
 Of Knights, Esquires, and gallant Gentlemen,
 Eight thousand and foure hundred: of the which,

88 Fiue hundred were but yester day dubb'd Knights.
 So that in these ten thousand they haue lost,
 There are but fiftene hundred Mercenaries:
 The rest are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, Squires,

And

And Gentlemen of blood and qualitie.	[IV. 8]
The Names of those their Nobles that lye dead :	
<i>Charles Delabreth</i> , High Constable of France,	
<i>Iaques</i> of Chatilion, Admirall of France,	
The Master of the Crosse-bowes, Lord <i>Rambures</i> ,	96
Great Master of France, the braue Sir <i>Guichard Dolphin</i> ,	
<i>John</i> Duke of Alanfon, <i>Anthonie</i> Duke of Brabant,	
The Brother to the Duke of Burgundie,	
And <i>Edward</i> Duke of Barr : of lustie Earles,	100
<i>Grandpree</i> and <i>Rouffie</i> , <i>Fauconbridge</i> and <i>Foyes</i> ,	
<i>Beaumont</i> and <i>Marle</i> , <i>Vandemont</i> and <i>Leftrale</i> .	
Here was a Royall fellowship of death.	
Where is the number of our English dead ?	104
<i>Edward</i> the Duke of Yorke, the Earle of Suffolke,	
Sir <i>Richard Ketly</i> , <i>Dauy Gam</i> Esquire ;	
None else of name : and of all other men,	
But fise and twentie.	108
O God, thy Arme was heere :	
And not to vs, but to thy Arme alone,	
Ascribe we all : when, without stratagem,	
But in plaine shock, and euen play of Battaile,	112
Was euer knowne so great and little losse ?	
On one part and on th'other, take it God,	
For it is none but thine.	
<i>Exet.</i> 'Tis wonderfull.	116
<i>King.</i> Come, goe me in proceffion to the Village :	
And be it death proclaymed through our Hoast,	
To boast of this, or take that prayse from God,	
Which is his onely.	120
<i>Flu.</i> Is it not lawfull and please your Maiestie, to tell	
how many is kill'd ?	
<i>King.</i> Yes Captaine : but with this acknowledgement,	
That God fought for vs.	124

- [IV. 8] *Flu.* Yes, my conscience, he did vs great good.
King. Doe we all holy Rights:
 Let there be fung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*,
 128 The dead with charitie enclos'd in Clay:
 And then to Callice, and to England then,
 Where ne're from France arriu'd more happy men.
Exeunt.
-

[V.]

*Actus Quintus.**Enter Chorus.*

- Vouchsafe to those that haue not read the Story,
 That I may prompt them: and of such as haue,
 I humbly pray them to admit th'excuse
 4 Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
 Which cannot in their huge and proper life,
 Be here presented. Now we beare the King
 Toward Callice: Graunt him there; there scene,
 8 Heaue him away vpon your winged thoughts,
 Athwart the Sea: Behold the English beach
 Pales in the flood; with Men, Wiues, and Boyes,
 Whose shouts & claps out-voyce the deep-mouth'd Sea,
 12 Which like a mightie Whiffler 'fore the King,
 Seemes to prepare his way: So let him land,
 And solemnly see him set on to London.
 So swift a pace hath Thought, that euen now
 16 You may imagine him vpon Black-Heath:
 Where, that his Lords desire him, to haue borne
 His bruifed Helmet, and his bended Sword
 Before him, through the Citie: he forbids it,

Being free from vain-nesse, and selfe-glorious pride ; [V.
 Giuing full Trophee, Signall, and Oftent,
 Quite from himselfe, to God. But now behold,
 In the quick Forge and working-houſe of Thought,
 How London doth powre out her Citizens, 24
 The Maior and all his Brethren in best fort,
 Like to the Senatours of th'antique Rome,
 With the Plebeians ſwarming at their heeles,
 Goe forth and fetch their Conqu'ring *Cæſar* in : 28
 As by a lower, but by louing likelyhood,
 Were now the Generall of our gracious Empreſſe,
 As in good time he may, from Ireland comming,
 Bringing Rebellion broached on his Sword ; 32
 How many would the peacefull Citie quit,
 To welcome him ? much more, and much more cauſe,
 Did they this *Harry*. Now in London place him.
 As yet the lamentation of the French 36
 Inuites the King of Englands ſtay at home :
 The Emperour's comming in behalfe of France,
 To order peace betweene them : and omit
 All the occurrences, what euer chanc't, 40
 Till *Harryes* backe returne again to France:
 There muſt we bring him ; and my ſelfe haue play'd
 The *interim*, by remembering you 'tis paſt.
 Then brooke abridgement, and your eyes aduance, 44
 After your thoughts, ſtraight backe againe to France.

Exit.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

[V. 1]

Gower. Nay, that's right : but why weare you your
 Leeke to day ? *S. Davies* day is paſt.

Flu. There is occasions and cauſes why and wherefore

[V. 1] in all things: I will tell you affe my friend; Captaine
Gower; the rascally, scauld, beggerly, lowfie, pragging
Knaue Pistoll, which you and your selfe, and all the World,
 know to be no petter then a fellow, looke you now, of no
 8 merits: hee is come to me, and prings me pread and
 fault yesterday, looke you, and bid me eate my *Leeke*:
 it was in a place where I could not breed no contention
 with him; but I will be so bold as to weare it in my Cap
 12 till I see him once againe, and then I will tell him a little
 piece of my desires.

Enter Pistoll.

Gower. Why heere hee comes, fwelling like a Turkey-
 cock.

16 *Flu.* 'Tis no matter for his fwellings, nor his Turkey-
 cocks. God pleffe you aunchient *Pistoll*:you scuruie low-
 fie *Knaue*, God pleffe you.

Pist. Ha, art thou bedlam? doest thou thirst, bafe
 20 Troian, to haue me fold vp *Parcas* fatall Web? Hence;
 I am qualmish at the finell of *Leeke*.

Flu. I pefeech you heartily, scuruie lowfie *Knaue*, at
 my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eate,
 24 looke you, this *Leeke*; because, looke you, you doe not
 loue it, nor your affections, and your appetites and your
 difgestions doo's not agree with it, I would desire you
 to eate it.

28 *Pist.* Not for *Cadwallader* and all his Goats.

Flu. There is one Goat for you. *Strikes him.*
 Will you be so good, scauld *Knaue*,as eate it?

Pist. Bafe Troian, thou shalt dye.

32 *Flu.* You say very true, scauld *Knaue*, when Gods
 will is: I will desire you to lue in the meane time, and
 eate your Viçtuals: come, there is sawce for it. You
 call'd me yesterday Mountaine-Squier, but I will make
 you

you to day a fquire of low degree. I pray you fall too, if [V. 1]
you can mocke a Leeke, you can eate a Leeke.

Gour. Enough Captaine, you haue astonisht him.

Flu. I fay, I will make him eate some part of my leeke,
or I will peate his pate foure dayes: bite I pray you, it is 40
good for your greene wound, and your ploodie Coxecombe.

Pist. Muft I bite.

Flu. Yes certainly, and out of doubt and out of que- 44
ftion too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this Leeke, I will moft horribly reuenge I
eate and eate I fweare.

Flu. Eate I pray you, will you haue some more fauce 48
to your Leeke: there is not enough Leeke to fweare by.

Pist. Quiet thy Cudgell, thou doft fee I eate.

Flu. Much good do you fcald knaue, heartily. Nay,
pray you throw none away, the skinne is good for your 52
broken Coxcombe; when you take occafions to fee
Leekes heereafter, I pray you mocke at 'em, that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. I, Leekes is good: hold you, there is a groat to 56
heale your pate.

Pist. Me a groat?

Flu. Yes verily, and in truth you fhall take it, or I haue
another Leeke in my pocket, which you fhall eate. 60

Pist. I take thy groat in earnest of reuenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in Cud-
gels, you fhall be a Woodmonger, and buy nothing of
me but cudgels: God bu'y you, and keepe you, & heale 64
your pate. *Exit*

Pist. All hell fhall ftirre for this.

Gow. Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly Knaue,
will you mocke at an ancient Tradition began vppon an 68

[V. 1] honourable respect, and worne as a memorable Trophée
of predeceased valor, and dare not auouch in your deeds
any of your words. I haue seene you gleeking & galling
72 at this Gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because
he could not speake English in the native garb, he could
not therefore handle an English Cudgell: you finde it o-
therwise, and henceforth let a Welsh correction, teach
76 you a good English condition, fare ye well. *Exit*

Pist. Doeth fortune play the huswife with me now?
Newes haue I that my *Doll* is dead i'th Spittle of a mala-
dy of France, and there my rendezous is' quite cut off:
80 Old I do waxe, and from my wearie limbes honour is
Cudgeld. Well, Baud Ile turne, and something leane to
Cut-purse of quicke hand: To England will I steale, and
there Ile steale:

84 And patches will I get vnto these cudgell scarres,
And swore I got them in the Gallia warres. *Exit.*

[V. 2] *Enter at one doore, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwicke,
and other Lords. At another, Queene Isabel,
the King, the Duke of Bourgogne, and
other French.*

King. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met;
Vnto our brother France, and to our Sister
Health and faire time of day: Ioy and good wishes
4 To our most faire and Princely Cofine *Katherine*:
And as a branch and member of this Royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contriu'd,
We do salute you Duke of *Burgogne*,
8 And Princes French and Peeres health to you all.
Fra. Right ioyous are we to behold your face,
Most worthy brother England, fairely met,
So are you Princes (English) euery one.

<i>Quee.</i> So happy be the Issue brother Ireland Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting, As we are now glad to behold your eyes, Your eyes which hitherto haue borne In them against the French that met them in their bent, The fatall Balls of murthering Bafiliskes : The venome of such Lookes we fairely hope Haue loft their qualitie, and that this day Shall change all griefes and quarrels into loue.	16 20
<i>Eng.</i> To cry Amen to that, thus we appeare.	
<i>Quee.</i> You English Princes all, I doe salute you.	
<i>Burg.</i> My dutie to you both, on equall loue.	
Great Kings of France and England : that I haue labour'd With all my wits, my paines, and strong endeouors, To bring your most Imperiall Maiesties Vnto this Barre, and Royall enterview ; Your Mightinesse on both parts best can witnessse. Since then my Office hath so farre preuayl'd, That Face to Face, and Royall Eye to Eye, You haue congreeted : let it not disgrace me, If I demand before this Royall view, What Rub, or what Impediment there is, Why that the naked, poore, and mangled Peace, Deare Nourse of Arts, Plentyes, and ioyfull Births, Should not in this best Garden of the World, Our fertile France, put vp her louely Vifage ? Alas, shee hath from France too long been chas'd, And all her Husbandry doth lye on heapes, Corrupting in it owne fertilitie. Her Vine, the merry chearer of the heart, Vnpruned, dyes : her Hedges euen pleach'd, Like Prisoners wildly ouer-growne with hayre, Put forth disorder'd Twigs : her fallow Leas,	24 28 32 36 40 44

- [V. 2] The Darnell, Hemlock, and ranke Femetary,
 Doth root vpon; while that the Culter ruffs,
 That should deracinate such Sauagery :
- 48 The euen Meade, that erst brought sweetly forth
 The freckled Cowflip, Burnet, and greene Clouer,
 Wanting the Sythe, withall vncorrected, ranke ;
 Conceiues by idleneffe, and nothing teemes,
- 52 But hatefull Docks, rough Thistles, Kekfyes, Burres,
 Loofing both beautie and vtilitie ;
 And all our Vineyards, Fallowes, Meades, and Hedges
 Defectiue in their natures, grow to wildneffe.
- 56 Euen fo our Housés, and our selues, and Children,
 Haue lost, or doe not learne, for want of time,
 The Sciences that should become our Countrey ;
 But grow like Sauages, as Souldiers will,
- 60 That nothing doe, but meditate on Blood,
 To Swearing, and sterne Lookes, defus'd Attyre,
 And euery thing that seemes vnnaturall.
 Which to reduce into our former fauour,
- 64 You are assembled : and my speech entreats,
 That I may know the Let, why gentle Peace
 Should not expell these inconueniences,
 And bleffe vs with her former qualities.
- 68 *Eng.* If Duke of Burgonie, you would the Peace,
 Whose want giues growth to th'imperfections
 Which you haue cited; you must buy that Peace
 With full accord to all our iust demands,
- 72 Whose Tenures and particular effects
 You haue enschedul'd briefly in your hands.
Burg. The King hath heard them: to the which, as yet
 There is no Answer made.
- 76 *Eng.* Well then : the Peace which you before so vrg'd,
 Lyes in his Answer :

France. I

France. I haue but with a curſelarie eye
O're-glanc't the Articles : Pleaſeth your Grace
To appoint ſome of your Councell preſently 80
To fit with vs once more, with better heed
To re-furuey them; we will ſuddenly
Paſſe our accept and peremptorie Anſwer.

England. Brother we ſhall. Goe Vnckle *Exeter*, 84
And Brother *Clarence*, and you Brother *Glouceſter*,
Warwick, and *Huntington*, goe with the King,
And take with you free power, to ratifie,
Augment, or alter, as your Wiſdomes beſt 88
Shall ſee aduantageable for our Dignitie,
Any thing in or out of our Demands,
And wee'le conſigne thereto. Will you, faire Siſter,
Goe with the Princes, or ſtay here with vs? 92

Quee. Our gracious Brother, I will goe with them :
Happily a Womans Voyce may doe ſome good,
When Articles too nicely vrg'd, be ſtood on.

England. Yet leaue our Couſin *Katherine* here with vs, 96
She is our capitall Demand, compris'd
Within the fore-ranke of our Articles.

Quee. She hath good leaue. *Exeunt omnes.*

Manet King and Katherine.

King. Faire *Katherine*, and moſt faire, 100
Will you vouchſafe to teach a Souldier tearmes,
Such as will enter at a Ladyes eare,
And pleade his Loue-ſuit to her gentle heart.

Kath. Your Maieſtie ſhall mock at me, I cannot ſpeake 104
your England.

King. O faire *Katherine*, if you will loue me foundly
with your French heart, I will be glad to heare you con-
feſſe it brokenly with your Engliſh Tongue. Doe you 108

[V. 2] like me, *Kate*?

Kath. *Pardonne moy, I cannot tell wat is like me.*

King. An Angell is like you *Kate*, and you are like an
112 Angell.

Kath. *Que dit il que Je suis semblable a les Anges?*

Lady. *Ouy verayment (Sauf vostre Grace) ainsi dit il.*

King. I said so, deare *Katherine*, and I must not blush
116 to affirme it.

Kath. *O bon Dieu, les langues des hommes sont plein de tromperies.*

King. What sayes she, faire one? that the tongues of
120 men are full of deceits?

Lady. *Ouy, dat de tongeus of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de Princeesse.*

King. The Princeesse is the better English-woman:
124 yfaith *Kate*, my wooing is fit for thy vnderstanding, I am glad thou canst speake no better English, for if thou could'st, thou would'st finde me such a plaine King, that thou wouldst thinke, I had sold my Farme to buy my
128 Crowne. I know no wayes to mince it in loue, but directly to say, I loue you; then if you vrge me farther, then to say, Doe you in faith? I weare out my suite: Giue me your answer, yfaith doe, and so clap hands, and a bar-
132 gaine: how say you, *Lady*?

Kath. *Sauf vostre honneur, me vnderstand well.*

King. Marry, if you would put me to Verfes, or to Dance for your sake, *Kate*, why you vndid me: for the one
136 I haue neither words nor measure; and for the other, I haue no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could winne a Lady at Leape-frogge, or by vawting into my Saddle, with my Armour on my backe;
140 vnder the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leape into a Wife: Or if I might buffet for my

Loue, or bound my Horſe for her fauours, I could lay on [V. 2] like a Butcher, and fit like a Iack an Apes, neuer off. But before God *Kate*, I cannot looke greenely, nor gaſpe out 144 my eloquence, nor I haue no cunning in proteſtation: onely downe-right Oathes, which I neuer vſe till vrg'd, nor neuer breake for vrging. If thou canſt loue a fellow of this temper, *Kate*, whoſe face is not worth Sunne-bur- 148 ning? that neuer looks in his Glaſſe, for loue of any thing he ſees there? let thine Eye be thy Cooke. I ſpeake to thee plaine Souldier: If thou canſt loue me for this, take me? if not? to ſay to thee that I ſhall dye, is true; but 152 for thy loue, by the L. No: yet I loue thee too. And while thou liu'ſt, deare *Kate*, take a fellow of plaine and vncoynd Conſtancie, for he perforce muſt do thee right, becauſe he hath not the gift to wooe in other places: for 156 theſe fellowes of infinit tongue, that can ryme themſelues into Ladyes fauours, they doe alwayes reaſon themſelues out againe. What? a ſpeaker is but a prater, a Ryme is but a Ballad; a good Legge will fall, a ſtrait Backe will 160 ſtoope, a blacke Beard will turne white, a curl'd Pate will grow bald, a faire Face will wither, a full Eye will wax hollow: but a good Heart, *Kate*, is the Sunne and the Moone, or rather the Sunne, and not the Moone; for it 164 ſhines bright, and neuer changes, but keeps his courſe truly. If thou would haue ſuch a one, take me? and take me; take a Souldier: take a Souldier; take a King. And what ſay'ſt thou then to my Loue? ſpeake my faire, 168 and fairely, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it poſſible dat I ſould loue de ennemie of Fraunce?

King. No, it is not poſſible you ſhould loue the Ene- 172 mie of France, *Kate*; but in louing me, you ſhould loue the Friend of France: for I loue France ſo well, that I

[V. 2] will not part with a Village of it; I will haue it all mine:
176 and *Kate*, when France is mine, and I am yours; then yours
is France, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell wat is dat.

King. No, *Kate*? I will tell thee in French, which I am
180 sure will hang vpon my tongue, like a new-married Wife
about her Husbands Necke, hardly to be shooke off; *Je*
quand sur le possession de Fraunce, & quand vous aues le pos-
session de moy. (Let mee see, what then? Saint *Dennis* bee
184 my speede) *Donc vostre est Fraunce, & vous estes mienne.*
It is as easie for me, *Kate*, to conquer the Kingdome, as to
speake so much more French: I shall neuer moue thee in
French, vnlesse it be to laugh at me.

188 *Kath.* *Sauf vostre honneur, le Francois ques vous parleis, il*
& melieus que l' Anglois le quel Je parle.

King. No faith is't not, *Kate*: but thy speaking of
my Tongue, and I thine, most truely falsely, must
192 needes be graunted to be much at one. But *Kate*, doo'ft
thou vnderstand thus much English? Canst thou loue
mee?

Kath. I cannot tell.

196 *King.* Can any of your Neighbours tell, *Kate*? Ile
aske them. Come, I know thou louest me: and at night,
when you come into your Clofet, you'le question this
Gentlewoman about me; and I know, *Kate*, you will to
200 her dispraise those parts in me, that you loue with your
heart: but good *Kate*, mocke me mercifully, the rather
gentle Princesse, because I loue thee cruelly. If euer thou
beest mine, *Kate*, as I haue a sauing Faith within me tells
204 me thou shalt; I get thee with skambling, and thou
must therefore needes proue a good Souldier-breeder:
Shall not thou and I, betweene Saint *Dennis* and Saint
George, compound a Boy, halfe French halfe English,

k

that

that shall goe to Constantinople, and take the Turke by [V. 2]
the Beard. Shall wee not? what say'st thou, my faire
Flower-de-Luce.

Kate. I doe not know dat.

King. No: 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: 212
doe but now promise *Kate*, you will endeavour for your
French part of such a Boy; and for my English moytie,
take the Word of a King, and a Batcheler. How answer
you, *La plus belle Katherine du monde mon trescher & deuin* 216
deeffè.

Kath. Your Maiestee aue fause Frenche enough to
deceiue de most sage Damoiseil dat is en Fraunce.

King. Now fye vpon my false French: by mine Honor 220
in true English, I loue thee *Kate*; by which Honor, I dare
not sweare thou louest me, yet my blood begins to flat-
ter me, that thou doo'st; notwithstanding the poore and
vntempering effect of my Visage. Now beshrew my 224
Fathers Ambition, hee was thinking of Ciuill Warres
when hee got me, therefore was I created with a stub-
borne out-side, with an aspect of Iron, that when I come
to wooe Ladyes, I fright them: but in faith *Kate*, the el- 228
der I wax, the better I shall appeare. My comfort is, that
Old Age, that ill layer vp of Beautie, can doe no more
spoyle vpon my Face. Thou hast me, if thou hast me, at
the worst; and thou shalt weare me, if thou weare me, 232
better and better: and therefore tell me, most faire *Ka-
therine*, will you haue me? Put off your Maiden Blushes,
auouch the Thoughts of your Heart with the Lookes of
an Empresse, take me by the hand, and say, *Harry* of 236
England, I am thine: which Word thou shalt no sooner
blesse mine Eare withall, but I will tell thee alowd, Eng-
land is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and *Henry*
Plantaginet is thine; who, though I speake it before his 240

[V. 2] Face, if he be not Fellow with the best King, thou shalt finde the best King of Good-fellowes. Come your Answer in broken Musick; for thy Voyce is Musick, and
 244 thy English broken: Therefore Queene of all, *Katherine*, breake thy minde to me in broken English; wilt thou haue me?

Kath. Dat is as it shall please *de Roy mon pere*.

248 *King.* Nay, it will please him well, *Kate*; it shall please him, *Kate*.

Kath. Den it fall also content me.

King. Vpon that I kisse your Hand, and I call you my
 252 Queene.

Kath. *Laisse mon Seigneur, laisse, laisse, may foy: Je ne veus point que vous abbaisse vostre grandeus, en baisant le main d'une nostre Seigneur indignie seruiteur excuse moy. Je*
 256 *vous supplie mon tres-puissant Seigneur.*

King. Then I will kisse your Lippes, *Kate*.

Kath. *Les Dames & Damoisels pour estre baisee deuant leur nopcese il net pas le costume de Fraunce.*

260 *King.* Madame, my Interpreter, what sayes shee?

Lady. Dat it is not be de fashon pour le Ladies of Fraunce; I cannot tell wat is buisse en Anglish.

King. To kisse.

264 *Lady.* Your Maiestee *entendre better que moy*.

King. It is not a fashon for the Maids in Fraunce to kisse before they are marryed, would she say?

Lady. *Ouy verayment.*

268 *King.* O *Kate*, nice Customes cursie to great Kings. Deare *Kate*, you and I cannot bee confin'd within the weake Lyft of a Countreyes fashon: wee are the makers of Manners, *Kate*; and the libertie that followes
 272 our Places, stoppes the mouth of all finde-faults, as I will doe yours, for vpholding the nice fashon of your

Countrey, in denying me a Kisse: therefore patiently, [V. 2] and yeelding. You haue Witch-craft in your Lippes, *Kate*: there is more eloquence in a Sugar touch of 276 them, then in the Tongues of the French Councill; and they should sooner perswade *Harry* of England, then a generall Petition of Monarchs. Heere comes your Father. 280

Enter the French Power, and the English Lords.

Burg. God faue your Maiestie, my Royall Coufin, teach you our Princeesse English?

King. I would haue her learne, my faire Coufin, how perfectly I loue her, and that is good English. 284

Burg. Is shee not apt?

King. Our Tongue is rough, Coze, and my Condition is not smooth: so that hauing neyther the Voyce nor the Heart of Flatterie about me, I cannot so coniure vp 288 the Spirit of Loue in her, that hee will appeare in his true likenesse.

Burg. Pardon the franknesse of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would coniure in her, you must 292 make a Circle: if coniure vp Loue in her in his true likenesse, hee must appeare naked, and blinde. Can you blame her then, being a Maid, yet ros'd ouer with the Virgin Crimfon of Modestie, if shee deny the apparance 296 of a naked blinde Boy in her naked seeing selfe? It were (my Lord) a hard Condition for a Maid to configne to.

King. Yet they doe winke and yeeld, as Loue is blind 300 and enforces.

Burg. They are then excus'd, my Lord, when they see

[V. 2.] not what they doe.

304 *King.* Then good my Lord, teach your Coufin to consent winking.

Burg. I will winke on her to consent, my Lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for Maides well
308 Summer'd, and warme kept, are like Flyes at Bartholomew-tyde, blinde, though they haue their eyes, and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

312 *King.* This Morall tyes me ouer to Time, and a hot Summer; and so I shall catch the Flye, your Coufin, in the latter end, and thee must be blinde to.

Burg. As Loue is my Lord, before it loues.

316 *King.* It is so: and you may, some of you, thanke Loue for my blindnesse, who cannot see many a faire French Citie for one faire French Maid that stands in my way.

320 *French King.* Yes my Lord, you see them perspectiuely: the Cities turn'd into a Maid; for they are all gyrdled with Maiden Walls, that Warre hath entred.

324 *England.* Shall *Kate* be my Wife?

France. So please you.

England. I am content, so the Maiden Cities you talke of, may wait on her: so the Maid that flood in
328 the way for my With, shall shew me the way to my Will.

France. Wee haue consented to all termes of reason.

332 *England.* Is't so, my Lords of England?

West. The King hath graunted euery Article:
His Daughter first; and in sequele, all,
According to their firme proposd natures.

Exet. Onely

Exet. Onely he hath not yet subscribed this: [V. 2]

Where your Maiestie demands, That the King of France
 hauing any occasion to write for matter of Graunt, shall
 name your Highnesse in this forme, and with this addi-
 on, in French: *Nostre trescher filz Henry Roy d' Angleterre* 340
Heretere de Fraunce: and thus in Latine; *Præclarissimus*
Filius nosler Henricus Rex Angliæ & Heres Franciæ.

France. Nor this I haue not Brother so deny'd,
 But your request shall make me let it passe. 344

England. I pray you then, in loue and deare allyance,
 Let that one Article ranke with the rest,
 And thereupon giue me your Daughter,
France. Take her faire Sonne, and from her blood rayse vp 348
 Issue to me, that the contending Kingdomes
 Of France and England, whose very shoares looke pale,
 With enuy of each others happinesse,
 May cease their hatred; and this deare Coniunction 352
 Plant Neighbour-hood and Christian-like accord
 In their sweet Bosomes: that neuer Warre aduance
 His bleeding Sword 'twixt England and faire France.

Lords. Amen. 356

King. Now welcome *Kate*: and beare me witnesse all,
 That here I kisse her as my Soueraigne Queene.

Flourish.

Quee. God, the best maker of all Marriages,
 Combine your hearts in one, your Realmes in one: 360
 As Man and Wife being two, are one in loue,
 So be there 'twixt your Kingdomes such a Spoufall,
 That neuer may ill Office, or fell Iealousie,
 Which troubles oft the Bed of blessed Marriage, [COL. 2]
 Thrust in betweene the Patien of these Kingdomes,
 To make diuorce of their incorporate League:
 That English may as French, French Englishmen,

[V. 2] Receiue each other. God speake this Amen.

All. Amen.

King. Prepare we for our Marriage : on which day,
My Lord of Burgundy wee'le take your Oath
372 And all the Peeres, for suretie of our Leagues,
Then shall I sweare to *Kate*, and you to me,
And may our Oathes well kept and prosp'rous be.

Senet.

Exeunt.

Enter Chorus.

Thus farre with rough, and all-vnable Pen,
Our bending Author hath purfu'd the Story,
In little roome confining mightie men,
4 Mangling by starts the full courſe of their glory.
Small time : but in that ſmall, moſt greatly liued
This Starre of England. Fortune made his Sword ;
By which, the Worlds beſt Garden he atchieued :
8 And of it left his Sonne Imperiall Lord.
Henry the Sixt, in Infant Bands crown'd King
Of France and England, did this King ſucceed :
Whoſe State ſo many had the managing,
12 That they loſt France, and made his England bleed :
Which oft our Stage hath ſhowne ; and for their ſake,
In your faire minds let this acceptance take.

F I N I S .

[Triangular tail-piece as generally inserted in original whenever sufficient space is left.]

2

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

Reprint of the Quarto, 1634.



THE
TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

REPRINT OF THE QUARTO, 1634.

EDITED BY
HAROLD LITTLEDALE.

PUBLISHED FOR
The New Shakspeare Society
BY N. TRÜBNER & CO., 57, 59, LUDGATE HILL,
LONDON, 1876.

Series II. No. 7.

JOHN CHILDS AND SON, PRINTERS.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

THE Quarto, 1634, is here for the first time reprinted literally. The original arrangement of the text has been exactly followed, even to the division of the pages; and care has been taken to render this virtually a facsimile reproduction

No Collation (properly so called) of the two earliest editions has hitherto appeared. Accordingly, in attempting one for the first time, I have been under the disadvantage of having no such predecessor as the *Cambridge Shakespeare* or Mr Furness' splendid *Variorum* to supply a test of the accuracy of my work.¹ This disadvantage I have tried to remedy by a very careful comparison of the proof-sheets with the original texts; and I trust that very few errors have escaped correction.

Indeed, I am almost disposed to fear censure for over-exactness in my Collation of the Folio (Appendix A); but a Collation (some scholars whose opinions are worth having agree in this) should be virtually a reprint, for what seems trivial to one reader may yet be of considerable service to another.

The following descriptive list includes most of the English Editions I have seen, all I have collated:—

1. QUARTO, 1634. The earliest extant or known edition of this play, here reprinted from Mr P. A. Daniel's copy. The text is evidently taken, as the directions and actors' names (e. g. pp. 14, 64, 80) shew, from the stage copy at the Blackfriars Theatre. It is noteworthy that between the two copies I have seen, viz. one belonging to P. A. Daniel, Esq. (kindly lent for the purposes of this reprint), and the other in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin,—there are several variations, one of which is important as clearing up an old editorial crux, and (still more so!) as explaining and establishing the Folio reading, doubted by Dyce.² One other variation is of some importance. I have collated the Daniel and T. C. D. quartos carefully, and find the following variations between them:

Daniel Qo : I. i. 179, I evy—I. ii. 77, glory on [*no stop*]
—I. iv. 20, succard—v. ii. 31, hon^{est},—58 He's a—59, D;id you,—where the Dublin Qo (revised as the volume was being issued, probably), reads :—levy—glory on[;]—smeard—honest—He's a—Did you.³

¹ Mr Skeat's edition was not published until all my Collations of the other texts were completed, still it has been of some service to me in this way.

² I refer to I. iv. 20: *Like to a paire of Lions, succard with prey* (Daniel Qo.), where the folio reads *smeard*, and Dyce notes that the Qo. has *succard*; but Mr Skeat, using the Cambridge copies (and the Trin. Coll., Dublin, and Brit. Mus. copies are the same), reads: *Like to a paire of Lions, smeard with prey*, and therefore noted (p. 91) "Mr Dyce is wrong in stating that the quarto reads *succard*."

³ See Bacon's *Essays*, Appendix to the Notes, ed. W. A. Wright, M.A. Golden Treas. series, p. 350, for an interesting account of differences in old copies of the same edition.

2. FOLIO, 1679. The second folio edition of B. and F. Title : "Fifty Comedies and Tragedies written by {Francis Beaumont And John Fletcher,} Gentlemen. All in one Volume. Published by the Authors Original Copies, the Songs to each Play being added. *Si quid habent veri Vatum præsagia, vivam.* [Device] London, Printed by *J. Macock*, for *John Martyn, Henry Herringman, Richard Marriot*, MDCLXXIX."

From the Preface—The Booksellers to the Reader—we learn that . . . "Besides, in this Edition you have the addition of no fewer than Seventeen Plays more than were in the former, which we have taken the pains and care to collect, and Print out of 4to in this Volume, which for distinction sake are markt with a Star in the Catalogue of them facing the first Page of the Book." . . . Accordingly we find

47 Two Noble Kinsmen.*

which shews, as a collation of the texts clearly confirms, that the Folio text was taken from the Quarto; and the revised Quarto, the reading *smear'd* tells us.

The numerous corrections are evidently the work of an intelligent compositor, who has removed misprints and modernised spelling as he went along. Traces of an editorial revision of the text are nowhere apparent, though the fact of a list of *dramatis personæ* being given would indicate that some little attention had been paid to the reprint. Hence for critical purposes the collation I have made is of small independent value; nevertheless I have thought it deserving of a place at the end of the reprint: a thorough collation was needed, and had not hitherto been supplied. This collation, it may be added, gives some interesting illustrations of the progress which forty-five years had caused towards attaining a standard orthography. The *e* final (*againé*, etc.) is omitted; *-our* (*armour*, etc.) generally altered to *-or*; terminations in *-les*, *-nes*, etc. (*careles*, *busines*,) have the *s* doubled (more regard being had to uniformity than to etymology); and other similar modifications appear. I do not mean to affirm that the changes here indicated were introduced into all books of the period; that the spelling had become fixed; I only call attention to the noteworthy fact that in a reprint of a book published in 1634, there were in 1679 introduced certain changes of spelling which, with a few exceptions, are observed consistently throughout.

3. ED. 1711. B. and F. "in seven volumes.—Adorned with cuts.—Revised and Corrected: with some account of the life and writings of the Authors.—London: Printed for *Jacob Tonson*, at *Shakespeare's Head* over-against *Catherine-Street* in the *Strand*. MDCCXI."

The prefatory "account" is little more than a combination of Dryden's note on Rymer's *Tragedies of the Last Age, considered and examined* (1673); and the passages in Gerard Langbaine's *Account of the English Dramatick Poets* (1691), relating to B. and F. This Preface cannot be considered accurate. For instance, the writer (p. xxvii) quotes 27 lines from Langbaine, in which extensive transcript he inserts one word, omits thirty-two, and substitutes for the word *decease* the word *death*. He then gives, with-

out acknowledgment, an alphabetical list of B. and F.'s plays, almost verbally from Langbaine's list : the few additions to the older account being of no value.

The reference to our play is as follows :—" *Two Noble Kinsmen*, a Tragi-Comedy. This Play was written by Mr *Fletcher*, and Mr *Shakespear*. *The Story is taken from Chaucer's Knight's Tale, which Mr Dryden has admirably put into modern English ; it is the first Poem in his Fables*" (vol. I. p. xxxix). This—which is an unusually wide variation from Langbaine's "*Two Noble Kinsmen*, a Tragi-Comedy. This Play was written by Mr. *Fletcher*, and Mr. *Shakespear*." (p. 215)—gives no support to the tradition of Shakspeare's authorship beyond the inference that no contradiction of the tradition had been put forward. Langbaine is generally careful in his statements, and we may consider that he knew no reason for doubting the title-page of the Quarto, from which he probably derived his information. In the Preface, he tells us that he has given the reader "a large Account of the Title-page of each Play" which he has seen. His "large Account" of the 2 *N. K.* has been given above.

The text of this 1711 edition is taken from the Folio, and is quite worthless ; only one important *var. lect.* appears, viz., *Tylters* for *Tytlers*, V. iii. 83/95. Strange to state, *not one* of the Editors have noticed the older reading ! all read *tilters*.

4. ED. 1750. B. and F. ten vols. "Collated with all the former Editions, and Corrected. With NOTES Critical and Explanatory. By The Late Mr THEOBALD, Mr SEWARD of *Eyam* in *Derbyshire*, and Mr SYMPSON of *Gainsborough*. LONDON, Printed for J. and R. TONSON, and S. DRAPER in the Strand .MDCCL."

This is the first so-called critical edition, with Introductions, Notes, &c., but the fact of the existence of these notes is rather to be regretted than otherwise (except perhaps as illustrating the ignorance of Elizabethan literature which prevailed in the last century), for the necessity has thereby been imposed upon subsequent editors of transcribing, combating, and exposing, the miserable displays of ignorance and vanity which Mr Seward of *Eyam* in *Derbyshire* has embodied in the form of notes. Coleridge asks, "Did the name of criticism ever descend so low as in the hands of those two fools and knaves, Seward and Sympson?" (*Table Talk*, p. 212, ed. 1852). And if this be thought rather hard on the good easy men, the following from Gifford's preface to Ben Jonson (p. 68, ed. 1853, Moxon) shews that Coleridge was not alone in thinking lightly of their editorial qualities :—"Whether Whalley [in his edition of Jonson] was diffident of himself, or the gentlemen volunteered their assistance, I have no means of knowing, but he availed himself occasionally of the aid of Sympson and Seward, (the editors of Beaumont and Fletcher,) who led him astray, and where he would have been simply wrong, if left to himself, rendered him absurd. In one pleasant way of making notes, and swelling the bulk of the book, they all agreed. None of them printed from the earliest editions ; they took up the latest which they could find, and went smoothly on till they were stopt by some palpable error of the press. This, as the clown says, was *meat and drink to them* ; they immediately set themselves to con-

jecture what the word should be, and after a little burst of vanity, at which it is impossible to forbear a smile, they turned, for the first time, to the old copy, and invited the public to witness their sagacity, and partake in their triumph."

I have omitted all such *conjectures* of Seward's as I found anticipated in the old editions, with a few exceptions preserved as specimens. Theobald, who died before the edition had advanced very far, has left a few good notes; Sympson's are occasionally presentable, but as for Seward—Seward "never deviates into sense." I regret that my duty as an Editor has necessitated a reproduction of so many of the notes from the edition of 1750; far sooner would I leave them in obscure repose. Not that I wish to speak uncharitably of any one; rather, with the gentle Coleridge, I would say:—"Mr. Seward! Mr. Seward! you may be, and I trust you are, an angel; but you were an ass." (*Shakesp. Notes and Lect.*, p. 286, ed. 1874.)

5. ED. 1778. B. and F. ten vols., the notes by various editors, viz. G. Colman, J. N., R[eed], and others. This edition was reprinted in 1811, with Whalley's ed. of Ben Jonson, the B. and F. occupying three of the four volumes. While some part of the notes is devoted to exposing not only the "carelessness," but also "the more unpardonable faults of faithlessness and misrepresentation," which characterised Messrs Seward and Sympson's edition, the remaining portion consists chiefly of quotations from those commentators, with a few insignificant and generally worthless additions. The best of the new notes are perhaps those signed R. (Reed); Colman's share in the work does not appear to have been important.

Although the text is not stretched or lopped as it had been by the metrical Procrustes (of Eyam in Derbyshire), it is nevertheless full of inaccuracies, these arising mainly from ignorance of Elizabethan words and usages, and a few also from careless revision of the proof-sheets,—Seward's errors being exposed in a note, and yet left standing in the text. But, with all its imperfections, this edition is still widely separated from its predecessor, and must be regarded as the first true critical edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's works. The editors, it may be added, hold that our play has been falsely ascribed to Shakspeare (pref. ix).

6. ED. 1812. Henry Weber's, fourteen vols. 8vo. The text has been reprinted by E. Moxon (1839, 1851, re-issued lately among Routledge's "Old Dramatists"), in two vols., with a preface by George Darley, and a glossary, but without notes.

Weber benefited by the notes of Monck Mason (1798), and produced a comparatively accurate text. My references to B. and F.'s plays are, unless where otherwise stated, to Moxon's ed., 1851, 2 vols. roy. 8vo.

7. KNIGHT'S PICTORIAL SH., eight vols., 8vo., 1839—1841.

Considering Knight's fine scholarship, it is strange that the 2 *N. K.* text in this ed. should be almost worthless; yet such is actually the case. And the cause is not far to seek. Knight believed that the non-Fletcherian portions were by Chapman, consequently gave the play a grudging admittance into his Shakspeare, and only out of deference to tradition and opinion on the subject.

Mr Hickson also attributes the careless manner in which Knight printed the play to his having "prejudged the question" of authorship (*N. Sh. Tr.* 1874, I. 26*).

Knight's text is little more than a reprint of that of 1778, with a few changes, not always for the better, one or two readings in some degree worthy of him, and many marks of perfect indifference about the accuracy of the text.

Dyce, following soon after with his ed. of B. and F., pointed out many blunders of preceding editors, and Knight in the 2nd ed. of the "Pictorial" adopted the majority of Dyce's corrections, and indeed may be said to have based his revised text exclusively upon Dyce's. Except that Knight's second text might afford some corroboration of Dyce's authority, it possesses no intrinsic value, and cannot be regarded as an independent critical effort. A few passages have been excluded from the text on the score of grossness, but, as is usual in "bowdlerised" editions, others just as obnoxious have been retained.

8. ED. DYCE. B. and F. 1843—6, eleven vols. It is unnecessary to speak at any length of this masterly work, which must long remain the standard edition of these authors. The text and notes are of real importance, and, considering the great extent of the undertaking, wonderfully accurate. In the second edition of his Shakspeare, Dyce admitted the 2 *N. K.* (adopting the division made by Spalding in his *Letter*, &c. 1833), and revised the text and notes carefully. The 3rd edition, 1876, with Dyce's latest corrections, has been taken as the basis of this revised text, and I have to thank Messrs Chapman and Hall for their kindness in enabling me to use the proof-sheets for some time before the actual publication of the eighth vol. of Dyce. This last edition, so far as the 2 *N. K.* is concerned, is almost exactly the same as that of 1867, even such a slip as is made in the Preface (Dyce's *Sh.* vol. viii. p. 117), where it is stated that our play is printed "in the folios of Shakspeare, 1664 and 1685," remaining uncorrected.¹

9. ED. H. TYRRELL. "Doubtful Plays," in one vol. *s. a.* I had not been able to obtain access to a copy of this edition until April, 1876, when I found that Mr Tyrrell had occasionally anticipated me in my restorations of the old readings. But I also found that he had followed the Quarto as an absolute and infallible guide (even in punctuation) in many places where I had felt myself compelled to depart from its authority. All Mr Tyrrell's most important readings have been noted in the critical collation affixed to the revised text, but I studied his edition too late to be able to insert his readings among my general notes. The annotations are worthless, being based chiefly upon Mr Seward's; and the text is occasionally so bad (e. g. V. iv. 10) that one cannot help thinking that its special merits are due rather to the accuracy of the Quarto text than to the editor's judicious discrimination.

10. ED. SKEAT, 1875. A school edition, with Introduction,

¹ Mr W. C. Hazlitt repeats this mistake in his ed. of Hazlitt's *Eliz. Literature* (Bell and Daldy, 1870, p. 119, n.): but Mr Hazlitt is, I regret to say, not conspicuous for his accuracy. (e. g. contrast the prefatory note with the mistakes or inaccurate quotations on pp. 30, 37, 75, 88, 106, 127, etc.)

Notes, critical and explanatory, and Index of words explained, by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A. (Pitt Press, Cambridge). I can recommend this (the first) edition, for its systematic and apparently laborious preparation, but cannot speak very highly of the text and some of the *critical* notes, as they seem to be: (*a*) not up to date—Mr Skeat collated no edition later than Dyce's first (1843-6), and consequently lost both Dyce's later corrections and the revisions of Knight's second edition; (*b*) excessively expurgated—at least the moral purification of the text has occasionally engendered much critical corruption—this however is but a matter of individual opinion, and need not be insisted on; (*c*) inaccurately collated and revised, leading Mr Skeat (1) to propose (p. 119, l. 112; p. 150, l. 15) as conjectural emendations two readings which appear in the old editions: (2) to misquote preceding texts in the critical notes: (3) to neglect some important old readings. These faults, however, are due to hasty execution of the work, and will doubtless be corrected in a new edition. The general plan is excellent; and many illustrative and explanatory notes are, as was to be expected, very suggestive. The Introduction, however, is plainly the work of a scholar new to the subject; and is decidedly disappointing. We find in it Mr Skeat's usual regularity of arrangement and inclusive plan of treatment, but we miss the firmness of grasp and thoroughness of execution which render his editions of Early English texts so serviceable. The Introduction,—treating of the various questions of origin, authorship, date, evidence, tests, opinion, etc.,—appears to have been written before Mr Skeat had reached that stage of knowledge of his subject at which the work of preceding inquirers, so far as un-original, becomes merged in and replaced by the productions of his own independent and special researches. A student, tolerably familiar with his materials, cannot afford to take his information at second-hand: does not do so, at least, without sufficient verification of his authorities. This indicates a capital defect in Mr Skeat's prefatory remarks,—he has in certainly two instances of importance suffered loss by not taking his materials at first-hand. In one case, he misses all that is of the slightest interest—viz. Elizabeth's *criticisms*—in Wood's accounts of Edward's play acted before the queen at Oxford, by quoting Knight's meagre excerpt from one of Wood's narratives, in place of hunting up the originals (as given, for example, by Nicholls, *Progr. of Eliz.*; see Introduction to the present edition) under date 1566. But Mr Skeat had a more serious loss in not studying Mr Spalding's *Letter*, etc., the most important dissertation (Mr Hickson's review hardly excepted,) yet published on the preliminary considerations about the authorship of this play. Mr Skeat contents himself (p. xv) with quoting (and not quite literally) three lines from Mr Spalding's *Letter* (p. 61), which lines are to be found (also quoted inexactly) in Mr Hickson's paper (p. 29*). Moreover, Mr Skeat repeats the careless slip made at p. 26* of the *Transactions*, where the signature is wrongly given.¹

¹ Skeat, *Introd.* p. xv.: "a letter signed J. S." F., note in *N. S. Trans.* '74, pt. I. p. 26*, "The Preface is signed J. S." The *Letter* has no "Preface"—it has Mr Spalding's initials on the last page (111):—"W. S."

The pity of it is that Mr Skeat's Introduction omits demonstration of the many really valuable arguments put forward by Spalding at the outset of his consideration—deductions from various points of external probability, historical evidence, etc. Certainly, opinion must play an important part in an examination of the kind, but it might rest on as firm a basis of fact and logical inference as could possibly be got together, remembering that conviction

“ must be grounded
On knowledge, not opinion, (for opinion
Relies on probability and accident,
But knowledge on necessity and truth).”

(Ford, *Broken Heart*, III. i.)

I have derived a good deal of help from Mr Skeat's book, and I believe I have in every case acknowledged my obligation, even so far as occasionally, when we happened to coincide, giving my note the benefit of Mr Skeat's authority. I am also indebted to Mr Skeat for many valuable communications, for which I sincerely thank him; and, I may be allowed to add, he has only his own high reputation as a scholar to thank for the detailed, perhaps excessively minute, criticisms I have ventured to make upon his book.

The following sources should also be mentioned as important:—

- a. Heath's *MS.* notes, quoted by Dyce.
- b. Monck Mason's *Comments on the Plays of B. and F. 1798*: containing some comparatively good notes.
- c. Sidney Walker's *Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare*. Walker's notes are especially valuable for the metrical rearrangements of particular passages, suggested by him.
- d. Dr C. M. Ingleby and Dr B. Nicholson, two of my fellow-editors for our Society, have had the kindness to send me some important critical and illustrative comments upon this play, all of which will be found among the general notes to the revised text. I beg to return both these gentlemen my earnest thanks for their assistance. Dr Nicholson is at present preparing a complete edition of the "Doubtful Plays,"—I do but hope that the present edition may, as far as possible, serve to lighten his work on *one* such play.

Present edition. The plan of this edition is Mr Furnivall's, the execution my own. In at least one respect, I heartily agree with Mr Furnivall's design, viz. in the retention (as far as possible) of the old forms of spelling in the revised text. Modernised Shakspeare may be very well for people who won't read him at all if he is "wrongly spelt;" but surely scholars should rather seek to have his works, if not possibly as they were written, at least certainly as they were pronounced. Who ever wades through Dryden's *Palamon and Arcite* in preference to the old *Knights Tale*? Who has ever suggested that we should discard old Homer's dialect, and robe that ancient person's poetry in modern Greek?

And if modernisation be once granted, who will shew us where to draw the line? Are we to hew down our author to the most sweet understandings of his readers? or may we hope that by

leaving him above them a little they may eventually reach him, and that without their suffering either "sickness in will, or wrestling strength in reason?"

But I should have been better satisfied if dire Necessity (in this instance, not Mr Furnivall, but the common custom of Editors) had spared me and my readers the infliction of explanatory notes. Let us have various readings to any extent, and a carefully prepared text, but why must the wretched student of modern Shakspeare go wading through a vast quagmire of critical opinion and confutation, before he is allowed to catch a glimpse of the pure Shakspeare stream, as it gleams faintly and far out over the tangled mazes of this dismal editorial swamp?

The present is only a *trial-edition*, in which some attempt is made to place the oldest texts before the student, to bring the chief editorial variations into a serviceable focus, and to supply a concise summary of the most important criticisms and explanations. I have done my best to render the criticism and explanations useful to the general student, but the first commentators on this play struck a note so "compact of jars," that even the last two editors have not succeeded in reducing this critical discord to an uniformly harmonious tone. To this *variorum* selection, in deference to the ground-plan of this edition, further notes have been added, which the reader might have had the luck to have been spared, but for certain contributions from friendly hands which induced me to let mine own ill-favoured attempts go forth in such respectable company. After all, notes are but excrescences, necessary evils; and so long as folk accept the *variorum theory* of Shakspeare study, so long must they submit to commentaries that are incomparable (save to Dr Parr's wig) in their immensity and density. We have "bowdlerised" editions in plenty; when will the Hercules come who will bowdlerise the editors? when the critic who, taking his stand at 1700, will give us adequate collations of the old texts, and concise explanations of any real difficulties; who though he may read the commentators for his private delectation, will let us hear nothing of them,—preferring instead to disclaim all originality, and so truly to become—original? Till then the editors and not the editee must hold first place in the general student's mind.

In addition to the gentlemen already mentioned, I beg to acknowledge my obligations to Professors J. K. Ingram, R. Atkinson, and E. Dowden, of Trinity College, Dublin; to Rev. A. S. Palmer, Mr F. J. Furnivall, and to my fellow-members of the "Mermaid Shakspeare Club," for many valuable suggestions and corrections. The whole Society owes a fresh debt of gratitude to Mr P. A. Daniel for his kindness in allowing his copy of the Quarto to be used for the purposes of this reprint.

HAROLD LITTLEDALE.

ABBREVIATIONS.

Editions collated marked *.

- * Q. Quarto, 1634.
 * F. *or* F2. B. and F., 2d Fol. 1679. } Denoted by O. Edd.
 * T. *or* ed. 1711. Tonson's ed. 7 vols. } when they agree.
 * S. *or* ed. 1750. (Se. =) Seward, (Sy. =) Sympson, (Th. =)
 Theobald's ed. 1750.
 Heath. Heath's MS. notes, quoted by Dyce.
 * C. *or* Edd. 1778. Colman, *or* the Editors (*or* ed., the edition)
 of 1778.
 Mason. Comments by Monck Mason, 1798.
 * C. 1811. Reprint of C. 1778.
 * W. Weber's ed. 1812.
 * K. ('41). Knight's first ed. of the "Pictorial," 1838-41.
 * D. ('46). Dyce's first ed. B. and F. 1843-6.
 * Ty. Tyrrell's Shakspeare. "Doubtful Plays," 1 vol. *s. a*
 Sid. Walker. Critical Exam. of the text of Sh., 1860.
 * K. ('67). Knight's "Pictorial," second ed.
 * D. ('67). Dyce's Sh., second ed. 1867.
 * Sk. Skeat's ed. 1875.
 * D. ('76). Dyce's Sh., third ed. (vol. viii.) 1876.
 D. ('67, '76) shews that both have the same reading.
 K. shews that Knight's reading is the same in all his edd.
 D. shews that Dyce's reading is the same in all his edd.

NOTE. Where similar readings differ only in *immaterial* points of spelling or type, I have given the spelling as in the oldest of the several editions.

For convenience of reference, the number of the lines in both Reprint and Revised text are given when necessary. Thus, V. iii. 83/95 may be read: Act V., scene iii., line 83 in Revised text [numbered metrically], line 95 in simple Reprint [numbered according to the lines of type].

12

XV

THE
TWO
NOBLE
KINSMEN :

Presented at the Blackfriars
by the Kings Maiesties seruant,
with great applause :

Written by the memorable Worthies
of their time ;

{ Mr. *John Fletcher*, and } Gent.
{ Mr. *William Shakspeare*. }



Printed at *London* by *Tho. Cotes*, for *Iohn Waterfon* :
and are to be sold at the signe of the *Crowne*
in *Pauls Church-yard*. 1634.

PROLOGVE.

Florish.

*N*ew Playes, and Maydenheads, are neare a kin,
 Much follow'd both, for both much mony g'yn,
 If they stand sound, and well: And a good Play
 (Whose modest Sceanes blush on his marriage day, 4
 And shake to loofe his honour) is like hir
 That after holy Tye, and first nights stir
 Yet still is Modestie, and still retaines
 More of the maid to fight, than Husbands paines; 8
 We pray our Play may be so; For I am sure
 It has a noble Breeder, and a pure,
 A learned, and a Poet never went
 More famous yet twixt Po and silver Trent 12
 Chaucer (of all admir'd) the Story gives,
 There constant to Eternity it lives;
 If we let fall the Nolleneffe of this,
 And the first found this child heare, be a hissè, 16
 How will it shake the bones of that good man,
 And make him cry from under ground, O fan
 From me the wittles chaffe of such a wrighter (lighter
 That blastes my Bayes, and my sam'd workes makes 20
 Then Robin Hood? This is the feare we bring;
 For to say Truth, it were an endlesse thing,
 And too ambitious to aspire to him;
 Weake as we are, and almost breathlesse swim 24
 In this deepe water. Do but you hold out
 Your helping hands, and we shall take about,
 And something doe to save us: You shall heare
 Sceanes though below his Art, may yet appeare 28
 Worth two houres travell. To his bones sweet sleepe:
 Content to you. If this play doe not keepe,
 A little dull time from us, we perceave
 Our losses fall so thicke, we must needs leave. 32

Florish.



THE TWO NOBLE Kinmen.

[1. 1]

Actus Primus.

Enter Hymen with a Torch burning: a Boy, in a white Robe before singing, and strewing Flowres: After Hymen, a Nymph, encompast in her Tresses, bearing a wheaten Garland. Then Theseus betweene two other Nymphs with wheaten Chaplets on their heades. Then Hipolita the Bride, lead by Theseus, and another holding a Garland over her head (her Tresses likewise hanging.) After her Emilia holding up her Traine.

The Song,

Musike.

Roses their sharpe spines being gon,
Not royall in their smels alone,
But in their hew.

4 Maiden Pinckes, of odour faint,
Daxies smel-lesse, yet most quaint
And sweet Time true.

Prim-rose first borne, child of Ver,

8 Merry Spring times Herbinger,
With her bels dimme.

Oxlips, in their Cradles growing,
Mary-golds, on death beds blowing,

12 Larkef-heeles trymme.

B

All

a—Q1.

I

<i>All deere natures children : sweete- Ly fore Bride and Bridegroomes feete Blessing their sence.</i>	[I. 1]
<i>Not an angle of the aire, Bird melodious, or bird faire, Is absent hence.</i>	16
<i>The Crow, the flaundrous Cuckoe, nor The boding Raven, nor Clough hee Nor chattring Pie, May on our Bridehouse pearch or sing, Or with them any discord bring But from it fly.</i>	20 24
<i>Enter 3. Queenes in Blacke, with vailes staine, with impe- riall Crownes. The 1. Queene fals downe at the foote of Theseus; The 2. fals downe at the foote of Hypolita. The 3. before Emilia.</i>	
<i>1. Qu. For pitties fake and true gentilities, Heare, and respect me.</i>	
<i>2. Qu. For your Mothers fake, And as you wish your womb may thrive with faire ones, Heare and respect me,</i>	28
<i>3. Qu. Now for the love of him whom Iove hath markd The honour of your Bed, and for the sake Of cleere virginity, be Advocate For us, and our distresses : This good deede Shall raze you out o'th Booke of Trespasses All you are fet downe there.</i>	32
<i>Thefus. Sad Lady rise.</i>	36
<i>Hypol. Stand up.</i>	
<i>Emil. No knees to me. What woman I may steed that is distrest, Does bind me to her.</i>	40
<i>Thef. What's your request? Deliver you for all.</i>	
<i>1. Qu. We are 3. Queenes, whose Soveraignes fel before The wrath of cruell Creon; who endured The Beakes of Ravens, Tallents of the Kights,</i>	44
And	

- [I. 1] And pecks of Crowes, in the fowle feilds of Thebs.
 He will not suffer us to burne their bones,
 To urne their ashes, nor to take th' offence
 48 Of mortall loathfomenes from the blest eye
 Of holy *Phæbus*, but infects the windes
 With fench of our flaine Lords. O pittie Duke,
 Thou purger of the earth, draw thy feard Sword
 52 That does good turnes to'th world ; give us the Bones
 Of our dead Kings, that we may Chappell them ;
 And of thy boundles goodnes take some note
 That for our crowned heades we have no roofoe,
 56 Save this which is the Lyons, and the Beares,
 And vault to every thing.

Thef. Pray you kneele not,

- I was transported with your Speech, and suffer'd
 60 Your knees to wrong themselves ; I have heard the fortunes
 Of your dead Lords, which gives me such lamenting
 As wakes my vengeance, and revenge for'em
 King *Capaneus*, was your Lord the day
 64 That he should marry you, at such a season,
 As now it is with me, I met your Groome,
 By *Marfis Altar*, you were that time faire ;
 Not *Iunos Mantle* fairer then your Treffes,
 68 Nor in more bounty spread her. Your wheaten wreathe
 Was then nor threafhd, nor blasted ; Fortune at you
 Dimpled her Cheeke with smiles : *Hercules* our kinefman
 (Then weaker than your eies) laide by his Club,
 72 He tumbled downe upon his Nenuan hide
 And swore his finews thawd : O greife, and time,
 Fearefull confumers, you will all devoure.

1, *Qu.* O I hope some God,

- 76 Some God hath put his mercy in your manhood
 Whereto heel infuse powre, and presse you forth
 Our undertaker.

Thef. O no knces, none Widdow,

- 80 Vnto the Helmeted-Belona use them,
 And pray for me your Souldier.
 Troubled I am.

turnes away.

2. *Qu.* Honoured *Hypolita* [I. 1]
 Most dreaded *Amazonian*, that ha'ft flaine 84
 The Sith-tuskd-Bore; that with thy Arme as strong
 As it is white, waft neere to make the male
 To thy Sex captive; but that this thy Lord
 Borne to uphold Creation, in that honour 88
 Firft nature ftilde it in, fhrunke thee into
 The bownd thou waft ore-flowing; at once fubduing
 Thy force, and thy affection: Soldireffe
 That equally canft poize fternenes with pittie, 92
 Whom now I know haft much more power on him
 Then ever he had on thee, who ow'ft his strength,
 And his, Love too: who is a Servant for
 The Tenour of the Speech. Deere Glaffe of Ladies 96
 Bid him that we whom flaming war doth fcortch,
 Vnder the fhaddow of his Sword, may coole us:
 Require him he advance it ore our heades;
 Speak't in a womans key: like fuch a woman 100
 As any of us three; weepe ere you faile; lend us a knee;
 But touch the ground for us no longer time
 Then a Doves motion, when the head's pluckt off:
 Tell him if he i'th blood cizd field, lay fwolne 104
 Showing the Sun his Teeth; grinning at the Moone
 What you would doe.
- Hip.* Poore Lady, fay no more:
 I had as leife trace this good action with you 108
 As that whereto I am going, and never yet
 Went I fo willing, way. My Lord is taken
 Hart deepe with your diftreffe: Let him confider:
 Ile fpeake anon. 112
3. *Qu.* O my petition was *kneele to Emilia.*
 Set downe in yce, which by hot greefe uncandied
 Melts into drops, fo forrow wanting forme
 Is preft with deeper matter. 116
- Emilia.* Pray ftand up,
 Your greefe is written in your cheeke.
3. *Qu.* O woe,
 You cannot reade it there; there through my teares, 120
 Like

- [I. 1] Like wrinkled peobles in a glaffe ftreame
 You may behold 'em (Lady, Lady, alacke)
 He that will all the Treasure know o'th earth
- 124 Muft know the Center too; he that will fifh
 For my leaft minnow, let him lead his line
 To catch one at my heart. O pardon me,
 Extremity that fharpens fundry wits
- 128 Makes me a Foole.
Emili. Pray you fay nothing, pray you,
 Who cannot feele, nor fee the raine being in't,
 Knowes neither wet, nor dry, if that you were
- 132 The ground-peece of fome Painter, I would buy you
 T'infruēt me gainft a Capitall greefe indeed
 Such heart peirc'd demonftration; but alas
 Being a naturall Sifter of our Sex
- 136 Your forrow beates ſo ardently upon me,
 That it fhall make a counter reflect gainft
 My Brothers heart, and warme it to ſome pitty
 Though it were made of ſtone: pray have good comfort.
- 140 *Thef.* Forward to'th Temple, leave not out a Iot
 O'th ſacred Ceremony.
 1. *Qu.* O This Celebration
 Will long laft, and be more coftly then,
- 144 Your Suppliants war: Remember that your Fame
 Knowles in the eare, o'th world: what you doe quickly,
 Is not done rashly; your firft thought is more.
 Then others laboured medittance: your premeditating
- 148 More then their actions: But oh Iove, your actions
 Soone as they mooves as Aſpraves doe the fiſh,
 Subdue before they touch, thinke, deere *Duke* thinke
 What beds our flaine Kings have.
- 152 2. *Qu.* What greifes our beds
 That our deere Lords have none.
3. *Qu.* None fit for'th dead:
 Thoſe that with Cordes, Knives, drams precipitance,
- 156 Weary of this worlds light, have to themſelves
 Beene deathes moſt horrid Agents, humane grace
 Affords them duſt and ſhaddow.
 1. *Qu.* But our Lords

- Ly bliftring fore the vifitating Sunne, [I. 1]
 And were good Kings, when living.
- Thef.* It is true. and I will give you comfort,
 To give your dead Lords graves :
 The which to doe, muft make fome worke with *Creou* ; 164
 1. *Qu.* And that worke presents it felfe to'th doing :
 Now twill take forme, the heates are gone to morrow.
 Then, booteles toyle muft recompence it felfe,
 With it's owne fweat ; Now he's fecure, 168
 Not dreames, we ftand before your puiffance
 Wrinching our holy begging in our eyes
 To make petition cleere.
2. *Qu.* Now you may take him, 172
 Drunke with his victory.
3. *Qu.* And his Army full
 Of Bread, and floth.
- Thef.* *Artesuis* that beft knoweft 176
 How to draw out fit to this enterprife,
 The prim'ft for this proceeding, and the number
 To carry fuch a bufineffe, forth and levy
 Our worthieft Inftuments, whilft we defpatch 180
 This grand aét of our life, this daring deede
 Of Fate in wedlocke.
1. *Qu.* Dowagers, take hands
 Let us be Widdowes to our woes, delay 184
 Commends us to a famifhing hope.
- All.* Farewell.
2. *Qu.* We come unfeafonably : But when could greefe
 Cull forth as unpanged judgement can, fit't time 188
 For beft follicitation.
- Thef.* Why good Ladies,
 This is a fervice, whereto I am going,
 Greater then any was ; it more imports me 192
 Then all the aétions that I have foregone,
 Or futurely can cope.
1. *Qu.* The more proclaiming
 Our fuit fhall be neglected, when her Armes 196
 Able to locke *Iove* from a Synod, fhall

By

- [I. 1] By warranting Moone-light corflet thee, oh when
Her twyning Cherries shall their sweetnes fall
200 Vpon thy tastefull lips, what wilt thou thinke
Of rotten Kings or blubberd Queenes, what care
For what thou feelst not? what thou feelst being able
To make *Mars* spurne his Drom. O if thou couch
204 But one night with her, every howre in't will
Take hostage of thee for a hundred, and
Thou shalt remember nothing more, then what
That Banket bids thee too.
208 *Hip*. Though much unlike
You should be so transported, as much sorry
I should be such a Suitour; yet I thinke
Did I not by th'abstaying of my joy
212 Which breeds a deeper longing, cure their surfeit
That craves a present medicine, I should plucke
All Ladies scandall on me. Therefore Sir
As I shall here make tryall of my prayres,
216 Either presuming them to have some force,
Or sentencing for ay their vigour dombe,
Prorogue this busines, we are going about, and hang
Your Sheild afore your Heart, about that necke
220 Which is my fee, and which I freely lend
To doe these poore Queenes service.
All Queens. Oh helpe now
Our Cause cries for your knee.
224 *Emil*. If you grant not
My Sifter her petition in that force,
With that Celerity, and nature which
Shee makes it in: from henceforth ile not dare
228 To aske you any thing, nor be so hardy
Ever to take a Husband.
Thef. Pray stand up.
I am entreating of my selfe to doe
232 That which you kinne to have me; *Pyrithus*
Leade on the Bride; get you and pray the Gods
For successe, and returne; omit not any thing
In the pretended Celebration: Queenes

Follow

Follow your Soldier (as before) hence you [I. 1]
 And at the banckes of Anly meete us with
 The forces you can raife, where we shall finde
 The moytie of a number, for a bufines,
 More bigger look't; since that our Theame is hafte 247
 I ftamp this kiffe upon thy currant lippe,
 Sweete keepe it as my Token; Set you forward
 For I will fee you gone. *Exeunt towards the Temple.*
 Farewell my beauteous Sifter: *Pyri thous* 244
 Keepe the feaft full, bate not an howre on't.
Pirithous. Sir
 Ile follow you at heeles; The Feafts folempnity
 Shall want till your returne. 248
Thef. Cofen I charge you
 Boudge not from Athens; We fhall be returning
 Ere you can end this Feaft; of which I pray you
 Make no abatement; once more farewell all. 252
 1. *Qu.* Thus do'ft thou ftill make good the tongue o'th
 2. *Qu.* And earnft a Deity equal with Mars, (world.
 3. *Qu.* If not above him, for
 Thou being but mortall makeft affections bend 256
 To Godlike honours; they themfelves fome fay
 Grone under fuch a Maftry.
Thef. As we are men
 Thus fhould we doe, being fenfuallly fubdude. 260
 We loofe our humane tytle; good cheere Ladies. *Florifh.*
 Now turne we towards your Comforts. *Exeunt.*

Scæna 2. *Enter Palamon, and Arcite.* [I. 2]

Arcite. Deere *Palamon*, deerer in love then Blood
 And our prime Cofen, yet unhardned in
 The Crimes of nature; Let us leave the City
 Thebs, and the temptings in't, before we further 4
 Sully our glosse of youth,
 And here to keepe in abftinence we fhame
 As in Incontinence; for not to fwim
 I'th aide o'th Current, were almoft to fincke, 8
 At

- [I. 2] At leaft to fruſtrate friving, and to follow
The common Streame, twold bring us to an Edy
Where we ſhould turne or drowne ; if labour through,
12 Our gaine but life, and weakenes.

Pal. Your advice

- Is cride up with example : what frange ruins
Since firſt we went to Schoole, may we perceive
16 Walking in Thebs? Skars, and bare weedes
The gaine o'th Martialift, who did propound
To his bold ends, honour, and golden Ingots,
Which though he won, he had not, and now flurled
20 By peace for whom he fought, who then ſhall offer
To *Marſis* ſo ſcornd *Altar*? I doe bleede
When ſuch I meete, and with great *Iuno* would
Refume her ancient fit of *Ielouzie*
24 To get the Soldier worke, that peace might purge
For her repletion, and retaine anew
Her charitable heart now hard, and harſher
Then frife, or war could be.

- 28 *Arcite*, Are you not out?
Meete you no ruine, but the Soldier in
The Cranckes, and turnes of Thebs? you did begin
As if you met decaies of many kindes:

- 32 Perceive you none, that doe arowſe your pittie
But th'un-confiderd Soldier?

Pal. Yes, I pittie

- Decaies where ere I finde them, but ſuch moſt
36 That sweating in an honourable Toyle
Are paide with yce to coole 'em.

Arcite, Tis not this

- I did begin to ſpeake of: This is vertue
40 Of no reſpect in Thebs, I ſpake of Thebs
How dangerous if we will keepe our Honours,
It is for our refyding, where every evill
Hath a good cullor; where eve'ry ſeeming good's
44 A certaine evill, where not to be ev'n Iumpe
As they are, here were to be frangers, and
Such things to be meere Monſters.

C

Pal.

<i>Pal.</i> Tis in our power,	[I. 2]
(Vnlesse we feare that Apes can Tutor's) to	48
Be Masters of our manners : what neede I	
Affect anothers gate, which is not catching	
Where there is faith, or to be fond upon	
Anothers way of speech, when by mine owne	52
I may be reasonably conceiv'd ; fav'd too,	
Speaking it truly ; why am I bound	
By any generous bond to follow him	
Followes his Taylor, haply so long untill	56
The follow'd, make pursuit ? or let me know,	
Why mine owne Barber is unblest, with him	
My poore Chinne too, for tis not Cizard iust	
To such a Favorites glasse : What Cannon is there	60
That does command my Rapier from my hip	
To dangle't in my hand, or to go tip toe	
Before the streete be foule ? Either I am	
The fore-horse in the Teame, or I am none	64
That draw i'th fequent trace : these poore sleight fores,	
Neede not a plantin ; That which rips my bosome	
Almost to'th heart's,	
<i>Arcite.</i> Our Vnclē <i>Creon.</i>	68
<i>Pal.</i> He,	
A most unbounded Tyrant, whose successes	
Makes heaven unfeard, and villany assured	
Beyond its power : there's nothing, almost puts	72
Faith in a feavour, and deifies alone	
Voluble chance, who onely attributes	
The faculties of other Instruments	
To his owne Nerves and act ; Commands men service,	76
And what they winne in't, boot and glory on	
That feares not to do harm ; good, dares not ; Let	
The blood of mine that's fibbe to him, be sucked	
From me with Leeches, Let them breake and fall	80
Off me with that corruption.	
<i>Arc.</i> Cleere spirited Cozen	
Lets leave his Court, that we may nothing share,	
Of his lowd infamy : for our milke,	84
	Will

- [1. 2] Will relish of the pasture, and we must
 Be vile, or disobedient, not his kinsmen
 In blood, unless in quality.
- 88 *Pal.* Nothing truer :
 I thinke the Ecchoes of his flames have dea'ft
 The eares of heav'nly Iustice : widdows cries
 Descend againe into their throates, and have not : *Enter Va-*
 92 Due audience of the Gods : *Valerius* (*lerius.*
Val. The King cals for you ; yet be leaden footed
 Till his great rage be off him. *Phebus* when
 He broke his whipstocke and exclaimd against
 96 The Horses of the Sun, but whisperd too
 The lowdenesse of his Fury.
Pal. Small windes shake him,
 But whats the matter ?
- 100 *Val.* *Thefeus* (who where he threates appals,) hath sent
 Deadly defyance to him, and pronounces
 Ruine to Thebs, who is at hand to seale
 The promise of his wrath.
- 104 *Arc.* Let him approach ;
 But that we feare the Gods in him, he brings not
 A jot of terrour to us ; Yet what man
 Thirds his owne worth (the case is each of ours)
 108 When that his actions dredg, with minde affurd
 Tis bad he goes about.
Pal. Leave that unreasond.
 Our services stand now for Thebs, not *Creon*,
- 112 Yet to be neutrall to him, were dishonour ;
 Rebellious to oppose : therefore we must
 With him stand to the mercy of our Fate,
 Who hath bounded our last minute.
- 116 *Arc.* So we must ;
 If sed this warres a foote ? or it shall be
 On faile of some condition.
Val. Tis in motion
- 120 The intelligence of state came in the instant
 With the defier.

Pal. Lets to the king, who, were he [I. 2]
 A quarter carrier of that honour, which
 His Enemy come in, the blood we venture 124
 Should be as for our health, which were not spent,
 Rather laide out for purchase: but alas
 Our hands advanc'd before our hearts, what will
 The fall o'th stroke doe damage? 128
Arci. Let th'event,
 That never erring Arbitratour, tell us
 When we know all our selves, and let us follow
 The becking of our chance. *Exeunt.* 132

Scæna 3. *Enter Pirithous, Hipolita, Emilia.* [I. 3]

Pir. No further.
Hip. Sir farewell; repeat my wishes
 To our great Lord, of whose successe I dare not
 Make any timerous question, yet I wish him 4
 Exces, and overflow of power, and't might be
 To dure ill-dealing fortune; speede to him,
 Store never hurtes good Gouvernours.
Pir. Though I know 8
 His Ocean needes not my poore drops, yet they
 Must yeild their tribute there: My precious Maide,
 Those best affections, that the heavens infuse
 In their best temperd peices, keepe enthroand 12
 In your deare heart.
Emil. Thanckes Sir; Remember me
 To our all royall Brother, for whose speede
 The great Bellona ile sollicite; and 16
 Since in our terrene State petitions are not
 Without giftes understood: Ile offer to her
 What I fhall be advifed she likes; our hearts
 Are in his Army, in his Tent. 20
Hip. In's bofome:
 We have bin Soldiers, and wee cannot weepe
 When our Friends don their helmes, or put to sea,
 Or tell of Babes broachd on the Launce, or women 24
 That

[I. 3] That have fod their Infants in (and after eate them)
The brine, they wept at killing 'em ; Then if
You ftay to fee of us fuch Spinesters, we
28 Should hold you here for e ver.

Pir. Peace be to you

As I purfue this war, which fhall be then
Beyond further requiring.

Exit Pir.

32 *Emil.* How his longing
Followes his Friend ; fince his depart, his fportes
Though craving ferioufnes, and skill, pafte flightly
His careles execution, where nor gaine
36 Made him regard, or loffe confider, but
Playing ore bufines in his hand, another
Directing in his head, his minde, nurfe equall
To thefe fo differing Twyns ; have you obferv'd him,
40 Since our great Lord departed ?

Hip. With much labour :

And I did love him fort, they two have Cabind
In many as dangerous, as poore a Corner,
44 Perill and want contending, they have skift
Torrents whofe roring tyranny and power
I'th leaft of thefe was dreadfull, and they have
Fought out together, where Deaths-feife was lodgd,
48 Yet fate hath brought them off : Their knot of lov
Tide, weau'd, intangled, with fo true, fo long,
And with a finger of fo deepe a cunning
May be outworne, never undone. I thinke
52 *Thefeus* cannot be umpire to himfelfe
Cleaving his confcience into twaine, and doing
Each fide like Iuftice, which he loves beft.

Emil. Doubtleffe

56 There is a beft, and reason has no manners
To fay it is not you : I was acquainted
Once with a time, when I enjoyd a Play-fellow ;
You were at wars, when fhe the grave enrichd,
60 Who made too proud the Bed, tooke leave o'th Moone
(which then lookt pale at parting) when our count
Was each a eleven.

Hip. Twas *Flavia*.

[I. 3]

Emil. Yes

64

You talke of *Pirithous* and *Thefeus* love ;
Theirs has more ground, is more maturely seasond,
More buckled with strong Iudgement. and their needs

2. Hearfes ready with Palamon : and Arcite : the 3. Queenes. Theseus : and his Lordes ready.

The one of th'other may be said to water 68

Their intertangled rootes of love, but I
And shee (I sigh and spoke of) were things innocent,
Lou'd for we did, and like the Elements

That know not what, nor why, yet doe effect 72

Rare issues by their operance ; our foules

Did so to one another ; what she lik'd,

Was then of me approv'd, what not condemn'd

No more arraignment, the flowre that I would plucke 76

And put betweene my breasts, oh (then but beginning

To swell about the blossome) she would long

Till shee had such another, and commit it

To the like innocent Cradle, where *Phenix* like 80

They dide in perfume : on my head no toy

But was her patterne, her affections (pretty

Though happely, her careles, were, I followed

For my most serious decking, had mine eare 84

Stolne some new aire, or at adventure humd on

From mificall Coynadge ; why it was a note

Whereon her spirits would sojourne (rather dwell on)

And sing it in her slumbers ; This rehearsall 88

(Which fury-innocent wots well) comes in

Like old importments bastard, has this end,

That the true love tweene Mayde, and mayde, may be

More then in sex individuall. 92

Hip. Y'are out of breath

And this high speeded-pace, is but to say

That you shall never (like the Maide *Flavina*)

Love any that's call'd Man. 96

Emil. I am sure I shall not.

Hip. Now alacke weake Sister,

I must no more beleeeve thee in this point

(Though, in't I know thou dost beleeeve thy selfe,) 100

Then

[I. 3] Then I will trust a fickely appetite,
 That loathes even as it longs ; but sure my Sifter
 If I were ripe for your perswasion, you
 104 Have saide enough to shake me from the Arme
 Of the all noble *Thefeus*, for whose fortunes,
 I will now in, and kneele with great affurance,
 That we, more then his *Pirothous*, possesse
 108 The high throne in his heart.

Emil. I am not against your faith,
 Yet I continew mine.

Exeunt.
Cornets.

[I. 4] Scæna 4. *A Battaile strooke within : Then a Retrait : Florish.*
Then Enter Thefeus (victor) the three Queenes meete
him, and fall on their faces before him.

1. *Qu.* To thee no starre be darke.

2. *Qu.* Both heaven and earth
 Friend thee for ever.

4 3. *Qu.* All the good that may
 Be withd upon thy head, I cry Amen too't. (vens

Thef. Th'imparciall Gods, who from the mounted hea-
 View us their mortall Heard, behold who erre,

8 And in their time chaffice : goe and finde out
 The bones of your dead Lords, and honour them
 With treble Ceremonie, rather then a gap
 Should be in their deere rights, we would suppl'it.

12 But those we will depute, which shall invest
 You in your dignities, and even each thing
 Our haft does leave imperfect ; So adiew
 And heavens good eyes looke on you, what are those ?

Exeunt Queenes.

16 *Herald.* Men of great quality, as may be judgd
 By their appointment ; Some of Thebs have told's
 They are Sifters children, Nephewes to the King.

Thef. By'th Helme of Mars, I saw them in the war,
 20 Like to a paire of Lions, succard with prey,
 Make lanes in troopes agaft. I fixt my note
 Constantly on them ; for they were a marke

Worth

Worth a god's view : what prisoner was't that told me [I. 4]
 When I enquired their names ? 24

Herald. We leave, they'r called

Arcite and Palamon,

Thef. Tis right, those, those
 They are not dead ? 28

Her. Nor in a state of life, had they bin taken
 When their last hurts were given, twas possible
 They might have bin recovered ; Yet they breathe
 And haue the name of men. 32

Thef. Then like men use 'em
 The very lees of such (millions of rates)
 Exceede the wine of others : all our Surgions
 Convent in their behoofe, our richest balmes 36

Rather then niggard waft, their lives concerne us,
 Much more then Thebs is worth, rather then have 'em
 Freed of this plight, and in their morning state
 (Sound and at liberty) I would 'em dead, 40

But forty thousand fold, we had rather have 'em
 Prisoners to us, then death ; Beare 'em speedily
 From our kinde aire, to them unkinde, and minister
 What man to man may doe for our sake more, 44

Since I have knowne frights, fury, friends, beheafes,
 Loves, provocations, zeale, a mistress Taske,
 Desire of liberty, a feavour, madnes,
 Hath set a marke which nature could not reach too 48

Without some imposition, sicknes in will
 Or wrafling strength in reason, for our Love
 And great *Appollos* mercy, all our best,
 Their best skill tender. Leade into the City, 52

Where having bound things scatterd, we will post
 To Athens for our Army. *Florisht.*

Exeunt.

Musicke.

Scena 5. *Enter the Queenes with the Hearses of their* [I. 5]
Kuightes, in a Funerall Solempnity, &c.

*Vrnes, aud odours, bring away,
 Vapours, fighes, darken the day ;*

Our

[I. 5] Our dole more deadly lookes than dying
4 Balmes, and Gummes, and heavy cheeres,
Sacred vials fill'd with teares,
And clamors through the wild ayre flying.

Come all sad, and solemne Showes,
8 That are quick-eyd pleasures foes ;
We convent nought else but woes. *We convent, &c.*

3. *Qu.* This funeral path, brings to your houfholds grave:
Ioy ceaze on you againe : peace fleepe with him.
12 2. *Qu.* And this to yours.
1. *Qu.* Yours this way : Heavens lend
A thousand differing waies, to one fure end.
3. *Qu.* This world's a City full of fraying Streetes,
16 And Death's the market place, where each one meetes.
Exeunt severally.

[II. 1]

Actus Secundus.

Scæna 1. *Enter Iailor, and Wooer.*

Iailor. I may depart with little, while I live, some thing I
May cast to you, not much : Alas the Prifon I
Keepe, though it be for great ones, yet they feldome
4 Come ; Before one *Salmon*, you shall take a number
Of Minnowes : I am given out to be better lyn'd
Then it can appeare, to me report is a true
Speaker : I would I were really, that I am
8 Deliverd to be : Marry, what I have (be it what
it will) I will affure upon my daughter at
The day of my death.

Wooer. Sir I demaund no more then your owne offer,
12 And I will estate your Daughter in what I
Have promised,

D

Iailor.

Iailor. Wel, we will talke more of this, when the solemnity [II. 1]
Is past; But have you a full promise of her?

Enter Daughter.

When that shall be seene, I tender my consent. 16

Wooer. I have Sir; here shee comes.

Iailor. Your Friend and I have chanced to name
You here, upon the old busines: But no more of that.
Now, so soone as the Court hurly is over, we will 20
Have an end of it: I'th meane time looke tenderly
To the two Prisoners. I can tell you they are princes.

Daug. These strewings are for their Chamber; tis pittie they
Are in prison, and twer pittie they should be out: I 24
Doe thinke they have patience to make any adversty
Asham'd; the prison it selfe is proud of 'em; and
They have all the world in their Chamber.

Iailor. They are fam'd to be a paire of absolute men. 28

Daugh. By my troth, I think Fame but stammers 'em, they
Stand a greife above the reach of report. (doers.

Iai. I heard them reported in the Battaile, to be the only

Daugh. Nay most likely, for they are noble sufferers; I 32
Mervaile how they would have lookd had they beene
Victors, that with such a constant Nobility, enforce
A freedome out of Bondage, making misery their
Mirth, and affliction, a toy to jest at. 36

Iailor. Doe they so?

Daug. It seemes to me they have no more fence of their
Captivity, then I of ruling Athens: they eate
Well, looke merrily, discourse of many things, 40
But nothing of their owne refraint, and disaffers:
Yet sometime a devided figh, martyrd as twer
I'th deliverance, will breake from one of them.
When the other presently gives it-so sweete a rebuke, 44
That I could wish my selfe a Sigh to be so chid,
Or at least a Sigher to be comforted.

Wooer. I never saw em.

Iailor. The Duke himselfe came privately in the night, 48

Enter Palamon, and Arcite, above.

And so did they, what the reason of it is, I

Know

[II. 1] Know not : Looke yonder they are ; that's

Arcite lookes out.

52 *Daugh.* No Sir, no, that's *Palamon* : *Arcite* is the
Lower of the twaine ; you may perceive a part
Of him.

Iai. Goe too, leave your pointing ; they would not

56 Make us their object ;out of their fight.

Daugh. It is a holliday to looke on them :Lord, the
Diffrence of men.

Exeunt,

[II. 2] Scæna 2. *Enter Palamon, and Arcite in prison.*

Pal. How doe you Noble Cofen ?

Arcite. How doe you Sir ?

Pal. Why frong ynough to laugh at misery,

4 And beare the chance of warre yet, we are prisoners
I feare for ever Cofen.

Arcite. I beleeve it,

And to that destiny have patiently

8 Laide up my houre to come.

Pal. Oh Cofen *Arcite,*

Where is Thebs now ? where is our noble Country ?

Where are our friends, and kindreds ? never more

12 Muft we behold thofe comforts, never fee

The hardy youthes strive for the Games of honour

(Hung with the painted favours of their Ladies)

Like tall Ships under faile:then flart among't 'em

16 And as an Eastwind leave 'em all behinde us,

Like lazy Clowdes, whilst *Palamon* and *Arcite,*

Even in the wagging of a wanton leg

Out-ftript the peoples praifes, won the Garlands,

20 Ere they have time to wish 'em ours.O never

Shall we two exercife, like Twyns of honour,

Our Armes againe, and feele our fyry hories

Like proud Seas under us, our good Swords, now

24 (Better the red-eyd god of war nev'r were)

Bravifhd our fides, like age muft run to ruft,

And decke the Temples of thofe gods that hate us,

These hands shall never draw'em out like lightning To blast whole Armies more.	[II. 2] 28
<i>Arcite.</i> No <i>Palamon</i> , Those hopes are Prisoners with us, here we are And here the graces of our youthes must wither Like a too-timely Spring ;here age must finde us, And which is heaviest (<i>Palamon</i>) unmarried, The sweete embraces of a loving wife Loden with kisses, armed with thousand Cupids Shall never claspe our neckes, no issue know us, No figures of our selves shall we ev'r see, To glad our age, and like young Eagles teach 'em Boldly to gaze against bright armes, and say Remember what your fathers were, and conquer. The faire-eyed Maides, shall weepe our Banishments, And in their Songs, curse ever-blinded fortune Till shee for shame see what a wrong she has done To youth and nature ;This is all our world ; We shall know nothing here but one another, Heare nothing but the Clocke that tels our woes. The Vine shall grow, but we shall never see it : Sommer shall come, and with her all delights ; But dead-cold winter must inhabite here still.	32 36 40 44 48
<i>Pal.</i> Tis too true <i>Arcite.</i> To our Theban houndes, That shooke the aged Forrest with their ecchoes, No more now must we halloa, no more shake Our pointed Iavelyns, whilst the angry Swine Flyn like a parthian quiver from our rages, Strucke with our well-steeld Darts :All valiant uses. (The foode, and nourishment of noble mindes,) In us two here shall perith ;we shall die (which is the curse of honour) lastly Children of greife, and Ignorance.	52 56
<i>Arc.</i> Yet Cosen, Even from the bottom of these miseries From all that fortune can inflict upon us, I see two comforts ryfing, two meere blessings, If the gods please, to hold here abrave patience,	60 64
	And

[II. 2] And the enjoying of our greefes together.

Whilst *Palamon* is with me, let me perish

If I thinke this our prison.

68 *Pala.* Certainly,

Tis a maine goodnes Cofen, that our fortunes

Were twyn'd together; tis most true, two foules

Put in two noble Bodies, let 'em suffer

72 The gaule of hazard, so they grow together,

Will never sincke, they must not, say they could

A willing man dies sleeping, and all's done.

Arc. Shall we make worthy uses of this place

76 That all men hate so much?

Pal. How gentle Cofen?

Arc. Let's thinke this prison, holy sanctuary,

To keepe us from corruption of worse men,

80 We are young and yet desire the waies of honour,

That liberty and common Conversation

The poyson of pure spirits; might like women

Woove us to wander from. What worthy blessing

84 Can be but our Imaginations

May make it ours? And heere being thus together,

We are an endles mine to one another;

We are one anothers wife, ever begetting

88 New birthes of love; we are father, friends, acquaintance,

We are in one another, Families,

I am your heire, and you are mine: This place

Is our Inheritance: no hard Oppressour

92 Dare take this from us; here with a little patience

We shall live long, and loving: No forfeits seeke us:

The hand of war hurts none here, nor the Seas

Swallow their youth: were we at liberty,

96 A wife might part us lawfully, or bufines,

Quarrels consume us, Envy of ill men

Crave our acquaintance, I might sicken Cofen,

Where you should never know it, and so perish

100 Without your noble hand to close mine eies,

Or praiers to the gods; a thousand chaunces

Were we from hence, would feaver us.

- Pal.* You have made me [II. 2]
 (I thanke you Cofen *Arcite*) almost wanton 104
 With my Captivity : what a misery
 It is to live abroad? and every where :
 Tis like a Beast me thinkes : I finde the Court here,
 I am sure a more content, and all those pleasures 108
 That wooe the wils of men to vanity,
 I see through now, and am sufficient
 To tell the world, tis but a gaudy shadow,
 That old Time, as he passes by takes with him, 112
 What had we bin old in the Court of *Creon*,
 Where sin is Iustice, lust, and ignorance,
 The vertues of the great ones : Cofen *Arcite*,
 Had not the loving gods found this place for us 116
 We had died as they doe, ill old men, unwept,
 And had their Epitaphes, the peoples Curfes,
 Shall I say more ?
Arc. I would heare you still. 120
Pal. Ye shall.
 Is there record of any two that lov'd
 Better then we doe *Arcite* ?
Arc. Sure there cannot. 124
Pal. I doe not thinke it possible our friendship
 Should ever leave us.
Arc. Till our deathes it cannot
- Enter Emilia and her woman.*
- And after death our spirits shall be led 128
 To those that love eternally. Speake on Sir.
 This garden has a world of pleasures in't.
Emil. What Flowre is this ?
Wom. Tis calld Narcissus Madam. 132
Emil. That was a faire Boy certaine, but a foole,
 To love himselfe, were there not maides enough ?
Arc. Pray forward.
Pal. Yes. 136
Emil. Or were they all hard hearted ?
Wom. They could not be to one so faire.
Emil. Thou wouldst not.

Wom.

- [II. 2] *Wom.* I thinke I should not, Madam.
Emil. That's a good wench :
But take heede to your kindnes though.
Wom. Why Madam ?
- 144 *Emil.* Men are mad things.
Arcite. Will ye goe forward Cofen ?
Emil. Canst not thou worke such flowers in filke wench ?
Wom. Yes.
- 148 *Emil.* Ile have a gowne full of 'em and of these,
This is a pretty colour, wilt not doe
Rarely upon a Skirt wench ?
Wom. Deinty Madam.
- 152 *Arc.* Gofen, Cofen, how doe you Sir ? Why *Palamon* ?
Pal. Never till now I was in prifon *Arcite.*
Arc. Why whats the matter Man ?
Pal. Behold, and wonder.
- 156 By heaven thee is a Goddesse.
Arcite. Ha.
Pal. Doc reverence.
She isa Goddesse *Arcite.*
- 160 *Emil.* Of all Flowres.
Me thinks a Rose is best.
Wom. Why gentle Madam ?
Emil. It is the very Embleme of a Maide.
- 164 For when the west wind courts her gently
How modestly she blowes, and paints the Sun,
With her chaste blushes ? When the North comes neere her,
Rude and impatient, then, like Chastity
- 168 Shee lockes her beauties in her bud againe,
And leaves him to bafe briers.
Wom. Yet good Madam,
Sometimes her modesty will blow so far
- 172 She fals for't : a Mayde
If shee have any honour, would be loth
To take example by her.
Emil. Thou art wanton.
- 176 *Arc.* She is wondrous faire.
Pal. She is all the beauty extant.

Emil.

Emil. The Sun grows high, lets walk in, keep these flowers, [II. 2]
 Weele see how neere Art can come neere their colours;
 I am wondrous merry hearted, I could laugh now. 180

Wom. I could lie downe I am fure.

Emil. And take one with you ?

Wom. That's as we bargaine Madam,

Emil. Well, agree then. 184

Exeunt Emilia and woman.

Pal. What thinke you of this beauty ?

Arc. Tis a rare one.

Pal. Is't but a rare one ?

Arc. Yes a matchles beauty. 188

Pal. Might not a man well lose himselfe and love her ?

Arc. I cannot tell what you have done, I have,
 Beshrew mine eyes for't, now I feele my Shackles.

Pal. You love her then ? 192

Arc. Who would not ?

Pal. And desire her ?

Arc. Be fore my liberty.

Pal. I saw her first. 196

Arc. That's nothing

Pal. But it shall be.

Arc. I saw her too.

Pal. Yes, but you must not love her. 200

Arc. I will not as you doe ; to worship her ;
 As she is heavenly, and a blessed Goddess ;
 (I love her as a woman, to enjoy her)

So both may love. 204

Pal. You shall not love at all.

Arc. Not love at all.

Who shall deny me ?

Pal. I that first saw her ; I that tooke possession 208

First with mine eye of all those beauties
 In her revealed to mankind : if thou lou'ft her,

Or entertain'ft a hope to blast my wishes,
 Thou art a Traytour *Arcite* and a fellow 212

False as thy Title to her : friendship, blood
 And all the ties betweene us I disclaime

[II. 2] If thou once thinke upon her.

216 *Arc.* Yes I love her,

And if the lives of all my name lay on it,

I must doe so, I love her with my foule,

If that will lose ye, farewell *Palamon*,

220 I say againe, I love, and in loving her maintaine

I am as worthy, and as free a lover

And have as just a title to her beauty

As any *Palamon* or any living

224 That is a mans Sonne.

Pal. Have I cald thee friend ?

Arc. Yes, and have found me so ; why are you mov'd thus ?

Let me deale coldly with you, am not I

228 Part of you blood, part of your foule ? you have told me

That I was *Palamon*, and you were *Arcite*.

Pal. Yes.

Arc. Am not I liable to those affections,

232 Those joyes, greifes, angers, feares, my friend shall suffer ?

Pal. Ye may be.

Arc. Why then would you deale so cunningly,

So strangely, so unlike a noble kinsman

236 To love alone ? speake truly, doe you thinke me

Vnworthy of her fight ?

Pal. No ; but unjust,

If thou pursue that fight.

240 *Arc.* Because an other

First sees the Enemy, shall I stand still

And let mine honour downe, and never charge ?

Pal. Yes, if he be but one.

244 *Arc.* But say that one

Had rather combat me ?

Pal. Let that one say so,

And use thy freedome ; els if thou pursuest her,

248 Be as that cursed man that hates his Country,

A branded villaine.

Arc. You are mad.

Pal. I must be.

252 Till thou art worthy, *Arcite*, it concernes me,

E

And

And in this madnes, if I hazard thee [II. 2]
 And take thy life, I deale but truely.

Arc. Fie Sir.

You play the Childe extreamely : I will love her, 256
 I must, I ought to doe so, and I dare,
 And all this justly.

Pal. O that now, that now

Thy false-felſe and thy friend, had but this fortune 260
 To be one howre at liberty, and graſpe
 Our good Swords in our hands, I would quickly teach thee
 What tw'er to filch affection from another :
 Thou art baſer in it then a Cutpurſe ; 264
 Put but thy head out of this window more,
 And as I have a foule, Ile naile thy life too't.

Arc. Thou dar'ſt not foole, thou canſt not, thou art feeble.
 Put my head out ? Ile throw my Body out, 268
 And leape the garden, when I ſee her next

Enter Keeper.

And pitch between her armes to anger thee.

Pal. No more ;the keeper's comming ; I ſhall live
 To knocke thy braines out with my Shackles. 272

Arc. Doe.

Keeper. By your leave Gentlemen :

Pala. Now honeſt keeper ?

Keeper. Lord *Arcite*, you muſt preſently to'th Duke ; 276
 The cauſe I know not yet.

Arc. I am ready keeper.

Keeper, Prince *Palamon*, I muſt awhile bereave you
 Of your faire Cofens Company. 280

Exeunt Arcite, and Keeper.

Pal. And me too,

Even when you pleaſe of life ;why is he ſent for ?
 It may be he ſhall marry her, he's goodly,
 And like enough the Duke hath taken notice 284
 Both of his blood and body :But his falſehood,
 Why ſhould a friend be treacherous ? If that
 Get him a wife ſo noble, and ſo faire ;
 Let honeſt men ne're love againe. Once more 288

[II. 2] I would but see this faire One : Bleffed Garden,
 And fruite, and flowers more bleffed that still bloffom
 As her brighr eies shine on ye. would I were
 292 For all the fortune of my life hereafter
 Yon little Tree, yon blooming Apricocke ;
 How I would fspread, and fling my wanton armes
 In at her window ;I would bring her fruite
 296 Fit for the Gods to feed on :youth and pleafure
 Still as the tafted fould be doubled on her,
 And if fhe be not heavenly I would make her
 So neere the Gods in nature, they fould feare her.

Enter Keeper.

300 And then I am fure fhe would love me : how now keeper
 Wher's *Arcite*,

Keeper, Banifhd :Prince *Pirithous*

Obtained his liberty ; but never more

304 Vpon his oth and life muft he fet foote

Vpon this Kingdome.

Pal. Hees a bleffed man,

He fhall fee Thebs againe, and call to Armes

308 The bold yong men, that when he bids 'em charge,

Fall on like fire : *Arcite* fhall have a Fortune,

If he dare make himfelfe a worthy Lover,

Yet in the Feild to ftrike a battle for her ;

312 And if he lofe her then, he's a cold Coward ;

How bravely may he beare himfelfe to win her

If he be noble *Arcite* ;thoufand waies.

Were I at liberty, I would doe things

316 Of fuch a vertuous greatnes, that this Lady,

This blufhing virgine fould take manhood to her

And feeke to ravifh me.

Keeper, My Lord for you

320 I have this charge too.

Pal. To difcharge my life.

Keep. No, but from this place to remooove your Lordfhip,

The windowes are too open.

324 *Pal.* Devils take 'em

That are fo envious to me ; pre'thee kill me.

- Keep.* And hang for't afterward. [II. 2]
- Pal.* By this good light
Had I a sword I would kill thee. 328
- Keep.* Why my Lord ?
- Pal.* Thou bringst such pelting scurvy news continually
Thou art not worthy life ; I will not goe.
- Keep.* Indeede you must my Lord. 332
- Pal.* May I see the garden ?
- Keep.* Noe.
- Pal.* Then I am resolut, I will not goe. (rous
- Keep.* I must constraine you then : and for you are dange- 336
Ile clap more yrons on you.
- Pal.* Doe good keeper.
- Ile shake 'em so, ye shall not sleepe,
Ile make ye a new Morriffe, must I goe ? 340
- Keep.* There is no remedy.
- Pal.* Farewell kinde window.
May rude winde never hurt thee. O my Lady
If ever thou hast felt what forrow was, 344
Dreame how I suffer. Come ; now bury me.
- Exeunt Palamon, and Keeper.*
- Scæna 3. *Enter Arcite.* [II. 3]
- Arcite.* Banishd the kingdome ? tis a benefit,
A mercy I must thanke 'em for, but banishd
The free enjoying of that face I die for,
Oh twas a studdied punishment, a death 4
Beyond Imagination : Such a vengeance
That were I old and wicked, all my sins
Could never plucke upon me. *Palamon ;*
Thou ha'ft the Start now, thou shalt stay and see 8
Her bright eyes breake each morning gainst thy window,
And let in life into thee ; thou shalt feede
Vpon the sweetenes of a noble beauty,
That nature nev'r exceeded, nor nev'r shall : 12
Good gods ? what happines has *Palamon* ?
Twenty to one, hee'le come to speake to her,
And if she be as gentle, as she's faire,

- [II. 3] I know she's his, he has a Tongue will tame (can come'
Tempests, and make the wild Rockes wanton. Come what
The worst is death; I will not leave the Kingdome,
I know mine owne, is but a heape of ruins,
20 And no redresse there, if I goe, he has her.
I am resolu'd an other shape shall make me.
Or end my fortunes. Either way, I am happy :
Ile see her, and be neere her, or no more.

Enter .4. Country people, & one with a garland before them.

- 24 1. My Masters, ile be there that's certaine.
2. And Ile be there.
3. And I.
4. Why then have with ye Boyes; Tis but a chiding,
28 Let the plough play to day, ile tick'lt out
Of the Iades tailes to morrow.
1. I am sure
To have my wife as jealous as a Turkey :
32 But that's all one, ile goe through, let her mumble.
2. Clap her aboard to morrow night, and stoa her,
And all's made up againe.
3. I, doe but put a feskue in her fist, and you shall see her
36 Take a new lesson out, and be a good wench.
Doe we all hold, against the Maying ?
4. Hold? what should aile us ?
3. *Arcas* will be there.
40 2. And *Sennois*.
And *Rycas*, and 3. better lads nev'r danced under green Tree,
And yet know what wenches: ha ?
But will the dainty Domine, the Schoolemaster keep touch
44 Doe you thinke: for he do's all ye know.
3. Hee'l eate a hornebooke ere he faile: goe too, the mat-
ter's too farre driven betweene him, and the Tanners daugh-
ter, to let slip now, and she must see the Duke, and she must
48 launce too.
4. Shall we be lusty.
2. All the Boyes in Athens blow wind i'th breech on's,

and heere ile be and therè ile be, for our Towne, and here [II. 3]
 againe, and there againe: ha, Boyes, heigh for the wea- 52
 vers.

1. This muft be done i'th woods.

4. O pardon me.

2. By any meanes our thing of learning fees fo: where he 56
 himfelfe will edifie the Duke moft parloufly in our behalves:
 hees excellent i'th woods, bring him to'th plaines, his lear-
 ning makes no cry.

3. Weele fee the fports, then every man to's Tackle: and 60
 Sweete Companions lets rehearfe by any meanes, before
 The Ladies fee us, and doe fweetly, and God knows what
 May come on't.

4. Content; the fports once ended, wee'l performe. Away 64
 Boyes and hold.

Arc. By your leaves honeft friends: pray you whither
 goe you.

4. Whither? why, what a queftion's that? 68

Arc. Yes, tis a queftion, to me that know not.

3. To the *Games* my Friend.

2. Where were you bred you know it not?

Arc. Not farre Sir, 72

Are there fuch *Games* to day?

1. Yes marry are there:

And fuch as you neuer faw; The *Duke* himfelfe
 Will be in perfon there. 76

Arc. What paffimes are they?

2. Wraftling, and Running; Tis a pretty Fellow.

3. Thou wilt not goe along.

Arc. Not yet Sir. 80

4. Well Sir

Take your owne time, come Boyes

1. My minde miſgives me

This fellow has a veng'ance tricke o'th hip, 84
 Marke how his Bodi's made for't

2. Ile be hangd though

If he dare venture, hang him plumb porredge,

He wraftle? he roft eggs. Come lets be gon Lads. *Exeunt* 4. 88

Arc.

- [II. 3] *Arc.* This is an offerd oportunity
 I durft not wifh for. Well, I could have wrestled,
 The beft men calld it excellent, and run
 92 Swifter, then winde upon a feild of Corne
 (Curling the wealthy eares) never flew : Ile venture,
 And in fome poore difguize be there, who knowes
 Whether my browes may not be girt with garlands ?
 96 And happines preferre me to a place,
 Where I may ever dwell in fight of her. *Exit Arcite,*
- [II. 4] Scæna 4. *Enter Iailors Daughter alone.*
Daugh. Why fhould I love this Gentleman ? Tis odds
 He never will affc&t me ; I am bafe,
 My Father the meane Keeper of his Prifon,
 4 And he a prince ; To marry him is hopeleffe ;
 To be his whore, is witles ; Out upon't ;
 What pufhes are we wenchcs driven to
 When fifteene once has found us ? Firft I faw him,
 8 I (feeing) thought he was a goodly man ;
 He has as much to pleafe a woman in him,
 (If he pleafe to beftow it fo) as ever
 Thefe eyes yet lookt on ; Next, I pittied him,
 12 And fo would any young wench o' my Confcience
 That ever dream'd, or vow'd her Maydenhead
 To a yong hanfom Man ; Then I lov'd him,
 (Extreamely lov'd him) infinitely lov'd him ;
 16 And yet he had a Cofen, faire as he too.
 But in my heart was *Palamon*, and there
 Lord, what a coyle he keepes ? To heare him
 Sing in an evening, what a heaven it is ?
 20 And yet his Songs are fad-ones ; Fairer fpoken,
 Was never Gentleman. When I come in
 To bring him water in a morning, firft
 He bowes his noble body, then falutes me, thus :
 24 Faire, gentle Mayde, good morrow, may thy goodnes,
 Get thee a happy husband ; Once he kift me,
 I lov'd my lips the better ten daies after,
 Would he would doe fo ev'ry day ; He greives much,
 28 And me as much to fee his mifery.

What

What should I doe, to make him know I love him, [II. 4]
 For I would faine enjoy him? Say I ventur'd
 To fet him free? what saies the law then? Thus much
 For Law, or kindred: I will doe it,
 And this night, or to morrow he shall love me. 32
Exit.

Scæna 4. *Enter Theseus, Hipolita, Pirithous,* [II. 5]
Emilia: Arcite with a Garland, &c.

Thef. You have done worthily; I have not seene
 Since *Hercules*, a man of tougher synewes;
 What ere you are, you run the best, and wrastle,
 That these times can allow. 4

Arcite. I am proud to please you.

Thef. What Countrie bred you?

Arcite. This; but far off, Prince.

Thef. Are you a Gentleman? 8

Arcite. My father said so;

And to those gentle uses gave me life.

Thef. Are you his heire?

Arcite. His yongest Sir. 12

Thef. Your Father

Sure is a happy Sire then: what proves you?

Arcite. A little of all noble Quallities:

I could have kept a Hawke, and well have holloa'd 16

To a deepe crie of Dogges; I dare not praise

My feat in horfemanship: yet they that knew me

Would say it was my best peece: last, and greatest,

I would be thought a Souldier. 20

Thef. You are perfect.

Pirith. Vpon my soule, a proper man.

Emilia. He is so.

Per. How doe you like him Ladie? 24

Hip. I admire him,

I have not seene so yong a man, so noble

(If he say true,) of his fort.

Emil. Beleewe, 28

His mother was a wondrous handsome woman,

His face me thinkes, goes that way.

Hyp. But his Body

And

This short flourish of Cornets and Showtes within.

[II. 5] And frie minde, illustrate a brave Father.

Per. Marke how his vertue, like a hidden Sun
Breakes through his baser garments.

Hyp. Hee's well got fure.

36 *Thef.* What made you seeke this place Sir ?

Arc. Noble *Thefeus*.

To purchase name, and doe my ablest service
To such a well-found wonder, as thy worth,

40 Fo onely in thy Court, of all the world
dwells faire-eyd honor.

Per. All his words are worthy.

Thef. Sir, we are much endebted to your travell,

44 Nor shall you loose your wish : *Perithous*

Dispoſe of this faire Gentleman.

Perith. Thanks *Thefeus*.

What ere you are y'ar mine, and I shall give you

48 To a most noble service, to this Lady,

This bright yong Virgin ; pray observe her goodnesse ;
You have honourd hir faire birth-day, with your vertues,
And as your due y'ar hers : kisse her faire hand Sir.

52 *Arc.* Sir, y'ar a noble Giver : dearest Bewtie,

Thus let me seale my vovd faith : when your Servant
(Your most unworthie Creature) but offends you.
Command him die, he shall.

56 *Emil.* That were too cruell,

If you deserve well Sir ; I shall soone see't : (you.

Y'ar mine, and somewhat better than your rancke Ile use

Per. Ile see you furniſh'd, and because you say

60 You are a horseman, I must needs intreat you

This after noone to ride, but tis a rough one.

Arc. I like him better (Prince) I shall not then
Freeze in my Saddle.

64 *Thef.* Sweet, you must be readie,

And you *Emilia*, and you (Friend) and all

To morrow by the Sun, to doe obſervance

To flowry May, in *Dians* wood : waite well Sir

68 Vpon your Miftris : *Emely*, I hope

He shall not goe a foote.

F

Emil.

Emil. That were a shame Sir, [II. 5]
 While I have horses: take your choice, and what
 You want at any time, let me but know it; 72
 If you serve faithfully, I dare assure you
 You'll finde a loving Mistris.

Arc. If I doe not,
 Let me finde that my Father ever hated, 76
 Disgrace, and blowes.

Thef. Go leade the way; you have won it:
 It shall be so; you shall receive all dues
 Fit for the honour you have won; Twer wrong else, 80
 Sister, beshrew my heart, you have a Servant,
 That if I were a woman, would be Master,
 But you are wife.

Florish.

Emil. I hope too wise for that Sir. *Exeunt omnes.* 84

Scæna 6. Enter Iaylors Daughter alone. [II. 6]

Daughter. Let all the Dukes, and all the divells rore,
 He is at liberty: I have venturd for him,
 And out I have brought him to a little wood
 A mile hence, I have sent him, where a Cedar 4
 Higher than all the rest, spreads like a plane
 Fast by a Brooke, and there he shall keepe close,
 Till I provide him Fyles, and foode, for yet
 His yron bracelets are not off. O Love 8
 What a stout hearted child thou art! My Father
 Durst better have indur'd cold yron, than done it:
 I love him, beyond love, and beyond reason,
 Or wit, or safetie: I have made him know it 12
 I care not, I am desperate, If the law
 Finde me, and then condemne me for't; some wenches,
 Some honest harted Maides, will sing my Dirge.
 And tell to memory, my death was noble, 16
 Dying almost a Martyr: That way he takes,
 I purpose is my way too: Sure he cannot
 Be so unmanly, as to leave me here,
 If he doe, Maides will not so easily 20
 Trust men againe: And yet he has not thank'd me
 For what I have done: no not so much as kist me,

And

- [II. 6] And that (me thinkes) is not so well ; nor scarcely
 24 Could I perswade him to become a Freeman,
 He made such scruples of the wrong he did
 To me, and to my Father. Yet I hope
 When he confiders more, this love of mine
 28 Will take more root within him : Let him doe
 What he will with me, so he use me kindly,
 For use me so he shall, or ile proclaime him
 And to his face, no-man : Ile presently
 32 Provide him necessaries, and packe my cloathes up,
 And where there is a path of ground Ile venture
 So hee be with me ; By him, like a shadow
 Ile ever dwell ; within this houre the whoobub
 36 Will be all ore the prison : I am then
 Kissing the man they looke for : farewell Father ;
 Get many more such prifoners, and such daughters,
 And shortly you may keepe your selfe. Now to him :

[III. 1]

Actus Tertius.

Cornets in
 sundry places.
 Noise and
 hallowing as
 people a May-
 ing.

Scæna 1. *Enter Arcite alone.*

- Arcite.* The Duke has loft Hypolita ; each tooke
 A severall land. This is a solemne Right
 They owe bloomd May, and the *Athenians* pay it
 4 To'th heart of Ceremony : O Queene *Emilia*
 Fresher then May, sweeter
 Then hir gold Buttons on the bowes, or all
 Th' enamell'd knackes o'th Meade, or garden, yea
 8 (We challenge too) the bancke of any Nymph
 That makes the streame seeme flowers ; thou o Iewell
 O'th wood, o'th world, hast likewise blest a pace
 With thy sole presence, in thy rumination
 12 That I poore man might eftsoones come betweene
 And chop on some cold thought, thrice blest chance
 To drop on such a Mistris, expectation
 most gilltlesse on't : tell me O Lady Fortune
 16 (Next after *Emely* my Sovereigne) how far

I may be proud. She takes strong note of me, [III. 1]
 Hath made me neerer her; and this beauteous Morne
 (The prim'ft of all the yeare) presents me with
 A brace of horses, two such Steeds might well 20
 Be by a paire of Kings backt, in a Field
 That their crownes titles tride: Alas, alas
 Poore Cofen *Palamon*, poore prisoner, thou
 So little dream'ft upon my fortune, that 24
 Thou thinkst thy selfe, the happier thing, to be
 So neere *Emilia*, me thou deem'ft at *Thebes*,
 And therein wretched, although free; But if
 Thou knew'ft my Mistris breathd on me, and that 28
 I ear'd her language, livde in her eye; O Coz
 What passion would enclose thee.

*Enter Palamon as out of a Bush, with his Shackles: bends
 his fist at Arcite.*

Palamon. Traytor kinsfeman,
 Thou shouldst perceive my passion, if these signes 32
 Of prisonment were off me, and this hand
 But owner of a Sword: By all othes in one
 I, and the iustice of my love would make thee
 A confest Traytor, o thou most perfidious 36
 That ever gently lookd the voydes of honour.
 That eu'r bore gentle Token; falsest Cofen
 That ever blood made kin, call'ft thou hir thine?
 Ile prove it in my Shackles, with these hands, 40
 Void of appointment, that thou ly'ft, and art
 A very theefe in love, a Chaffy Lord
 Nor worth the name of villaine: had I a Sword
 And these house clogges away. 44

Arc. Deere Cofin *Palamon*,

Pal. Cofoner *Arcite*, give me language, such
 As thou hast shewd me feate.

Arc. Not finding in 48
 The circuit of my breast, any grosse stufte
 To forme me like your blazon, holds me to
 This gentleness of answer; tis your passion
 That thus mistakes, the which to you being enemy, 52
 Cannot to me be kind: honor, and honestie

[III. 1] I cherish, and depend on, how so ev'r
 You skip them in me, and with them faire Coz
 56 Ile maintaine my proceedings; pray be pleas'd
 To shew in generous termes, your griefes, since that
 Your question's with your equall, who professes
 To cleare his owne way, with the minde and Sword
 60 Of a true Gentleman.

Pal. That thou durst *Arcite*.

Arc. My Coz, my Coz, you have beene well advertis'd
 How much I dare, y'ave seene me use my Sword
 64 Against th'advice of feare: sure of another
 You would not heare me doubted, but your silence
 Should breake out, though i'th Sanctuary.

Pal. Sir,

68 I have seene you move in such a place, which well
 Might justifie your manhood, you were calld (faire
 A good knight and a bold; But the whole weeke's not
 If any day it rayne: Their valiant temper
 72 Men loose when they encline to trecherie,
 And then they fight like compell'd Beares, would fly
 Were they not tyde.

Arc. Kinsman, you might as well
 76 Speake this, and act it in your Glasse, as to
 His eare, which now disdaines you.

Pal. Come up to me,
 Quit me of these cold Gyves, give me a Sword
 80 Though it be rustie, and the charity
 Of one meale lend me; Come before me then
 A good Sword in thy hand, and doe but say
 That *Emily* is thine, I will forgive
 84 The trespassse thou hast done me, yea my life
 If then thou carry't, and brave foules in shades
 That have dyde manly, which will seeke of me
 Some newes from earth, they shall get none but this
 88 That thou art brave, and noble.

Arc. Be content,
 Againe betake you to your hawthorne house,
 With counsaile of the night, I will be here
 92 With wholesome viands; these impediments

Will

Will I file off, you shall have garments, and Perfumes to kill the smell o'th prison, after When you shall stretch your selfe, and say but <i>Arcite</i> I am in plight, there shall be at your choyce Both Sword, and Armour.	[III. 1] 96
<i>Pal.</i> Oh you heavens, dares any So noble beare a guilty busines! none But onely <i>Arcite</i> , therefore none but <i>Arcite</i> In this kinde is so hold.	 100
<i>Arc.</i> Sweete <i>Palamon</i> .	
<i>Pal.</i> I doe embrace you, and your offer, for Your offer doo't I onely, Sir your person Without hipocrisy I may not with	 104
	<i>Winde hornes of Cornets.</i>
More then my Swords edge ont.	
<i>Arc.</i> You heare the Hornes ; Enter your Musicke leaft this match between's Be croft, er met, give me your hand, farewell. Ile bring you every needfull thing : I pray you Take comfort and be strong.	 108
<i>Pal.</i> Pray hold your promise ; And doe the deede with a bent brow, most certaine You love me not, be rough with me, and powre This oile out of your language ; by this ayre I could for each word, give a Cuffe : my stomach not reconcild by reason,	 112 116
<i>Arc.</i> Plainely spoken, Yet pardon me hard language, when I spur	
	<i>Winde hornes.</i>
My horse, I chide him nor ; content, and anger In me have but one face. Harke Sir, they call The scatterd to the Banket ; you must guesse I have an office there.	 120
<i>Pat.</i> Sir your attendance Cannot please heaven, and I know your office Vnjustly is atcheev'd.	 124
<i>Arc.</i> If a good title, I am perswaded this question sicke between's,	 128
	By

[III. 1] By bleeding muft be cur'd. I am a Suitour,
That to your Sword you will bequeath this plea
And talke of it no more.

132 *Pal.* But this one word :
You are going now to gaze upon my Miftris,
For note you, mine ſhe is.

Arc, Nay then.

136 *Pal.* Nay pray you,
You talke of feeding me to breed me ſtrength
You are going now to looke upon a Sun
That ſtrengthens what it lookes on, there

140 You have a vantage ore me, but enjoy't till
I may enforce my remedy. Farewell.

Exeunt.

[III. 2] Scæna 2. *Enter Iaylors daughter alone.*

Daugh. He has miſtooke; the Beake I meant, is gon
After his fancy, Tis now welnigh morning,
No matter, would it were perpetuall night,
4 And darkenes Lord o'th world, Harke tis a wolfe :

In me hath greife ſlaine feare, and but for one thing
I care for nothing, and that's *Palamon*.

I wreake not if the wolves would jaw me, fo

8 He had this File ; what if I hallowd for him ?

I cannot hallow : if I whoop'd ; what then ?

If he not anſweard, I ſhould call a wolfe,

And doe him but that ſervice. I have heard

12 Strange howles this live-long night, why may't not be

They have made prey of him ? he has no weapons,

He cannot run, the Iengling of his Gives

Might call fell things to liſten, who have in them

16 A fence to know a man unarmd, and can

Smell where reſiſtance is. Ile ſet it downe

He's torne to peeces, they howld many together

And then they feed on him : So much for that,

20 Be bold to ring the Bell ; how ſtand I then ?

All's char'd when he is gone, No, no I lye,

My Father's to be hang'd for his eſcape,

My ſelfe to beg, if I prizd life ſo much

24 As to deny my act, but that I would not,

Should

Should I try death by duffons : I am mop't,	[III. 2]
Food tooke I none these two daies.	
Sipt some water. I have not clofd mine eyes	
Save when my lids scowrd off their bine ; alas	28
Diffolue my life, Let not my fence unfettle	
Leaft I should drowne, or stab or hang my selfe.	
O fate of Nature, faile together in me,	
Since thy best props are warpt : So which way now ?	32
The best way is, the next way to a grave :	
Each errant step beside is torment. Loe	
The Moone is down, the Cryckets chirpe, the Schreichowle	
Calls in the dawne ; all offices are done	36
Save what I faile in : But the point is this	
An end, and that is all.	<i>Exit.</i>
Scæna 3. <i>Enter Arcite, with Meate, Wine, and Files.</i>	[III. 3]
<i>Arc.</i> I should be neere the place, hoa. <i>Cofen Palamon.</i>	
	<i>Enter Palamon.</i>
<i>Pal. Arcite.</i>	
<i>Arc.</i> The fame : I have brought you foode and files,	
Come forth and feare not, her'esno <i>Thefeus.</i>	4
<i>Pal.</i> Nor none so honest <i>Arcite.</i>	
<i>Arc.</i> That's no matter,	
Wee'l argue that hereafter : Come take courage,	
You shall not dye thus beastly, here Sir drinke	8
I know you are faint, then ile talke further with you	
<i>Pal. Arcite,</i> thou mightst now poyson me.	
<i>Arc.</i> I might.	
But I must feare you first : Sit downe, and good now	12
No more of these vaine parlies, let us not	
Having our ancient reputation with us	
Make talke for Fooles, and Cowards, To your health, &c.	
<i>Pal. Doe.</i>	16
<i>Arc.</i> Pray fit downe then, and let me entreate you	
By all the honesty and honour in you,	
No mention of this woman, t'will disturbe us,	
We shall have time enough.	20
<i>Pal.</i> Well Sir, Ile pledge you. (blood man.)	
<i>Arc.</i> Drinke a good hearty draught, it breeds good	
	Doe

[III. 3] Doe not you feele it thaw you ?

24 *Pal.* Stay, Ile tell you after a draught or two more.

Arc. Spare it not, the Duke has more Cuz : Eate now.

Pal. Yes.

Arc. I am glad you have fo good a stomach.

28 *Pal.* I am gladder I have fo good meate too't.

Arc. Is't not mad lodging, here in the wild woods Cofen

Pal. Yes, for then that have wilde Consciencs. (I fee,

Arc. How tafts your vittails? your hunger needs no fawce

32 *Pal.* Not much.

But if it did, yours is too tart : fweete Cofen : what is this ?

Arc. Venifon.

Pal. Tis a lufly meate :

36 Giue me more wine ; here *Arcite* to the wenches

We have known in our daies. The Lord Stewards daughter.

Doe you remember her ?

Arc. After you Cuz.

40 *Pal.* She lov'd a black-haird man.

Arc. She did fo ; well Sir.

Pal. And I have heard fome call him *Arcite*. and

Arc. Out with't faith.

44 *Pal.* She met him in an Arbour :

What did she there Cuz ? play o'th virginals ?

Arc. Something she did Sir.

Pal. Made her groane a moneth for't ; or 2. or 3. or 10.

48 *Arc.* The Marfhals Sifter,

Had her share too, as I remember Cofen,

Elfe there be tales abroade, you'l pledge her ?

Pal. Yes.

52 *Arc.* A pretty broune wench t'is-There was a time

When yong men went a hunting, and a wood,

And a broade Beech : and thereby hangs a tale : heigh ho.

Pal. For *Emily*, upon my life ; Foole

56 Away with this fraind mirth ; I fay againe

That figh was breathd for *Emily* ; bafe Cofen,

Dar'ft thou breake first ?

Arc. you are wide.

60 *Pal.* By heaven and earth, ther's nothing in thee honeft.

- Arc.* Then Ile leave you : you are a Beast now : [III. 3]
Pal. As thou makst me, Traytour. (fumes :
Arc. Ther's all things needfull, files and shirts, and, per-
 Ile come againe some two howres hence, and bring 64
 That that shall quiet all,
Pal. A Sword and Armour.
Arc. Feare me not ; you are now too fowle ; farewell.
 Get off your Trinkets, you shall want nought ; 68
Pal. Sir ha :
Arc. Ile heare no more. *Exit.*
Pal. If he keepe touch, he dies for't. *Exit.*
 Scæna 4, *Enter Iaylors daughter.* [III. 4]
Daugh. I am very cold, and all the Stars are out top,
 The little Stars, and all, that looke like aglets :
 The Sun has feene my Folly : *Palamon* ;
 Alas no ; hees in heaven ; where am I now ? 4
 Yonder's the fea, and ther's a Ship ; how't tumbles
 And ther's a Rocke lies watching under water ;
 Now, now, it beates upon it ; now, now, now,
 Ther's a leak sprung, a found one, how they cry ? 8
 Vpon her before the winde, you'l loofe all els :
 Vp with a courfe or two, and take about Boyes.
 Good night, good night, y'ar gone ; I am very hungry,
 Would I could finde a fine Frog ; he would tell me 12
 Newes from all parts o'th world, then would I make
 A Carecke of a Cockle shell, and fayle
 By east and North East to the King of *Pigmes*,
 For he tels fortunes rarely. Now my Father 16
 Twenty to one is trust up in a trice
 To morrow morning, Ile fay never a word.
- Sing.* *For ile cut my greene coat, afoote above my knee,*
And ile clip my yellow lockes ; an inch below mine eie. 20
hey, nonny, nonny, nonny,
He's buy me a white Cut, forth for to ride
And ile goe seeke him, throw the world that is so wide
hey nonny, nonny, nonny. 24
 O for a pricke now like a Nightingale, to put my breaft
 Against

[III. 4] Against. I shall sleepe like a Top elfe. *Exit.*

[III. 5] Scæna 6. Enter a Schoole mafter. 4. Countrymen: and
Baum. 2. or 3. wenches, with a Taborer.

Sch. Fy, fy, what tediousity, & difensanity is here among ye?
have my Rudiments bin labourd so long with ye? milkd unto
ye, and by a figure even the very plumbroth & marrow of
4 my understanding laid upon ye? and do you still cry where,
and how, & wherfore? you most course freeze capacities, ye
jave Judgements, have I saide thus let be, and there let be,
and then let be, and no man understand mee, *proh deum*,
8 *medius fidius*, ye are all dunces: For why here stand I.
Here the Duke comes, there are you close in the Thicket; the
Duke appeares, I meete him and unto him I utter learned
things, and many figures, he heares, and nods, and hums, and
12 then cries rare, and I goe forward, at length I fling my Cap
up; marke there; then do you as once did *Meleager*, and the
Bore break comly out before him: like true lovers, cast your
felves in a Body decently, and sweetly, by a figure trace, and
16 turne Boyes.

1. And sweetly we will doe it Master *Gerrold*.

2. Draw up the Company, Where's the Taborour.

3. Why *Timothy*.

20 *Tab.* Here my mad boyes, have at ye.

Sch. But I say where's their women?

4. Here's *Frix* and *Maudline*.

(*Barbery*.)

2. And little *Luce* with the white legs, and bouncing

24 1. And freckeled *Nel*; that never faild her Master.

Sch. Wher be your Ribands maids? swym with your Bodies

And carry it sweetly, and deliverly

And now and then a fauour, and a friske.

28 *Nel.* Let us alone Sir.

Sch. Wher's the rest o'th Muficke.

3. Disperfd as you commanded.

Sch. Couple then

32 And see what's wanting; wher's the *Bavian*?

My friend, carry your taile without offence

Or scandall to the Ladies; and be sure

You tumble with audacity, and manhood,

And when you barke doe it with judgement. [III. 5]

Bau. Yes Sir.

Sch. *Quo usque taudem.* Here is a woman wanting

4. We may goe whistle : all the fat's i'th fire.

Sch. We have, 40

As learned Authours utter, washd a Tile,
We have beene *fatuus*, and laboured vainely.

2. This is that scornfull peece, that scurvy hilding
That gave her promise faithfully, she would be here, 44
Cicely the Sempsters daughter :

The next gloves that I give her shall be dog skin ;
Nay and she faile me once, you can tell *Arcas*
She swore by wine, and bread, she would not breake. 48

Sch. An Eele and woman,
A learned Poet sayes : unles by'th taile
And with thy teeth thou hold, will either faile,
In manners this was false position 52

1. A fire ill take her ; do's she flinch now ?

3. What

Shall we determine Sir ?

Sch. Nothing, 56
Our busines is become a nullity
Yea, and a woefull, and a pittious nullity.

4. Now when the credite of our Townte lay on it,
Now to be frampall, now to piſſe o'th nettle, 60
Goe thy waies, ile remember thee, ile fit thee,

Enter Iaylors daughter.

Daughter. *The George alow, came from the South, from*
The coast of Barbary a.
And there he met with brave gallants of war 64

By one, by two, by three, a

Well haild, well haild, you jolly gallants,

And whither now are you bound a

Chaire and *O let me have your company till come to the found a* 68
fooles out. *There was three fooles, fell out about an howlet*

The one fed it was an owle

The other he fed nay,

The third he fed it was a hawke, and her bels wer cut away. 72

3. Ther's

[III. 5] 3. Ther's a dainty mad woman Mr. comes i'th Nick as mad as a march hare: if wee can get her daunce, wee are made againe: I warrant her, shee'l doe the rarest gambols.

76 1. A mad woman? we are made Boyes.

Sch. And are you mad good woman?

Daugh. I would be forry else,

Give me your hand.

80 *Sch.* Why?

Daugh. I can tell your fortune.

You are a foole: tell ten, I have pozd him: Buz

Friend you must eate no white bread, if you doe

84 Your teeth will bleede extreemely, shall we dance ho?

I know you, y'ar a Tinker: Sirha Tinker

Stop no more holes, but what you should.

Sch. *Dij boni.* A Tinker Damzell? (play

88 *Daug.* Or a Conjurer: raife me a devill now, and let him *Quipassa*, o'th bels and bones.

Sch. Goe take her, and fluently perfwade her to a peace:

Et opus exegi, quod nec Iouis ira, nec ignis.

92 Strike up, and leade her in.

2. Come Lasse, lets trip it.

Daugh. Ile leade.

(*Winde Hornes:*

3. Doe, doe.

96 *Sch.* Perfwafively, and cunningly: away boyes,

Ex. all but Schoolemafter.

I heare the hornes: give me some

Meditation, and marke your Cue;

Pallas inspire me.

Enter Thef. Pir. Hip. Emil. Arcite: and traine.

100 *Thef.* This way the Stag tooke.

Sch. Stay, and edifie.

Thef. What have we here?

Per. Some Countrey sport, upon my life Sir.

104 *Per.* Well Sir, goe forward, we will edifie.

Ladies fit downe, wee'l stay it. (Ladies.

Sch. Thou doughtie Duke all haile: all haile sweet

Thef. This is a cold beginning.

108 *Sch.* If you but favour; our Country pastime made is,

We are a few of those collected here	[III. 5]
That ruder Tongues distinguish villager,	
And to say veritie, and not to fable;	
We are a merry rout, or else a rable	112
Or company, or by a figure, <i>Choris</i>	
That fore thy dignitie will dance a Morris.	
And I that am the rectifier of all	
By title Pedagogus, that let fall	116
The Birch upon the breeches of the small ones,	
And humble with a Ferula the tall ones,	
Doe here present this Machine, or this frame,	
And daintie Duke, whose doughtie dismall fame	120
From <i>Dis</i> to <i>Dedalus</i> , from post to pillar	
Is blowne abroad; helpe me thy poore well willer,	
And with thy twinkling eyes, looke right and straight	
Vpon this mighty Morr—of mickle waight	124
Is—now comes in, which being glewd together	
Makes Morris, and the cause that we came hether.	
The body of our sport of no finall study	
I first appeare, though rude, and raw, and muddy,	128
To speake before thy noble grace, this tenner .	
At whose great feete I offer up my penner.	
The next the Lord of May, and Lady bright,	
The Chambermaid, and Servingman by night	132
That seeke out silent hanging: Then mine Host	
And his fat Spowfe, that welcomes to their cost	
The gauled Traveller, and with a beckning	
Informes the Tapster to inflame the reckning:	136
Then the beaft eating Clowne, and next the foole,	
The <i>Bavian</i> with long tayle, and eke long toole,	
<i>Cum multis alijis</i> that make a dance,	
Say I, and all shall presently advance.	140
<i>Thef.</i> I, I by any meanes, deere Domine.	
<i>Per.</i> Produce.	<i>Musicke Dance.</i>
<i>Intrate filij,</i> Come forth, and foot it,	
<i>Ladies, if we have beene merry</i>	144
<i>And have pleasd thee with a derry,</i>	
<i>And a derry, and a downe</i>	

Knocke for
Schoole. Enter
The Dance.

Say

[III. 5] *Say the Schoolemaster's no Clowne :*

148 *Duke, if we have pleas'd three too*
And have done as good Boyes should doe,
Give us but a tree or twaine
For a Maypole, and againe

152 *Ere another yeare run out,*
Wee'l make thee laugh and all this rout.

Thef. Take 20. Domine; how does my sweet heart.

Hip. Never so pleas'd Sir.

156 *Emil.* Twas an excellent dance, and for a preface

I never heard a better. (warded.)

Thef. Schoolemaster, I thanke yon, One see'em all re-

Per. And heer's something to paint your Pole withall.

160 *Thef.* Now to our sports againe.

Sch. May the Stag thou huntst stand long,

And thy dogs be swift and strong :

May they kill him without lets,

164 And the Ladies eate his dowfets : Come we are all made.

Winde Hornes.

Dij Deaq; omnes, ye have danc'd rarely wenches. Exeunt.

[III. 6] *Scæna 7. Enter Palamon from the Bush.*

Pal. About this houre my Cofen gave his faith

To visit me againe, and with him bring

Two Swords, and two good Armors; if he faile

4 He's neither man, nor Souldier; when he left me

I did not thinke a weeke could have restord

My lost strength to me, I was growne so low,

And Crest-falne with my wants: I thanke thee *Arcite,*

8 Thou art yet a faire Foe; and I feele my selfe

With this refreshing, able once againe

To out dure danger: To delay it longer

Would make the world think when it comes to hearing,

12 That I lay fatting like a Swine, to fight

And not a Souldier: Therefore this blest morning

Shall be the last; and that Sword he refuses,

If it but hold, I kill him with; tis Iustice:

16 So love, and Fortune for me: O good morrow.

Enter Arcite with Armors and Swords.

Arcite.

- Arc.* Good morrow noble kinefman, [III. 6]
Pal. I have put you
 To too much paines Sir.
- Arc.* That too much faire Cofen, 20
 Is but a debt to honour, and my duty.
Pal. Would you were fo in all Sir; I could with ye
 As kinde a kinsman, as you force me finde
 A beneficiall foe, that my embraces 24
 Might thanke ye, not my blowes.
Arc. I fhall thinke either
 Well done, a noble recompence.
Pal. Then I fhall quit you. 28
Arc. Defy me in thefe faire termes, and you fhew
 More then a Miftris to me, no more anger
 As you love any thing that's honourable;
 We were not bred to talke man, when we are arm'd 32
 And both upon our guards, then let our fury
 Like meeting of two tides, fly ftrongly from us,
 And then to whom the birthright of this Beauty
 Truly pertaines (without obbraidings, fcornes, 36
 Difpifings of our perfons, and fuch powtings
 Fitter for Girles and Schooleboyes) will be feene
 And quickly, yours, or mine: wilt please you arme Sir,
 Or if you feele your felfe not fitting yet 40
 And furnifhd with your old ftrength, ile ftay Cofen
 And ev'ry day difcourfe you into health,
 As I am fpard, your perfon I am friends with,
 And I could wish I had not faide I lov'd her 44
 Though I had dide; But loving fuch a Lady
 And juftifying my Love, I muft not fly from't.
Pal. *Arcite*, thou art fo brave an enemy
 That no man but thy Cofen's fit to kill thee, 48
 I am well, and luffy, choofe your Armes.
Arc. Choofe you Sir.
Pal. Wilt thou exceede in all, or do'ft thou doe it
 To make me ípare thee? 52
Arc. If you thinke fo Cofen,
 You are deceived, for as I am a Soldier.

[III. 6] I will not spare you.

56 *Pal.* That's well faid.

Arc. You'l finde it

Pal. Then as I am an honest man and love,
With all the justice of affection

60 Ile pay thee soundly : This ile take.

Arc. That's mine then,

Ile arme you first.

Pal. Do : pray thee tell me Cofen,

64 Where gotst thou this good Armour.

Arc. Tis the Dukes,

And to fay true, I stole it ; doe I pinch you ?

Pal. Noe.

68 *Arc.* Is't not too heavie ?

Pal. I have worne a lighter,

But I shall make it ferve.

Arc. Ile buckl't close.

72 *Pal.* By any meanes.

Arc. You care not for a Grand guard ?

Pal. No, no, wee'l use no horses, I perceave
You would faine be at that Fight.

76 *Arc.* I am indifferent.

Pal. Faith so am I : good Cofen, thrust the buckle
Through far enough.

Arc. I warrant you.

80 *Pal.* My Caske now.

Arc. Will you fight bare-armd ?

Pal. We shall be the nimbler.

Arc. But use your Gauntlets though ; thote are o'th leaft,

84 Prethee take mine good Cofen.

Pal. Thanke you *Arcite*.

How doe I looke, am I falne much away ?

Arc. Faith very little ; love has ufd you kindly.

88 *Pal.* Ile warrant thee, Ile strike home.

Arc. Doe, and spare not ;

Ile give you cause sweet Cofen.

Pal. Now to you Sir,

92 Me thinkes this Armo'rs very like that, *Arcite*,

H

Thou

Thou wor'ft that day the 3. Kings fell, but lighter.	[III. 6]
<i>Arc.</i> That was a very good one, and that day I well remember, you outdid me Cofen, I never faw fuch valour : when you chargd Vpon the left wing of the Enemie, I fpurd hard to come up, and under me I had a right good horfe.	96
<i>Pal.</i> You had indeede A bright Bay I remember.	100
<i>Arc.</i> Yes but all Was vainely labour'd in me, you outwent me, Nor could my wifhes reach you ; yet a little I did by imitation.	104
<i>Pal.</i> More by vertue, You are modeft Cofen.	
<i>Arc.</i> When I faw you charge firft, Me thought I heard a dreadfull clap of Thunder Breake from the Troope.	108
<i>Pal.</i> But fill before that flew The lightning of your valour : Stay a little, Is not this peece too freight ?	112
<i>Arc.</i> No, no, tis well. <i>Pal.</i> I would have nothing hurt thee but my Sword, A bruife would be difhonour.	116
<i>Arc.</i> Now I am perfect. <i>Pal.</i> Stand off then. <i>Arc.</i> Take my Sword, I hold it better.	
<i>Pal.</i> I thanke ye : No, keepe it, your life lyes on it, Here's one, if it but hold, I aske no more, For all my hopes : My Cauſe and honour guard me.	120
<i>Arc.</i> And me my love : * Is there ought elfe to fay ? <i>Pal.</i> This onely, and no more : Thou art mine Aunts Son. And that blood we defire to fhed is mutuall, In me, thine, and in thee, mine : My Sword Is in my hand, and if thou killft me The gods, and I forgive thee ; If there be A place prepar'd for thoſe that fleepe in honour, I wiſh his wearie foule, that falls may win it :	124
	128

They bow fe-
verall wayes :
then advance
and ſtand.

Fight

[III. 6] Fight bravely Cofen, give me thy noble hand.

132 *Arc.* Here *Palamon* : This hand shall never more
Come neare thee with fuch friendship.

Pal. I commend thee.

Arc. If I fall, curfe me, and fay I was a coward,
136 For none but fuch, dare die in thefe juft Tryalls.
Once more farewell my Cofen,

Pal. Farewell *Arcite*.

Fight.

Hornes within : they fland.

Arc. Loe Cofen, loe, our Folly has undon us.

140 *Pal.* Why ?

Arc. This is the Duke, a hunting as I told you,
If we be found, we are wretched, O retire
For honours fake, and safely prefently
144 Into your Bush agen ; Sir we shall finde
Too many howres to dye in, gentle Cofen :
If you be feene you perifh instantly
For breaking prifon, and I, if you reveale me,
148 For my contempt ; Then all the world will fcorne us,
And fay we had a noble difference,
But bafe difpofers of it.

Pal. No, no, Cofen

152 I will no more be hidden, nor put off
This great adventure to a fecond Tryall ;
I know your cunning, and I know your caufe,
He that faints now, fhame take him, put thy felfe
156 Vpon thy prefent guard.

Arc. You are not mad ?

Pal. Or I will make th'advantage of this howre
Mine owne, and what to come shall threaten me,
160 I feare leffe then my fortune : know weake Cofen
I love *Emilia*, and in that ile bury
Thee, and all croffes elfe.

Arc. Then come, what can come

164 Thou shalt know *Palamon*, I dare as well
Die, as difcourfe, or fleepe : Onely this feares me,
The law will have the honour of our ends.
Have at thy life.

Pal. Looke to thine owne well *Arcite*.

[III. 6]

Fight againe. Hornes.

Enter Theseus, Hipolita, Emilia, Perithous and traine.

Thefus. What ignorant and mad malicious Traitors,

Are you? That gainst the tenor of my Lawes

Are making Battaile, thus like Knights appointed,

Without my leave, and Officers of Armes?

172

By *Castor* both shall dye.

Pal. Hold thy word *Thefus*,

We are certainly both Traitors, both despisers

Of thee, and of thy goodnesse: I am *Palamon*

176

That cannot love thee, he that broke thy Prison,

Thinke well, what that deserves; and this is *Arcite*

A bolder Traytor never trod thy ground

A Falser neu'r feem'd friend: This is the man

180

Was begd and banish'd, this is he contemnes thee

And what thou dar'ft doe; and in this disguise

Against this owne Edict follows thy Sister,

That fortunate bright Star, the faire *Emilia*

184

Whose fervant, (if there be a right in seeing,

And first bequeathing of the foule to) justly

I am, and which is more, dares thinke her his.

This treacherie like a most trusty Lover,

188

I call'd him now to answer; if thou bee'ft

As thou art spoken, great and vertuous,

The true decider of all injuries,

Say, Fight againe, and thou shalt see me *Thefus*

192

Doe such a Iustice, thou thy selfe wilt envie,

Then take my life, Ile woove thee too't.

Per. O heaven,

What more then man is this!

196

Thef. I have sworne.

Arc. We seeke not

Thy breath of mercy *Thefus*, Tis to me

A thing as soone to dye, as thee to say it,

200

And no more mov'd: where this man calls me Traitor,

Let me say thus much; if in love be Treafon,

In service of so excellent a Beutie,

As

- [III. 6] As I love most, and in that faith will perish,
 As I have brought my life here to confirme it,
 As I have serv'd her truest, worthiest,
 As I dare kill this Cofen, that denies it,
 208 So let me be most Traitor, and ye please me :
 For scorning thy Edict Duke, aske that Lady
 Why she is faire, and why her eyes command me
 Stay here to love her ; and if she fay Traytor,
 212 I am a villaine fit to lye unburied.
Pal. Thou shalt have pittie of us both, o *Thefeus*,
 If unto neither thou shew mercy, stop,
 (As thou art just) thy noble eare against us,
 216 As thou art valiant ; for thy Cofens foule
 Whose 12. strong labours crowne his memory,
 Lets die together, at one instant Duke,
 Onely a little let him fall before me,
 220 That I may tell my Soule he shall not have her.
Thef. I grant your wish, for to say true, your Cofen
 Has ten times more offended, for I gave him
 More mercy then you found, Sir, your offenses
 224 Being no more then his : None here speake for 'em
 For ere the Sun set, both shall sleepe for ever.
Hipol. Alas the pittie, now or never Sister
 Speake not to be denide ; That face of yours
 228 Will beare the curses else of after ages
 For these lost Cofens.
Emil. In my face deare Sister
 I finde no anger to 'em ; nor no ruyn,
 232 The misadventure of their owne eyes kill 'em ;
 Yet that I will be woman, and have pittie,
 My knees shall grow to'th ground but Ile get mercie.
 Helpe me deare Sister, in a deede so vertuous,
 236 The powers of all women will be with us,
 Most royall Brother.
Hipol. Sir by our tye of Marriage.
Emil. By your owne spotlesse honour.
 240 *Hip.* By that faith,
 That faire hand, and that honest heart you gave me.

- Emil.* By that you would have pittie in another, [III. 6]
By your owne vertues infinite.
- Hip.* By valour, 244
By all the chaste nights I have ever pleas'd you.
- Thef.* These are strange Conjurings. (our dangers,
Per. Nay then Ile in too: By all our friendship Sir, by all
By all you love most, warres; and this sweet Lady. 248
- Emil.* By that you would have trembled to deny
A blushing Maide.
- Hip.* By your owne eyes: By strength
In which you swore I went beyond all women, 252
Almost all men, and yet I yeelded *Thefeus*.
- Per.* To crowne all this; By your most noble soule
Which cannot want due mercie, I beg first.
- Hip.* Next heare my prayers. 256
Emil. Last let me intreate Sir.
- Per.* For mercy.
Hip. Mercy.
- Emil.* Mercy on these Princesse. 260
Thef. Ye make my faith reele: Say I felt
Compassion to'em both, how would you place it?
- Emil.* Vpon their lives: But with their banishments.
Thef. You are a right woman, Sister; you have pittie, 264
But want the vnderstanding where to use it.
If you desire their lives, invent a way
Safer then banishment: Can these two live
And have the agony of love about 'em, 268
And not kill one another? Every day
The'yld fight about you; howrely bring your honour
In publique question with their Swords; Be wise then
And here forget 'em; it concernes your credit, 272
And my oth equally: I have said they die,
Better they fall by'th law, then one another.
Bow not my honor.
- Emil.* O my noble Brother, 276
That oth was rashly made, and in your anger,
Your reason will not hold it, if such vowes
Stand for expresse will, all the world must perish.

- [III. 6] Beside, I have another oth, gainst yours
 Of more authority, I am sure more love,
 Not made in passion neither, but good heede.
Thef. What is it Sister ?
- 284 *Per.* Vrge it home brave Lady.
Emil. That you would nev'r deny me any thing
 Fit for my modest suit, and your free granting :
 I tye you to your word now, if ye fall in't,
- 288 Thinke how you maime your honour ;
 (For now I am set a begging Sir, I am deafe
 To all but your compassion) how, their lives
 Might breed the ruine of my name ; Opinion,
- 292 Shall any thing that loves me perish for me ?
 That were a cruell wisedom, doe men proyne
 The fraight yong Bowes that blush with thousand Blossoms
 Because they may be rotten ? O Duke *Thefeus*
- 296 The goodly Mothers that have ground for these,
 And all the longing Maides that ever lov'd,
 If your vow stand, shall curse me and my Beauty,
 And in their funerall songs, for these two Cofens
- 300 Despise my crueltie, and cry woe worth me,
 Till I am nothing but the sorne of women ;
 For heavens sake save their lives, and banish 'em.
Thef. On what conditions ?
- 304 *Emil.* Swear'em never more
 To make me their Contention, or to know me,
 To tread upon thy Dukedome, and to be
 Where ever they shall travel, ever frangers to one another.
- 308 *Pal.* Ile be cut a peeces
 Before I take this oth, forget I love her ?
 O all ye gods dispise me then : Thy Banishment
 I not mislike, so we may fairely carry
- 312 Our Swords, and cause along : else never trifle,
 But take our lives Duke, I must love and will,
 And for that love, must and dare kill this Cofen
 On any peece the earth has.
- 316 *Thef.* Will you *Arcite*
 Take these conditions ?

Pal. H'es a villaine then. [III. 6]

Per. Theſe are men.

Arcite. No, never Duke : 'Tis worſe to me than bagging 320
To take my life ſo baſely, though I thinke
I never ſhall enjoy her, yet ile preſerve
The honour of affection, and dye for her.
Make death a Devill. 324

Theſ. What may be done ? for now I feele compaſſion.

Per. Let it not fall agen Sir.

Theſ. Say *Emilia*

If one of them were dead, as one muſt, are you 328
Content to take th'other to your husband ?
They cannot both enjoy you ; They are Princes
As goodly as your owne eyes, and as noble
As ever fame yet ſpoke of ; looke upon'em, 332
And if you can love, end this difference,
I give conſent, are you content too Princes ?

Both. With all our ſoules.

Theſ. He that ſhe reſuſes 336
Muſt dye then.

Both. Any death thou canſt invent Duke.

Pal. If I fall from that mouth, I fall with favour,
And Lovers yet unborne ſhall bleſſe my aihes. 340

Arc. If ſhe reſuſe me, yet my grave will wed me,
And Souldiers ſing my Epitaph.

Theſ. Make choice then.

Emil. I cannot Sir, they are both too excellent 344
For me, a hayre ſhall never fall of theſe men.

Hip. What will become of 'em ?

Theſ. Thus I ordaine it, 348
And by mine honor, once againe it ſtands,
Or both ſhall dye. You ſhall both to your Countrey,
And each within this moneth accompanied
With three faire Knights, appeare againe in this place,
In which Ile plant a Pyramid ; and whether 352

Before us that are here, can force his Cofen
By fayre and knightly ſtrength to touch the Pillar,
He ſhall enjoy her : the other looſe his head,

And

[III. 6] And all his friends ; Nor shall he grudge to fall,
Nor thinke he dies with interest in this Lady :
Will this content yee ?

Pal. Yes : here Cofen *Arcite*

360 I am friends againe, till that howre.

Arc. I embrace ye.

Thef. Are you content Sifter ?

Emil, Yes, I must Sir,

364 Els both miscarry.

Thef. Come shake hands againe then,
And take heede, as you are Gentlemen, this Quarrell
Sleepe till the howre prefixt, and hold your course.

368 *Pal.* We dare not faile thee *Thefeus.*

Thef. Come, Ile give ye

Now ufage like to Princes, and to Friends :

When ye returne, who wins, Ile settle heere,

372 Who loofes, yet Ile weepe upon his Beere.

Exeunt.

[IV. 1]

Actus Quartus.

Scæna 1. *Enter Iailor, and his friend.*

Iailor. Heare you no more, was nothing faide of me
Concerning the escape of *Palamon* ?
Good Sir remember.

4 1. *Fr.* Nothing that I heard,

For I came home before the busines
Was fully ended : Yet I might perceive
Ere I departed, a great likelihood

8 Of both their pardons : For *Hipolita*,
And faire-cyd *Emilie*, upon their knees
Begd with such hanfom pittty, that the Duke
Me thought stood staggering, whether he should follow

12 His rash o'th, or the sweet compassion
Of those two Ladies ; and to second them,
That truly noble Prince *Perithous*

Halfe his owne heart, set in too, that I hope
16 All shall be well : Neither heard I one question

- Of your name, or his scape. *Enter 2. Friend.* [IV. 1]
Iay. Pray heaven it hold fo.
 2. *Fr.* Be of good comfort man; I bring you newes,
 Good newes. 20
Iay. They are welcome,
 2. *Fr.* *Palamon* has cleerd you,
 And got your pardon, and discovered (Daughters,
 How, and by whose meanes he escapt, which was your 24
 Whose pardon is procurd too, and the Prifoner
 Not to be held ungratefull to her goodnes,
 Has given a fumme of money to her Marriage,
 A large one ile assure you. 28
Iay. Ye are a good man
 And ever bring good newes.
 1. *Fr.* How was it ended?
 2. *Fr.* Why, as it should be; they that nev'r begd 32
 But they prevaild, had their suites fairely granted,
 The prifoners have their lives.
 1. *Fr.* I knew t'would be fo.
 2. *Fr.* But there be new conditions, which you'l heare of 36
 At better time.
Iay. I hope they are good.
 2. *Fr.* They are honourable,
 How good they'l prove, I know not. 40
- Enter Wooer.*
1. *Fr.* T'will be knowne.
Woo. Alas Sir, wher's your Daughter?
Iay. Why doe you aske?
Woo. O Sir when did you see her? 44
 2. *Fr.* How he lookes?
Iay. This morning. (the sleepe?)
Woo. Was she well? was she in health? Sir, when did
 1. *Fr.* These are strange Questions. 48
Iay, I doe not thinke she was very well, for now
 You make me minde her, but this very day
 I ask'd her questions, and she answered me
 So farre from what she was, so childishly. 52
 So fillily, as if she were a foole,

[IV. 1] An Inocent, and I was very angry.

But what of her Sir ?

(as good by me

56 *Woo.* Nothing but my pittie ; but you muſt know it, and
As by an other that leſſe loves her :

Iay. Well Sir.

1. *Fr.* Not right ?

60 2. *Fr.* Not well ?——*Wooer,* No Sir not well.

Woo. Tis too true, ſhe is mad.

1. *Fr.* It cannot be.

Woo. Beleeve you'l finde it fo.

64 *Iay.* I halfe ſuſpected

What you told me : the gods comfort her :

Either this was her love to *Palamon,*

Or feare of my miſcarrying on his ſcape,

68 Or both.

Woo. Tis likely.

Iay. But why allthis haſte Sir ?

Woo. Ile tell you quickly. As I late was angling

72 In the great Lake that lies behind the Pallace,

From the far ſhore, thicke ſet with reedes, and Sedges,

As patiently I was attending ſport,

I heard a voyce, a ſhrill one, and attentive

76 I gave my eare, when I might well perceive

T'was one that ſung, and by the ſmallneſſe of it

A boy or woman. I then left my angle

To his owne ſkill, came neere, but yet perceivd not

80 Who made the ſound ; the ruſhes, and the Reeds

Had ſo encompaſt it : I laide me downe

And liſtned to the words ſhe ſong, for then

Through a ſmall glade cut by the Fiſher men,

84 I ſaw it was your Daughter.

Iay. Pray goe on Sir ?

Woo. She ſung much, but no fence ; onely I heard her

Repeat this often. *Palamon* is gone,

88 Is gone to'th wood to gather Mulberies,

Ile finde him out to morrow.

1. *Fr.* Pretty ſoule.

Woo. His ſhackles will betray him, hee'l be taken,

And what shall I doe then ? Ile bring a beavy, [IV, 1]
 A hundred blacke eyd Maides, that love as I doe
 With Chaplets on their heads of Daffadillies,
 With cherry-lips, and cheekes of Damaske Rofes,
 And all wee'l daunce an Antique fore the Duke, 96
 And beg his pardon ; Then she talk'd of you Sir ;
 That you must loofe your head to morrow morning,
 And she must gather flowers to bury you,
 And see the house made handsome, then she sung 100
 Nothing but Willow, willow, willow, and betweene
 Ever was, *Palamon*, faire *Palamon*,
 And *Palamon*, was a tall yong man. The place
 Was knee deepe where she sat ; her careles Treffes, 104
 A wreake of bull-rush rounded ; about her stucke
 Thousand fresh water flowers of severall cullors.
 That me thought she appeard like the faire Nimph
 That feedes the lake with waters, or as Iris 108
 Newly dropt downe from heaven ; Rings she made
 Of rushes that grew by, and to 'em spoke
 The prettiest poesies : Thus our true love's tide,
 This you may loofe, not me, and many a one : 112
 And then she wept, and sung againe, and sigh'd,
 And with the same breath finil'd, and kist her hand.
 2. *Fr.* Alas what pitty it is ?
Wooer. I made in to her. 116
 She saw me, and fraight fought the flood, I sav'd her,
 And set her safe to land : when presently
 She flipt away, and to the Citty made,
 With such a cry, and swiftnes, that beleeve me 120
 Shee left me farre behinde her ; three, or foure,
 I saw from farre off croffe her, one of 'em
 I knew to be your brother, where she staid,
 And fell, scarce to be got away : I left them with her. 124
Enter Brother, Daughter, and others.
 And hether came to tell you : Here they are.
Daugh. *May you never more enjoy the light, &c.*
 Is not this a fine Song ?
Bro. O a very fine one. 128

Daugh.

- [IV. 1] *Daugh.* I can sing twenty more.
Bro. I thinke you can,
Daugh Yes truely can I, I can sing the Broome,
132 And Bony Robin. Are not you a tailour?
Bro. Yes,
Daugh. Wher's my wedding Gowne?
Bro. Ile bring it to morrow.
136 *Daugh.* Doe, very rarely, I muft be abroad elfe
To call the Maides, and pay the Minftrels
For I muft loofe my Maydenhead by cocklight
Twill never thrive elfe.
140 *O faire, oh sweete, &c.* *Singes.*
Bro. You muft ev'n take it patiently.
Iay. Tis true,
Daugh. Good 'ev'n, good men, pray did you ever heare
144 Of one yong *Palamon*?
Iay. Yes wench we know him.
Daugh. Is't not a fine yong Gentleman?
Iay. Tis, Love.
148 *Bro.* By no meane croffe her, ſhe is then diftemperd
For worfe then now ſhe ſhowes.
1. *Fr.* Yes, he's a fine man.
Daugh. O, is he ſo? you have a Siſter.
152 1. *Fr.* Yes
Daugh. But ſhe ſhall never have him, tell her ſo,
For a tricke that I know, y'had beſt looke to her,
For if ſhe ſee him once, ſhe's gone, ſhe's done,
156 And undon in an howre. All the young Maydes
Of our Towne are in love with him, but I laugh at 'em
And let 'em all alone, Is't not a wife courſe?
1. *Fr.* Yes. (by him,
160 *Daugh.* There is at leaſt two hundred now with child
There muſt be fowre; yet I keepe cloſe for all this,
Cloſe as a Cockle; and all theſe muſt be Boyes,
He has the tricke on't, and at ten yeares old
164 They muſt be all gelt for Muſtians,
And ſing the wars of *Theſeus*.
2. *Fr.* This is ſtrange.

- Daugh.* As ever you heard, but say nothing. [IV. 1]
 1. *Fr.* No. (him, 168
- Daugh.* They come from all parts of the Dukedome to
 Ile warrant ye, he had not so few laft night
 As twenty to difpatch, hee'l tickl't up
 In two howres, if his hand be in. 172
- Iay.* She's loft
 Paft all cure.
- Bro.* Heaven forbid man.
- Daugh.* Come hither, you are a wife man. 176
1. *Fr.* Do's fhe know him ?
 1. *Fr.* No, would fhe did.
- Daugh.* You are mafter of a Ship ?
Iay. Yes. 180
- Daugh.* Wher's your Compaffe ?
Iay. Heere.
Daugh. Set it too'th North.
- And now direct your courfe to'th wood, wher *Palamon* 184
 Lyes longing for me ; For the Tackling
 Let me alone ; Come waygh my hearts, cheerely.
- All.* Owgh, owgh, owgh, tis up, the wind's faire, top the
 Bowling, out with the maine faile, wher's your 188
 Whiffle Mafter ?
- Bro.* Lets get her in.
Iay. Vp to the top Boy.
Bro. Wher's the Pilot ? 192
1. *Fr.* Heere,
Daugh. What ken'ft thou ?
 2. *Fr.* A faire wood.
- Daugh.* Beare for it mafter : take about : *Singes.* 196
When Cinthia with her borrowed light, &c. *Exeunt.*
- Scæna 2. *Enter Emilia alone, with 2. Pictures.* [IV. 2]
- Emilia.* Yet I may binde thofe wounds up, that muft
 And bleed to death for my fake elfe ; Ile choofe, (open
 And end their strife : Two fuch yong hanfom men
 Shall never fall for me, their weeping Mothers, 4
 Following the dead cold afhes of their Sonnes
 Shall never curfe my cruelty : Good heaven,
 What

- [IV. 2] What a sweet face has *Arcite*? if wife nature
 8 With all her best endowments, all those beauties
 She fowes into the birthes of noble bodies,
 Were here a mortall woman, and had in her
 The coy denialls of yong Maydes, yet doubtles,
 12 She would run mad for this man : what an eye ?
 Of what a fyry sparkle, and quick sweetnes,
 Has this yong Prince ? Here Love himselfe fits smyling,
 Iust such another wanton *Ganimead*,
 16 Set Love a fire with, and enforced the god
 Snatch up the goodly Boy, and set him by him
 A shining constellation : What a brow,
 Of what a spacious Majesty he carries ?
 20 Arch'd like the great eyd *Iuno*'s, but far sweeter,
 Smoother then *Pelops* Shoulder ? Fame and honour
 Me thinks from hence, as from a Promontory
 Pointed in heaven, should clap their wings, and sing
 24 To all the under world, the Loves, and Fights
 Of gods, and such men neere 'em. *Palamon*,
 Is but his foyle, to him, a meere dull shadow,
 Hee's swarth, and meagre, of an eye as heavy
 28 As if he had lost his mother ; a still temper,
 No stirring in him, no alacrity,
 Of all this sprightly sharpenes, not a smile ;
 Yet these that we count errours may become him :
 32 *Narcissus* was a fad Boy, but a heavenly :
 Oh who can finde the bent of womans fancy ?
 I am a Foole, my reason is lost in me,
 I have no choice, and I have ly'd so lewdly
 36 That women ought to beate me. On my knees
 I aske thy pardon : *Palamon*, thou art alone,
 And only beautifull, and these the eyes,
 These the bright lamps of beauty, that command
 40 And threaten Love, and what yong Mayd dare crosse 'em
 What a bold gravity, and yet inviting
 Has this browne manly face ? O Love, this only
 From this howre is Complexion : Lye there *Arcite*,
 44 Thou art a changling to him, a meere Gipsy.

And

And this the noble Bodie : I am fotted, [IV. 2]
 Vtterly lost : My Virgins faith has fled me.
 For if my brother but even now had ask'd me
 Whether I lov'd, I had run mad for *Arcite*, 48
 Now if my Sifter ; More for *Palamon*,
 Stand both together : Now, come aske me Brother,
 Alas, I know not : aske me now sweet Sifter,
 I may goe looke ; What a meere child is *Fancie*, 52
 That having two faire gawdes of equall sweetnesse,
 Cannot distinguish, but must crie for both.

Enter Emil. and Gent.

Emil. How now Sir ?

Gent. From the Noble Duke your Brother 56

Madam, I bring you newes : The Knights are come.

Emil. To end the quarrell ?

Gent. Yes.

Emil. Would I might end first : 60

What finnes have I committed, chast *Diana*,

That my unspotted youth must now be soyld

With blood of *Princes* ? and my Chastitie

Be made the Altar, where the lives of Lovers, 64

Two greater, and two better never yet

Made mothers joy, must be the sacrifice

To my unhappy Beautie ?

Enter Thejeus, Hipolita, Perithous and attendants.

Thejeus. Bring 'em in quickly, 68

By any meanes, I long to see'em.

Your two contending Lovers are return'd,

And with them their faire Knights : Now my faire Sifter,

You must love one of them. 72

Emil. I had rather both,

So neither for my sake should fall untimely

Enter Messengers. — Curtis.

Thef. Who saw'em ?

Per. I a while.

Gent. And I. 76

Thef. From whence come you Sir ?

Mess. From the Knights.

Thef.

[IV. 2] *Thef.* Pray speake

You that have seene them, what they are.

Meff. I will Sir,

And truly what I thinke : Six braver spirits

84 Then these they have brought, (if we judge by the outside)

I never saw, nor read of : He that stands

In the fittest place with *Arcite*, by his seeming

Should be a stout man, by his face a Prince,

88 (His very lookes so say him) his complexion,

Nearer a browne, than blacke ; sterne, and yet noble,

Which shewes him hardy, fearelesse, proud of dangers :

The circles of his eyes show faire within him,

92 And as a heated Lyon, so he lookes ;

His haire hangs long behind him, blacke and shining

Like Ravens wings : his shoulders broad, and strong,

Armd long and round, and on his Thigh a Sword

96 Hung by a curious Bauldricke ; when he frownes

To feale his will with, better o' my conscience

Was never Souldiers friend.

Thef. Thou ha'ft well describde him,

100 *Per.* Yet a great deale short

Me thinkes, of him that's first with *Palamon*.

Thef. Pray speake him friend.

Per. I ghesse he is a Prince too,

104 And if it may be, greater ; for his show

Has all the ornament of honour in't :

Hee's somewhat bigger, then the Knight he spoke of,

But of a face far sweeter ; His complexion

108 Is (as a ripe grape) ruddy : he has felt

Without doubt what he fights for, and so apter

To make this cause his owne : In's face appears

All the faire hopes of what he undertakes,

112 And when he's angry, then a settled valour

(Not tainted with extreames) runs through his body,

And guides his arme to brave things : Feare he cannot,

He shewes no such soft temper, his head's yellow,

116 Hard hayr'd, and curld, thicke twind like Ivy tops,

Not to undoe with thunder ; In his face

K

The

The liverie of the warlike Maide appeares, [IV. 2]
 Pure red, and white, for yet no beard has blest him.
 And in his rowling eyes, fits victory, 120
 As if she ever ment to corect his valour :
 His Nose stands high, a Character of honour.
 His red lips, after fights, are fit for Ladies.
Emil. Must these men die too? 124
Per. When he speakes, his tongue
 Sounds like a Trumpet ; All his lyneaments
 Are as a man would wish 'em, strong, and cleane,
 He weares a well-steel'd Axe, the staffe of gold, 128
 His age some five and twenty.
Meff. Ther's another,
 A little man, but of a tough soule, seeming
 As great as any : fairer promifes 132
 In such a Body, yet I never look'd on.
Per. O, he that's freckle fac'd ?
Meff. The same my Lord,
 Are they not sweet ones? 136
Per. Yes they are well.
Meff. Me thinkes,
 Being so few, and well dispos'd, they show
 Great, and fine art in nature, he's white hair'd, 140
 Not wanton white, but such a manly colour
 Next to an aborne, tough, and nimble fet,
 Which showes an active soule ; his armes are brawny
 Linde with strong finewes : To the shoulder peece, 144
 Gently they swell, like women new conceav'd,
 Which speakes him prone to labour, never fainting
 Under the waight of Armes ; stout harted, still,
 But when he stirs, a Tiger ; he's gray eyd, 148
 Which yeelds compassion where he conquers : sharpe
 To spy advantages, and where he finds 'em,
 He's swift to make 'em his : He do's no wrongs,
 Nor takes none ; he's round fac'd, and when he smiles 152
 He showes a Lover, when he frownes, a Souldier :
 About his head he weares the winners oke,
 And in it stucke the favour of his Lady :

His

- [IV. 2] His age, some fix and thirtie. In his hand
 He beares a charging Staffe, embost with silver.
Thef. Are they all thus?
Per. They are all the fonnnes of honour.
- 160 *Thef.* Now as I have a foule I long to see'em.
 Lady you shall see men fight now.
Hip. I wish it,
 But not the cause my Lord; They would show
 164 Bravelly about the Titles of two Kingdomes;
 Tis pittie Love should be so tyrannous:
 O my soft harted Sister, what thinke you?
 Weepe not, till they weepe blood; Wench it must be.
- 168 *Thef.* You have steel'd'em with your Beautie: honord
 To you I give the Feild; pray order it, (Friend,
 Fitting the persons that must use it.
Per. Yes Sir.
- 172 *Thef.* Come, Ile goe visit 'em: I cannot stay,
 Their fame has fir'd me so; Till they appeare,
 Good Friend be royall.
Per. There shall want no bravery.
- 176 *Emilia.* Poore wench goe weepe, for whosoever wins,
 Looses a noble Cofen, for thy fins. *Exeunt.*
- [IV. 3] Scæna 3. *Enter Iailor, Wooer, Doctor.*
Doct. Her distraction is more at some time of the Moone,
 Then at other some, is it not?
Iay. She is continually in a harmeless distemper, sleeps
 4 Little, altogether without appetite, save often drinking,
 Dreaming of another world, and a better; and what
 Broken peece of matter so'ere she's about, the name
Palamon lardes it, that she farces ev'ry bufines
Enter Daughter.
- 8 Withall, fyts it to every question; Looke where
 Shee comes, you shall perceive her behaviour.
Daugh. I have forgot it quite; The burden o'nt, was *downe*
A downe a, and pend by no worse man, then
- 12 *Giraldo, Emilias* Schoolemaster; he's as
 Fantastick too, as ever he may goe upon's legs,
 For in the next world will *Dido* see *Palamon*, and

Then will she be out of love with *Eneas*. [IV. 3]

Doct. What stuff's here? pore soule. 16

Ioy. Ev'n thus all day long.

Daugh. Now for this Charme, that I told you of, you must
Bring a peece of silver on the tip of your tongue,
Or no ferry: then if it be your chance to come where 20
The blessed spirits, as the's a fight now; we maids
That have our Lyvers, perish'd, crakt to peeces with
Love, we shall come there, and doe nothing all day long
But picke flowers with Proserpine, then will I make 24
Palamon a Nofegay, then let him marke me,—then.

Doct. How prettily she's amisse? note her a little further.

Dau. Faith ile tell you, sometime we goe to Barly breake,
We of the blessed; alas, tis a fore life they have i'th 28
Thother place, such burning, frying, boyling, hissing,
Howling, chattring, cursing, oh they have shrowd
Measure, take heede; if one be mad, or hang or
Drowne themselves, thither they goe, *Iupiter* blesse 32

Vs, and there shall we be put in a Caldron of
Lead, and Vfurers greafe, amongst a whole million of
Cutpurfes, and there boyle like a Gamon of Bacon
That will never be enough. *Exit.* 36

Doct. How her braine coynes?

Daugh. Lords and Courtiers, that have got maids with
Child, they are in this place, they shall stand in fire up to the
Nav'le, and in yce up to'th hart, and there th'offending part 40
burnes, and the deceaving part freezes; in troth a very gree-
vous punishment, as one would thinke, for such a Trifle, be-
leve me one would marry a leaprous witch, to be rid on't
Ile assure you. 44

Doct. How she continues this fancie? Tis not an engrafted
Madnesse, but a most thicke, and profound mellencholly.

Daugh. To heare there a proud Lady, and a proud City
wiffe, howle together: I were a beast and il'd call it good 48
sport: one cries, o this smoake, another this fire; One cries, o,
that ever I did it behind the arras. and then howles; th'other
curfes a suing fellow and her garden house.

Sings, *I will be true, my stars, my fate, &c.* *Exit. Daugh.* 52
Iaylor.

- [IV. 3] *Iay.* What thinke you of her Sir? (minifter to.
Doct. I thinke ſhe has a perturbed minde, which I cannot
Iay. Alas, what then ?
- 56 *Doct.* Vnderſtand you, ſhe ever affected any man, ere
 She beheld *Palamon* ?
Iay. I was once Sir, in great hope, ſhe had fixd her
 Liking on this gentleman my friend. (great
- 60 *Woo.* I did thinke ſo too, and would account I had a
 Pen-worth on't, to give halfe my ſtate, that both
 She and I at this preſent ſtood unfaindly on the
 Same tearmes. (the
- 64 *Do.* That intemperat ſurfeit of her eye, hath diſtemperd
 Other ſences, they may returne and ſettle againe to
 Execute their preordaind faculties, but they are
 Now in a moſt extravagant vagary. This you
 68 Muſt doe, Confine her to a place, where the light
 May rather ſeeme to ſteale in, then be permitted; take
 Vpon you (yong Sir her friend) the name of
Palamon, ſay you come to eate with her, and to
 72 Commune of Love; this will catch her attention, for
 This her minde beates upon; other objects that are
 Inferted tweene her minde and eye, become the pranks
 And friſkins of her madnes; Sing to her, ſuch Greene
 76 Songs of Love, as ſhe ſayes *Palamon* hath ſung in
 Priſon; Come to her, ſtucke in as ſweet flowers, as the
 Seaſon is miſtres of, and thereto make an addition of
 Som other compounded odours, which are grateful to the
 80 Sence: all this ſhall become *Palamon*, for *Palamon* can
 Sing, and *Palamon* is ſweet, and ev'ry good thing, deſire
 To eate with her, crave her, drinke to her, and ſtill
 Among, intermingle your petition of grace and acceptance
 84 Into her favour: Learne what Maides have bene her
 Companions, and play-pheeres, and let them repaire to
 Her with *Palamon* in their mouthes, and appeare with
 Tokens, as if they ſuggeſted for him, It is a falſehood
 88 She is in, which is with falſehoods to be combated.
 This may bring her to eate, to ſleepe, and reduce what's
 Now out of ſquare in her, into their former law, and

Regiment ; I have seene it approved, how many times [IV. 3]
 I know not, but to make the number more, I have 92
 Great hope in this. I will betweene the passages of
 This project, come in with my aplyance : Let us
 Put it in execution ; and hasten the successe, which doubt not
 Will bring forth comfort. *Florish. Exeunt.* 96

Actus Quintus. [V. 1]

Scæna 1. *Enter Thefeus, Perithous, Hipolita, attendants.*

Thef. Now let'em enter, and before the gods
 Tender their holy prayers : Let the Temples
 Burne bright with sacred fires, and the Altars
 In hallowed clouds commend their swelling Incense 4
 To those above us : Let no due be wanting,

Florish of Cornets.

They have a noble worke in hand, will honour
 The very powers that love 'em.

Enter Palamon and Arcite, and their Knights.

Per. Sir they enter. 8

Thef. You valiant and strong harted Enemies
 You royall German foes, that this day come
 To blow that neareness out that flames betweene ye ;
 Lay by your anger for an houre, and dove-like 12
 Before the holy Altars of your helpers
 (The all feard gods) bow downe your stubborne bodies,
 Your ire is more than mortall ; So your helpe be,
 And as the gods regard ye, fight with Iustice, 16
 I le leave you to your prayers, and betwixt ye
 I part my wifhes.

Per. Honour crowne the worthieft.

Exit Thefeus, and his traine.

Pal. The glasse is running now that cannot finish 20
 Till one of us expire : Thinke you but thus,
 That were there ought in me which strove to shew
 Mine enemy in this businesse, wer't one eye
 Against another : Arme opprest by Arme : 24

[V. 1] I would destroy th'offender, Coz, I would
Though parcell of my felfe : Then from this gather
How I should tender you.

28 *Arc.* I am in labour

To push your name, your aunient love, our kindred
Out of my memory ; and i'th felfe same place
To feate something I would confound : So hoyft we

32 The sayles, that must these vessells port even where
The heavenly Lymiter pleases.

Pal. You speake well ;

Before I turne, Let me embrace thee Cosen

36 This I shall never doe agen.

Arc. One farewell.

Pal. Why let it be so : Farewell Coz.

Exeunt Palamon and his Knights.

Arc. Farewell Sir ;

40 Knights, Kinsmen, Lovers, yea my Sacrifices
True worshippers of Mars, whose spirit in you
Expells the feedes of feare, and th'apprehension
Which still is farther off it, Goe with me

44 Before the god of our profession : There
Require of him the hearts of Lyons, and
The breath of Tigers, yea the fearcenesse too,
Yea the speed also, to goe on, I meane :

48 Else wish we to be Snayles ; you know my prize
Must be drag'd out of blood, force and great feate
Must put my Garland on, where she sticke
The Queene of Flowers : our intercession then

52 Must be to him that makes the Campe, a Cestron
Brymd with the blood of men : give me your aide
And bend your spirits towards him. *They kneele.*
Thou mighty one, that with thy power hast turnd

56 Greene Neptune into purple.

Comets prewarne, whose havocke in vaste Feild
Vnearthed skulls proclaime, whose breath blowes downe,
The teeming Ceres foyzon, who dost plucke

60 With hand armenypotent from forth blew cloudes,
The masond Turrets, that both mak'ft, and break'ft

The

The stony girthes of Citties : me thy puple, [V. 1]
 Yongest follower of thy Drom, instruct this day
 With military skill, that to thy lawde 64
 I may advance my Streamer, and by thee,
 Be fill'd the Lord o'th day, give me great Mars
 Some token of thy pleasure.
*Here they fall on their faces as formerly, and there is heard
 clanging of Armor, with a short Thunder as the burst of
 a Battaile, whereupon they all rise and bow to the Altar.*
 O Great Corrector of enormous times, 68
 Shaker of ore-rank States, thou grand decider
 Of dustie, and old tytles, that healt with blood
 The earth when it is ficke, and curst the world
 O'th pluresie of people ; I doe take 72
 Thy signes auspiciouly, and in thy name
 To my designe ; march boldly, let us goe. *Exeunt.*
*Enter Palamon and his Knights, with the former obser-
 vance.*
Pal. Our stars must glister with new fire, or be
 To daie extinct ; our argument is love, 76
 Which if the goddesse of it grant, she gives
 Victory too, then blend your spirits with mine,
 You, whose free nobleness doe make my cause
 Your personall hazard ; to the goddesse *Venus* 80
 Commend we our proceeding, and implore
 Her power unto our partie. *Here they kneele as formerly.*
 Haile Sovereigne Queene of secrets, who hast power
 To call the feircest Tyrant from his rage ; 84
 And weepe unto a Girle ; that ha'ft the might
 Even with an ey-glance, to choke *Mars's* Drom
 And turne th'allarme to whispers, that canst make
 A Cripple flourish with his Crutch, and cure him 88
 Before *Apollo* ; that may'ft force the King
 To be his subjects vassaille, and induce
 Stale gravitie to daunce, the pould Bachelour
 Whose youth like wanton Boyes through Bonfyres 92
 Have skip't thy flame, at feaventy, thou canst catch
 And make him to the scorne of his hoarse throate

- [V. 1] Abuse yong laies of love ; what godlike power
96 Haft thou not power upon ? To *Phæbus* thou
Add'ft flames, hotter then his the heavenly fyres
Did scortch his mortall Son, thine him ; the huntresse
All moyft and cold, fome fay began to throw
100 Her Bow away, and figh : take to thy grace
Me thy vovd Souldier, who doe beare thy yoke
As t'wer a wreath of Rofes, yet is heavier
Then Lead it felfe, ftings more than Nettles ;
104 I have never beene foule mouthd againft thy law,
Nev'r reveald fecret, for I knew none ; would not
Had I kend all that were ; I never practifed
Vpon mans wife, nor would the Libells reade
108 Of liberall wits : I never at great feaftes
Sought to betray a Beautie, but have blufh'd
At fimpring Sirs that did : I have beene harfh
To large Confeflors, and have hotly ask'd them
112 If they had Mothers, I had one, a woman,
And women t'wer they wrong'd. I knew a man
Of eightie winters, this I told them, who
A Laffe of foureteene brided;twas thy power
116 To put life into duft, the aged Crampe
Had fcrow'd his fquare foote round,
The Gout had knit his fingers into knots,
Torturing Convulfions from his globie eyes,
120 Had almoft drawne their fpheeres, that what was life
In him feem'd torture : this Anatomie
Had by his yong faire pheare a Boy, and I
Beleev'd it was his, for ſhe fwore it was,
124 And who would not beleeeve her ? briefe I am
To thofe that prate and have done ; no Companion
To thofe that boaft and have not ; a defyer
To thofe that would and cannot ; a Rejoycer,
128 Yea him I doe not love, that tells clofe offices
The fowleft way, nor names concealements in
The boldeft language, fuch a one I am,
And vow that lover never yet made figh
132 Truer then I. O then moft foft sweet goddeffe

Give me the victory of this question, which [V. 1]
Is true loves merit, and bleſſe me with a ſigne
Of thy great pleaſure.

*Here Muſicke is heard, Doves are ſeene to flutter, they
fall againe upon their faces, then on their knees.*

Pal. O thou that from eleven, to ninetie raig'n'ſt 136

In mortall boſomes, whoſe chaſe is this world
And we in heards thy game; I give thee thankes

For this faire Token, which being layd unto

Mine innocent true heart, armes in aſſurance *They bow.* 140

My body to this buſineſſe: Let us riſe

And bow before the goddeſſe: Time comes on: *Exeunt.*

Still Muſicke of Records.

*Enter Emilia in white, her haire about her ſhoulders, a whea-
ten wreath: One in white holding up her traine, her haire
ſtucke with flowers: One before her carrying a ſilver
Hynde, in whic his conveyd Incenſe and ſweet odours,
which being ſet upon the Altar her maides ſtanding a
loofe, ſhe ſets fire to it, then they curtfey and kneele.*

Emilia. O ſacred, ſhadowie, cold and conſtant Queene,
Abandoner of Revells, mute conteſplative, 144

Sweet, ſolitary, white as chaſte, and pure

As windefand Snow, who to thy femall knights

Alow'ſt no more blood than will make a bluſh,
Which is their orders robe. I heere thy Prieſt 148

Am humbled fore thine Altar, O vouchſafe

With that thy rare greene eye, which never yet

Beheld thing maculate, looke on thy virgin,

And ſacred ſilver Miſtris, lend thine eare 152

(Which nev'r heard ſcurrill terme, into whoſe port

Ne're entred wanton found,) to my petition

Seaſond with holy feare; This is my laſt

Of veſtall office, I am bride habited, 156

But mayden harted, a husband I have pointed,

But doe not know him, out of two, I ſhould

Chooſe one, and pray for his ſuccceſſe, but I

Am guiltleſſe of election of mine eyes, 160

Were I to looſe one, they are equall precious,

- [V. 1] I could doombe neither, that which perish'd should
 Goe too't unsentenc'd : Therefore most modest Queene,
 164 He of the two Pretenders, that best loves me
 And has the truest title in't, Let him
 Take off my wheaten Gerland, or else grant
 The fyle and qualitie I hold, I may
 168 Continue in thy Band.

*Here the Hynde vanishes under the Altar: and in the
 place ascends a Rose Tree, having one Rose upon it.*

- See what our Generall of Ebbs and Flowes
 Out from the bowells of her holy Altar
 With sacred act advances : But one Rose,
 172 If well inspir'd, this Battaile shal confound
 Both these brave Knights, and I a virgin flowre
 Must grow alone unpluck'd.

*Here is heard a sodaine twang of Instruments, and the
 Rose falls from the Tree.*

- The flowre is false, the Tree descends : O Mistris
 176 Thou here dischargest me, I shall be gather'd,
 I thinke so, but I know not thine owne will ;
 Vnclafpe thy Miferie : I hope she's pleas'd,
 Her Signes were gracious.

They curtsy and Exeunt.

- [V. 2] Scæna 2. Enter Doctor, Iaylor and Wooer, in habite of
 Palamon.

Doct. Has this advice I told you, done any good upon her ?

- Wooer.* O very much ; The maids that hept her company
 Have halfe perswaded her that I am *Palamon* ; within this
 4 Halfe houre she came smiling to me, and asked me what I
 Would eate, and when I would kisse her : I told her
 Presently, and kist her twice.

- Doct.* Twas well done ; twentie times had bin far better,
 8 For there the cure lies mainely

Wooer. Then she told me
 She would watch with me to night, for well she knew
 What houre my fit would take me.

- 12 *Doct.* Let her doe so,
 And when your fit comes, fit her home,

And presently.	[V. 2]
<i>Woer.</i> She would have me fing.	
<i>Doct.</i> You did so ?	16
<i>Woer.</i> No.	
<i>Doct.</i> Twas very ill done then,	
You should observe her ev'ry way.	
<i>Woer.</i> Alas	20
I have no voice Sir, to confirme her that way.	
<i>Doct.</i> That's all one, if yee make a noyfe,	
If she intreate againe, doe any thing,	
Lye with her if she aske you.	24
<i>Iaylor.</i> Hoa there <i>Doct.</i>	
<i>Doct.</i> Yes in the waie of cure.	
<i>Iaylor</i> But first by your leave	
I'th way of honestie.	28
<i>Doct.</i> That's but a niceness,	
Nev'r cast your child away for honestie ;	
Cure her first this way, then if shee will be honest,	
She has the path before her.	32
<i>Iaylor.</i> Thanke yee <i>Doct.</i>	
<i>Doct.</i> Pray bring her in	
And let's see how shee is.	
<i>Iaylor.</i> I will, and tell her	36
Her <i>Palamon</i> staies for her : But <i>Doct.</i> ,	
Me thinks you are i'th wrong still.	<i>Exit Iaylor.</i>
<i>Doct.</i> Goe, goe : you Fathers are fine Fooles : her honesty ?	
And we should give her phyficke till we finde that :	40
<i>Woer.</i> Why, doe you thinke she is not honest Sir ?	
<i>Doct.</i> How old is she ?	
<i>Woer.</i> She's eighteene.	
<i>Doct.</i> She may be,	44
But that's all one, tis nothing to our purpose,	
What ere her Father saies, if you perceave	
Her moode inclining that way that I spoke of	
Videlicet, the <i>way of flesh</i> , you have me.	48
<i>Woer.</i> Yet very well Sir.	
<i>Doct.</i> Please her appetite	
And doe it home, it cures her <i>ipso facto</i> ,	

[V. 2] The mellencholly humour that infects her.

Wooer. I am of your minde *Doctor.*

Enter Iaylor, Daughter, Maide.

Docter. You'l finde it fo; she comes, pray honour her.

Iaylor. Come, your Love *Palamon* staies for you childe,

56 And has done this long houre, to visfite you.

Daughter. I thanke him for his gentle patience,

He's a kind Gentleman, and I am much bound to him,

Did you nev'r see the horfe he gave me?

60 *Iaylor.* Yes.

Daugh. How doe you like him?

Iaylor. He's a very faire one.

Daugh. You never saw him dance?

64 *Iaylor.* No.

Daugh. I have often.

He daunces very finely, very comely,

And for a Iigge, come cut and long taile to him,

68 He turnes ye like a Top.

Iaylor. That's fine indeede.

Daugh. Hee'l dance the Morris twenty mile an houre,

And that will founder the best hobby-horfe

72 (If I have any skill) in all the parish,

And gallops to the turne of *Light a'love*,

What thinke you of this horfe?

Iaylor. Having these vertues

76 I thinke he might be broght to play at Tennis.

Daugh. Alas that's nothing.

Iaylor. Can he write and reade too.

Daugh. A very faire hand, and casts himselfe th'accounts

80 Of all his hay and provender: That Hoftler

Must rise betime that cozens him; you know

The Chestnut Mare the Duke has?

Iaylor. Very well.

84 *Daugh.* She is horribly in love with him, poore beast,

But he is like his master coy and scornefull.

Iaylor. What dowry has she?

Daugh. Some two hundred Bottles,

88 And twenty strike of Oates; but hee'l ne're have her;

He

He lifpes in's neighing able to entice	[V. 2]
A Millars Mare,	
Hee'l be the death of her.	
<i>Doctor.</i> What stuffe she utters ?	92
<i>Taylor.</i> Make curtisie, here your love comes.	
<i>Wooer.</i> Pretty foule	
How doe ye ? that's a fine maide, ther's a curtisie.	
<i>Daugh.</i> Yours to command ith way of honestie ;	96
How far is't now to'th end o'th world my Masters ?	
<i>Doctor.</i> Why a daies Iorney wench.	
<i>Daugh.</i> Will you goe with me ?	
<i>Wooer.</i> What shall we doe there wench ?	100
<i>Daugh.</i> Why play at foole ball,	
What is there else to doe ?	
<i>Wooer.</i> I am content	
If we shall keepe our wedding there :	104
<i>Daugh.</i> Tis true	
For there I will assure you, we shall finde	
Some blind Priest for the purpose, that will venture	
To marry us, for here they are nice, and foolish ;	108
Besides my father must be hang'd to morrow	
And that would be a blot i'th bufinesse	
Are not you <i>Palamon</i> ?	
<i>Wooer.</i> Doe not you know me ?	112
<i>Daugh.</i> Yes, but you care not for me ; I have nothing	
But this pore petticoate, and too corse Smockes.	
<i>Wooer.</i> That's all one, I will have you.	
<i>Daugh.</i> Will you surely ?	116
<i>Wooer.</i> Yes by this faire hand will I.	
<i>Daugh.</i> Wee'l to bed then.	
<i>Wooer.</i> Ev'n when you will.	
<i>Daugh.</i> O Sir, you would faine be nibling.	120
<i>Wooer.</i> Why doe you rub my kisse off ?	
<i>Daugh.</i> Tis a sweet one,	
And will perfume me finely against the wedding.	
Is not this your Cofen <i>Arcite</i> ?	124
<i>Doctor.</i> Yes sweet heart,	
And I am glad my Cofen <i>Palamon</i>	

[V. 2] Has made so faire a choice.

128 *Daugh.* Doe you thinke hee'l have me ?

Doct̄or. Yes without doubt.

Daugh. Doe you thinke so too ?

Iaylor. Yes.

(growne,

132 *Daugh.* We shall have many children : Lord, how y'ar

My *Palamon* I hope will grow too finely

Now he's at liberty : Alas poore Chicken

He was kept downe with hard meate, and ill lodging

136 But ile kisse him up againe.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. What doe you here, you'l loofe the noblest fight
That ev'r was seene.

Iaylor. Are they i'th Field ?

140 *Mess.* They are

You beare a charge there too.

Iaylor. Ile away straight

I must ev'n leave you here.

144 *Doct̄or.* Nay wee'l goe with you,

I will not loofe the Fight.

Iaylor. How did you like her ?

Doct̄or. Ile warrant you within these 3. or 4. daies

148 Ile make her right againe. You must not from her

But still preserve her in this way.

Woer. I will.

Doc. Lets get her in.

152 *Woer.* Come sweete wee'l goe to dinner

And then wee'll play at Cardes.

Daugh. And shall we kisse too ?

Woer. A hundred times

156 *Daugh.* And twenty.

Woer. I and twenty.

Daugh. And then wee'l sleepe together.

Doc. Take her offer.

160 *Woer.* Yes marry will we.

Daugh. But you shall not hurt me.

Woer. I will not sweete.

Daugh. If you doe (Love) ile cry.

Florish Exeunt.

Scæna.

Sæna 3. *Enter Theseus, Hipolita, Emilia, Perithous: and* [V. 3]
some Attendants, T. Tucke: Curtis.

Emil. Ile no step further.

Per. Will you loofe this fight ?

Emil. I had rather see a wren hawke at a fly
Then this decifion ev'ry ; blow that falls 4
Threats a brave life, each stroake laments
The place whereon it fals, and sounds more like
A Bell, then blade : I will stay here,
It is enough my hearing shall be punishd, 8
With what shall happen, gainst the which there is
No deaffing, but to heare ; not taint mine eye
With dread fights, it may thun.

Pir. Sir, my good Lord 12
Your Sifter will no further.

Thef. Oh she must.
She shall see deeds of honour in their kinde,
Which sometime show well pencild. Nature now 16
Shall make, and act the Story, the beleife
Both seald with eye, and eare ; you must be present,
You are the victours meede, the price, and garlond
To crowne the Questions title. 20

Emil. Pardon me,
If I were there, I'd winke

Thef. You must be there ;
This Tryall is as t'wer i'th night, and you 24
The onely star to shine.

Emil. I am extinct,
There is but envy in that light, which showes
The one the other : darkenes which ever was 28
The dam of horrour, who do's stand accurst
Of many mortall Millions, may even now
By casting her blacke mantle over both
That neither could finde other, get her selfe 32
Some part of a good name, and many a murther
Set off wherto she's guilty.

Hip. You must goe.

Emil. In faith I will not. 36

Thef.

[V 3] *Thef.* Why the knights must kindle
 Their valour at your eye : know of this war
 You are the Treasure, and must needs be by
 40 To give the Service pay.

Emil, Sir pardon me,
 The tittle of a kingdome may be tride
 Out of it selfe.

44 *Thef.* Well, well then, at your pleasure,
 Those that remaine with you, could wish their office
 To any of their Enemies.

Hip. Farewell Sifter,
 48 I am like to know your husband fore your selfe
 By some small start of time, he whom the gods
 Doe of the two know best, I pray them he
 Be made your Lot.

Exeunt Theseus, Hipolita, Perithous, &c.

52 *Emil.* *Arcite* is gently visage ; yet his eye
 Is like an Engyn bent, or a sharpe weapon
 In a soft sheath ; mercy, and manly courag^s
 Are bedfellowes in his visage : *Palamon*
 56 Has a most menacing aspect, his brow
 Is grav'd, and seemes to bury what it frownes on,
 Yet sometime tis not so, but alters to
 The quality of his thoughts ; long time his eye
 60 Will dwell upon his object. Mellencholly
 Becomes him nobly ; So do's *Arcites* mirth,
 But *Palamons* sadnes is a kinde of mirth,
 So mingled, as if mirth did make him sad,
 64 And sadnes, merry ; those darker humours that
 Sticke misbecomingly on others, on them
 Live in faire dwelling.

Cornets. Trompets sound as to a charge.

Harke how yon spurs to spirit doe incite
 68 The Princes to their prooffe, *Arcite* may win me,
 And yet may *Palamon* wound *Arcite* to
 The spoyling of his figure. O what pittie
 Enough for such a chance ; if I were by
 72 I might doe hurt, for they would glance their eies

M

Toward

Toward my Seat, and in that motion might [V. 3]
 Omit a ward, or forfeit an offence
 Which crav'd that very time : it is much better
 (*Cornets. a great cry and noice within crying a Palamon.*)
 I am not there, oh better never borne 76
 Then minister to such harme, what is the chance ?

Enter Servant.

Ser. The Crie's a *Palamon.*

Emil. Then he has won : Twas ever likely,
 He lookd all grace and successe, and he is 80
 Doubtlesse the prim'ft of men : I pre'thee run
 And tell me how it goes.

Showt, and Cornets : Crying a Palamon.

Ser. Still *Palamon.*

Emil. Run and enquire, poore Servant thou haft lost, 84
 Vpon my right side still I wore thy picture,
Palamons on the leff, why so, I know not,
 I had no end in't ; else chance would have it so.

Another cry, and showt within, and Cornets.

On the sinister side, the heart lyes ; *Palamon* 88
 Had the best boding chance : This burst of clamour
 Is sure th'end o'th Combat. *Enter Servant.*

Ser. They saide that *Palamon* had *Arcites* body
 Within an inch o'th Pyramid, that the cry 92
 Was generall a *Palamon* : But anon,
 Th'Assistants made a brave redemption, and
 The two bold Tytlers, at this instant are
 Hand to hand at it. 96

Emil. Were they metamorphisd
 Both into one ; oh why ? there were no woman
 Worth so compofd a Man : their single share,
 Their noblenes peculier to them, gives 100
 The prejudice of disparity values shortnes

Cornets. Cry within, Arcite, Arcite.

To any Lady breathing——More exulting ?
Palamon still ?

Ser. Nay, now the sound is *Arcite.* 104

Emil. I pre'thee lay attention to the Cry.

Cornets,

[V. 3] *Cornets. a great shout and cry, Arcite, victory.*

Set both thine eares to'th bufines.

Ser. The cry is

108 *Arcite*, and victory, harke *Arcite*, victory,
The Combats confummation is proclaim'd
By the wind Instruments.

Emil. Halfe fights saw

112 That *Arcite* was no babe ; god's lyd, his richnes
And coflines of spirit look't through him, it could
No more be hid in him, then fire in flax,
Then humble banckes can goe to law with waters,

116 That drift windes, force to raging : I did thinke
Good *Palamon* would miscarry, yet I knew not
Why I did thinke so ; Our reasons are not prophets
When oft our fancies are : They are comming off :

120 Alas poore *Palamon*.

Cornets.

Enter Theseus, Hipolita, Pirithous, Arcite as victor, and attendants, &c.

Thef. Lo, where our Sifter is in expectation,
Yet quaking, and unfetled : Fairest *Emily*,
The gods by their divine arbitrament

124 Have given you this Knight, he is a good one
As ever strooke at head : Give me your hands ;
Receive you her, you him, be plighted with
A love that growes, as you decay ;

128 *Arcite. Emily,*

To buy you, I have lost what's deereft to me,
Save what is bought, and yet I purchafe cheapely,
As I doe rate your value.

132 *Thef.* O loved Sifter,

He speakes now of as brave a Knight as ere
Did spur a noble Steed : Surely the gods
Would have him die a Batchelour, leaft his race

136 Should shew i'th world too godlike : His behaviour
So charmd me, that me thought *Alcides* was
To him a sow of lead : if I could praise
Each part of him to'th all ; I have spoke, your *Arcite*

140 Did not loose by't ; For he that was thus good

Encountred yet his Better, I have heard [V. 3]
 Two emulous Philomels, beate the eare o'th night
 With their contentious throates, now one the higher,
 Anon the other, then againe the first, 144
 And by and by out breasted, that the fence
 Could not be judge betweene 'em : So it far'd
 Good space betweene these kinsmen ; till heavens did
 Make hardly one the winner : weare the Girland 148
 With joy that you have won : For the subdude,
 Give them our present Iustice, since I know
 Their lives but pinch 'em ; Let it here be done :
 The Sceane's not for our seeing, goe we hence, 152
 Right joyfull, with some sorrow. Arme your prize,
 I know you will not loose her : *Hipolita*
 I see one eye of yours conceives a teare
 The which it will deliver. *Florish.* 156
Emil. Is this wyning ?
 Oh all you heavenly powers where is you mercy ?
 But that your wils have saide it must be so,
 And charge me live to comfort this unfriended, 160
 This miserable Prince, that cuts away
 A life more worthy from him, then all women ;
 I should, and would die too.
Hip. Infinite pittie 164
 That fowre such eies should be so fixd on one
 That two must needs be blinde fort.
Thef. So it is. *Exeunt.*
 Scæna 4. *Enter Palamon and his Knightes pyniond : Iaylor, [V. 4]*
Executioner &c. Gard.
 Ther's many a man alive, that hath out liv'd
 The love o'th people, yea i'th selfefame state
 Stands many a Father with his childe ; some comfort
 We have by so considering : we expire 4
 And not without mens pittie. To live still,
 Have their good wishes, we prevent
 The loathsome misery of age, beguile
 The Gowt and Rheume, that in lag howres attend 8
 For grey approachers ; we come towards the gods
 Yong

[V. 4] Yong, and unwapper'd not, halting under Crymes
Many and stale : that fure shall please the gods
12 Sooner than such, to give us Nectar with 'em,
For we are more cleare Spirits. My deare kinsmen.
Whose lives (for this poore comfort) are laid downe,
You have sold 'em too too cheape.

16 1. K. What ending could be
Of more content ? ore us the victors have
Fortune, whose title is as momentary,
As to us death is certaine : A graine of honour
20 They not ore'-weigh us.

2. K. Let us bid farewell ;
And with our patience, anger tottring Fortune,
Who at her certain't reeles.

24 3. K. Come ? who begins ?

Pal. Ev'n he that led you to this Banquet, shall
Taste to you all : ah ha my Friend, my Friend,
Your gentle daughter gave me freedome once ;
28 You'l see't done now for ever : pray how do'es she ?
I heard she was not well ; her kind of ill
gave me some sorrow.

Iaylor. Sir she's well restor'd,
32 And to be married shortly.

Pal. By my short life
I am most glad on't ; Tis the latest thing
I shall be glad of, pre'thee tell her so :
36 Commend me to her, and to peece her portion
Tender her this.

1. K. Nay lets be offerers all.

2. K. Is it a maide ?

40 *Pal.* Verily I thinke so,
A right good creature, more to me deserving
Then I can quight or speake of.

All K. Commend us to her.

They give their purses.

44 *Iaylor.* The gods requight you all,
And make her thankefull.

Pal. Adiew ; and let my life be now as short,
As my leave taking.

Lies on the Blocke.

1. *K.* Leade couragiour Cofin.

[V. 4]

1. 2. *K.* Wee'l follow cheerefully.

A great noiſe within crying, run, ſave hold :

Enter in haſt a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Hold, hold, O hold, hold, hold.

Enter Pirithous in haſte.

Pir. Hold hoa : It is a curſed haſt you made
If you have done ſo quickly : noble *Palamon*, 52
The gods will ſhew their glory in a life.
That thou art yet to leade.

Pal. Can that be,

When *Venus* I have ſaid is falſe ? How doe things fare ? 56

Pir. Ariſe great Sir, and give the tydings eare
That are moſt early ſweet, and bitter.

Pal. What

Hath wakt us from our dreame ? 60

Pir. Liſt then : your Coſen

Mounted upon a Steed that *Emily*
Did firſt beſtow on him, a blacke one, owing
Not a hayre worth of white, which ſome will fay 64
Weakens his price, and many will not buy

His goodneſſe with this note : Which ſuperſtition
Heere findes allowance : On this horſe is *Arcite*
Trotting the ſtones of *Athens*, which the *Calkins* 68
Did rather tell, then trample ; for the horſe

Would make his length a mile, if't pleaſ'd his Rider
To put pride in him : as he thus went counting
The flinty pavement, dancing as t'wer to'th Muſicke 72
His owne hoofes made ; (for as they fay from iron

Came Muſickes origen) what envious Flint,
Cold as old *Saturne*, and like him poſſeſt
With fire malevolent, darted a Sparke 76

Or what feirce ſulphur elſe, to this end made,
I comment not ; the hot horſe, hot as fire
Tooke Toy at this, and fell to what diſorder
His power could give his will, bounds, comes on end, 80
Forgets ſchoole dooing, being therein traind,

And of kind mannadge, pig-like he whines

At

- [V. 4] At the sharpe Rowell, which he freats at rather
 84 Then any jot obaies; seekes all foule meanes
 Of boyfrous and rough Iadrie, to dif-feate
 His Lord, that kept it bravely: when nought serv'd,
 When neither Curb would cracke, girthbreake nor diffring
 88 Dif-roote his Rider whence ne grew, but that (plunges
 He kept him tweene his legges, on his hind hoofes
 on end he stands
 That *Arcites* leggs being higher then his head
 92 Seem'd with strange art to hang: His victors wreath
 Even then fell off his head: and presently
 Backward the Iade comes ore, and his full poyze
 Becomes the Riders loade: yet is he living,
 96 But such a vessell tis, that floates but for
 The furge that next approaches: he much desires
 To have some speech with you: Loe he appeares.

Enter Thefeus, Hipolita, Emilia, Arcite, in a chaire.

- Pal.* O miserable end of our alliance
 100 The gods are mightie *Arcite*, if thy heart,
 Thy worthie, manly heart be yet unbroken
 Give me thy laft words, I am *Palamon*,
 One that yet loves thee dying.
 104 *Arc.* Take *Emilia*
 And with her, all the worlds joy: Reach thy hand
 Farewell: I have told my laft houre; I was fall'e,
 Yet never treacherous: Forgive me Cofen:
 108 One kiffe from faire *Emilia*: Tis done:
 Take her: I die.
Pal. Thy brave foule seeke *Elixium*. (thee,
Emil. Ile clofe thine eyes Prince; bleffed foules be with
 112 Thou art a right good man, and while I live,
 This day I give to teares.
Pal. And I to honour.
Thef. In this place first you fought: ev'n very here
 116 I fundred you, acknowledge to the gods
 Our thanks that you are living:
 His part is playd, and though it were too short
 He did it well: your day is lengthned, and,

The bliffefull dew of heaven do's arowze you. [V. 4]
 The powerfull *Venus*, well hath grac'd her Altar,
 And given you your love : Our Master *Mars*
 Haft vouch'd his Oracle, and to *Arcite* gave
 The grace of the Contention : So the Deities 124
 Have shewd due justice : Beare this hence.
Pal. O Cofen,
 That we should things desire, which doe cost us
 The losse of our desire ; That nought could buy 128
 Deare love, but losse of deare love.
Thef. Never Fortune
 Did play a subtler Game : The conquerd triumphes,
 The victor has the Losse : yet in the passage, 132
 The gods have beene most equall : *Palamon*,
 Your kinsfeman hath confest the right o'th Lady
 Did lye in you, for you first saw her, and
 Even then proclaimd your fancie : He restord her 136
 As your stolne Iewell, and desir'd your spirit
 To fend him hence forgiven ; The gods my justice
 Take from my hand, and they themselves become 140
 The Executioners : Leade your Lady off ;
 And call your Lovers from the stage of death,
 Whom I adopt my Frinds. A day or two
 Let us looke sadly, and give grace unto
 The Funerall of *Arcite*, in whose end 144
 The visages of Bridegroomes weele put on
 And sinile with *Palamon* ; for whom an houre,
 But one houre since, I was as dearely sorry,
 As glad of *Arcite* : and am now as glad, 148
 As for him sorry. O you heavenly Charmers,
 What things you make of us ? For what we lacke
 We laugh, for what we have, are sorry still,
 Are children in some kind. Let us be thankefull 152
 For that which is, and with you leave dispute
 That are above our question ; Let's goe off,
 And beare us like the time. *Florish. Exeunt.*

Epilogue.

EPILOGVE.

- I** *Would now aske ye how ye like the Play,
But as it is with Schoole Boyes, cannot say,
I am cruell fearefull : pray yet stay a while,*
4 *And let me looke upon ye : No man smile ?
Then it goes hard I see ; He that has
Lov'd a yong handsome wench then, show his face :
Tis strange if none be heere, and if he will*
8 *Against his Conscience let him hissè, and kill
Our Market : Tis in vaine, I see to stay yee,
Have at the worst can come, then ; Now what say ye ?
And yet mistake me not : I am not bold*
12 *We have no such cause. If the tale we have told
(For tis no other) any way content ye)
(For to that honest purpose it was ment ye)
We have our end ; and ye shall have ere long*
16 *I dare say many a better, to prolong
Your old loves to us : we, and all our might,
Rest at your service, Gentlemen, good night.*

Florish.

F I N I S.

N

APPENDIX A.

A LIST OF ALL VARIATIONS

IN TEXT OF FOLIO, 1679, FROM ORIGINAL QUARTO, 1634.

THE PERSONS REPRESENTED IN THE PLAY.

Hymen,	} <i>Sisters to Theseus</i>	Perithous,
Theseus,		Jaylor,
Hippolita,		His Daughter, <i>in love with Palamon,</i>
Emelia,		Countrey-men,
Nymphs.		VVenches,
Three Queens,		A Taborer,
Three valiant Knights,		Gerrold, A Schoolmaster.
Palamon, } <i>The two Noble Kinsmen, in</i>		
Arcite, } <i>love with fair Emelia</i>		

PROLOGUE

1. <i>Plays</i> [om.,] <i>Maiden</i>	26. <i>tack</i>	<i>born,</i>
2. <i>money gr'n,</i>	27. <i>do</i> <i>hear</i>	8. <i>Harbinger,</i>
3. <i>Scenes</i>	28. <i>Scenes</i> <i>appear</i>	9. <i>dinim.</i>
4. <i>Tie,</i>	29. <i>hours travel.</i> <i>sleep :</i>	10. <i>Oxlips</i> [om.,]
5. <i>Modesty,</i> <i>retains</i>	30. <i>Play</i> <i>keep,</i>	11. <i>Marigolds</i> [om.,]
6. <i>Maid</i> <i>pains ;</i>	31. <i>perceive</i>	<i>death-beds</i>
7. <i>I'm</i>	32. <i>thick,</i>	12. <i>Larks-heels trim,</i>
8. <i>breeder,</i>	I. i. <i>Actus Primus. Scena</i>	13. <i>dear</i> <i>children</i> [om. :]
9. <i>Learned,</i>	<i>Prima.</i>	<i>sweet[.]</i>
10. <i>'twixt Po</i> <i>Trent</i>	<i>Torch</i> <i>beford[.]</i> <i>Flowers :</i>	14. <i>Lie</i> <i>Bridegrooms</i>
11. <i>Chaucer</i>	<i>Nymph,</i> <i>encompass'd</i>	<i>feet[.]</i>
12. <i>eternity</i>	<i>between</i> <i>Nymphs,</i>	16. <i>Angel</i> <i>Air,</i>
13. <i>Nobleness</i>	<i>heads.</i> <i>Hippolita</i> <i>Bride</i>	17. <i>Bird fair,</i>
14. <i>Child hear,</i> <i>hiss,</i>	[om.,] <i>Train.</i>	18. <i>slanderous Cuckooe,</i>
15. <i>under[-]ground, Oh</i>	<i>The SONG. Musick.</i>	19. <i>boading</i> <i>Clough he</i>
16. <i>witless chaff</i> <i>writer</i>	1. <i>sharp</i> <i>gone,</i>	20. <i>chatt'ring</i>
17. <i>blasts</i> <i>Works</i>	2. <i>royal</i> <i>smells</i>	<i>three Queens</i> <i>Black</i>
18. <i>Than Robin Hood[.]</i>	3. <i>heav[.]</i>	<i>vails stain'd,</i> <i>Imperial</i>
<i>fear</i> <i>bring</i> [om. ;]	4. <i>Maiden-Pinks,</i>	<i>Crowns.</i> <i>first Queen</i>
19. <i>endless thing[.]</i>	5. <i>Daisies smell</i> [om. -] <i>less,</i>	<i>falls down</i> <i>foot</i>
20. <i>breathless</i>	6. <i>Prim</i> [om. -] <i>rose first</i>	<i>second</i> <i>foot</i> <i>Hippo-</i>
21. <i>deep</i>		<i>lita.</i> <i>third</i>

25. pities sake[.],
 26. Hear [om. ,] and
 27. sake[.]
 28. fair
 29. Hear
 30. mark'd
 31. honor
 32. clear Virginity,
 33. deed
 34. o'th'Book
 35. down
 37. *Hip*.
 42. three Queens, | Sove-
 reigns fell
 43. cruel | endur'd
 44. Beaks | Kites,
 45. Crows [om. ,] | foul
 field
 46. burn
 48. mortal loathsomness
 49. winds
 50. slain | pity
 51. fear'd
 52. turns | to th'
 53. Chappel
 54. boundless goodness
 55. roof[;]
 56. Lions | Bears,
 58. kneel not[.],
 62. for 'em[:]
 65. Groom,
 66. *Mars's Altar*[;] | fair ;
 67. *Juno's Mantle*[.], | than
 68. wreath
 69. not thrash'd,
 70. Cheek | kinsman
 71. eyes laid
 73. thaw'd : Oh grief,
 74. Fearful | devour.
 75. Oh
 77. he'll | power, | press
 79. Oh | knees, | Widow,
 80. Unto | Helmeted-*Be-
 lona*
 81. Soldier
 82. Troubl'd | *Turns*
 away.
 83. *Hippolita*
 84. hast slain
 85. Sith - tusk'd - Bore ; |
 Arm
 86. was't near
 88. honor
 89. stil'd | shrunk
 90. bound | o'er-flowing ;
 91. Soldieress
 92. sternness | pity,
 95. his [om. ,] Love
 96. Tenor | Dear Glass of
 Ladies[.]
 97. scorch,
 98. Under | shadow | cool
 99. o'er | heads ;
 101. weep e'r you fail ;
 103. Than
 105. i'th' | blood[-]ciz'd |
 swoln
 105. Shewing | Teeth[.],
 | Moon
 106. do.
 107. Poor Lady [om. ,]
 108. leif
 109. I'm
 111. Heart deep | distress :
 112. I'll speak
 113. Oh | was[.], | *Kneel*
 114. Ice, | grief
 115. form
 117. *Emil*.
 118. grief | cheek.
 119. Oh
 120. read | tears,
 121. wrinkl'd pebbles |
 Glass stream
 122. alack
 123. treasure | o'th'
 126. me[;]
 128. fool.
 129. *Emil*.
 130. feel, | rain
 131. Knows
 132. ground-piece
 133. gainst | capital grief
 134. heart[-]pierc'd
 135. natural
 136. beats | me[;]
 137. counter[-]reflect 'gainst
 138. warm | pity
 140. to th' | jot
 141. O'th' | ceremony.
 142. Oh | celebration
 143. than
 145. Knows | ear [om. ,]
 o'th' | do
 146. more[.],
 147. Than
 148. than | *Love*,
 149. Soon | move[.], | As-
 prays do
 150. touch[:] think, dear
 Duke think
 151. slain
 152. griefs
 153. dear
 154. for th'
 155. Cords, | Drams
 157. Been deaths | humane
 158. shadow.
 160. Lie blist'ring 'fore |
 Sun,
 162. true[.],
 164. do [om. ,] | *Creon*[.]
 164. work | to th'
 166. 'twill | form, | heats
 | morrow[.],
 167. Then [om. ,] | bootless
 toil | it self,
 168. its own
 169. dretms,
 171. clear.
 173. Drunk
 176. *Artesis*
 177. out[.], | enterprize,
 179. business,
 180. dispatch
 181. deed
 182. wedlock.
 184. Widows
 187. grief
 192. than
 193. Than
 196. Arms[.],
 197. lock *Love*
 198. Moon-light
 199. twining | sweetness
 200. Upon | tastful Lips,
 | think
 201. Kings[.], | blubber'd
 Queens,
 202. feel'st
 203. spurn | Oh
 204. hour
 207. Banquet
 210. Sutor ; | think
 211. th' abstaining
 213. med'cine, | pluck
 214. scandal
 215. trial | Prayers,
 217. vigor dumb,
 218. business,
 219. Shield | heart, | neck
 220. Fee,
 221. do | poor Queens
 222. help
 227. She | I'll
 228. ask
 231. intreating | self | do
 232. kneel
 233. Lead | gods
 234. success, | return
 [om. ;]
 235. celebration[;]
 Queens
 237. banks | *Anly*

238. find
 239. moiety | business,
 240. Theme
 241. kiss upon | Lip,
 242. Sweet keep | token ;
 244. Farewel | Sister[.] |
 245. Keep | Feast | hour
 246. *Pyri.* Sir[.]
 247. I'll | heels ; | solemnity
 248. return.
 249. Cosin
 250. Budge | *Athens* ;
 251. E'r
 252. Ma e | farewel
 253. dost | o'th'
 254. *Mars[.]*
 256. mortal[.]
 257. godlike honors ;
 258. Groan | Mast'ry.
 260. subdu'd
 261. Title ; | cheer
 262. turn | our
- I. ii. *Scena Secunda.*
Enter Palamon and Arcite.
 1. Dear | dearer | Love
 than
 2. Cosin, | unhard'ned
 3. City
 4. *Thebs,*
 5. gloss
 6. keep
 8. I'th' aid o'th' current, |
 sink,
 10. stream, 'twould | Eddy
 11. turn | drown ;
 12. gain | weakness.
 14. cry'd
 15. School,
 16. *Thebs* ? | weeds
 17. o'th'
 18. honor,
 20. peace[.]
 21. *Mars's* | scorn'd
 Altar ? | bleed
 22. meet, | *Junio*
 23. antient | *jealousie*
 24. work,
 25. retain
 27. Than
 28. *Arcite*[.]
 29. Meet | ruin,
 30. crancs [om.] | turns
 | *Thebs* ?
 31. kinds :
 32. do arouse | pity
 33. th' unconsider'd
34. *Pal.* | pity
 35. where[-]e'er | find
 36. toil
 37. paid | Ice | cool
 38. *Arcite*[.] | 'Tis
 39. speak of[,] this | virtue
 40. *Thebs,*
 41. keep | honors,
 42. residing, | evil
 43. colour ; | ev'ry
 44. certain evil, | jump
 46. meer
 47. 'Tis
 48. (Unless | fear
 49. need
 52. own
 56. long[,] until
 59. poor Chinn | 'tis | just
 60. glass :
 62. goe
 63. street | foul ? | either
 64. Team,
 65. i'th' | poor slight
 66. Need | Plantain ; | tips
 67. toth'
 68. Uncle
 71. Heaven unfear'd,
 73. Feavor,
 76. own
 77. win | glory on [; so
T. C. D. Qo.]
 78. fears
 79. bloud
 80. let | break
 82. Clear spirited Cosin
 83. Let's
 84. loud | milk,
 86. kinsmen
 87. unless
 89. think | echoes | deaf't
 90. ears ! Justice : | cries
 91. again | throats, | not
 [om. :]
 92. gods :
 93. calls | leaden[-]footed
 95. whips tock[,] | ex-
 claim'd
 96. whisper'd to
 97. loudness | fury.
 98. winds
 99. what's
 100. threats
 101. defiance
 102. Ruin | *Thebs,* | seal
 104. approach[.]
 105. fear | gods
 106. terror | yet
 107. own
108. dregg'd, | assur'd
 110. unreason'd.
 111. *Thebs,*
 112. neutral | dishonor ;
 116. wars afoot ?
 117. fail
 122. Let's
 123. honor,
 124. enemy came | bloud
 128. o'th' | do
 130. never[-]jerring Arbi-
 trator,
- I. iii. *Scena Tertia.*
Enter Perithous, Hippolita,
Emilia.
 2. farewel ;
 3. success
 4. question[.]
 5. Excess,
 6. speed
 7. hurts | Governors
 9. needs | poor
 10. yield | Maid,
 11. affections [om. ,]
 12. temper'd pieces, keep
 enthron'd
 13. dear
 14. Thanks | remember
 15. all[-]Royal | speed
 16. *Bellona* I'll sollicite ;
 17. State[,]
 18. gifts | I"
 19. advis'd
 21. bosom :
 22. been | we | weep
 23. do'n | helms, | Sea,
 24. broach'd | Women
 25. eat
 26. brine[,]
 27. Spinsters,
 28. ever[,]
 31. *Exit Pir.*
 33. Follows | sports
 34. seriousness, | skill,
 35. careless | gain
 36. loss
 37. o'er business
 38. mind, | equal
 39. diff'ring Twins ;
 42. for't, | Cabin'd
 43. poor a corner,
 44. Peril
 45. roaring
 46. I'th' | dread'nd,
 47. Death's-self | lodg'd,
 48. Fate

49. Ti'd, weav'd, intangl'd,
50. deep
51. out[-]worn, | think
52. himself
53. twain,
54. Justice,
55. Doubtless
58. enjoy'd,
59. enrich'd,
60. took | o'th' Moon
61. (Which
62. Was each eleven.
63. 'Twas *Flavia*.)
- Two Hearses ready with
Palamon, and Arcite :
The three Queens. Theseus,
and his Lords
ready.*
64. Yes[.],
65. talk
66. season'd,
67. judgement[,] | needs
69. roots
70. she
71. Lov'd
72. do
73. souls
75. approv'd, | condemn'd
76. arraignment, | flower
pluck
77. between
78. blossom
79. she
80. *Phenix*[-]like
81. di'd
82. pattern
83. happily, | careless,
84. ear
85. stol'n | air, | humin'd
on
86. musical Coynage[,]
why[,] | Note
87. sojourn
88. rehearsal
89. fury [om.-] innocent
90. importments[-]bastard
| end[;]
91. 'tween Maid, and
Maid,
92. than | individual.
93. out
95. Maid
98. alack weak
99. believe
100. (Though [om. ,] | be-
lieve thy self)
101. sickly
102. loaths | longs[,]
104. said | Arm
106. kneel
107. than | *Pirathous*, pos-
sess
108. Throne
109. *Ewil*.
110. continue.
- I. iv. *Scena Quarta.*
*Battel struck within : then
| Retreat : | Theseus |
Queens meet*
1. Star | dark.
2. Heaven | Earth
5. wish'd | *Amen* to't.
6. Th' impartial gods,
7. mortal Herd,
8. chastise : | find
9. honor
10. ceremony, | than
11. dear | supply't.
14. haste | adieu
15. look
Queens.
16. judg'd
17. *Thebs*
18. Nephews
19. By th' | *Mars*,
20. pair | smear'd | [*Dan-
iel* *Qo*. succard *T. C. D.*
Qo. smeard]
21. troops
22. mark
23. view :
24. enquir'd
27. 'Tis
Three Hearses ready.
29. been
30. 'twas
31. been recover'd ;
32. have
35. Exceed | Wine | Sur-
geons
36. behoof,
37. than niggard waste, |
concern
38. than *Thebs* | than
40. liberty)
42. than | bear em
43. kind air, | unkind,
44. do
45. known | beheasts,
46. zeal, | *Mistriss* *taske*,
47. feavor, | madness,
48. mark
49. sickness | Will
50. wresting
51. *Apollus*
52. skills | Lead | City,
53. scatter'd, | will post[.]
54. *Athens*
Musick.
- I. v. *Scena Quinta.*
*Queens[,] | Knights, | Fu-
neral Solemnity, &c.*
1. Urns [om. ,] and Odours,
2. Vapors, sighs,
3. looks[,]
4. *Gumms*, | cheers,
5. viols | tears,
6. clamors[,] | air flying[:]
7. sad [om. ,] | solemn
Shous,
8. quick-ey'd
10. household graver [om. :]
11. Joy seize | again :
peace[,] sleep
14. ways [om. ,]
15. City | streets,
16. Market[-]place, | meets.
- II. i. *Scena Prima.*
Jaylor [om. ,]
1. *Jail*. [so throughout the
scene.]
3. Keep, | seldom
5. Minnows : | lin'd
6. Than | appear,
8. Deliver'd
9. It
11. Sir[,] | demand | than
| own
12. Daughter[,]
14. Well, | talk
16. seen
17. she
19. business :
20. soon | Court[-]hurry
21. I'th' mean | look
22. prisoners. | Princes.
23. 'tis pity
24. 'twere pity
25. Do think
26. it self
28. pair
30. grief
31. *battel*,
32. Nay[,] | sufferers ;
33. Marvel | look'd[,] |
been
35. freedom | bondage.

36. affliction [om.,]
 38. seems | me[,]
 39. than | *Athens* : | eat
 40. look
 41. own
 42. divided | martyr'd |
 'twere
 43. I'th' | break
 44. sweet
 45. my self | sigh
 46. sigher
 48. himself | night[.]
 Palamon, | *Arcite* [om.,]
 50. Look[,]
 51. looks
 53. twain ;
 55. Go to,
 57. look
 58. Diff'rence | *Exeunt*[.]

II. ii. *Scena Secunda.*

- Palamon, | *Arcite*
 1. do you[,] | *Cosin* ?
 2. do you[,]
 3. enough
 4. bear | war
 5. fear | *Cosin*.
 6. believe
 8. Laid | hour
 9. *Cosin*
 10. *Thebs* | *Country* ?
 13. youths | honor[,]
 15. Sail :
 16. behind
 17. Clouds, | *Arcite*[.]
 20. E'r
 21. twins | honor,
 22. Arms again, | feel |
 fiery horses[,]
 24. red-ey'd | War
 25. Bravish'd | age[,]
 26. deck
 27. light'ning
 30. prisoners
 31. youths
 32. find
 34. sweet
 35. I. o a d e n | a r m'd |
Cupids
 36. necks,
 39. arms,
 40. Fathers
 41. fair-ey'd Maids, | weep
 | banishments,
 43. she
 46. Hear nothing[,] |

- clock
 48. Summer
 49. dead-cold | inhabit
 50. 'Tis | hounds,
 51. shook
 52. hollo
 53. Javelins,
 54. Flies | Parthian
 55. Struck | well-steel'd
 56. food [om.,] | minds,
 58. (Which | honor)
 59. grief, | Ignorance[,]
 60. *Cosin*,
 63. rising, | meer
 64. please [om.,]
 65. griefs
 67. think
 68. Certainly,
 69. 'Tis | main goodness,
Cosin,
 70. twin'd | souls
 71. bodies,
 72. gaul
 73. sink,
 74. sleeping,
 77. *Cosin* ?
 78. think | Holy Sanctuary,
 79. keep
 80. young[,] | wayes
 81. conversation[,]
 82. poison | spirits[,] |
 might[,] | women[,]
 84. imaginations
 85. here
 86. endless
 87. Wife,
 88. births | Father, Friends,
 Acquaintance,
 89. are[,]
 90. Heir,
 91. oppressor
 93. seek
 94. War
 96. Wife | business,
 97. us[:]
 98. *Cosin*,
 100. eyes,
 101. prayers | chances
 102. sever
 104. thank | *Cosin*
 106. abroad ?
 107. 'Tis | methinks: | find
 108. I'm
 109. Wills
 110. now[:]
 111. 'tis | shadow,
 112. by[,]
 113. been

114. Justice, Lust, | Ig-
 norance,
 115. virtues | *Cosin Arcite*
 [om.,]
 117. di'd | men [om.,]
 118. Epitaphs,
 120. hear
 123. we two *Arcite* ?
 125. think
 127. deaths | cannot[.]

Emilia | *Woman*.

129. Speak
 130. Garden
 131. Flower
 132. 'Tis call'd *Narcissus*[,]
 133. fair | certain, | fool,
 134. himself, | Maids
 137. hard[-]hearted ?
 138. fair.
 140. think
 141. wench :
 142. kindness
 145. forward[,] *Cosin* ?
 146. work | Flowers |
 Silk
 148. I'll | Gown | 'em[,]
 149. wil't | do
 150. skirt
 151. Dainty
 152. *Cosin*, *Cosin*, | do
 you[,]
 153. now[,]
 154. Why[,]
 156. she | Goddess.
 158. Do
 159. is a Goddess
 160. Flowers,
 161. Methinks
 163. Emblem | Maid.
 164. West
 165. blows
 166. near
 167. then [om.,]
 168. She locks | again,
 169. briers[,]
 172. falls | Maid
 173. she | honor,
 176. fair.
 178. let's
 179. We'll | near | near
 180. I'm | merry[-]hearted,
 181. down
 183. bargain[,]
 Emilia | *Woman*.
 185. think
 186. 'Tis

188. Yes[,] a matchless
beauty[,]]
189. himself[,]]
191. feel
201. do ;
202. goddess ;
206. all[;:]]
207. denie
208. took
210. reveal'd | mankind : |
lov'st her[;:]]
212. Traitor *Arcite*,
213. blood
214. ties between | dis-
claim
215. If | think
216. *Arc*[.] Yes[,]]
218. so, | soul,
219. farewel
220. again, | loving her[,]]
maintain
221. worthy[om.,] | Lover
223. *Palamon*[,]]
225. call'd
227. deal
228. Your blood, | soul ?
232. griefs, | fears,
234. deal
235. unlike | Kinsman
236. speak truly, | do |
think
237. Unworthy
238. No[.]]
240. another
242. honor down,
247. freedom[:] else
248. Countrey,
249. villain.
252. concerns
253. madness,
254. deal | truly.
256. child extreamly :
257. do
259. Oh
260. false-self[.]]
261. hour
262. swords
263. What 'twere
264. than
266. soul, | I'll nail | to't.
267. fool,
268. I'll
269. I e a p | G a r d e n, |
next[.]]
270. Arms
271. Keepers coming ;
272. knock | brains
- Keep*. [name of speaker
- thus noted throughout
the scene.]
274. leave[.]] Gentlemen[.]]
275. Keeper ?
276. to th'
278. Keeper.
280. fair Cosins company.
Arcite,
285. Blood and Body : |
falshood,
287. Wife | fair ;
288. ne'er | again.
289. fair one : blessed
290. Fruit, and Flowers
291. bright
293. Apricock ;
294. arms
295. fruit
296. gods.
298. heavenly[.]]
299. near | gods | fear
300. I'm | Keeper[.]]
301. Where's *Arcite*[?]]
302. *Keep*. Banish'd :
303. Obtain'd
304. Upon | oath | foot
305. Upon | Kingdom.
306. He's
307. *Thebes* again, | Arms
308. young
310. himself
311. Field | battel
313. bear himself
314. ways.
315. do
316. virtuous greatness,
317. Virgin
318. seek
322. remove
323. windows
325. prethee
330. bring'st | scurvy
331. go.
332. Indeed you
333. Garden ?
334. No.
335. resolv'd, | go.
336. constrain | then[:]]
337. I'll | irons
338. Keeper.
339. I'll | sleep,
340. I'll
342. Farewel kind
343. wind | Oh | Lady[.]]
345. Dream
- Palamon* [om. ,]]
- II. iii. *Scena Tertia*.
Arcite.
- I. Banish'd | Kingdom ?
'tis
2. thank | banish'd
4. 'twas
7. pluck | me[.]]
8. hast
9. break | 'gainst
10. feed
11. Upon | sweetness
12. never
13. happiness
14. he'll | speak
15. fair,
18. Kingdom,
19. own [om. ,] | heap
20. redress | go, | her[.]]
21. resolv'd an other
22. I'm
23. I'll | near
garland.
24. I[.] | I'll | certain.
25. I'll
27. Boys ; 'Tis but [om. a]
chiding,
28. I'll tickl'
29. jades tails
30. I'm
32. I'll
34. again.
35. fesku
38. ail
39. *Arcas*[.]]
41. danc'd
43. *Domine*,
44. think : For
45. He'll eat | hornbook |
fail :
46. far | between
48. dance
50. Boys | i'th'
51. here I'll | I'll | Town,
52. again, | again : Ha,
Boys,
54. i'th'
56. means
57. himself | behalvs :
58. He's | i'th' | to'th'
plains,
60. We'll
61. Sweet | means,
64. we'll perform.
65. Boys
66. wither

68. Why,
69. 'tis
70. *Games*[,] | *Friend*
[om. .]
72. far
73. *Games*[,]
75. never | *Duke*[,]
78. 'Tis
82. own | *Boys*[.]
83. mind
84. trick
86. I'll | hang'd
87. plumb[-]porridge,
88. wrestle ?
89. offer'd
91. call'd
92. than wind | *Corn*
93. ears | I'll
94. poor | knows
95. brows
96. happiness prefer
Arcite [om. ,]

II. iv. *Scena Secunda.*

Jailors

2. affect | I'm
3. mean
4. Prince ; | hopeless ;
7. fifteen
8. though the
14. young
15. Extremely
18. coyl
19. Heaven
23. bows
24. Fair, | *Mayd*, | good-
ness,
28. misery[:]
30. fain
[The stage dir. at side
wrongly printed at
end of II. iv. (in
italics.)]

II. v. *Scena Secunda.*

Hippolita,

1. seen
2. sinews ;
3. wrestle,
5. I'm
11. hefr ?
12. youngest
14. *Suite*[,] then : | proves
15. Qualities :
16. Hawk, | hollow'd
17. Dogs ;
a—Q1. 7

20. Soldier.
22. Upon | soul,
26. seen | young
28. Believe,
30. me thinks,
31. *Hip*.
33. virtue, | *Sun*[,]
34. Breaks
35. *Hip*. He's
36. seek
40. only | world
41. fair-ey'd
46. Thanks
47. y' are mine,
49. young | goodness ;
50. honour'd her fair |
virtues,
51. y' are hers : kiss |
fair
52. y' are | Beautie,
53. seal | vow'd
57. soon
58. Y 'are | ranck I'll
59. I'll
61. noon | 'tis
67. *Dian's* | wait | *Sir*[,]
68. Upon
69. foot.
74. You'll find
76. find
78. lead
79. receive
80. honor | 'Twere

II. vi. *Scena 6.*

Jaylor's

2. ventur'd | him[:]
4. Cedar[,]
6. Brook, | keep
7. food[:]
11. him [om. ,]
12. safetie[:]
13. desperate[:] | Iaw
14. Find
15. hearted Maids,
20. Maids
21. again :
23. (me thinks) | *Nor*
24. persuade
30. I'll proclaim him[,]
31. no [om. -] man :
32. pack | cloaths
33. I'll
34. he
35. I'll | hour
36. o'er | I'm
37. look | *Farewell*

Father[.]

39. keep your self. | him[:]
[The marginal dir. *Cor-*
nets, etc., printed
(in italics) at foot of
this sc. instead of
heading III. i.] *hol-*
lowing.

III. i. *Scena Prima.*

1. Each took
3. bloom'd
4. To' th' | *Queen*
5. than
6. her | bows,
7. Th' enamell'd knacks o'
th' Mead, | ye
8. banck
9. stream seem | *Jewell*
12. poor | between
15. guiltless
16. Sovereign)
17. proud.
18. near | beauteous Morn
19. year)
21. pair
22. crowns | tried :
23. Poor | poor
25. thy self,
26. near
28. breath'd
29. liv'd | *Coz*[,]
31. kinsman,
32. signs
34. oaths
35. justice
36. Traytor[:] | perfidious
37. look'd | honor.
38. ev'r
39. her
40. I'll
42. thief
43. villain :
44. cloggs
45. Dear | *Palamon*[,].
47. shew'd | feat.
49. gross stuff
50. form
51. gentleness | 'tis
55. fair *Coz*[,]
56. I'll maintain
57. terms, | griefs [om. ,]
59. clear | own | mind
61. thon
63. seen
64. fear :
65. hear

66. i' th'
 68. seen
 69. call'd
 70. week's | fair
 71. rayn :
 73. coupel'd Beeres,
 74. ty'd.
 76. Speak | Glass,
 77. ear, | disdains
 81. meal | then[,]
 84. trespass | done my,
 ye
 85. souls
 86. di'd | seek
 87. news | this[,]
 90. Again | hawthorn
 91. counsel
 94. o' th'
 95. your self,
 96. I'm | choice
 97. Armor.
 98. dare
 99. bear | business !
 100. only
 101. kind
 102. Sweet
 104. do't | only,
 105. hypocrisy
Wind horns
 106. than
 107. hear | Horns ;
 108. Musick
 109. crost [om.,] e'r
 110. I'll
 113. deed | certain
 114. pour
 115. oil ont | ayr
 116. Cuff :
 117. Not reconcil'd
 118. Plainly
Wind horns.
 120. not ;
 121. Hark
 122. scatter'd | guess
 126. Unjustly | atcheiv'd.
 128. I'm persuaded | sick
 129. I'm | Suitor,
 131. talk
 137. talk
 138. look
 139. looks
 140. o'er

III. ii. *Scæna Secunda.**Jaylors*

1. mistook ; | Beak
 2. 'Tis

4. darkness | o' th' | Hark
 | wolf :
 5. grief slain fear,
 7. wreak
 8. hollow'd
 9. hollow :
 10. answer'd, | wolf,
 12. howls
 14. Jengling
 16. unarm'd,
 17. I'll | down
 18. torn | howl'd
 19. fed
 23. My self | priz'd
 26. took | non
 27. water[,] | clos'd
 29. Dissolve
 30. drown, | my self.
 31. fail
 35. Moon | Cr'ckets |
 Screich[-]owl
 36. dawn ;
 37. fail

III. iii. *Scæna Tertia.**Meat,*

1. near
 2. *Arcite* [?]
 3. food
 4. fear | here's no
 7. We'll
 8. drink[:]
 9. you're | I'll talk
 12. fear | down,
 13. vain
 15. talk | Fools, |
 health[.]
 17. dowu | entreat
 18. honor
 19. 't will disturb
 21. I'll
 23. feel
 24. I'll
 25. Spare | Eat
 27. I'in
 28. I'm | meat to't.
 29. I od g i n g [om.,] |
 Cosen [?]
 30. wild ^{them}
 31. victuals? | see[.]
 33. sweet
 35. meat :
 36. Give
 40. black-hair'd
 44. Arbor :
 45. o' the
 47. groan | Month

50. abroad, you'll
 52. brown | 'tis[:]
 53. young
 54. broad beech :
 55. life[,] fool
 56. A way | strain'd | again
 57. breath'd
 58. break
 59. You
 60. there's
 61. *Arc*[.] | I'll
 62. mak'st | Traytor.
 63. There's | and [om.,]
 perfumes[.]
 64. I'll | again | hours
 65. all[.]
 66. Armor[.]
 67. Fear | fowl ;
 70. I'll here
 71. keep

III. iv. *Scæna Quarta.**Jaylors*

2. look
 3. seen
 4. he's
 5. sea[,] | there's a
 6. there's | Rock
 7. beats
 8. There's
 9. Upon | wind,
 10. Up | tack | Boys.
 11. y' are | I'm
 12. find
 13. News | o' th'
 14. A Careck | Cockle[-]
 shell, | sayll
 15. *Pignies*,
 18. I'll
 19. *I'll* | green | afoot
 20. *I'll* | locks ;
 21. *hey, nonny, nonny,*
nonny[.]
 23. *I'll goe seek | widd*[.]
 25. prick | brest
 26. sleep

III. v. *Scæna Sexta.**School*[-]master

1. *Sch*[,]
 2. labour'd | mill'd
 3. ye, and[,] figure[,]
 6. Judgements, | said
 7. me,
 10. appears, | meet him[,]
 11. hears,

13. mark | do
 14. comely
 16. turn Boys.
 18. Taboror[?]
 19. *Timothy*[?]
 20. boys,
 21. woman[;]
 23. *Barbary*.
 24. freckled | fail'd
 25. Where
 27. favor,
 29. Where's | o'th' Musick.
 30. Dispers'd
 32. where's
 33. tail
 36. bark
 38. *tandem* [?] | wanting[.]
 39. i' th'
 41. Authors | wash'd
 42. labour'd vainly.
 43. scornfull
 45. *Cicely*
 46. dogs[-]skin ;
 47. fail | *Arcas*[,]
 48. break.
 49. Eeel
 50. by 'th' tail
 51. fail,
 52. position[.]
 57. business
 59. credit | Town
 60. piss o'th'
 61. ways, I'll | I'll
 63. Daughter[,]
 65. a[.]
 66. *hail'd*,
 67. *bound a* [?]
 Chair and stools out[.]
 68. *sound a*[.]
 69. *fools*, | *howlet*[:]
 70. *owl*
 72. *hawk*, | *were*
 73. Mr. comes i' th' Nick[,]
 74. Hare[;] | we | dance,
 we
 75. again : | she'll do
 76. Boys.
 82. fool : | poz'd | Buz[.]
 83. eat | do
 84. bleed extremely,
 85. y 'are | Sir[,] ha
 86. *Dii*
 88. play[.]
 89. o' th'
 90. *Sch*[.] Go | and
 91. *fouis*
 92. lead

93. Lass,
 94. I'll lead. (*Wind Horns* :
 96. Persuasively, | cun-
 ningly[:] | boys,
 97. hear | horns :
 98. mark.
 99. *Pallas*
train.
 100. took,
 105. down, we'll
 106. hail : | hail
 108. favor ;
 113. *Chorus*
 119. frame [om. ,]
 122. blown | help | poor
 125. glew'd
 126. hither [om. .]
 128. appear,
 129. speak
 130. feet
 133. seek
 134. Spouse,
 135. beck'ning
 136. reck'ning :
 137. Clown, | fool,
 138. *Bavian*[,] | tail, | tool
 [om. ,]
 139. *aliis*,
 141. means, dear *Domine*.
Musick Dance[:]
 143. *filii*, | it[.]
 Knock | Schoolm.
 144. *been*
 145. *pleas'd*
 146. *down*
 147. *School*[-] *master's* |
Clown :
 148. *pleas'd thee*
 149. *Boys*
 150. 'twaine
 151. *again*
 152. *year*
 153. *We'll*
 154. *Domine* ; | s w e e t
 heart [?]
 155. *pleas'd*
 156. 'Twas
 157. better[,]
 158. *School* [-] *master*, |
 thank you,
 160. again.
 164. eat
Wind Horns.
 165. *Dii deaq* ; *Omnes*,

III. vi. *Scena Septima*.

1. hour
 2. again,
 3. fail
 4. Soldier ;
 5. think | week | restor'd
 7. Crest-fal'n | thank
 8. fair | feel | self
 9. again
 10. out[-]dure
 13. Soldier :
 15. 'tis Justice :
 17. kinsman,
 19. pains
 20. fair
 21. honor,
 23. kind | find
 25. blows.
 26. think
 29. fair terms,
 30. than
 31. honorable[:]
 32. talk
 36. pertains | scorns,
 38. seen
 39. Sir [?]
 40. feel | self
 41. furnish'd | I'll
 43. spar'd, | I'm
 44. said
 45. had did ;
 49. I'm
 51. exceed | do'st
 52. spare
 53. think
 54. deceiv'd
 57. You'll find it[.]
 58. as I'm
 60. I'll | I'll
 62. I'll
 64. Armor [?]
 67. No.
 69. worn
 71. I'll
 72. means.
 74. we'll | perceive
 75. fain
 76. I'm
 77. Good
 80. Cask
 81. bare-arm'd ?
 83. Gantlets | o' th'
 85. Thank
 86. look, | falen
 87. us'd
 88. I'll | I'll
 90. I'll

- | | | |
|--|-----------------------------|--|
| 92. Me thinks Armor's
<i>Arcite</i> [.] | 193. Justice thy self | 285. never |
| 95. out[-]did | 194. I'll to't | 288. main honor ; |
| 96. charg'd | 195. Heaven, | 289. I'm I'm deaf |
| 97. Upon | 196. than | 293. wisdom, proyn |
| 98. spur'd | 197. sworn. | 294. Bows |
| 100. indeed | 198. seek | 296. groan'd |
| 103. out[-]went | 199. 'Tis | 297. Maids |
| 104. Yet | 200. soon | 301. I'm scorn |
| 106. virtue, | 203. Beautie, | 302. Heavens |
| 110. Break Troop. | 210. fair, | 304. Swear 'em |
| 114. 'tis | 213. pity O | 306. upon the |
| 116. dishonor. | 214. stop [om. ,] | 309. oath, |
| 117. I'm | 215. ear | 311. fairly |
| 120. thank keep | 216. soul | 312. Else |
| 122. honor | 217. labors crown | 318. He's villain |
| [stage dir. after l. 122.] | 218. Let's instant[.] | 320. 'Tis |
| 123. love[:] [om. *] | 219. Only | 321. think |
| 124. only, | 220. Soul | 322. I'll |
| 129. sleep honor, | 223. than offences | 323. honor |
| 130. soul, | 224. than speak | 325. feel |
| 133. near | 225. sleep | 326. again |
| 137. Cosen[.] | 226. <i>Hippol.</i> pity, | 331. own |
| <i>Horns</i> | 227. Speak denied ; | 332. of[:] Look |
| 139. undone | 228. bear | 334. too[.] |
| 142. we're | 231. Nor | 335. souls. |
| 143. honors | 232. own | 339. fall from favor, |
| 145. hours | 234. to' th' I'll | 340. unborn |
| 146. seen | 235. Help dear deed | 342. Soldiers |
| 147. reveal | virtuous, | 345. hayr |
| 148. scorn | 239. own spotless honor. | 347. ordain |
| 153. Tryall [displaced : in | 241. fair | 348. again |
| Q., om. in F.] | 243. virtues | 350. month |
| 155. thy self | 244. valor, | 351. fair appear again |
| 156. Upon | 245. chast pleas'd | 352. I'll |
| 158. hour | 247. I'll | 354. fair |
| 159. own, | 248. wars ; | 356. friends[:] |
| 160. fear less weak | 250. Maid. | 357. think |
| 161. I'll | 251. own | 360. I'm again, hour. |
| 165. sleep : Only fears | 253. yielded | 363. <i>Emil</i> [.] |
| 166. honor ends[.] | 254. crown soul | 364. Ecel both |
| 168. Look own | 256. hear | 365. again |
| again. <i>Horns.</i> | 257. intreat | 366. heed, |
| <i>Hippolita,</i> <i>train.</i> | 260. Princes. | 367. Sleep hour prefixt, |
| 170. 'gainst Laws | 261. reel : | 368. fail |
| 171. Battail, | 263. Upon | 369. <i>Toes.</i> I'll |
| 176. goodness : I'm | 265. understanding | 371. return, I'll here, |
| 178. Think | 267. than | 372. loses, I'll weep |
| 180. never | 270. They'ld you; Hourly | Beer. |
| 181. beg'd | honor | IV. i. <i>Scena Prima.</i> |
| 183. own follows | 273. o' th | <i>Failor</i> [om. ,] <i>freind.</i> |
| 184. fair | 274. byth' than | 1. <i>Fail.</i> Hear more [?] |
| 186. soul | 277. o' th yonr | said |
| 187. I'm think | 278. vows | 4. I [om. .] <i>Fr.</i> [so |
| 189. be'st | 279. expres | throughout sc.] |
| 190. virtuous, | 280. oath, | 5. business |
| 192. again, | 281. I'm | 7. E'r likelihood |
| | 282. heed. | |
| | 284. Urge | |

8. for *Hippolita*,
 9. fair - ey'd *Emilia*, |
 knees[.],
 10. Begg'd | handsome
 11. staggering [om. ,]
 12. oath,
 14. truly | *Perithous*[.]
 15. Half | own
- 2 *Friends*.
18. *Jail*. | Heaven
 19. 2 *Fr.* | news [om. ,]
 20. news.
 21. *Jail*.
 22. clear'd
 23. discover'd
 24. m e a n s | s c a p'd, |
 (Daughter's,
 25. procured | prisoner
 26. ungrateful | goodness,
 27. sum
 28. I'll
 30. news.
 32. ne'er begg'd
 33. prevail'd, | suits fairly
 granted[.]
 35. 'twould
 36. you'll hear
 38. *Jail*.
 40. they'll
 41. 'Twill | known.
 42. where's
 43. do | ask ?
 44. Oh Sir[.],
 45. looks[?]
 46. *Jail*.
 47. health [om. ?] Sir [?] |
 sleep ?
 48. questions.
 49. *Jail*. | do | think
 50. mind
 51. answer'd
 52. far | childishly[.],
 53. fool,
 54. Innocent,
 55. Sir[.],
 56. pity[.],
 57. less
 58. *Jail*.
 60. *Woo*. No Sir[.] not
 well. [printed as a
 separate line]
 61. 'Tis
 63. Believe, you'll find
 64. half
 67. fear
 69. 'Tis
 70. haste[.],
71. I'll
 72. Palace,
 73. thick | Reeds [om. ,]
 75. voice,
 76. ear,
 77. 'Twas | smallness
 78. Boy | Woman.
 79. near, | perceiv'd
 80. Rushes,
 81. laid | down
 82. sung,
 83. Fisher[-]men,
 88. to th' | Mulberries,
 89. I'll find
 90. soul.
 91. he'll
 92. do | I'll
 93. black [-] ey'd Maids
 [om. ,] | do
 94. heads with Daffadillies,
 95. cherry [om. -] lips, |
 cheeks | Damask
 96. we'll dance | 'fore
 97. then | talk'd | you[.],
 98. lose | morning [om. ,]
 99. Flowers
 100. sung
 101. but willow, | between
 102. fair
 103. young
 104. deep | sate ; | careless
 105. wreak | Bull-rush |
 stuck
 106. Water Flowers |
 several colours.
 107. methought | appear'd
 | fair Nymph
 108. feeds | *Iris*
 111. Thus | ty'd,
 113. again,
 116. *Woo*. | her[.],
 119. city
 120. swiftmess,
 121. far behind | four,
 122. far | cross
 123. where we staid,
 125. hither
 128. Oh[.],
 130. think
 131. *Daugh*[.] | truly |
 Broom,
 132. *Bonny Robbin*. |
 Tailor ?
 133. Yes[.].
 134. Where's | wedding[-]
 Gown ?
 135. I'll
 137. Maids
138. Maidenhead | cock[-]
 light
 139. 'Twill
 140. *Oh fair*, | *sweet*, &c.
 143. Good [om. '] ev'n, |
 hear
 144. young
 145. wench[.],
 146. young
 147. *Jay*. 'Tis [om. ,]
 148. mean cross | distem-
 per'd
 149. than | shows.
 151. Oh,
 153. trick | look
 156. undone | hour. |
 Maids
 157. Town
 158. is't
 161. four ; | keep
 162. boys,
 163. trick | years
 164. Musicians,
 169. Dukedom
 170. I'll
 171. t w e n t y [,] | h e ' l l
 tickle't
 172. hours,
 173. *Jay*.
 176. *Daug*.
 177. Does
 180. *Jay*.
 181. Where's | Compass ?
 182. *Jay*. Here.
 183. to th'
 184. course to th'
 185. Lies | for the
 186. weigh | cheerly.
 187. fair,
 188. main sail, where's
 190. Let's
 191. *Jay*. Up
 192. Where's
 193. Here[.],
 195. fair
 196. Bear | tack | *Sings*.
 197. Cinthia
- IV. ii. *Scena Secunda*.
 Emilia alone, | *two*
1. bind
 2. I'll
 3. young handsome
 5. Sons
 6. Heaven[.];
 7. *Arcite*[.],
 8. beauties

9. She shews | births
 10. mortal
 11. denials | young Maids,
 | doubtless,
 12. fiery | sweetness :
 14. young | here | himself
 | smiling,
 15. Just
 16. enforc'd
 17. what
 20. ey'd *Juno's*,
 21. than | Honor
 22. Methinks
 25. such | near 'em.
 26. foil, | mere
 27. He's
 30. sharpness,
 31. errors | him [?]
 33. find
 34. I'm | fool,
 36. Women | beat
 37. ask
 38. beautiful, | thy
 39. Beauty [om. ,]
 40. young Maid | cross 'em
 42. brown
 43. hour | complexion : lye
 44. mere Gipsie.
 46. Utterly
 47. Brother[.],
 48. *Archie*[.]
 50. now, | ask
 51. ask
 52. go look ; what
 53. fair gawds | equal
 sweetness,
 54. cry
 Emil.
 57. news ;
 58. quarrel ?
 61. sins | chaste
 62. soil'd
 63. blood | Princes ? |
 Chastity
 64. Lives
 66. Mothers
 67. Beauty ?
 Enter Theseus, Hippo-
 lita, Perithous, and
 Attendants [om. .]
 68. *Thes.*
 69. means [om. ,]
 71. fair | fair
 73. untimely[.]
 Messenger. Curtis.
 78. you[.]
80. speak
 81. seen
 83. think : six
 84. Than those
 85. he
 86. first
 88. looks
 89. brown, than black ;
 stern,
 90. shews | fearless,
 91. eyes[.], | fair | him[.]
 92. Lion, | looks[:]
 93. black
 95. Arm'd
 96. Bauldrick[:] | frowns
 97. seal | Will
 98. Soldiers
 99. hast | describ'd
 100. deal
 101. Methinks,
 102. speak
 103. gness
 105. honor
 106. He's | bigger [om. ,]
 than
 107. his
 108. Grape)
 109. doubt[,]
 110. own : in's | appears
 111. fair
 113. extreams)
 114. arm | Fear
 115. shews | temper,
 116. hair'd, | curl'd, thick
 twin'd[,]
 117. Nor to | in
 118. Livery | Maid appears,
 119. red [om. ,]
 120. eyes [om. ,]
 121. meant | correct
 122. honor,
 123. Lips,
 125. speaks,
 126. all | lineaments
 127. clean,
 128. wears | well-steel'd |
 Gold,
 130. There's
 133. Body [om. ,]
 134. Oh [om. ,]
 135. *Mess*[.]
 137. Yes[,]
 138. Methinks[.]
 139. dispos'd, | shew
 140. Art
 142. aborn,
 143. shows | soul : | arms
 are
144. Lin'd | sinews : | to |
 shoulder[-]piece,
 145. Women | conceiv'd,
 146. speaks
 147. Under | weight |
 Arms[.] | stout[-]hearted
 [om. ,]
 148. grey ey'd,
 149. yields | sharp
 150. spie
 151. does
 153. shows | frowns, |
 Soldier :
 154. wears | oak,
 155. stuck
 156. thirty.
 157. bears | Charging |
 emboss'd | Silver.
 159. sons | honor.
 160. soul[,]
 161. Lady[,]
 164. Kingdoms ;
 165. 'Tis pity
 166. Oh | soft[-]hearted |
 think
 167. Weep | weep blood ;
 168. Beauty : honor'd
 (friend [om. ,]
 169. Field ;
 172. I'll go
 173. till | appear,
 174. friend | royal.
 176. Poor | go weep,
 177. Cosin,
- IV. iii. *Scena Tertia.*
Sailor,
 1. Moon,
 2. Than
 3. harmless | sleeps
 6. piece | so e'er
 7. lards | business[.]
 8. Withal, fits | Look
 9. She
 10. on't [om. ,] | *Down*
 11. *down* a[:] | penn'd
 | than
 12. Schoolmaster ;
 13. Fantastical
 15. *Aneas.*
 16. poor soul.
 18. Charm,
 19. piece
 21. there's | Maids
 22. Livers, perisht, |
 pieces
 23. do

24. pick Flowers | *Proserpine*,
25. mark
26. amiss ? | farther.
27. I'll | Barly[-]break,
28. 'tis | i'th'
29. Other | boiling
30. chatt'ring,
31. heed ; | hang[.],
32. Drown | *Jupiter* bless-
33. Us, | Cauldron
34. Usurers
35. cut[-]purses, | boil
37. brain coins ?
38. Maids
39. child,
40. Navel, | Ice | to th'
heart,
41. burns, | deceiving |
grievous
42. think, | be-lieve
43. leprous
44. I'll
45. 'Tis
46. madness, | thick, |
melancholly.
47. hear | City
48. wife, howl | beast[.], |
I'll
49. oh | smোক, | one cries
[om.], oh [om.],
50. that I ever | Arras, |
howls ;
51. Garden[-]house.
52. Stars, | Fate, &c.
53. *Jay*, | think | her[.],
54. mind,
56. Understand | man, e'r
58. *Jay*, | once[.], | hope
[om.], | fix'd
59. Gentleman
60. think
61. Pen'worth | half
63. terms.
64. intemperate | distemper'd
65. return | again
66. preordained
68. doe[.], confine
69. seem | steal | than
70. Upon | (young Sir[.],
71. *Palamon*[;] | eat
73. mind beats
74. 'tween | mind | pranks
75. madness[;] sing | her
[om.], | green
76. says
77. stuck | Flowers [om.],
78. mistriss
79. Some | odors,
80. Sense :
81. thing [om.],
82. eat | carve | drink
84. learn | Maids | been
85. Play-pheers ; | repair
86. mouths, | appear
87. falshood
88. falshoods
89. eat, | sleep,
90. Law,
91. seen
93. between
95. success,
Florish.
- V. i. *Scena Prima*.
Thesius, Perithous, Hip-
polita, *Attendants*.
2. Prayers :
3. Burn
6. work | honor
Palamon | Arcite,
9. strong[-]hearted enemies
10. royal
11. nearness out[.], | be-
tween
12. hour, | Dove-like
14. all[-]fear'd | down |
stubborn
15. Ire | mortal ; | help
16. Justice,
17. I'll
19. Honor
Theseus | *train*.
20. glass
21. think
22. shew
23. business, were't
24. Arm | Arm :
25. Coz[.],
26. parcel | self : then
29. antient
30. i' th' self[-]same
31. seat | so hoist
32. sails, | vessels
34. speak
35. turn, | Cosin
36. do
37. farewell.
38. Farewel
Palamon
39. Farewel
40. Kinsmen,
41. *Mars*,
42. seeds | fear,
43. goe
45. Lions,
46. Tygers, yea[.], | fierce-
ness
47. Yea[.], | go | mean
[om.],
48. snails[.],
49. dragg'd | bloud, | fear
50. sticks
51. Queen
52. Camp,
53. Brim'd | aid
55. turn'd | *kneel*.
56. Green *Neptune*
57. prewarn, | havock |
vast Field
58. Unearthed | proclaim,
blows down,
59. Cores | pluck
60. armenipotent from both
| clouds,
61. mason'd | mak'st [om.],
62. girths | cities : | pupil,
63. Youngest | Drum,
64. laud
65. streamer,
66. o' th' | *Mars*
67. Pleasure.
Thunder[.], | *battel*, |
rise[.],
68. Oh
69. o'er-rank
70. dusty, | Titles, | heal's
71. sick
72. O'th' pleurisie | do
73. signs
74. design ;
Palamon
75. Stars
76. day
77. goddess
79. nobleness do
80. personal | goddess
kneel
83. Hail Sovereign Queen
84. fiercest
85. weep | Girl ; | hast
86. eye - glance, | choak
| Drum
87. turn th' allarm
88. Cripple
90. vassal,
91. gravity to [, *omits*
daunce] | Batchelor
92. boys | Bonfires
93. seventy,
94. scorn | throat

95. young lays | Love ;
 97. than | fires
 98. scorch | mortal | huntress
 99. moist | say[.]
 101. vow'd Soldier, | do bear | yoak
 102. 'twere
 103. Than | it self,
 104. been foul[-]mouth'd | Law,
 105. Ne'er reveal'd
 106. ken'd | practis'd
 107. Upon | Libels read
 108. liberal | feasts
 109. beauty,
 111. ask'd 'em
 113. 't were
 114. eighty
 115. Lass | fourteen | twas
 116. Cramp
 117. foot
 119. globy eies,
 120. drawn | spheres,
 122. young fair Sphere
 123. Believ'd
 124. believe | brief
 125. prate[.]
 127. Rejoycer[.]
 128. do
 129. foulest | concealments
 132. than | Oh | goddess
 134. bless | sign
Musick | seen | again
 136. Oh | eleven [om. .] | ninety reign'st
 137. mortal bosoms, | Chase
 138. Herds | Game ; | thanks
 139. fair | laid
 140. arms
 141. body | business[;]
 142. goddess : *Musick*
hair | white[.], | holding | train, | hair | stuck | Flowers : | Hynd, | which is conveyed | odors, | Altar[.], | Maids | aloof, | curt'sy | kneel.
 143. Oh | shadowy, | Queen,
 144. Revels,
 146. wind[-]fan'd | femal Knights
 147. Allow'st
 148. Orders Robe. | here
 149. for thine
 150. green
 151. look | Virgin,
 152. Mistriss, | ear
 153. ne'r | scurril term,
 154. Ne'er
 155. Season'd | fear ; this
 156. vestal | I'm Bride[-]habited[.]
 157. Maiden[-]hearted[:] | Husband
 158. do
 159. success,
 160. guiltless
 161. lose | equal
 162. doome
 163. to't | Queen,
 165. Title | let
 166. Garland,
 167. file | quality
Hind | Rose[-]Tree,
 169. Flows
 170. bowels
 172. inspir'd, | Battel
 173. Virgin Flower
 174. *sodain | falls*
 175. Flower | fall'n, | oh Mistriss
 177. think | own Will ;
 178. Unclaspe the Mistery:
 179. Signs | gracious.
curt'sey[.]
 V. ii. *Scena Secunda.*
Jaylor, | Woocr, | habit | Palamon [om. .]
 2. *Woo.* Oh | the Maids | kept
 3. half
 4. Half hour | ask'd
 5. eat, | kiss | told her[.],
 7. 'Twas | twenty | been
 8. mainly.
 9. *Woo.*
 11. hour
 12. do
 20. *Woo.*
 21. confirm
 22. ye | noise,
 23. intreat again, do
 24. Lie | ask
 25. *Fail.* | Doctor.
 26. Yes[.], | way
 27. *Fail.* | first[.],
 28. I'th' | honesty.
 29. *Doct.* | niceness,
 30. honesty ;
 31. she
 33. *Fail.* Thank ye Doctor.
 34. *Doct.*
 35. she
 36. *Fail.*
 37. Doctor,
 38. Methinks | i' th' | *Jaylor.*
 39. fools :
 40. physick | find
 41. *Woo.* | do | think | honest[.],
 42. *Doct.*
 43. eighteen.
 44. *Doct.*
 45. 'tis
 46. ev'r | perceive
 47. Mood | of[.]
 48. *Videlicet, The*
 49. *Woo.* Yes
 51. do
 52. melancholly humor
 53. *Woo.* | mind[.],
Jaylor, | Maid.
 54. *Doct.* You'll find | honor
 55. *Fail.* | stays | child,
 56. hour, | visit you [om. .]
 57. *Daugh.* | thank
 59. never.
 60. *Fail.*
 61. do
 62. fair one [om. .]
 64. *Fail.*
 65. often[.],
 66. dances
 67. Jigg, | tail
 68. turns
 69. *Fail.* indeed.
 70. He'll | *Morris* | hour,
 73. turn
 74. think
 75. *Fail.* | virtues
 76. think | brought
 78. *Fail.* | read
 79. fair | himself
 80. Hay | Provender : that
 83. *Fail.*
 84. poor
 85. Master[.], | scornful.
 86. *Fail.* | Dowry
 88. Oats ; | he'll ne'er

89. lisps[.]
 90. Millers
 91. He'll | her[.]
 92. *Doct.* | stuff
 93. *Fail.* | curt'sie,
 94. *Woo.* | soul
 95. Maid, there's | curt'sie.
 96. i' th' | honesty ;
 97. to th' | o' th'
 98. *Doct.* | days journey
 99. go
 100. *Woo.* | do
 101. Stool[-]ball.
 102. do.
 103. *Woo.*
 104. keep | there [om. :]
 105. 'Tis
 106. find
 109. Besides[.] | Father
 110. i' th' business
 112. *Woo.* Do
 114. poor Petticoat, |
 two course Smocks.
 115. *Woo.*
 117. *Woo.* Yes[.] | fair
 118. We'll
 119. *Woo.*
 120. fain he
 121. *Woo.* | do | kiss
 122. 'Tis
 124. Cosin
 125. *Doct.* | Sweet heart,
 126. Cosin
 127. fair
 128. Do | think he'll
 129. *Doct.*
 130. Do | think
 131. *Fail.*
 132. Lord, | y'are [omits
 (growne,)]
 134. poor Chicken[.]
 135. down | Meat, | Lodg-
 ing[.]
 136. I'll kiss | again.
 137. do | you'll lose |
 sight[.]
 138. e'er was see.
 139. *Fail.* | field ?
 141. bear
 142. *Fail.* I'll
 144. *Doct.* | we'll
 145. loose
 146. *Fail.*
 147. *Doct.* I'll | three or
 four days
 148. I'll | again.
 150. *Woo.*
 151. *Doct.* Let's
152. *Woo.* | Sweet[.] we'll
 go
 153. we'll | Cards.
 154. kiss
 155. *Woo.* times[.]
 157. *Woo.* I[.]
 158. we'll sleep
 159. *Doct.*
 160. *Woo.*
 162. *Woo.* | Sweet.
 163. do | I'll Florish
- V. iii. *Tertia.* | These us,
 Hippolita, Emilia, Per-
 ithous : | T. Tuck: Cur-
 tis.
- i. I'll
 3. Wren hawk | Fly.
 4. Than | decision[;] ev'ry
 [om. ;]
 5. stroke
 6. falls,
 7. than Blade[.]
 8. enough[.] | punish'd,
 9. 'gainst
 10. deafing, | hear ;
 12. *Per.*
 15. Honor | kind,
 16. shew | pencil'd.
 17. belief
 18. seal'd | ear ;
 19. victors meed, | garland
 20. crown | Title.
 22. I'd wink
 24. trial | 'twere i' th'
 25. only Star
 27. shows
 28. darkness
 29. dame of horror[;] |
 does
 30. mortal
 31. black
 32. find | self
 34. whereto
 35. go
 36. *Emil.*[.]
 37. Knights
 39. needs
 41. *Emil.*[.] Sir[.]
 42. Title | Kingdom |
 try'd
 43. self.
 45. remain
 46. enemies.
 47. Farewel
 48. Husband 'fore | self
 50. twof[.] | them[.]
51. Lot[.]
 [for *Exeunt* reads]
 Enter Theseus, Hip-
 polita, Perithous,
 &c.
 52. visag'd ;
 53. Engine | sharp
 55. bedfellows
 57. seems | frowns
 58. sometimes 'tis
 59. quality
 60. Melancholly
 61. so does *Arcite's*
 62. *Palamon's* sadness |
 kind
 64. sadness, | humors
 65. Stick mis[-]becomingly
 66. fair
 Trumpets | *Charge.*
 67. Hark how your | spirit
 68. proof,
 69. *Arcite*[.]
 70. spoiling | Oh | pity
 72. do
 74. Ward,
 A great | *noise within*[.]
 | *Palamon.*)
 76. born
 77. Than | harm,
 78. cry's
 79. 'twas
 80. look'd | success,
 81. Doubtless | prethee
 Shout, | *crying a* *Palamon.*
 84. poor
 85. Upon | Picture,
 86. *Palamon's* | left, why
 so [om. ,]
 cry [om. ,] *and shout*
 88. side [om. ,] | lies ;
 89. clamor
 90. o' th' combat.
 91. said
 92. o' th'
 93. general
 97. metamorphos'd
 99. compos'd | man :
 100. [At the foot of p. 447
 in F², the catchword
 " Their " is given, but
 at top of p. 448, " The
 prejudice, " &c. ; the line
 " Their noblenes peculiar
 to them, gives " being
 left out, obviously by
 mistake. First restored
 in ed. 1778.]

- Arcite, Arcite.
105. prethee
shout[,] | Arcite,
106. ears to th' business.
108. hark
111. Half
112. babe[;] | richness
113. costliness | lookt
114. than
115. Than | banks | go
116. winds, | think
118. think
119. coming
120. poor
- Theseus, Hippolita, Perithous, Arcite as Victor [om.,] and Attendants, &c.
122. fairest *Emilia*,
123. Divine
125. struck
127. grows,
129. you [om.,] | dearest
130. cheaply,
131. do
132. Oh
133. speaks | e'er
134. surely
135. batchelor, lest
136. show i' th' | his
137. charm'd | methought
138. Sow of Lead :
139. to th' all ;
140. lose | for
142. beat | ear o' th'
143. throats, | now on the
144. again
145. out[-]breasted, | sense
146. between | so
147. between these kinsmen ;
148. wear the Garland
149. for the subdu'd,
150. Justice
151. 'em[,] let
152. Scene's
153. joyful, | Arm
154. lose | *Hippolita*
155. tear
157. winning?
158. powers[,] *your*
159. wills | said
161. Prince [om.,]
162. than
163. die too[,]

164. pity
165. four | eyes | fix'd
166. needs | blind for't[,]

V. iv. *Scena Quarta.*

Palamon | *Knights pin-ion'd* : *Faior* [om.,] | [,] &c.

1. There's | alive [om.,]—
out[-]liv'd
2. o' th' | yea[,] i' th' self[-]
same
3. child ;
5. pity.
7. lothsome
8. Gout | Rheum, | hours
10. Young, | un^avap-
per'd[,] not [om.,] |
Crimes
13. clear | dear kinsmen.
14. poor | down,
15. sold | cheap.
17. o'er
18. Title
19. certain : a grain of
honor
20. o'er-weight
21. farewell ;
22. tott'ring
23. reels.
24. Come[:]
25. Banquet,
27. freedom
28. does
31. *Faiil*. Sir[,]
32. married
34. 'tis
35. prethee
36. piece
38. i. *K*[,] *Nay*[,] let's
39. maid?
40. think
42. Than | speak
44. *Faiil*. | requite
45. thankful.
46. Adieu ;
- Block.*
48. Lead courageous
49. We'll | cheerfully.
with[,] | *save*[,] | *haste*
50. oh
- Pirithous
51. Hold[,] | haste
54. lead.
56. do
57. tidings ear

60. wak't | dream [om. ?]
61. Cosin
63. black
64. hayr
66. goodness
67. Hear finds
69. than | For
70. pleas'd
72. t'were to' th' Musick
73. own hoofs | (For
74. Musicks
76. Spark[,]
78. The | fire[,]
79. Took
81. Forgets [-] school |
train'd,
82. mannage,
83. sharp | frets
84. Than | obeyes ; Seeks
| foul means
85. Iad'rie, | dis-seat
86. When
87. crack, | break[,] | dif-
fring
88. Dis[-]root
89. 'twen | legs, | hoofs
90. [(] on end he stands
[as if part of l. 89].
91. *Arcites*[,] legs | than
93. And
94. Backward | jade | o'er,
95. load : Yet
96. 'tis [om.,] | floats
97. He
98. appears.

Hippolita, | *chair*.

102. I'm
106. hour ;
108. kiss | fair | 'Tis
110. soul
111. I'll | eyes[,] | souls |
thee [om.,]
113. tears.
114. honor.
115. Even
116. acknowledg
117. thanks
118. play'd,
119. length'ned, and [om.,]
120. blissfull | you[:]
122. *Mars*[,]
123. *Arcite*[,]
125. shew'd | Bear
128. loss
129. Dear | loss | dear
131. conquer'd triumphs,
132. Loss :

133. been
134. kinsman | o' th'
136. proclaim'd | restor'd
137. stolen Jewell,
140. Lead
142. Friends.
143. look
145. we'll
146. hour,

147. hour | dearly
150. lack
155. bear

EPILOGUE

2. *School Boys,*
4. *look*
6. *young*

7. 'Tis | *here,*
8. *hiss* [om. ,]
9. *vain,* | *ye,*
12. *th' tale*
13. 'tis
15. *And*
17. *We,*

[FINIS omitted.]

I

The Two Noble Kinsmen.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE AND JOHN FLETCHER.

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THE
TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

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Edited from the Quarto of 1634

BY
HAROLD LITTLEDALE.

PART I.
REVISED TEXT AND NOTES.

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PROLOGUE.

- Florish.] **N**ew playes and maydenheads are neare akin ;
*Much follow'd both, for both much money gi'en,
 If they stand sound and well : and a good play,*
 4 *Whose modest scenes blush on his marriage-day,
 And shake to loose his honour, is like hir
 That after holy tye and firsi nights fir,
 Yet still is modestie, and still retaines*
 8 *More of the maid to sight than husband's paines ;
 We pray our play may be so ; for I'm sure
 It has a noble breeder and a pure,
 A learned, and a poet never went*
 12 *More famous yet twixt Po and silver Trent :
 Chaucer—of all admir'd—the story gives ;
 There constant to eternity it lives.
 If we let fall the noblenesse of this,*
 16 *And the firsi sound this child heare be a hissè,
 How will it shake the bones of that good man,
 And make him cry from under ground, " O, san
 From me the wittles chaffe of such a wrighter*
 20 *That blastes my bayes, and my sam'd workes makes lighter
 Then Robin Hood ! " This is the feare we bring ;
 For, to say truth, it were an endlesse thing,
 And too ambitious, to aspire to him,*
 24 *Weake as we are, and almost breathlesse swim
 In this deepe water. Do but you hold out
 Your helping hands, and we shall take about,
 And something doe to save us. You shall heare*
 28 *Scenes, though below his art, may yet appeare
 Worth two houres' travell. To his bones sweet sleepe!
 Content to you ! If this play doe not keepe
 A little dull time from us, we perceave*
 32 *Our lossès fall so thicke, we must needs leave.* [Florish.]

Knight omits this prol. entirely.
 23. *him,*] L. Q. him ; D. him.
 25. *water. Do*] Q. D. water, do

26. *take*] Q. (=) F. etc. tack
 29. *travell,*] Q. D. travail.

THE TWO NOBLE Kinemen.

ACT I.

[I. 1]

[SCENE I. Athens. Before a temple.]

Enter Hymen with a torch burning: a Boy, in a white robe, before, singing and strewing flowers. After Hymen, a Nymph, encompassed in her tresses, bearing a wheaten garland. Then Theseus, betweene two other Nymphs with wheaten Chaplets on their heades. Then Hippolyta, the bride, led by [Pirithous], and another holding a garland over her head, her tresses likewise hanging. After her, Emilia, holding up her traine. [Artesius and Attendants.]

The Song.

[Musicke.]

Roses, their sharpe spines being gone,
Not royall in their smels alone,
But in their hew.

Maiden pinckes, of odour faint, 4
Daxies smel-lesse, yet most quaint,
And sweet time true.

Prim-rose, first-borne child of Ver,
Merry spring-time's herbinge 8
With her bells dimme.

Oxlips, in their cradles growing,
Mary-golds, on death-beds blowing,
Larkes'-heeles trimme. 12

Hippolyta, . . led by Pirithous] S. etc. O. | 8. *herbinge With*] L. om. [] Q. sqq.
Edd. Ty. Nicholson, lead by Theseus | Herbinge, With
(Edd. led) | 9. *her bells*] Q. F. etc. (bells, except Sk.
7. *Prim-rose, first-borne child*] Edd. Q. | hair-bells

[I. 1] *All deere Nature's children sweete,
Ly fore bride and bridegroom's feete,* [Strew Flowers
Blessing their sence!

16 *Not an angel of the aire,
Bird melodious or bird faire,
[Be] absent hence!*

The crow, the staundrous cuckoe, nor
20 *The boding raven, nor [chough hore,]
Nor chattring pie,
May on our bridehouse perch or sing,
Or with them any discord bring,*

24 *But from it fly!*

*Enter three Queenes in blacke, with vailles staine, with impe-
riall crownes. The first Queene fals downe at the foote of
Thefeus; the second fals downe at the foote of Hippolyta;
the third before Emilia.*

1. *Qu.* For pittie's fake and true gentilitie's,
Heare, and respect me!

2. *Qu.* *Qu.* For your mother's fake,
And as you wish your womb may thrive with faire ones,
28 Heare, and respect me!

3. *Qu.* Now, for the love of him whom Jove hath markd
The honour of your bed, and for the fake
Of cleere virginity, be advocate
32 For us and our distresses! This good deede
Shall raze you out o' th' booke of trespassses
All you are set downe there.

Thef. Sad lady, rise.

Hip.

Stand up.

Emil.

No knees to me:

36 What woman I may feed that is distrest
Does bind me to her.

13. *sweete, Lie*] F. sqq. C. Lye Q. | 18. *Be absent*] S. etc. O. Edd. Is absent
sweete-Ly | 20. *chough hoar*] S. etc. Q. Clough hee
16. *angel*] Edd. Q. angle Th. conj. augel | F. Clough he T. Clough he

Thef. What's your request? Deliver you for all. [I. 1]

1 *Qu.* We are three queenes, whose foveraignes fel before
The wrath of cruell Creon; who [endure] 40
The beakes of ravens, tallents of the kights,
And pecks of crows, in the fowle feilds of Thebs.
He will not suffer us to burne their bones,
To urne their ashes, nor to take th' offence 44
Of mortall loathfomenes from the bleft eye
Of holy Phœbus, but infects the windes
With stench of our flaine lords. O pittie, duke!
Thou purger of the earth, draw thy feard sword 48
That does good turnes to th' world; give us the bones
Of our dead kings, that we may chappell them;
And of thy boundles goodnes, take some note
That for our crowned heades we have no rooffe 52
Save this, which is the lyon's, and the beare's,
And vault to every thing!

Thef. Pray you, kneele not:
I was transported with your speech, and suffer'd 56
Your knees to wrong themselves. I have heard the fortunes
Of your dead lords, which gives me such lamenting
As wakes my vengeance and revenge for 'em.
King Capaneus was your lord, the day 60
That he should marry you, at such a season
As now it is with me, I met your groome
By Mars's altar; you were that time faire,
Not Juno's mantle fairer then your tresses, 64
Nor in more bounty spread her; your wheaten wreath
Was then nor threafhd nor blasted; fortune at you
Dimpled her cheeke with smiles; Hercules our kinsman—
Then weaker than your eyes—laide by his club; 68
He tumbled downe upon his [nemean] hide,

40. *endure*] M. D. K. ('67) Sk. Q. W.
endured F. etc. K. ('41) *endur'd*
41. *Tallents*] Q. Edd. talons
42. *feilds*] Q. F. T. S. field C. W. etc.
fields

63. *Mars's*] F. Q. Marsis
65. *spread her*] Edd. S. om. her
69. *Nemean*] S. O. Edd. Nenuan S.
on his

[I. 1] And swore his sinews thawd. O, greife and time,
Fearefull consumers, you will all deuoure

72 1 *Qu.* O I hope some God,
Some God hath put his mercy in your manhood,
Whereto hee'l infuse powre, and presse you forth
Our undertaker!

Thef. O no knees, none, widdow!
76 Unto the helmeted Bellona use them,
And pray for me, your souldier.
Troubled I am. [Turnes away.]

2 *Qu.* Honoured Hippolyta,
Most dreaded Amazonian, that hast slaine
80 The sith-tuskd bore; that, with thy arme as strong
As it is white, wast neere to make the male
To thy sex captive, but that this thy lord—
Borne to uphold creation in that honour
84 First nature stilde it in—shrunke thee into
The bownd thou wast ore-flowing, at once subduing
Thy force and thy affection; soldiernesse,
That equally canst poize sternenes with pitty;
88 [Who] now, I know, hast much more power on him
Then e'er he had on thee, who ow'ft his strength
And his love too, who is a seruant for
The tenour of [thy] speech; deere glasse of ladies,
92 Bid him that we, whom flaming war doth scortch,
Under the shaddow of his sword may coole us;
Require him he advance it ore our heades;
Speak 't in a woman's key: like such a woman
96 As any of us three; weepe ere you faile;
Lend us a knee;
But touch the ground for us no longer time
Then a dove's motion when the head's pluckt off;
100 Tell him if he i' th' blood-cizd field lay fwolne,
Showing the sun his teeth, grinning at the moone,

88. *Who*] D. Q. Whom now I know
90. *for*] O.Edd. D. Ty. K.(67) Sk. S.
C. W. to

91. *thy speech*] S. etc. O Edd. Ty. the
Speech

What you would doe!

[I. 1]

Hip. Poore lady, say no more :

I had as leife trace this good action with you

As that whereto I 'm going, and nev'r yet

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Went I so willing, way. My lord is taken

Heart deepe with your distresse : let him confider ;

Ile speake anon.

3 *Qu.* O, my petition was [*Kneele to Emilia.*

Set downe in yce, which, by hot greefe uncandied,

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Melts into drops ; so forrow, wanting forme,

Is prest with deeper matter.

Emilia. Pray stand up :

Your greefe is written in your cheeke.

3 *Qu.* O, woe !

You cannot reade it there ; there through my teares,

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Like wrinckled pebbles in a [glasse] fream

You may behold 'em ! Lady, lady, alacke !

He that will all the treafure know o' th' earth

Must know the center too ; he that will fish

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For my leaft minnow, let him lead his line

To catch one at my heart. O, pardon me !

Extremity, that sharpens fundry wits,

Makes me a foole.

Emil. Pray you say nothing, pray you : 120

Who cannot feele nor see the raine, being in 't,

Knowes neither wet nor dry. If that you were

The ground-peece of some painter, I would buy you

T' instruct me gainst a capitall greefe indeed ;—

124

Such heart-peirc'd demonstration !—but, alas !

Being a naturall sister of our sex,

Your forrow beates so ardently upon me,

That it shall make a counter-reflect gainst

128

105. *willing, way*] O.Edd. S. etc. will-
ing way. Sy. willing. Ay! Ty. will-
ing 'way.

112. *there through*] O.Edd. W. Ty. K.
('67). S. C. K. ('41). here D. etc.

there, through

113. *glasse*] S. sqq. glassy Q. glasse
F. T. glass

114. *behold 'em*] Q. D. behold it

[I. 1] My brother's heart, and warme it to some pitty,
 Though it were made of stone: pray have good comfort.
Thef. Forward to th' temple! leave not out a jot
 O' th' sacred ceremony.

132 1 *Qu.* O, this celebration
 Will [longer] last, and be more costly, then
 Your suppliants' war! Remember that your fame
 Knowles in th' eare o' th' world: what you doe quickly

136 Is not done rashly; your first thought is more
 Then others' labour'd medittance: your premeditating
 More then their actions: But, oh Jove! your actions,
 Soone as they [moove], as asprays doe the fish,
 140 Subdue before they touch; thinke, deere duke, thinke
 What beds our slaine kings have!

2 *Qu.* What greifes our beds,
 That our deere lords have none!

3 *Qu.* None fit for th' dead!
 Those that with cordes, knives, drams, precipitance,
 144 Weary of this world's light, have to themselves
 Beene death's most horrid agents, humane grace
 Affords them dust and shaddow.

1 *Qu.* But our lords
 Ly bliftring fore the visitating sunne,
 148 And were good kings when living.

Thef. It is true;
 And I will give you comfort,
 To give your dead lords graves: the which to doe,
 Must make some worke with Creon.

1 *Qu.* And that worke

133. *longer*] S. etc. O.Edd. Ty. long
 139. *moove*] F. sqq. move Q. mooves
 143. *Drams, Precipitance,*] S. C. W. D.
 O.Edd. drams precipitance, K. Sk.
 Cord's, knives', drams' precipitance,
 Ty. drams-precipitance,
 145. *humaine*] Q. F. humane T. sqq.
 human
 149-150. *will give . . . To give*] O.Edd. S.

C. W. K. D. Ty. Se. conj., Sk. will give
 you Comfort, [and engage Myself and
 Pow'rs] to give Mason. to give . . .
 will give Sid. Walker's arrangement:
 so D. ('67, '76).
 151. *And that worke*] O.Edd. Ty. D. ('67,
 '76). S. etc. Sid. Walker, work now
 Arrangement Walker's.

Presents it selfe to th' doing : [I. 1]

Now 'twill take forme, the heates are gone to morrow ;

Then, booteles toyle must recompence it selfe

With it's owne sweate ; now he 's secure,

Not dreames we stand before your puiffance, 156

Wrinching our holy begging in our eyes,

To make petition cleere.

2 *Qu.* Now you may take him

Drunke with his victory.

3 *Qu.* And his army full

Of bread, and floth. 160

Thef. Artefius, that best know'ft

How to draw out fit to this enterprife

The prim'ft for this proceeding, and the number

To carry such a bufinesse ; forth and levy

Our worthiest instruments ; whilst we despatch 164

This grand act of our life, this daring deede

Of fate in wedlocke.

1 *Qu.* Dowagers, take hands ;

Let us be widdowes to our woes ; delay

Commends us to a famishing hope. 168

All Qu. Farewell !

2 *Qu.* We come unseasonably ; but when could greefe

Cull forth, as unpanged judgement can, fitt'ft time

For best sollicitation ?

Thef. Why, good ladies,

This is a service, whereto I am going, 172

Greater then any [war] ; it more imports me

Then all the actions that I have foregone,

Or futurely can cope.

1 *Qu.* The more proclaiming

Our fuit shall be neglected : when her armes, 176

156. *Not dreames*] Q. T. C. W. Ty. K. D.

Sk. F. Not dretms S. etc. Nor
dreams

157. *Wrinching*] O.Edd. S. etc. Rinsing

159. *And his*] O.Edd. etc. Sid. Walker,

And 's

161. *draw out fit*] Q. D. out, fit

167. *widdowes*] Edd. Sy. conj. wedded

173. *any war* ;] Th. S. etc. O.Edd. Ty.

any was ;

That which you kneele to have me.—Pirithous, [I. 1]
 Leade on the bride : get you and pray the Gods
 For successe and returne ; omit not any thing
 In the pretended celebration.—Queenes,
 Follow your soldier. [*To Artefius.*] As before, hence you, 212
 And at the banckes of [*Aulis*] meete us with
 The forces you can raise, where we shall finde
 The moytie of a number, for a bufines
 More bigger lookt. Since that our theame is haste, 216
 I stamp this kisse upon thy currant lippe ;
 Sweete, keepe it as my token. Set you forward ;
 For I will see you gone. [*Exit Artefius.*]
 Farewell my beauteous sifter. Pirithous, 220
 Keepe the feast full ; bate not an howre on 't.
Pir. Sir,
 Ile follow you at heeles : the feast's solempnity
 Shall want till your returne.
Thef. Cofen, I charge you
 Boudge not from Athens ; we shall be returning 224
 Ere you can end this feast, of which, I pray you,
 Make no abatement. Once more, farewell all.
 1 *Qu.* Thus dost thou still make good
 The tongue o' th' world. 228
 2 *Qu.* And earn'ft a deity
 Equal with Mars.
 3 *Qu.* If not above him ; for
 Thou being but mortall, mak'ft affections bend
 To godlike honours ; they themselves, some say,
 Grone under such a mastry. 232
Thef. As we 're men,
 Thus should we doe ; being sensually subdude,

212. *Follow your soldier.* As before, hence]M. W. D. Sk. Q. F. S. C. Follow your
Soldier (as before) hence you (T.
Soldiers) K. Ty. soldier, as before ;
hence213. *Aulis*] Th. S. etc. O.Edd. Anly
Ingleby, Auly Heath, Ilisse Se. conj.]

At the Gates, or Port, or Back, of Aulis

216. *bigger look't*] Q. F. T. sqq. bigger
look'd D. bigger-look'd223. *want*] O.Edd. etc. S. (approved by
Sid. Walker) wait226-9] Sid. Walker's arrangement, D. ('67,
'76).

[I. 1] We loofe our humane tittle. Good cheere, ladies!
Now turne we towards your comforts. [*Florish. Exeunt.*]

[I. 2] SCENE II. [*Thebes. The court of the palace.*]

Enter Palamon and Arcite.

Arcite. Deere Palamon, deerer in love then blood,
And our prime cofen, yet unhardned in
The crimes of nature; let us leave the citty
4 Thebs, and the temptings in 't, before we further
Sully our glosse of youth:
And here to keepe in abstinance we shame
As in incontinence; for not to swim
8 I' th' aide o' th' current, were almost to sincke,
At least to frustrate striving; and to follow
The common streame, 'twold bring us to an edy
Where we should turne or drowne; if labour through,
12 Our gaine but life and weakenes.

Pal. Your advice
Is cride up with example: what strange ruines,
Since first we went to schoole, may we perceive
Walking in Thebs? Skars and bare weedes
16 The gaine o' th' martialist, who did propound
To his bold ends, honour and golden ingots,
Which though he won, he had not; and now flurtd
By peace for whom he fought. Who, then, shall offer
20 To Mars's so-scornd altar? I doe bleede
When such I meete, and with great Juno would
Resume her ancient fit of jelouzie,
To get the foldier worke, that peace might purge
24 For her repletion, and retaine anew
Her charitable heart, now hard, and harsher
Then strife or war could be.

Arc. Are you not out?

234. *humane*] Q. Edd. human
8. *aide*] O.Edd. etc. Th. conj. C. head

24. *retaine*] Edd. Heath conj. reclaim
Sk. conj. regain

Meete you no ruine but the foldier in [I. 2]
 The cranckes and turnes of Thebs? You did begin 28
 As if you met decaies of many kindes :
 Perceive you none that doe arowse your pittie,
 But th' unconfiderd foldier ?

Pal. Yes; I pittie
 Decaies where ere I finde them; but such most 32
 That, sweating in an honourable toyle
 Are paide with yce to coole 'em.

Arc. 'Tis not this
 I did begin to speake of; this is vertue
 Of no respect in Thebs; I spake of Thebs, 36
 How dangerous, if we will keepe our honours,
 It is for our refyding; where every evill
 Hath a good cullor; where every seeming good'
 A certaine evill; where not to be ev'n jumpe 40
 As they are here, were to be strangers, and
 Such things to be, meere monsters.

Pal. 'Tis in our power—
 Unlesse we feare that apes can tutor's—to
 Be masters of our manners: what neede I 44
 Affect anothers gate, which is not catching
 Where there is faith? or to be fond upon
 Anothers way of speech, when by mine owne
 I may be reasonably conceiv'd, fav'd too, 48
 Speaking it truly? why am I bound
 By any generous bond to follow him
 Followes his taylor, haply so long untill
 The follow'd make purfuit? or let me know 52
 Why mine owne barber is unblest, with him
 My poore chinne too, for 'tis not cizard just
 To such a favorite's glaffe? What cannon is there
 That does command my rapier from my hip, 56
 To dangle't in my hand, or to go tip-toe

41. *are here,*] Mason. D. Ty. O.Edd. S.
 C. W. K. Sk. are, here

42. *to be, meere*] Nicholson. Edd. to be

mere (F. T. S. meer)

51. *untill*] Q. F. sqq. until Sid. Walker,
 till

- [I. 2] Before the streete be foule? Either I am
The fore-horfe in the teame, or I am none
60 That draw i' th' fequent trace. These poore sleight fores
Neede not a plantin; that which rips my bofome,
Almost to th' heart's—

Arc. Our uncle Creon.

Pal. He,

- A most unbounded tyrant, whose succesfes
64 Makes heaven unfeard, and villany assured
Beyond its power there's nothing; almost puts
Faith in a feavour, and deifies alone
Voluble chance; who onely attributes
68 The faculties of other instrumens
To his owne nerves and act; commands men service,
And what they winne in 't, boot and glory; [one]
That feares not to do harm; good, dares not; let
72 The blood of mine that's fibbe to him, be sucked
From me with leeches; let them breake and fall
Off me with that corruption!

Arc. Cleere-spirited cozen,

Let 's leave his court, that we may nothing share

- 76 Of his lowd infamy; for our milke
Will relish of the pasture, and we must
Be vile or disobediend; not his kinsmen
In blood, unlesse in quality.

Pal. Nothing truer:

- 80 I thinke the echoes of his shames have deaf
The eares of heav'nly justice: widdows' cries

61. *rips*] Q. etc. F. T. tips
63. *successes*] O.Edd. etc. Heath, K. suc-
cess
64. *Makes*] O.Edd. K. Ty. S. etc. Make
S. C. Ty. Sk. assur'd, Beyond
65. *power there's nothing;*] S. D. Sk.
O. Edd. power: there's nothing, almost
C. power; there's nothing almost Ty.
power there's nothing—almost
66. *feavour*] Q. etc. Th. conj. Fear
67. *chance;*] D. Ty. O.Edd. chance, C.

K. chance— S. W. Sk. Chance:
69. *men service*] O.Edd. S. sqq. men's
service C.(1778). mens' C.(1811).
men's
70. *boot and glory; one*] Ingram. (Daniel
Qo.) boot and glory on That (T. C.
D. Qo.) F. T. Ty. on; That S. etc.
Boot and Glory too; That Nicholson,
boots and glories on:
71. *good, dares not;*] O.Edd. S. C. W.
K. D. Ty. Sk. good dares not:

Descend againe into their throates, and have not [I. 2]
Due audience of the gods.—Valerius! [*Enter Valerius.*]

Val. The king calls for you; yet be leaden-footed, 84
Till his great rage be off him: Phœbus when
He broke his whipstocke, and exclaimd' against
The horses of the sun, but whisperd, to
The lowdenesse of his fury. 88

Pal. Small windes shake him!
But what's the matter?

Val. Theseus—who where he threatens appals—hath sent
Deadly defiance to him, and pronounces
Ruine to Thebs; who is at hand to seale 92
The promise of his wrath.

Arc. Let him approach:
But that we feare the gods in him, he brings not
A jot of terrour to us: yet what man
Thirds his owne worth—the case is each of ours— 96
When that his action's dregd with minde assur'd
'Tis bad he goes about?

Pal. Leave that unreasond;
Our services stand now for Thebs, not Creon:
Yet to be neutrall to him were dishonour, 100
Rebellious to oppose; therefore we must
With him stand to the mercy of our fate,
Who hath bounded our last minute.

Arc. So we must.—
Is't fed this warres a foote? or it shall be, 104
On faile of some condition?

Val. 'Tis in motion;
Th' intelligence of state came in the instant
With the defier.

Pal. Let's to the king; who, were he
A quarter carrier of that honour which 108
His enemy come in, the blood we venture
Should be as for our health; which were not spent,

[I. 2] Rather laide out for purchase: but, alas!

112 Our hands advanc'd before our hearts, what will
The fall o' th' froke doe damage?

Arc. Let th' event,

That never-erring arbitratour, tell us

When we know all ourselves, and let us follow

116 The becking of our chance.

[*Exeunt.*]

[I. 3] SCENE III. [*Before the gates of Athens.*]

Enter Pirithous, Hippolyta, and Emilia.

Pir. No further!

Hip. Sir, farewell: repeat my wishes

To our great lord, of whose succes I dare not

Make any timerous question; yet I wish him

4 Exces and overflow of power, an't might be

To [dare] ill-dealing fortune. Speede to him;

Store never hurtes good governours.

Pir.

Though I know

His ocean needes not my poore drops, yet they

8 Must yeild their tribute there. My precious maide,

Those best affections that the heavens infuse

In their best-temperd peices, keepe enthroand

In your deare heart!

Emil.

Thanckes, fir! Remember me

2 To our all-royall brother; for whose speede

The great Bellona Ile follicite; and

Since, in our terrene state, petitions are not

Without giftes understood, Ile offer to her

10 What I shall be advised the likes. Our hearts

Are in his army, in his tent.

Hip.

In 's bosome.

We have bin foldiers, and wee cannot weepe

When our friends don their helmes, or put to sea,

5. *dare*] Se. Sy. conj., Heath. D. Sk. |
Nicholson. S. C. cure O.Edd. Mason. |

W. K. *dure* Ty. 'dure Se. conj. T'out-
dure or T'out-dare or To dare

Or tell of babes broachd on the lance, or women [I. 3]
 That have sod their infants in—and after eate them—
 The brine they wept at killing 'em; then, if
 You stay to see of us such spinsters, we
 Should hold you here for ever. 24

Pir. Peace be to you,
 As I pursue this war! which shall be then
 Beyond further requiring. [Exit *Pir.*

Emil. How his longing
 Follows his friend! since his depart, his sportes,
 Though craving feriousnes and skill, past slightly 28
 His careless execution, where nor gaine
 Made him regard, or losse confider; but
 Playing [one] busines in his hand, another
 Directing in his head, his minde nurse equall 32
 To these so differing twyns. Have you observ'd him
 Since our great lord departed?

Hip. With much labour;
 And I did love him for 't. They two have cabind
 In many as dangerous as poore a corner, 36
 Perill and want contending; they have skift
 Torrents, whose roring tyranny and power
 I th' least of these was dreadfull; and they have
 Fought out together, where death's selfe was lodgd; 40
 Yet fate hath brought them off. Their knot of love
 Tide, weav'd, intangled, with so true, so long,
 And with a finger of so deepe a cunning
 May be outworne, never undone. I thinke 44
 Theseus cannot be umpire to himselfe,
 Cleaving his conscience into twaine, and doing
 Each side like justice, which he loves best.

Emil. Doubtlesse

27. *sports*] Edd. Coleridge conj. imports

31. *Playing one*] M. (Heath MS.) sqq. Q.
 ore F. T. S. C. o'er

36. *dangerous as poor*] D. ('67, '76) Sk.
 conj. Edd. dangerous, as poor

b

2

37. *contending; they*] D. Sk. O. Edd. etc.
 contending, they

39. *least of these*] Edd. Se. conj. best of
 Ships were

40. *Fought*] Edd. L. quer. Sought

[I. 3] There is a best, and reason has no manners
 To say it is not you. I was acquainted
 Once with a time, when I enjoyd a play-fellow ;
 You were at wars, when she the grave enrichd,
 52 Who made too proud the bed, tooke leave o' th' moone—
 Which then lookt pale at parting—when our count
 Was each eleven.

Hip. 'Twas [Flavina.]

Emil. Yes

You talke of Pirithous' and Theseus' love :

56 Theirs has more ground, is more maturely seasond,
 More buckled with strong judgement, and their needs

2. Hearses ready, with Palamon and Arcite : the 3. Queenes, Theseus, and his Lordes ready.
 The one of th' other may be said to water
 Their intertangled rootes of love ; but I,
 And shee I sigh and spoke of, were things innocent,
 Lov'd for we did, and like the elements
 That know not what nor why, yet doe effect
 Rare issues by their operance, our foules

64 Did so to one another : what she lik'd
 Was then of me approv'd ; what not, condemn'd,
 No more arraignment ; the flowre that I would plucke
 And put betweene my breasts, O—then but beginning

68 To swell about the blossome—she would long
 Till shee had such another, and commit it
 To the like innocent cradle, where, Phoenix-like,
 They dide in perfume ; on my head no toy

72 But was her patterne ; her affections—pretty,
 Though happily her careles [wear]—I followed
 For my most serious decking ; had mine eare
 Stolne some new aire, or at adventure humd [one]

54. *each eleven*] F. sqq. Q. each a eleven
Flavina] S. sqq. Q. Flavia F. T.
 Flavia

67. *oh (then . . . blossome)*] O.Edd. S. (oh
 then C. sqq. (oh, then Sid. Walker,
 Ty. oh! (then . . . D. ('67, '76) om. oh

72. (*pretty, . . . her careles wear*)] C. sqq.
 Q. happily, her careles, were, [om.]].
 F. happily, her careles, were, I T.

careles were, Sy. conj. (1) (so Dodd,
 Beaut. of Sh. I. 92, C) they careles
 were) I (2) her careles Wear I S.
 affection ; her Pretty, tho' haply care-
 les Wear, I Dodd conj. her affect ;
 her Lamb, hers careles were

75. *humd one*] C. etc. Q. humd on
 F. T. S. W. humm'd on Ty. hum'd on

From muscally coynadge, why, it was a note [I. 3] ·
 Whereon her spirits would fojourne,—rather dwell on,—
 And sing it in her slumbers: this rehearfall—
 Which, ev'ry innocent wots well, comes in
 Like old importments bastard—has this end, 80
 That the true love tweene mayde and mayde may be
 More then in fex [dividuall.]

Hip. Y' are out of breath;
 And this high-speeded pace is but to say,
 That you shall never—like the maide Flavina— 84
 Love any that's calld man.

Emil. I'm fure I shall not.

Hip. Now, alacke! weake sifter,
 I must no more beleeve thee in this point—
 Though in 't I know thou dost beleeve thy selfe— 88
 Then I will trust a fickely appetite,
 That loathes even as it longs. But, fure, my sifter,
 If I were ripe for your perswasion, you
 Have faide enough to shake me from the arme 92
 Of the all noble Theseus, for whose fortunes
 I will now in and kneele, with great assurance
 That we, more then his Pirithous, possesse
 The high throne in his heart. 96

Emil. I am not
 Against your faith; yet I continew mine. [*Cornets. Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. [*A field before Thebes.*] [I. 4.]

A battaile strooke within: then a retrait: flourish. Then enter Theseus (victor), [Herald, and Attendants.] The three Queenes meete [Theseus], and fall on their faces before him.

1 *Qu.* To thee no farre be darke!

2 *Qu.* Both heaven and earth

79. *every innocent*] Lamb. W. sqq. Q. fury-innocent wots well) comes in Like old importments bastard, has this end, F. T. (as Q. with varr. fury [om. -] innocent . . importments[-]bastard[. T.] . . end[;]). Sy. S. C. surely Innocence

wots well) Mason, (Which fury innocent, wot I well, . . old emportment's bastard)
 82. *dividua*] S. sqq. Q. individuall F. T. individual
 96-7] Dyce's arrangement.

[I. 4.] Friend thee for ever!

3 *Qu.* All the good that may
Be wishd upon thy head, I cry amen to 't!

4 *Thef.* Th' imparciall gods, who from the mounted heavens
View us their mortall heard, behold who erre,
And in their time chaftice. Goe, and finde out
The bones of your dead lords, and honour them

8 With treble ceremonie: rather then a gap
Should be in their deere [rites,] we would supply 't.
But thofe we will depute which fhall invest
You in your dignities, and even each thing

12 Our haft does leave imperfect. So, adiew, [*Exeunt Queenes.*
And heavens good eyes looke on you! What are thofe?]

Herald. Men of great quality, as may be judgd
By their appointment; some of Thebs have told 's
16 They 're fifters' children, nephewes to the king.

Thef. By th' helme of Mars, I faw them in the war,
Like to a paire of lions smeard with prey,
Make lanes in troopes agaft: I fixt my note
20 Constantly on them; for they were a marke
Worth a god's view. What [was 't that prifoner] told me
When I enquired their names?

Herald. We 'leave, they 're called
Arcite and Palamon.

Thef. 'Tis right; thofe, thofe.

24 They are not dead?

Her. Nor in a ftate of life: had they bin taken

3. Hearfes
ready. When their laft hurts were given, 'twas poffible
They might have bin recovered; yet they breathe,

28 And have the name of men.

Thef. Then like men ufe 'em:

9. *rites*] D. Q. rights

18. *smeard*] F. T. S. W. K. D. Ty. Sk.
(Brit. Mus., Camb. Univ., Trin. Coll.
Dub.) Qq. smeard (Colman's, Dyce's,
P. A. Daniel's) Qq. succard C. suc-
cour'd

21. *what was't that prifoner*] D. K. ('67)

Sk. O.Edd. etc. K. ('41) what prifoner
was't that

22. *We 'leave*] L. O.Edd. We leave S.
C. W. K. Sk. With leave D. ('46) Wi'
leave Ty. We leave; they Heath,
D. ('67, '76) We learn Ingleby conj.
Believe L. conj. 'lieve

The very lees of such, millions of rates, [I. 4]
 Exceede the wine of others : all our furgions
 Convent in their behoofe ; our richeft balmes,
 Rather then niggard, waft : their lives concerne us 32
 Much more then Thebs is worth : rather then have 'em
 Freed of this plight, and in their morning fate,
 Sound and at liberty, I would 'em dead ;
 But, forty thousand fold, we had rather have 'em 36
 Prisoners to us then death. Beare 'em speedily
 From our kinde aire,—to them unkinde,—and minister
 What man to man may doe ; for our fake more,
 Since I have knowne frights, fury, friends' beheasts, 40
 Loves' provocations, zeale, a mis'tris' taske,
 Defire of liberty, a feavour, madnes,
 Hath fet a marke—which nature could not reach to
 Without some imposition,—sicknes in will, 44
 Or wraffling strength in reason. For our love,
 And great Apollo's mercy, all our best
 Their best skill tender ! Leade into the city ;
 Where, having bound things scatterd, we will poft 48
 To Athens [fore] our army. [Florish. Exeunt.

SCENE V. [Another part of the same, more remote [I. 5]
 from Thebes.]

Enter the QUEENES with the hearfes of their knightes, in a
 funerall solempnity, &c.

Urnes and odours bring away ! [Muficke.
 Vapours, sighes, darken the day !

40. *frights, fury, friends' beheasts*] S. (Friends Beheasts) W. K. ('41) frights, fury, friends' beheasts F. T. frights ; fury, O.Edd. C. Ty. friends, beheasts (Q. beheastes) Heath, fights, fury D. K. ('67) Sk. fight's fury, friends' beheasts
 41. *Loves' provocations*] S. W. K. ('67) D. Sk. O.Edd. C. Ty. Loves, provocations *zeal, a mis'tris' task,*] C. sqq. mistress' task S. mistress task Q. mistress Taske D. K. ('67) Sk. zeal [in] a mistress' task
 42. *liberty, a feavour, madnes,*] Edd. Sk. liberty—a fever, madness—Hath
 43. *Hath*] O.Edd. K. ('41) Ty. Sk. S. C. W. D. K. ('67) 'T hath Heath, Have S. C. arranged 42—45 : madness, Sicknes in will, or . . . reason ; 'T hath set . . . reach to Without some imposition
 43, 44.] L. Edd. omit the marks of parenthesis.
 49. *'fore*] S. sqq. O.Edd. for

[I. 5] *Our dole more deadly lookes than dying ;*
 4 *Balmes, and gummes, and heavy cheeres,*
Sacred vials fill'd with teares,
And clamors through the wild ayre flying!

Come all sad and solempne shoues,
 8 *That are quick-eyd pleasure's foes!*
We conuent nought else but woes:
We conuent, &c.

3 *Qu.* This funeral path brings to your household's grave:
 12 Joy ceaze on you againe! Peace sleepe with him!

2 *Qu.* And this to yours.

1 *Qu.* Yours this way. Heavens lend
 A thoufand differing waies to one fure end.

3 *Qu.* This world's a citty full of straying freetes,
 16 And death's the market-place, where each one meetes.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT II.

[II. 1] SCENE I. [*Athens. A garden, with a cafil in the back-ground.*]

Enter Jailor and Wooer.

Jail. I may depart with little, while I live; some thing I may cast to you, not much. Alas! the prison I keepe, though it be for great ones, yet they seldome come; before one 4 falmon, you shall take a number of minnowes. I am given out to be better lyn'd then it can appeare to me report is a true speaker: I would I were really that I am deliverd to be. Marry, what I have—be it what it will—I will assure upon my 8 daughter at the day of my death.

Woo. Sir I demaund no more then your owne offer; and I will estate your daughter in what I have promised.

3. *looks than dying;*] D. Q. looks than dying [om. ;] F. T. looks, than dying [om. ;] C. etc. dying[!] S. Ty. looks than dying[.]
 6. *wild*] O.Edd. Sid. Walker conj. wide

11. *grave;*] Q. K. D. Ty. Sk. F. graver [om. :] T. S. Graves, C. W. graves:

5. *appeare to me*] Edd. Q. Ty. appeare, to me

Jail. Wel, we will talke more of this when the solemnity is [II. 1] past. But have you a full promise of her? when that shall be 12
feene, I tender my consent. [Enter Daughter.

Woo. I have, sir. Here shee comes.

Jail. Your friend and I have chanced to name you here, upon the old busines; but no more of that now, so soone as 16
the court hurry is over, we will have an end of it: i' th' meane time, looke tenderly to the two prisoners; I can tell you they are princes.

Daugh. These strewings are for their chamber. 'Tis pitty 20
they are in prison, and 'twere pitty they should be out. I doe thinke they have patience to make any adverstity asham'd; the prison it selfe is proud of 'em; and they have all the world in their chamber. 24

Jail. They are fam'd to be a paire of absolute men.

Daugh. By my troth, I think fame but stammers 'em; they stand a greife above the reach of report.

Jail. I heard them reported in the battaile to be the only 28
doers.

Daugh. Nay, most likely; for they are noble sufferers. I mervaile how they would have lookd, had they beene victors, that, with such a constant nobility, enforce a freedome out or 32
bondage, making misery their mirth, and affliction a toy to jest at.

Jail. Doe they so?

Daugh. It seemes to me they have no more fence of their 36
captivity then I of ruling Athens: they eate well, looke merrily, discourse of many things, but nothing of their owne restraint and disasters. Yet sometime a devided sigh, martyrdd as 't were i' th' deliverance, will breake from one of them; 40
when the other presently gives it so sweete a rebuke, that I could wish my selfe a sigh to be so chid, or at least a sigher to be comforted.

Woo. I never saw 'em.

44

27. *greise*] Q. D. ('46) Ty. Sk. S. Griese | conj. Gree K. ('67) grice D. ('67, '76)
F. T. C. W. K. ('41) grief Se. Sy. | grise

[II. 1] *Jail.* The duke himfelfe came privately in the night, and
fo did they, what the reason of it is, I know not. [*Enter*
Palamon and Arcite, above.] Looke, yonder they are! that's
48 Arcite looks out.

Daugh. No, fir, no; that's Palamon: Arcite is the lower of
the twaine; you may perceive a part of him.

Jail. Goe to! leave your pointing; they would not make
52 us their object; out of their fight.

Daugh. It is a holliday to looke on them. Lord, the diff-
rence of men. [*Exeunt.*]

[II. 2] SCENE II. [*The same.*]

Enter Palamon and Arcite [above].

Pal. How doe you, noble cofen?

Arc. How doe you, fir?

Pal. Why, strong inough to laugh at misery,
And beare the chance of warre yet. We are prifoners
4 I feare for ever, cofen.

Arc. I beleeve it;

And to that destiny have patiently
Laide up my houre to come.

Pal. Oh cofen Arcite,
Where is Thebs now? where is our noble country?
8 Where are our friends and kindreds? Never more
Must we behold those comforts, never see
The hardy youthes strive for the games of honour,
Hung with the painted favours of their ladies,
12 Like tall ships under faile; then start amongst 'em
And, as an eastwind, leave 'em all behinde us
Like lazy clowdes, whilst Palamon and Arcite,
Even in the wagging of a wanton leg,
16 Out-stript the people's praifes, won the garlands,
Ere they have time to wish 'em ours. O, never
Shall we two exercife, like twyns of honour,

Our armes againe, and feele our fyry horfes [II. 2]
 Like proud seas under us! Our good swords now,— 20
 Better the red-eyd god of war nev'r [wore]—
 [Ravish'd] our fides, like age, must run to rust,
 And decke the temples of those gods that hate us;
 These hands shall never draw 'em out like lightning, 24
 To blaft whole armies, more!

Arc. No, Palamon,
 Those hopes are prisoners with us: here we are,
 And here the graces of our youthes must wither,
 Like a too-timely spring; here age must finde us, 28
 And, which is heaviest, Palamon, unmarried;
 The sweete embraces of a loving wife,
 Loden with kisses, armd with thousand cupids,
 Shall never claspe our neckes; no issue know us, 32
 No figures of our selves shall we e'er see,
 To glad our age, and like young eagles teach 'em
 Boldly to gaze against bright armes, and say
 "Remember what your fathers were, and conquer!" 36
 The faire-eyd maides shall weepe our banishments,
 And in their songs curse ever-blinded fortune,
 Till thee for shame see what a wrong she has done
 To youth and nature: this is all our world; 40
 We shall know nothing here but one another;
 Heare nothing but the clocke that tels our woes;
 The vine shall grow, but we shall never see it;
 Sommer shall come, and with her all delights, 44
 But dead-cold winter must inhabite here still.

Pal. 'Tis too true, Arcite. To our Theban houndes,
 That shooke the aged Forrest with their echoes,
 No more now must we halloa; no more shake 48
 Our pointed javelyns, whilst the angry swine
 Flyes like a Parthian quiver from our rages,
 Strucke with our well-steeld darts: all valiant uses—

21. *wore*] S. sqq. K. ('41). O.Edd. were
 D. K. ('67) ware

22. *Ravish'd*] S. sqq. Q. Bravish'd F.

T. Ty. Bravish'd
 51. *Strucke*] Q. F. T. S. C. W. K. ('41)
 Ty. Struck Heath, D. K. ('67) Stuck

[II. 2.] The foode and nourishment of noble mindes—
 In us two here shall perish; we shall die—
 Which is the curfe of honour—lastly,
 Children of greife and ignorance.

Arc. Yet, cofen,

56 Even from the bottom of these miseries,
 From all that fortune can inflict upon us,
 I see two comforts ryng, two meere blessings,
 If the gods please, to hold here a brave patience,
 60 And the enjoying of our griefes together.
 Whilst Palamon is with me, let me perish
 If I thinke this our prison!

Pal. Certainly

'Tis a maine goodnes, cofen, that our fortunes
 64 Were twynn'd together: 'tis most true, two foules
 Put in two noble bodies, let 'em suffer
 The gaule of hazard, so they grow together,
 Will never fincke; they must not, say they could:
 68 A willing man dies sleeping, and all's done.

Arc. Shall we make worthy uses of this place,
 That all men hate so much?

Pal. How, gentle cofen?

Arc. Let's thinke this prison holy sanctuary,
 72 To keepe us from corruption of worfe men:
 We 're young, and yet desire the waies of honour;
 That, liberty and common conversation,
 The poyfon of pure spirits, might, like women,
 76 Woove us to wander from. What worthy blessing
 Can be, but our imaginations
 May make it ours? And heere being thus together,
 We are an endles mine to one another;
 80 We are one another's wife, ever begetting

54. *lastly*] O.Edd. etc. S. C. (Ingleby,
 L., quer.) lazily

59. *please, to hold here a brave*] Q. Ty.
 (Sk. conj.) F. T. please to hold here
 S. please to hold here, a C. W. please

to hold here; a brave D. K. Sk. please
 to hold here,—a brave

64. *twynn'd*] L. Q. twyn'd F. T. D.
 K. ('67) Sk. twin'd S. C. K. ('41) twinn'd
 W. Ty. twined

New birthes of love ; we are father, friends, acquaintance ;	[II. 2]
We are, in one another, families,	
I am your heire, and you are mine : this place	
Is our inheritance ; no hard oppreffour	84
Dare take this from us : here, with a little patience,	
We fhall live long, and loving ; no furfeits feeke us ;	
The hand of war hurts none here, nor the seas	
Swallow their youth. Were we at liberty,	88
A wife might part us lawfully, or bufines ;	
Quarrels confume us ; envy of ill men	
Crave our acquaintance ; I might ficken, cofen,	
Where you fhould never know it, and fo perifh	92
Without your noble hand to clofe mine eies,	
Or praiers to the gods ; a thoufand chaunces,	
Were we from hence, would feaver us.	
<i>Pal.</i> You 've made me—	
I thanke you, cofen Arcite—almost wanton	96
With my captivity : what a mifery	
It is to live abroade, and every where !	
'Tis like a beaft, me thinks : I finde the court here,	
I am fure, a more content ; and all thofe pleasures	100
That wooe the wils of men to vanity	
I fee through now ; and am fufficient	
To tell the world, 'tis but a gaudy fhadow,	
That old time, as he paffes by, takes with him.	104
What had we bin, old in the court of Creon,	
Where fin is iuftice, luft and ignorance	
The vertues of the great ones ? Cofen Arcite,	
Had not the loving gods found this place for us,	108
We had died as they doe, ill old men, unwept,	
And had their epitaphes, the people's curfes.	
Shall I fay more ?	
<i>Arc.</i> I'd heare you fill.	
<i>Pal.</i> Ye fhall.	

91. *Crave*] O.Edd. C. W. K. ('41) Ty. S. | Heath, Raze Mason, Cleave D. K. ('67)
 Reave Th. conj. Craze Sy. conj. Carve | Sk. Grave

[II. 2.] Is there record of any two that lov'd
Better then we doe, Arcite ?

Arc. Sure there cannot.

Pal. I doe not thinke it possible our friendship
Should ever leave us.

Arc. Till our deathes it cannot ;

[*Enter Emilia and her Woman* [*below*].

116 And after death our spirits shall be led

To those that love eternally. Speake on, sir.

[*Emil.*] This garden has a world of pleasures in't.
What flowre is this ?

Wom. 'Tis calld Narcissus, madam.

120 *Emil.* That was a faire boy certaine, but a foole
To love himselfe : were there not maides enough ?

Arc. Pray forward.

Pal. Yes.

Emil. Or were they all hard hearted ?

Wom. They could not be to one so faire.

Emil. Thou wouldst not.

124 *Wom.* I thinke I should not, madam.

Emil. That's a good wench :

But take heede to your kindnes though !

Wom. Why, madam ?

Emil. Men are mad things.

Arc. Will ye goe forward, cofen ?

Emil. Canst not thou worke such flowers in filke, wench ?

128 *Wom.* Yes.

Emil. Ile have a gowne full of 'em ; and of these ;

This is a pretty colour : wilt not doe

Rarely upon a skirt, wench ?

Wom. Deinty, madam.

Arc. Cofen, Cofen ! how doe you, Sir ? Why, Palamon !

132 *Pal.* Never till now I was in prison, Arcite.

Arc. Why, what's the matter, man ?

Pal. Behold, and wonder !

118. *Emi. This garden*] S. sqq. O.Edd. Ty. give this as part of Arcite's speech.

By heaven, shee is a goddesse ! [II. 2]

Arc. Ha !

Pal. Doe reverence !

She is a goddesse, Arcite !

Emil. Of all flowres,

Me thinkes, a rose is best. 136

Wom. Why, gentle madam ?

Emil. It is the very embleme of a maide :

For when the west wind courts her gently

How modestly she blowes, and paints the sun

With her chaste blufhes ! When the north comes neere her, 140

Rude and impatient, then, like chastity,

Shee lockes her beauties in her bud againe,

And leaves him to bafe briers.

Wom. Yet, good madam,

Sometimes her modesty will blow so far 144

She fals for 't : a mayde,

If shee have any honour, would be loth

To take example by her.

Emil. Thou art wanton.

Arc. She is wondrous faire ! 148

Pal. She is all the beauty extant !

Emil. The sun grows high ; lets walk in. Keep these flowers,

Wee'le see how neere art can come neere their colours.

I am wondrous merry-hearted ; I could laugh now.

Wom. I could lie downe, I am sure. 152

Emil. And take one with you ?

Wom. That 's as we bargaine, madam.

Emil. Well, agree then.

[*Exeunt Emilia and Woman.*]

Pal. What thinke you of this beauty ?

Arc. 'Tis a rare one.

Pal. Is 't but a rare one ?

Arc. Yes, a matchles beauty.

Pal. Might not a man well lose himselfe, and love her ? 156

138. *gently*] O.Edd. etc. S. Farmer, *gently* Th. conj. her Beauties *gently*

- [II. 2] *Arc.* I cannot tell what you have done ; I have,
 Beshrew mine eyes for 't. Now I feele my shackles.
Pal. You love her, then ?
Arc. Who would not ?
Pal. And desire her ?
- 160 *Arc.* Before my liberty.
Pal. I saw her first.
Arc. That's nothing.
Pal. But it shall be.
Arc. I saw her too.
Pal. Yes, but you must not love her.
Arc. I will not as you doe, to worship her,
- 164 As she is heavenly, and a blessed goddess ;
 I love her as a woman, to enjoy her :
 So both may love.
Pal. You shall not love at all.
Arc. Not love at all ! Who shall deny me ?
- 168 *Pal.* I, that first saw her ; I, that tooke possession
 First with mine eye of all those beauties in her
 Reveald to mankinde. If thou lovest her,
 Or entertain't a hope to blast my wishes,
 172 Thou art a traytour, Arcite, and a fellow
 False as thy title to her : friendship, blood,
 And all the tyes betweene us, I disclaime,
 If thou once thinke upon her !
Arc. Yes, I love her ;
- 176 And if the lives of all my name lay on it,
 I must doe so ; I love her with my soule !
 If that will lose ye, farewell, Palamon !
 I say againe, I love ; and in loving her, maintaine
- 180 I am as worthy and as free a lover,
 And have as just a title to her beauty,
 As any Palamon, or any living
 That is a man's sonne.

168.] Edd. Sid. Walker, deny me? *Pal.* |
 I ; I that

Edd. S. love, and) Sid. Walker, I love
 her ; and

179. *I say againe, I love : and*] Edd. (O. |

Pal. Have I cald thee friend? [II. 2]

Arc. Yes, and have found me so. Why are you mov'd thus? 184

Let me deale coldly with you : am not I
Part of [your] blood, part of your soule? you 've told me
That I was Palamon, and you were Arcite.

Pal. Yes. 188

Arc. Am not I liable to those affections,
Those joyes, greifes, angers, feares, my friend shall suffer?

Pal. Ye may be.

Arc. Why, then, would you deale so cunningly,
So frangely, so unlike a noble kinsman, 192
To love alone? Speake truely, doe you thinke me
Unworthy of her fight?

Pal. No; but unjust

If thou purfue that fight.

Arc. Because an other

Firft sees the enemy, shall I stand still, 196
And let mine honour downe, and never charge?

Pal. Yes, if he be but one.

Arc. But fay that one

Had rather combat me?

Pal. Let that one fay so,

And use thy freedome; else if thou pursuest her, 200
Be as that cursed man that hates his country,
A branded villaine!

Arc. You are mad.

Pal. I must be,

Till thou art worthy, Arcite; it concernes me;
And, in this madnes, if I hazard thee 204
And take thy life, I deale but truely.

Arc. Fie, fir!

You play the childe extreamely : I will love her,
I must, I ought to doe so, and I dare;
And all this justly. 208

Pal. O, that now, that now

- [II. 2] Thy false selfe and thy friend had but this fortune,
 To be one howre at liberty, and graspe
 Our good swords in our hands! I 'ld quickly teach thee
 212 What 'twere to filch affection from another!
 Thou art baser in it then a cutpurse:
 Put but thy head out of this window more,
 And, as I have a soule, Ile naile thy life to 't!
- 216 *Arc.* Thou dar'st not, foole; thou canst not; thou art feeble:
 Put my head out! Ile throw my body out,
 And leape the garden, when I see her next,
 And pitch between her armes to anger thee.
- 220 *Pal.* No more! the keeper's comming; I shall live
 To knocke thy braines out with my shackles.
Arc. Doe.

Enter [Jailor.]

- [*Jail.*] By your leave, gentlemen.
Pal. Now, honest keeper?
 [*Jail.*] Lord Arcite, you must presently to the duke:
 224 The cause I know not yet.
Arc. I'm ready, keeper.
 [*Jail.*] Prince Palamon, I must awhile bereave you
 Of your faire cofen's company. [*Exeunt Arcite and Jailor.*]
Pal. And me too,
 Even when you please of life. Why is he sent for?
 228 It may be, he shall marry her; he's goodly,
 And like enough the duke hath taken notice
 Both of his blood and body. But his falsehood!
 Why should a friend be treacherous? If that
 232 Get him a wife so noble and so faire,
 Let honest men ne'er love againe. Once more
 I would but see this faire one.—Blessed garden,
 And fruite and flowers more blessed, that still blossom
 236 As her bright eies shine on ye! Would I were,
 For all the fortune of my life hereafter,

222. *Enter Jailor*] L. Q. *Enter Keeper* D. *Re-enter Gaoler*

Yon little tree, yon blooming apricocke ! [II. 2]
 How I would spread, and fling my wanton armes
 In at her window ! I would bring her fruite 240
 Fit for the gods to feed on ; youth and pleasure,
 Still as she tasted, should be doubled on her ;
 And if she be not heavenly, I would make her
 So neere the gods in nature, they should feare her ; 244

[Enter Jailor.]

And then I am sure she would love me. How now, keeper!
 Wher's Arcite ?

[Jail.] Banishd. Prince Pirithous
 Obtained his liberty ; but never more,
 Upon his oth and life, must he set foote 248
 Upon this kingdome.

Pal. Hee's a blessed man !
 He shall see Thebs againe, and call to armes
 The bold yong men that, when he bids 'em charge,
 Fall on like fire : Arcite shall have a fortune, 252
 If he dare make himselfe a worthy lover,
 Yet in the field to strike a battle for her ;
 And if he lose her then, he's a cold coward ;
 How bravely may he beare himselfe to win her 256
 If he be noble Arcite : thousand waies !
 Were I at liberty, I would doe things
 Of such a vertuous greatnes, that this lady,
 This blushing virgine, should take manhood to her, 260
 And seeke to ravish me.

[Jail.] My lord, for you
 I have this charge too—

Pal. To discharge my life.

[Jail.] No ; but from this place to remoove your lordship :
 The windowes are too open. 264

Pal. Devils take 'em
 That are so envious to me ! Pre'thee kill me.

[Jail.] And hang for't afterward ?

- [II. 2] *Pal.* By this good light
Had I a sword I 'ld kill thee.
- [*Jail.*] Why, my lord?
- 268 *Pal.* Thou bring'st such pelting scurvy news continually,
Thou art not worthy life. I will not goe.
- [*Jail.*] Indeede you must, my lord.
- Pal.* May I see the garden?
- [*Jail.*] Noe.
- Pal.* Then I am resolvd, I will not goe.
- [*Jail.*] I must
- 272 Confraine you, then; and for you're dangerous,
Ile clap more yrons on you.
- Pal.* Doe, good keeper:
Ile shake 'em so, ye shall not sleepe;
Ile make ye a new morrife. Must I goe?
- 276 [*Jail.*] There is no remedy.
- Pal.* Farewell, kinde window;
May rude winde never hurt thee!—O, my lady,
If ever thou hast felt what forrow was,
Dreame how I suffer!—Come, now bury me. [*Exeunt.*]

[II. 3] SCENE III. [*The country near Athens.*]

Enter Arcite.

- Arc.* Banishd the kingdome? 'tis a benefite,
A mercy I must thanke 'em for; but banishd
The free enjoying of that face I die for,
- 4 Oh 'twas a studdied punishment, a death
Beyond imagination! Such a vengeance,
That, were I old and wicked, all my sins
Could never plucke upon me. Palamon,
- 8 Thou hast the start now, thou shalt stay, and see
Her bright eyes breake each morning 'gainst thy window,
And let in life into thee; thou shalt feede
Upon the sweetenes of a noble beauty,
- 12 That nature ne'er exceeded, nor ne'er shall:
Good gods, what happines has Palamon!

Twenty to one, hee'l come to speake to her; [II. 3]
 And, if she be as gentle as she's faire,
 I know she's his; he has a tongue will tame 16
 Tempests, and make the wild rockes wanton. Come what
 can come,
 The worst is death; I will not leave the kingdome:
 I know mine owne is but a heape of ruins,
 And no redresse there: if I goe, he has her. 20
 I am resolv'd: an other shape shall make me,
 Or end my fortunes; either way, I'm happy:
 Ile see her, and be neere her, or no more.

Enter four Country-people; & one with a garland before them.

1. My masters, Ile be there, that's certaine. 24
 2. And Ile be there.
 3. And I.
 4. Why, then, have with ye, boyes! 'Tis but a chiding:
 Let the plough play to-day; Ile tickle't out 28
 Of the jades' tailes to-morrow.
 1. I am fure
 To have my wife as jealous as a turkey:
 But that's all one; Ile goe through, let her mumble.
 2. Clap her aboard to morrow-night, and stoa her, 32
 And all's made up againe.
 3. I, doe but put
 A feskue in her fitt, and you shall see her
 Take a new lesson out, and be a good wench.
 Doe we all hold against the maying? 36
 4. Hold?
 What should aile us?
 3. Arcas will be there.
 2. And Sennois,
 And Rycas; and three better lads nev'r dancd
 Under green tree; and [ye] know what wenches, ha!

21. *resolv'd: another*] D. Q. *resolu'd an*
 other

24. sqq.] Dyce's arrangement, ed. 1876,

here followed.

39. *ve know*] S. sqq. O.Edd. yet know

- [II. 3] But will the dainty domine, the schoolemafter,
 Keep touch, doe you thinke? for he do's all, ye know.
 3. Hee'l eate a hornebooke ere he faile: goe to!
 The matter's too farre driven betweene
- 44 Him and the tanner's daughter, to let flip now;
 And she must see the duke, and she must daunce too.
 4. Shall we be lusty?
 2. All the boyes in Athens
 Blow wind i' th' breech on us: and here Ile be
- 48 And there Ile be, for our towne, and here againe,
 And there againe: ha, boyes, heigh for the weavers!
 1. This must be done i' th' woods.
 4. O, pardon me!
 2. By any meanes; our thing of learning [says] fo;
- 52 Where he himselfe will edifie the duke
 Most parloufly in our behalfe: hee's excellent i' th' woods;
 Bring him to th' plaines, his learning makes no cry.
 3. We'll see the sports; then every man to 's tackle!
- 56 And, sweete companions, let's rehearse by any meanes,
 Before the ladies see us, and doe sweetly,
 And god knows what may come on 't.
 4. Content: the sports
 Once ended, wee'l performe. Away, boyes, and hold!
- 60 *Arc.* By your leaves, honest friends; pray you, whither
 goe you?
 4. Whither! why, what a question 's that!
Arc. Yes, 'tis a question,
 To me that know not.
 3. To the games, my friend.
- 64 2. Where were you bred, you know it not?
Arc. Not farre, fir.
 Are there such games to-day?
 1. Yes, marry, are there:
 And such as you nev'r saw; The duke himselfe
 Will be in person there.

Arc. What pastimes are they? [II. 3]

2. Wraftling, and running.—'Tis a pretty fellow. 68

3. Thou wilt not goe along?

Arc. Not yet, fir.

4. Well, fir,

Take your owne time. Come, boyes.

1. My minde misgives me
This fellow has a vengeance tricked o' th' hip;

Marke how his body 's made for 't. 72

2. Ile be hangd though

If he dare venture; hang him, plumb porredge!

He wrastle? he rost eggs! Come, let's be gon, lads.

[*Exeunt* Countrymen.]

Arc. This is an offerd oportunity
I durst not wifh for. Well I could have wrestled, 76

The best men calld it excellent; and run

Swifter then winde upon a feild of corne,

Curling the wealthy eares, nev'r flew. Ile venture,
And in some poore disguise be there: who knowes 80

Whether my browes may not be girt with garlands,

And happines preferre me to a place

Where I may ever dwell in fight of her? [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. [*Athens. A room in the prison.*] [II. 4]

Enter Jailor's Daughter.

Daugh. Why should I love this gentleman? 'tis odds

He never will affect me; I am safe,

My father the meane keeper of his prison,

And he a prince; To marry him is hopelesse,

To be his whore, is witles. Out upon 't!

What pushes are we wenchs driven to,

76. *Well I*] S. C. W. K. D. Sk. O. Edd.
Ty. Well, I

78. *then winde . . . nev'r flew.*] L. Q.
then winde . . . never flew: (so F. T.
Ty. than wind) Th. conj. then . . .

near Se. Sy. S. C. W. the . . . ne'er
Mason, D. than wind . . . ever flew K.
Sk. than . . . e'er
3. *his prison*] Q. etc. S. this prison

- [II. 4.] When fiftene once has found us ! Firt I faw him ;
 8 I, feeing, thought he was a goodly man ;
 He has as much to please a woman in him—
 If he please to bestow it so—as ever
 These eyes yet lookt on ; next, I pittied him,
 12 And so would any young wench o' my conscience
 That ever dream'd, or vow'd her maidenhead
 To a yong hanfom man ; then I lov'd him,
 Extreemely lov'd him, infinitely lov'd him ;
 16 And yet he had a cofen, faire as he too ;
 But in my heart was Palamon, and there,
 Lord, what a coyle he keeps ! To heare him
 Sing in an evening, what a heaven it is !
 20 And yet his songs are sad oncs. Fairer spoken
 Was never gentleman : when I come in
 To bring him water in a morning, firt
 He bowes his noble body, then salutes me, thus :
 24 “ Faire, gentle mayde, good morrow : may thy goodnes
 Get thee a happy husband ! ” Once, he kist me ;
 I lov'd my lips the better ten daies after :
 Would he would doe so ev'ry day ! He greives much,
 28 And me as much to see his misery :
 What should I doe, to make him know I love him ?
 For I would faine enjoy him. Say I ventur'd
 To fet him free ? what saies the law, then ? Thus much
 32 For law, or kindred ! I will doe it,
 And this night or to-morrow he shall love me. [Exit.

8. *I, seeing,*] S. C. W. K. D. Sk. Q. I
 (seeing) F. I (seeing) though the Sid.
 Walker, And seeing
 14. *then I lov'd*] O.Edd. S. D. Ty. C. W.
 K. Then, I Sk. [and] then, I
 18. *To heare him*] O.Edd. etc. Se. S. To
 sit and hear him
 31. *thus much For*] O.Edd. Ty. S. thus
 much For . . Kindred : I will do it, ay

And this night ; and toMorrow he shall
 love me. C.(1778) W. K.(?41) And this
 Night, or tomorrow : He (he C. 1811).
 Q. night, or to morrow he D. Sk. night
 or tomorrow he K.(?67) night, or
 to-morrow, he L. qy. I will do it, And
 this night ;—or tomorrow he
 32.] cf. metre of IV. ii. 144.

SCENE V. [*An open place in Athens.*]

[II. 5]

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Pirithous, Emilia; Arcite [*as a Country-man, wearing*] a Garland; [*and Country-people*].

This short flourish of cornets, and showtes within.

Thef. You have done worthily; I have not feene,
Since Hercules, a man of tougher fynewes:
What e'er you are, you run the best, and wrastle,
That these times can allow.

4

Arc. I'm proud to please you.

Thef. What country bred you?

Arc. This; but far off, prince.

Thef. Are you a gentleman?

Arc. My father said so;

And to those gentle uses gave me life.

Thef. Are you his heir?

8

Arc. His youngest, sir.

Thef. Your father

Sure is a happy fire, then. What proves you?

Arc. A little of all noble qualities:

I could have kept a hawk, and well have hollo'd

To a deep cry of dogges; I dare not praise

12

My feat in horfemanthip, yet they that knew me

Would say it was my best peece; last and greatest,

I would be thought a fouldier.

Thef. You are perfect.

Pir. Upon my soule, a proper man!

16

Emil. He is so.

Pir. How doe you like him, ladie?

Hip. I admire him:

I have not feene so yong a man so noble—

If he say true,—of his fort.

Emil. Believe,

His mother was a wondrous handsome woman;

20

Scene V] Qo. Scæna 4. D. Arcite disguised, wearing Countrymen
7. *me life*] Edd. Se. conj. my

9. *prooves you ?*] Q. F. T. W. D. Ty.
K. ('67) Sk. proves S. C. K. ('41) prove
Ingram conj. profess

- [II. 5] His face me thinkes goes that way.
Hip. But his body
 And fire minde illustrate a brave father.
Pir. Marke how his vertue, like a hidden fun,
 24 Breakes through his baser garments !
Hip. Hee's well got, sure.
Thef. What made you seeke this place, fir ?
Arc. Noble Thefeus,
 To purchase name, and doe my ablest service
 To such a well-found wonder as thy worth ;
 28 For onely in thy court, of all the world,
 Dwells faire-eyd honor.
Pir. All his words are worthy.
Thef. Sir, we are much endebted to your travell,
 Nor shall you loose your with.—Pirithous,
 32 Dispose of this faire gentleman.
Pir. Thankes, Thefeus.—
 What-e'er you are, y' are mine ; and I shall give you
 To a most noble service,—to this lady,
 This bright yong virgin ; pray, observe her goodnesse :
 36 You have honoured hir faire birthday with your vertues,
 And, as your due, y' are hers ; kisse her faire hand, fir.
Arc. Sir, y' are a noble giver.—Dearest bewtie,
 Thus let me seale my vowd faith [*kisses her hand*] : when your
 servant—
 40 Your most unworthie creature—but offends you,
 Command him die, he shall.
Emil. That were too cruell.
 If you deserve well, fir, I shall soone see it :
 Y' are mine : and somewhat better than your rancke Ile use you.
 44 *Pir.* Ile see you furnish'd, and because you say
 You are a horseman, I must needs intreat you
 This afternoone to ride ; but tis a rough one.
Arc. I like him better, prince ; I shall not, then,

42. *see it*] L. Q. D. see't43. *Ile use you*] Q. arrangement. D. prints

as a separate line.

Freeze in my faddle.

[II. 5]

Thef. Sweet, you must be readie,—
And you, Emilia,—and you, friend,—and all,—
To-morrow, by the sun, to doe obfervance
To flowry May, in Dian's wood.—Waite well, fir,
Upon your mistress.—Emily, I hope
He shall not goe afoote.

52

Emil. That were a shame, fir,
While I have horses.—Take your choice; and what
You want at any time, let me but know it;
If you serve faithfully, I dare assure you
You'll finde a loving mistress.

56

Arc. If I doe not,
Let me finde that my father ever hated:
Disgrace and blowes.

Thef. Go, leade the way; you've won it;
It shall be so: you shall receive all dues
Fit for the honour you have won; 'twere wrong else.—
Sister, beshrew my heart, you have a servant,
That, if I were a woman, would be master:
But you are wife.

60

64

Emil. I hope too wife for that, fir.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*]SCENE VI. [*Athens.* *Before the prison.*]

[II. 6]

Enter Jailor's Daughter.

Daugh. Let all the dukes and all the divells rore,
He is at liberty: I have ventur'd for him;
And out I have brought him to a little wood
A mile hence: I have sent him, where a cedar,
Higher than all the rest, spreads like a plane,
Fast by a brooke; and there he shall keepe clofe,
Till I provide him fyles and foode; for yet
His yron bracelets are not off. O, love,
What a stout-hearted child thou art! My father
Durst better have indur'd cold yron than done it.

4

8

- [II. 6.] I love him beyond love and beyond reason,
 12 Or wit, or fasetie; I have made him know it :
 I care not; I am desperate; if the law
 Finde me, and then condemne me for 't, some wenches
 Some honest-hearted maides, will sing my dirge,
 16 And tell to memory my death was noble,
 Dying almost a martyr. That way he takes,
 I purpose is my way too: sure he cannot
 Be so unmanly, as to leave me here :
 20 If he doe, maides will not so easily
 Trust men againe: and yet he has not thank'd me
 For what I've done: no, not so much as kist me;
 And that, me thinkes, is not so well; nor scarcely
 24 Could I perswade him to become a freeman,
 He made such scruples of the wrong he did
 To me and to my father. Yet, I hope,
 When he considers more, this love of mine
 28 Will take more root within him: let him doe
 What he will with me, so he use me kindly;
 For use me so he shall, or Ile proclaime him,
 And to his face, no man. Ile presently
 32 Provide him necessaries, and packe my cloathes up,
 And where there is a [patch] of ground Ile venture,
 So hee be with me: by him, like a shadow,
 Ile ever dwell. Within this houre the whoobub
 36 Will be all o'er the prison: I am then
 Kissing the man they looke for. Farewell, father!
 Get many more such prisoners and such daughters,
 And shortly you may keepe yourselfe. Now to him! [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. [*A forest near Athens.*]

[III. 1]

*Enter Arcite.*Cornets in
sundry places.
Noise and
hallowing as
people a-May-
ing.

Arc. The Duke has loft Hippolyta; each tooke
A severall land. This is a folemne rite
They owe bloomd May, and the Athenians pay it
To th' heart of ceremony. O queene Emilia,
Frefher then May, sweeter
Then hir gold buttons on the bowes, or all
Th' enameld knackes o' th' meade or garden: yea!
We challenge too the bancke of any nymph, 8
That makes the streame feeme flowers; thou, O jewell
O' th' wood, o' th' world, haft likewise bleft a [place]
With thy sole preſence! In thy rumination
That I, poore man, might eftſoones come betweene, 12
And chop on ſome cold thought! thrice bleſſed chance
To drop on ſuch a miſtris, expectation
Moſt gilltleſſe on't. Tell me, O lady fortune,—
Next after Emily my ſoveraigne,—how far 16
I may be proud. She takes ſtrong note of me,
Hath made me neere her, and this beuteous morne,
The prim'ft of all the yeare, preſents me with
A brace of horſes: two ſuch ſteds might well 20
Be by a paire of kings backt, in a field
That their crownes' titles tride. Alas, alas,
Poore coſen Palamon, poore priſoner! thou
So little dream'ft upon my fortune, that 24
Thou thinkſt thy ſelfe the happier thing, to be
So neare Emilia; me thou deem'ſt at Thebs,
And therein wretched, although free; but if
Thou knew'ſt my miſtris breathd on me, and that 28

2. *land*] O.Edd. ſqq. Spalding, Ty. Sk.
(D. gloss.) laund Heath, stand
10. *place*] S. ſqq. O.Edd. pace

11. *preſence! In thy*] D. K. Sk. O.Edd.
Ty. preſence, in S. C. W. preſence.—In

[III. 1.] I ear'd her language, livde in her eye, O coz,
What passion would enclose thee!

*Enter Palamon as out of a bush, with his shackles : lends
his fist at Arcite.*

Pal. Traytor kinsman!
Thou shouldst perceive my passion, if these signes
32 Of prisonment were off me, and this hand
But owner of a sword. By all othes in one,
I, and the justice of my love, would make thee
A confest traytor. O thou most perfidious
36 That ever gently lookd! the [voyd'ft] of honour
That ev'r bore gentle token! falsest cofen
That ever blood made kin! call'ft thou hir thine?
Ile prove it in my shackles, with these hands,
40 Void of appointment, that thou ly'ft, and art
A very theefe in love, a chaffy lord,
Nor worth the name of villaine! Had I a sword,
And these house clogges away,—

Arc. Deere cofin Palamon,

44 *Pal.* Cofener Arcite, give me language such
As thou hast shewd me feate!

Arc. Not finding in
The circuit of my breast any grosse stuffe
To forme me like your blazon, holds me to
48 This gentleness of answer: 'tis your passion
That thus mistakes; the which to you being enemy,
Cannot to me be kind. Honor and honestie
I cherish and depend on, how so ev'r
52 You skip them in me; and with them, faire coz,
Ile maintaine my proceedings. Pray, be pleas'd
To shew in generous termes your griefes, since that
Your question's with your equall, who professes
56 To cleare his owne way with the minde and sword
Of a true gentleman.

36. *voyd'ft*] S. sqq. void'st Q. F. voydes | 42. *Nor worth*] Edd. L. quer. Not worth
T. voids

Pal. That thou durst, Arcite! [III. 1]

Arc. My coz, my coz, you have beene well advertif'd
How much I dare: y'ave seene me use my sword
Against th' advice of feare. Sure, of another 60
You would not heare me doubted, but your silence
Should breake out, though i' th' sanctuary.

Pal. Sir,
I have seene you move in such a place, which
Might justifie your manhood; you were calld 64
A good knight and a bold: but the whole weeke's not faire,
If any day it rayne. Their valiant temper
Men loose when they encline to trecherie;
And then they fight like compell'd beares, would fly 68
Were they not tyde

Arc. Kinsman, you might as well
Speake this, and act it in your glasse, as to
His eare, which now disdaines you.

Pal. Come up to me,
Quit me of these cold gyves, give me a sword, 72
Though it be rustie, and the charity
Of one meale lend me; come before me then,
A good sword in thy hand, and doe but say
That Emily is thine, I will forgive 76
The trespasse thou hast done me, yea, my life
If then thou carry 't; and brave soules in shades,
That have dyde manly, which will seeke of me
Some newes from earth, they shall get none but this, 80
That thou art brave and noble.

Arc. Be content,
Againe betake you to your hawthorne house:
With counsaile of the night, I will be here
With wholesome viands; these impediments 84
Will I file off; you shall have garments, and
Perfumes to kill the smell o' th' prison; after,

68. *compell'd beares*] Q. compell'd Beares | S. sqq. compell'd Bears
F. coupel'd Beeres T. coupel'd Bears |

[III. 1] When you shall stretch your selfe, and say but, "Arcite,
88 I am in plight," there shall be at your choyce
Both sword and armour.

Pal. Oh you heavens, dares any
So noble beare a guilty busines! none
But onely Arcite; therefore none but Arcite

92 In this kinde is so hold.

Arc. Sweete Palamon,—

Pal. I doe embrace you and your offer: for
Your offer doo 't I onely, sir; your person
Without hipocrisy I may not with [*Winde hornes of cornets.*

96 More then my sword's edge on 't.

Arc. You heare the hornes:

Enter your [musicke] least this match between 's
Be croft, er met. Give me your hand; farewell:
Ile bring you every needfull thing: I pray you,

100 Take comfort, and be strong.

Pal. Pray hold your promise,

And doe the deede with a bent brow: most certaine
You love me not: be rough with me, and powre
This oile out of your language. By this ayre,

104 I could for each word give a cuffe; my stomach
Not reconcild by reason.

Arc. Plainely spoken!

Yet pardon me hard language; when I spur
My horse, I chide him [not]; content and anger

108 In me have but one face.

Harke, sir! they call [*Winde hornes.*

The scatterd to the banquet: you must guesse
I have an office there.

Pal. Sir, your attendance

89. *dares*] Q. Ty. F. sqq. dare

90. *So noble beare a guilty busines!*] Q.

[om.!] F. T. business! S. C. W. K.

Ty. bear . . . business? D. ('67, '76)

noble . . . baseness? Sk. nobly . . .

business?

97. *musicke*] Q. Musicke F. T. Musick

D'Avenant, *muise* S. C. (Ty. notes,

p. 484: "music, evidently a corrup-

tion.") *muise* quick W. *muise* K.

D. ('46) Sk. *music* Ty. (text, by mis-

take) *music* quick D. ('67, '76) *musket*

107. *chide him not*] F. sqq. Q. him nor

Cannot please heaven; and I know your office [III. 1]
Unjustly is atcheev'd. 112

Arc. [I've] a good title,
I am perswaded: this question, sicke between 's,
By bleeding must be cur'd. I am a sicutour
That to your sword you will bequeath this plea,
And talke of it no more. 116

Pal. But this one word:
You are going now to gaze upon my mistress;
For note you, mine she is,—

Arc. Nay, then,—

Pal. Nay, pray you,—
You talke of feeding me to breed me strength;
You're going now to looke upon a fun 120
That strengthens what it looks on; there you have
A vantage ore me: but enjoy it till
I may enforce my remedy. Farewell. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. [*Another part of the forest.*] [III. 2]

Enter Jailor's Daughter alone.

Daugh. He has mistooke the [brake] I meant; is gone
After his fancy. 'Tis now welnigh morning;
No matter: would it were perpetuall night,
And darkenes lord o' th' world!—Harke! 'tis a wolfe: 4
In me hath greife flaine feare, and, but for one thing,
I care for nothing, and that's Palamon:
I [reck] not if the wolves would jaw me, so
He had this file. What if I hallowd for him? 8
I cannot hallow: if I whoop'd, what then?
If he not answere, I should call a wolfe,
And doe him but that service. I have heard

112. *I've a good title*] S. C. K. D. Ty. Sk.
O.Edd. If W. I have T. I'm per-
suaded

121. *there you have A*] D. Q. there You
have a Q. enjoy't

1. *brake*] Th. M. W. K. D. Ty. Sk. Q.

Beake F. T. Beak D'Avenant, beach
Sy. conj. Brook Se. conj. mistook; the
Hawk I sent is gone Se. S. (text) C.
Nares, Hickson, Beck L. Brake (spelt
Breake?)

7. *reck*] Edd. Q. wreake

- [III. 2] Strange howles this live-long night : why may 't not be
 They have made prey of him ? he has no weapons ;
 He cannot run ; the jengling of his gyves
 Might call fell things to listen, who have in them
 16 A fence to know a man unarmd, and can
 Smell where refistance is. Ile fet it downe
 He's torne to peeeces ; they howld many together,
 And then they fed on him : fo much for that !
 20 Be bold to ring the bell ; how stand I, then ?
 All 's char'd when he is gone. No, no, I lye ;
 My father 's to be hang'd for his escape ;
 My selfe to beg, if I prizd life fo much
 24 As to deny my act ; but that I would not,
 Should I try death by duffons.—I am mop't,
 Food tooke I none thefe two daies,—
 Sipt fome water. I have not clofd mine eyes
 28 Save when my lids fcowrd off their [brine.] Alas,
 Diffolve, my life ! let not my fence unfettle,
 Leaf I fould drowne, or stab, or hang my selfe !
 O fate of nature, faile together in me,
 32 Since thy beft props are warpt ! So, which way now ?
 The beft way is the next way to a grave :
 Each errant ftep befide is torment. Loe,
 The moone is down, the cryckets chirpe, the schreich-owle
 36 Calls in the dawne ! all offices are done,
 Save what I faile in : but the point is this,
 An end, and that is all.

[Exit.]

19. *fed*] Edd. Q. feed25. *death*] Edd. Sk. qy. deaths26. *daies*;—*Sipt some water.*] L. Q. daies.Sipt some water. I have F. took I
 non these two daies. Sipt some water,
 I have. (T. none . . Days, . . Water.)Sy. conj. Mason, Ty. 'cept some Water
 S. days, only sipt Some Water, twoNights I've C. K. days, Sipt some
 water ; I've W. (re-arr. ll. 26—31,
 v. n.) days ; sipt some water ; I have
 D. days ; once, indeed, I sipp'd some
 water ; I've So Sk. (*places* once, indeed,
 I *within* []).28. *brine*] T. sqq. Q. F. bine (cf. I. iii.
 22.)

SCENE III. [*The same part of the forest as in Scene I.*] [III. 3]*Enter Arcite, with meate, wine, files, &c.**Arc.* I should be neere the place. Hoa, Cofen Palamon!*Enter Palamon.**Pal.* Arcite?*Arc.* The fame: I've brought you foode and files.
Come forth and feare not; here 's no Thefeus.*Pal.* Nor none fo honest, Arcite. 4*Arc.* That's no matter:Wee'l argue that hereafter. Come, take courage;
You shall not dye thus beaftly: here, fir, drinke;
I know you're faint; then Ile talke further with you.*Pal.* Arcite, thou mightst now poyfon me. 8*Arc.* I might;
But I must feare you first. Sit downe; and, good, now,
No more of these vaine parlies: let us not,
Having our ancient reputation with us,
Make talke for fooles and cowards. To your health. [*Drinks.*] 12*Pal.* Doe.*Arc.* Pray, sit downe, then; and let me entreate you,
By all the honesty and honour in you,
No mention of this woman! 't will disturbe us;
We shall have time enough. 16*Pal.* Well, fir, Ile pledge you.*Arc.* Drinke a good hearty draught; it breeds good blood,
man.

Doe not you feele it thaw you?

Pal. Stay; Ile tell you

After a draught or two more.

Arc. Spare it not;

The Duke has more, coz. Eate now. 20

Pal. Yes.*Arc.* I am glad4. *Nor none so*] Edd. Sid. Walker, No, | 12. *health* [*Drinks.*] D. Q. health, &c.
nor none so

[III. 3] You have so good a stomach.

Pal. I am gladder

I have so good meate too 't.

Arc. Is 't not mad lodging,

Here in the wild woods, cosen?

Pal. Yes, for them

24 That have wilde consciences.

Arc. How tafts your vittails?

Your hunger needs no sawce, I see.

Pal. Not much :

But if it did, yours is too tart, sweete cosen.

What is this?

Arc. Venison.

Pal. 'Tis a lusty meate.

28 Give me more wine : here, Arcite, to the wenches

We have known in our daies ! The lord-steward's daughter ;

Doe you remember her ?

Arc. After you, coz.

Pal. She lov'd a black-haird man.

Arc. She did so ; well, fir ?

32 *Pal.* And I have heard some call him Arcite ; and—

Arc. Out with 't, faith !

Pal. She met him in an arbour :

What did she there, coz ? play o' th' virginals ?

Arc. Something she did, fir.

Pal. Made her groane a month for 't ;

36 Or two, or three, or ten.

Arc. The marshal's sifter

Had her share too, as I remember, cosen,

Else there be tales abroad ; you'l pledge her ?

Pal. Yes.

Arc. A pretty broune wench 't is : there was a time

40 When yong men went a-hunting, and a wood,

And a broade beech ; and thereby hangs a tale.—

Heigh-ho !

Pal. For Emily, upon my life ! Foole,

Away with this fraind mirth ! I fay againe,

That figh was breathd for Emily : bafe cofen, [III. 3]
Dar'ft thou breake firft ?

Arc. You 're wide.

Pal. By heaven and earth,
Ther 's nothing in thee honeft.

Arc. Then Ile leave you :
You are a beaft now.

Pal. As thou makft me, traytour.

Arc. Ther's all things needfull,—files, and fhirts, and per- 48
fumes :

Ile come againe fome two howres hence, and bring
That that fhall quiet all.

Pal. A fword and armour ?

Arc. Feare me not. You are now too fowle : farewell :
Get off your trinkets ; you fhall want nought. 52

Pal. Sir ha,—

Arc. Ile heare no more. [Exit.

Pal. If he keepe touch, he dies for't. [Exit.

SCENE IV. [*Another part of the foreft.*] [III 4]

Enter Jailor's Daughter.

Daugh. I'm very cold ; and all the ftars are out too,
The little ftars and all, that looke like aglets :
The fun has feene my folly. Palamon !
Alas, no ! hee 's in heaven.—Where am I now ?— 4
Yonder 's the fea, and there 's a fhip ; how 't tumbles !
And there 's a rocke lies watching under water ;
Now, now, it beates upon it ; now, now, now,
Ther's a leak fprung, a found one ; how they cry ! 8
[Spoon] her before the winde, you'l loofe all els ;
Up with a courfe or two, and take about, boyes :
Good night, good night ; y'ar gone.—I am very hungry :
Would I could finde a fine frog ! he would tell me 12

9. *Spoon*] W. D. K. ('67). Th. conj. Spoon | Run her
Q. Vpon her F. T. Ty. K. ('41) Upon | 10. *take*] Q. (=) F. sqq. tack
her Sy. S. C. Up with her 'fore Sk. |

[III. 4] Newes from all parts o' th' world; then would I make
 A carecke of a cockle-shell, and fayle
 By east and north-east to the King of Pigmies,
 16 For he tels fortunes rarely. Now, my father,
 Twenty to one, is trust up in a trice
 To-morrow morning: Ile fay nev'r a word.

For Ile cut my greene coat a foote above my knee; [Sings.
 20 *And Ile clip my yellow lockes an inch below mine e'e:*

Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny.

He s' buy me a white cut, forth for to ride,

And Ile goe seeke him, throw the world that is so wide:

24 *Hey nonny, nonny, nonny.*

O for a pricke now, like a nightingale,
 To put my breaft against! I shall sleepe like a top elfe. [Exit.]

[III. 5] SCENE V. [*Another part of the forest.*]

Enter [Gerrold,] *four* Countrymen [*as Morris-dancers, another*
as the Bavian, five] *Wenches, with a Taborer.*

Ger. Fy, fy!

What tediousity and difensfanity

Is here among ye! have my rudiments

4 Bin labourd so long with ye, milkd unto ye,

And, by a figure, even the very plum-broth

And marrow of my understanding laid upon ye,

And do you still cry "Where," and "How," and "Wherefore"?

8 You most coarse freeze capacities, ye [jane] judgements,

Have I faide "Thus let be," and "There let be,"

And "Then let be," and no man understand mee?

Proh Deum, medius fidius, ye are all dunces!

12 For why, here stand I; here the duke comes; there are you,

Close in the thicket; the duke appears, I meete him,

14. *Carecké*] Q. F. Careck T. S. D.

Carack C. W. Ty. K. Sk. Carrack

22. *He s']* Skeat *MS.* O.Edd. S. C. W.
 K. D. Sk. He 's Mason, Ty. He'll

Scene V.] Edd. Q. scæna vi. *Bavian]*

S. sqq. Q. F. Baum T. and Baum

[as if a proper name.] *five Wenches]*

D. Q. 2. or 3. wenches

8. *jane]* D. Sk. O.Edd. W. Ty. jave

Se. conj. bays Se. S. C. Nares, sleeve

K. jape

- And unto him I utter learned things [III. 5]
 And many figures; he heares, and nods, and hums,
 And then cries "Rare!" and I goe forward; at length 16
 I fling my cap up; marke there! then do you,
 As once did Meleager and the bore,
 Break comly out before him, like true lovers,
 Cast your selves in a body decently, 20
 And sweetly, by a figure, trace and turne, boyes.
 1. And sweetly we will doe it, mafter Gerrold.
 2. Draw up the company. Where's the taborour?
 3. Why, Timothy! 24
Tab. Here, my mad boyes; have at ye!
Ger. But, I fay, where's their women?
 4. Here 's Friz and Maudline.
 2. And little Luce with the white legs, and bouncing
 Barbery.
 1. And freckeled Nel, that never faild her mafter.
Ger. Wher be your ribands, maids? swym with your bodies, 28
 And carry it sweetly, and deliverly;
 And now and then a favour and a friske.
Nel. Let us alone, fir.
Ger. Wher 's the rest o' th' musicke?
 3. Disperfd as you commanded. 32
Ger. Couple, then,
 And see what's wanting. Wher's the Bavian?
 My friend, carry your taile without offence
 Or scandall to the ladies; and be sure
 You tumble with audacity and manhood; 36
 And when you barke, doe it with judgement.
Bav. Yes, fir.
Ger. *Quo usque tandem?* here 's a woman wanting.
 4. We may goe whistle: all the fat 's i' th' fire.
Ger. We have,
 As learned authours utter, wathd a tile, 40
 We have beene *fatuus*, and laboured vainely.
 2. This is that scornefull peece, that scurvey hilding,
 That gave her promise faithfully she would

[III. 5] Be here, Cicely the sempsters daughter :
 The next gloves that I give her shall be dog-skin ;
 Nay and she faile me once— You can tell, Arcas,
 She swore, by wine and bread, she would not breake.

48 *Ger.* An eele and woman,
 A learned poet sayes, unles by th' taile
 And with thy teeth thou hold, will either faile.
 In manners this was false position.

52 1. A fire ill take her ! do's she finch now ?
 3. What
 Shall we determine, fir ?

Ger. Nothing ;
 Our busines is become a nullity,
 Yea, and a woefull and a pittious nullity.

56 4. Now, when the credite of our towne lay on it,
 Now to be frampall, now to pilfe o' th' nettle !
 Goe thy waies ; Ile remember thee, Ile fit thee !

Enter Jailor's Daughter [and sings.]

*The George, alow ! came from the south,
 60 From the coast of Barbary-a ;
 And there he met with brave gallants of war,
 By one, by two, by three-a.*

Chaire and
 fooles out.

*Well haild, well haild, you jolly gallants !
 And whither now are you bound-a ?
 O let me have your company
 Till [I] come to the found-a !*

*There was three fooles fell out about an howlet :
 68 The one sed it was an owle ;
 The other he sed nay ;
 The third he sed it was a hawke,
 And her bels were cut away.*

52. *fire ill*] O.Edd. C. W. K. D. S. feril Sk. (D. conj.) wild-fire
 59. *George, alow !*] L. Q. George alow, Edd. George alow came L. conj. George —alow !— (= halloo !)

66. *Till I come*] T. S. C. K. D. Sk. Q. F. till come W. till [we] come Ty. till We come

68. *The one sed*] Edd. L. quer. The one he sed or one sed 'twas

3. Ther 's a dainty mad woman, master, [III. 5]
Comes i' th' nick; as mad as a March hare:
If wee can get her daunce, wee 're made againe;
I warrant her, shee'l doe the rarest gambols.

1. A mad woman! we are made, boyes. 76

Ger. And are you mad, good woman?

Daugh. I 'ld be forry elfe
Give me your hand.

Ger. Why?

Daugh. I can tell your fortune:
You are a foole. Tell ten? I have pozd him. Buz!
Friend, you must eate no white bread; if you doe 80
Your teeth will bleede extreame. Shall we dance, ho?
I know you, y' ar a tinker; firha tinker,
Stop no more holes but what you should.

Ger. *Dij boni!*

A tinker, damzell! 84

Daugh. Or a conjurer:
Raiſe me a devill now, and let him play
Qui passa o' th' bels and bones.

Ger. Goe, take her,
And fluently perfwade her to a peace;
Et opus exegi, quod nec Iouis ira, nec ignis— 88
Strike up, and leade her in.

2. Come, laſſe, let's trip it.

Daugh. Ile leade. [*Winde hornes.*]

3. Doe, doe.

Ger. Perfwafively, and cunningly; away, boyes! 92

[*Ex. all but Gerrold.*]

I heare the hornes: give me some meditation,
And marke your cue.

Pallas inſpire me!

Enter Theſeus, Pirithous, Hippolyta, Emilia, Arcite, and traine.

Theſ. This way the ſtag tooke.

72. *master*] D. S. Magister. Q. Mr
87. *a peace*] Edd. R[eed], conj. appease | a peace
Mason, a place W. conj. a pace W. | 88. *Et opus*] O.Edd. D. S. C. W. K.
Ty. Atque opus Sk. En, opus

- [III. 5] *Ger.* Stay and edifie.
- 96 *Thef.* What have we here?
Pir. Some countrey sport, upon my life, fir.
[Thes.] Well, fir, goe forward; we will edifie.—
 Ladies, fit downe, wee'l stay it.
- 100 *Ger.* Thou doughtie duke, all haile! all haile, sweet ladies!
Thef. This is a cold beginning.
Ger. If you but favour, our country pastime made is.
 We are a few of those collected here,
- 104 That ruder tongues distinguish villager;
 And to say veritie and not to fable,
 We are a merry rout, or else a rable,
 Or company, or, by a figure, choris,
- 108 That fore thy dignitie will dance a morris.
 And I, that am the rectifier of all,
 By title *pædagogus*, that let fall
 The birch upon the breeches of the small ones,
- 112 And humble with a ferula the tall ones,
 Doe here present this machine, or this frame;
 And, daintie duke, whose doughtie difnall fame
 From Dis to Dædalus, from post to pillar,
- 116 Is blowne abroad, helpe me, thy poore well-willer,
 And, with thy twinkling eyes, looke right and fraight
 Upon this mighty *morr*—of mickle waight—
Is—now comes in, which, being glewd together,
- 120 Makes *morris*, and the cause that we came hether.
 The body of our sport, of no small study,
 I first appeare, though rude, and raw, and muddy,
 To speake, before thy noble grace, this tenner;
- 124 At whose great feete I offer up my penner:
 The next the Lord of May and Lady bright,
 The Chambermaid and Servingman, by night
 That seeke out silent hanging: then mine Host
- 128 And his fat Spowfe, that welcomes to their cost

98. *Thes.*] Edd. Q. *Per.* Well Sir,
 120. *hether.* *The body . . . study, I*] Q.
 (study I) D. Sk. hither, The body . . .

study. I L. quer. sport. Of . . .
 study, I
 128. *welcomes to their cost*] O. Edd. S. Ty.

- The gauled traveller, and with a beckning [III. 5]
 Informes the tapfter to inflame the reckning:
 Then the beaft-eating Clowne, and next the Foole,
 The Bavian, with long taylor and eke long toole; 132
Cum multis alijs that make a dance:
 Say "I," and all fhall presently advance.
Thef. I, I, by any meanes, deere domine.
Pir. Produce. 136
 [Ger.] *Intrate filij*, come forth; and foot it. Knocke for
 [Muficke. *Dance a Morris.*] schoole. Enter The dance.
- Ladies, if we have beene merry,
 And have pleafd [ye] with a derry,
 And a derry, and a downe, 140
 Say the schoolemafter 's no clowne.
 Duke, if we have pleafd thee too,
 And have done as good boyes fhould doe,
 Give us but a tree or twaine 144
 For a maypole, and againe,
 Ere another yeare run out,
 Wee'l make thee laugh, and all this rout.
Thef. Take twenty, domine.—How does my fweet heart? 148
Hip. Never fo pleafd, fir.
Emil. 'Twas an excellent dance; and for a preface,
 I never heard a better.
Thef. Schoolemafter, I thanke you.—
 One fee 'em all rewarded. 152
Pir. And heer 's fomething
 To paint your pole withall.
Thef. Now to our sports againe.
Ger. May the ftag thou huntft ftand long,
 And thy dogs be fwift and ftrong!

Sk. C. etc. welcome Sid. Walker,
 D. ('67, '76) welcome to his
 130. *Informes*] Q. F. T. sqq. Ty. Sid.
 Walker, *Informes* D. K. Inform
 131. *beaft-eating*] Edd. Edd. Mason,
 beef-eating

137. *Ger. Intrate*] C. sqq. O.Edd. S. give
 to *Pir.* Ty. arranges: *School.* Produce.
Intrate &c.
 139. *pleas'd ye*] S. sqq. O.Edd. Ty. thee,
 S. om. have
 142. *thee too*] F. sqq. Q. three too

[III. 5] May they kill him without lets,
 And the ladies eate his dowsets! [Winde hornes.
 [Exeunt Thefeus, Pirithous, Hippolyta, Emilia, Arcite,
 and traine.]
 158 Come, we 're all made. *Dij deæque omnes!*
 Ye have danc'd rarely, wenches. [Exeunt.]

[III. 6] SCENE VI. [Foreſt, as in Scene III.]

Enter Palamon from the Buſh.

Pal. About this houre my cofen gave his faith
 To viſit me againe, and with him bring
 Two ſwords, and two good armors; if he faile,
 4 He 's neither man nor ſouldier. When he left me,
 I did not thinke a weeke could have reſtord
 My loſt ſtrength to me, I was growne ſo low
 And creſt-falne with my wants: I thanke thee, Arcite,
 8 Thou art yet a faire foe; and I feele my ſelfe,
 With this reſreſhing, able once againe
 To out-dure danger. To delay it longer
 Would make the world think, when it comes to hearing,
 12 That I lay fatting like a ſwine, to fight,
 And not a ſouldier: Therefore, this bleſt morning
 Shall be the laſt; and that ſword he reſufes,
 If it but hold, I kill him with; 'tis juſtice:
 16 So, love and fortune for me! O, good morrow.

Enter Arcite with armors and ſwords.

Arc. Good morrow, noble kinfman.
Pal. I have put you
 To too much paines, fir.
Arc. That too much, faire cofen,
 Is but a debt to honour and my duty.
 20 *Pal.* Would you were ſo in all, fir! I could wiſh ye
 As kinde a kinfman, as you force me finde

157. *dowsets* !] Q. sqq. D. *doucets*! Scene vi.] Edd. Q. *scæna* 7.

A beneficiall foe, that my embraces
Might thanke ye, not my blowes.

[III. 6]

Arc. I shall thinke either
Well done, a noble recompence.

24

Pal. Then I shall quit you.

Arc. Defy me in these faire termes, and you show

More then a mistress to me : no more anger

As you love any thing that 's honourable :

We were not bred to talke, man ; when we 're arm'd

28

And both upon our guards, then let our fury,

Like meeting of two tides, fly strongly from us ;

And then to whom the birthright of this beauty

Truely pertaines—without obbraidings, scornes,

32

Dispising of our persons, and such powtings

Fitter for girles and schooleboyes—will be seene,

And quickly, yours or mine. Wilt please you arme, fir,

Or, if you feele your selfe not fitting yet

36

And furnishd with your old strength, Ile stay, cofen,

And ev'ry day discourse you into health,

As I am spard : your person I am friends with,

And I could wish I had not saide I lov'd her,

40

Though I had did ; but, loving such a lady,

And justifying my love, I must not fly from 't.

Pal. Arcite, thou art so brave an enemy,

That no man but thy cofen 's fit to kill thee :

44

I am well and lusty ; choose your armes.

Arc. Choose you, fir.

Pal. Wilt thou exceede in all, or do'st thou doe it

To make me spare thee ?

Arc. If you thinke so, cofen,

You are deceived, for as I am a foldier,

48

I will not spare you.

Pal. That 's well said.

Arc. You 'll finde it.

Pal. Then, as I am an honest man, and love

With all the justice of affection,

Ile pay thee soundly. This Ile take.

52

- [III. 6] *Arc.* That 's mine, then.
 Ile arme you firft.
- Pal.* Do. Pray thee, tell me, cofen,
 Where gotft thou this good armour ?
- Arc.* 'Tis the duke's,
 And to fay true, I ftole it. Doe I pinch you ?
- Pal.* Noe.
- 56 *Arc.* Is 't not too heavie ?
Pal. I have worne a lighter ;
 But I fhall make it ferve.
- Arc.* Ile buckl't clofe.
Pal. By any meanes.
- Arc.* You care not for a grand-guard ?
Pal. No, no ; wee'l ufe no horfes : I perceave
- 60 You 'ld faine be at that fight.
Arc. I am indifferent.
Pal. Faith, fo am I. Good cofen, thruft the buckle
 Through far enough.
- Arc.* I warrant you.
Pal. My caske now,
Arc. Will you fight bare-armd ?
Pal. We fhall be the nimbler.
- 64 *Arc.* But ufe your gauntlets though : thofe are o' th' leaf ,
 Prethee take mine, good cofen.
Pal. Thanke you, Arcite.
 How doe I looke ? am I falne much away ?
Arc. Faith, very little ; love has ufd you kindly.
- 68 *Pal.* Ile warrant thee, Ile ftrike home.
Arc. Doe, and fpare not.
 Ile give you caufe, sweet cofen.
Pal. Now to you, fir.
 Me thinks this armour 's very like that, Arcite,
 Thou wor'ft that day the three kings fell, but lighter.
- 72 *Arc.* That was a very good one ; and that day
 I well remember, you outdid me, cofen ;

I never saw such valour : when you chargd [III. 6]

Upon the left wing of the enemy,

I spur'd hard to come up, and under me 76

I had a right good horse.

Pal. You had indeede ;

A bright bay, I remember.

Arc. Yes. But all

Was vainely labour'd in me ; you outwent me,

Nor could my wishes reach you ; yet a little 80

I did by imitation.

Pal. More by vertue ;

You 're modest, cozen.

Arc. When I saw you charge first,

Me thought I heard a dreadfull clap of thunder

Broke from the troope. 84

Pal. But still before that flew

The lightning of your valour. Stay a little :

Is not this peece too streight ?

Arc. No, no ; 'tis well.

Pal. I would have nothing hurt thee but my sword

A bruise would be dishonour. 88

Arc. Now I 'm perfect.

Pal. Stand off, then.

Arc. Take my sword ; I hold it better.

Pal. I thanke ye. No, keepe it ; your life lyes on it :

Here 's one, if it but hold, I aske no more

For all my hopes. My cause and honour guard me ! 92

Arc. And me my love !

[*They bow severall wayes ; then advance and stand.*

Is there aught else to say ?

Pal. This onely, and no more. Thou art mine aunt's son,

And that blood we desire to shed is mutuall ;

In me, thine, and in thee, mine : my sword 96

Is in my hand, and, if thou killst me,

The gods and I forgive thee ; if there be

[III. 6] A place prepar'd for those that sleepe in honour,

100 I wifh his wearie foule that falls may win it.

Fight bravely, cofen : give me thy noble hand.

Arc. Here, Palamon : this hand fhall never more

Come neare thee with fuch friendfhip.

Pal.

I commend thee.

104 *Arc.* If I fall, curfe me, and fay I was a coward ;

For none but fuch dare die in thefe juft tryalls.

Once more, farewell, my cofen.

Pal.

Farewell, Arcite.

[*Fight.*

[*Hornes within : they ftand.*

Arc. Loe, cofen, loe ! our folly has undon us.

108 *Pal.* Why ?

Arc. This is the duke, a-hunting as I told you ;

If we be found, we 're wretched : O, retire,

For honour's fake and [fafety,] prefently

Into your bufh agen, fir ; we fhall finde

112 Too many howres to dye in. Gentle cofen,

If you be feene, you perifh inflantly

For breaking prifon ; and I, if you reveale me,

For my contempt : then all the world will fcorne us,

116 And fay we had a noble difference,

But bafe difpofers of it.

Pal.

No, no, cofen ;

I will no more be hidden, nor put off

This great adventure to a fecond tryall :

120 I know your cunning and I know your caufe :

He that faints now, fhame take him ! Put thy felfe

Upon thy prefent guard,—

Arc.

You are not mad !

Pal. Or I will make th' advantage of this howre

124 Mine owne ; and what to come fhall threaten me,

I feare leffe then my fortune. Know, weake cofen,

I love Emilia ; and in that Ile bury

103. *I commend . . . tryalls*] Edd. Se. would give to *Pal.* ; and l. 106 *Once* *cousin* to *Arc.*

110. *sake and safety,*] S. [sake,] Mason, W. K. D. Sk. O.Edd. C. Ty. sake, and safely prefently

Thee, and all crosses else.

[III. 6]

Arc. Then, come what can come,
Thou shalt know, Palamon, I dare as well
Die, as discourse or sleepe: onely this feares me,
The law will have the honour of our ends.
Have at thy life!

128

Pal. Looke to thine owne well, Arcite.

[*Fight againe. Hornes.*]

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Emilia, Pirithous, *and traine.*

Thef. What ignorant and mad malicious traitors
Are you, that, 'gainst the tenor of my lawes,
Are making battaile, thus like knights appointed,
Without my leave, and officers of armes?
By Castor, both shall dye.

132

136

Pal. Hold thy word, Theseus:
We are certainly both traitors, both despisers
Of thee and of thy goodnesse: I am Palamon,
That cannot love thee, he that broke thy prison;
Thinke well what that deserves: and this is Arcite;
A bolder traytor never trod thy ground,
A fals'er nev'r seem'd friend: this is the man
Was begd and banish'd: this is he contemnes thee
And what thou dar'ft doe; and in this disguise,
Against [thy] owne edict, followes thy sifter,
That fortunate bright star, the faire Emilia;
Whose servant—if there be a right in seeing,
And first bequeathing of the soule to—justly
I am; and, which is more, dares thinke her his.
This treacherie, like a most trusty lover,
I call'd him now to answer: if thou bee'ft,
As thou art spoken, great and vertuous,
The true descider of all injuries,
Say, "Fight againe!" and thou shalt see me, Theseus,

140

144

148

152

145. *thy owne*] D. K. ('67) thy own Q. | W. K. ('41) Ty. this known Sk. thine
this owne F. this own T. S. C. | own

[III. 6] Doe such a justice, thou thy selfe wilt envie :

156 Then take my life ; Ile wooe thee too't.

Per.

O heaven,

What more then man is this !

Thef.

I 've sworne.

Arc.

We seeke not

Thy breath of mercy, Theseus : 'tis to me

A thing as soone to dye as thee to say it,

160 And no more mov'd. Where this man calls me traitor,

Let me say thus much ; if in love be treason,

In service of so excellent a beutie,

As I love most, and in that faith will perish,

164 As I have brought my life here to confirme it,

As I have serv'd her truest, worthiest,

As I dare kill this cosen that denies it,

So let me be most traitor, and ye please me.

168 For scorning thy edict, duke, aske that lady

Why she is faire, and why her eyes command me

Stay here to love her ; and, if she say " traytor,"

I am a villaine fit to lye unburied.

172 *Pal.* Thou shalt have pittie of us both, O Theseus,

If unto neither thou shew mercy ; stop,

As thou art just, thy noble eare against us ;

As thou art valiant, for thy cosen's soule,

176 Whose twelve strong labours crowne his memory,

Let's die together, at one instant, duke ;

Onely a little let him fall before me,

That I may tell my soule he shall not have her.

180 *Thef.* I grant your wish ; for, to say true, your cosen

Has ten times more offended, for I gave him

More mercy then you found, sir, your offenses

Being no more then his.—None here speake for 'em ;

184 For, ere the sun set, both shall sleepe for ever.

Hip. Alas the pittie !—Now or never, sister,

Speake, not to be denide : that face of yours

Will beare the curses else of after ages

188 For these lost cosens.

- Emil.* In my face, deare sifter, [III. 6]
 I finde no anger to 'em, nor no ruyn ;
 The misadventure of their owne eyes kill 'em ;
 Yet that I will be woman, and have pittie,
 My knees shall grow to th' ground but Ile get mercie. 192
 Helpe me, deare sifter : in a deede so vertuous
 The powers of all women will be with us.—
 Most royall brother,— [They kneel.
- Hip.* Sir, by our tye of marriage,—
Emil. By your owne spotlesse honour,— 196
Hip. By that faith,
 That faire hand, and that honest heart you gave me,—
Emil. By that you would have pittie in another,
 By your owne vertues infinite,—
Hip. By valour,
 By all the chaste nights I have ever pleas'd you,— 200
Thef. These are strange conjurings.
Pir. Nay, then, Ile in too :—
 By all our friendship, fir, by all our dangers, [Kneels.
 By all you love most, warres, and this sweet lady,—
Emil. By that you would have trembled to deny 204
 A blushing maide,—
Hip. By your owne eyes, by strength,
 In which you swore I went beyond all women,
 Almost all men, and yet I yeilded, Theseus,—
Pir. To crowne all this, by your most noble soule, 208
 Which cannot want due mercie, I beg first.
Hip. Next, heare my prayers.
Emil. Last, let me intreate, fir.
Pir. For mercy.
Hip. Mercy.
Emil. Mercy on these princes.
Thef. Ye make my faith reele : say I felt 212
 Compassion to 'em both, how would you place it ?
Emil. Upon their lives : but with their banishments.

[III. 6] *Thef.* You 're a right woman, sifter; you have pittie,

216 But want the understanding where to use it.

If you desire their lives, invent a way
Safer then banishment: can these two live,
And have the agony of love about 'em,

220 And not kill one another? every day

They'd fight about you; howrely bring your honour
In publique question with their swords. Be wise, then,
And here forget 'em; it concernes your credit

224 And my oth equally; I have said they die:
Better they fall by th' law then one another.
Bow not my honour.

Emil. O, my noble brother,

That oth was rashly made, and in your anger;

228 Your reason will not hold it: if such vowes
Stand for expresse will, all the world must perish.

Beside, I have another oth 'gainst yours,
Of more authority, I 'm sure more love;

232 Not made in passion neither, but good heede.

Thef. What is it, sifter?

Pir. Urge it home, brave lady!

Emil. That you would nev'r deny me any thing

Fit for my modest suit, and your free granting:

236 I tye you to your word now, if ye fall in't,

Thinke how you maime your honour,—

For now I am set a-begging, sir, I 'm deafe
To all but your compassion,—how their lives

240 Might breed the ruine of my name, opinion!

Shall any thing that loves me perish for me?

That were a cruell wisédome: doe men proyne

The fraight yong bowes that blush with thousand blossoms,

236. *fall*] Q. F. Ingleby. T. etc. fail

237. *honour*,—] D. ('67, 76). Sk. hon-

our!— Q. S. sqq. honour; D. ('46)

om. [,—]. F. honor; T. Honour;

239. *compassion*,—] L. D. compassion;

240. *name, opinion!*] C. W. O.Edd. Ty.

[Opinion!] name; Opinion, S. Name

—Opinion; Se. conj. O Pity! or O

piteous! or O Juno! Sy. quer. Opine

Th. conj., Mason, W. conj., K. D. Sk.

name's opinion!

242. *proyne*] Q. F. T. proyn S. C. W.

K. Ty. prune D. Sk. proin

- Because they may be rotten? O duke Theseus, [III. 6]
 The goodly mothers that have groand for these,
 And all the longing maides that ever lov'd,
 If your vow stand, shall curse me and my beauty,
 And in their funerall songs for these two cofens 248
 Despise my crueltie, and cry woe worth me,
 Till I am nothing but the scorne of women.
 For heaven's sake save their lives, and banish 'em.
- Thef.* On what conditions? 252
- Emil.* Swear 'em never more
 To make me their contention or to know me,
 To tread upon thy dukedome, and to be,
 Where ever they shall travel, ever strangers
 To one another. 256
- Pal.* Ile be cut a-peece
 Before I take this oth: forget I love her?
 O all ye gods, dispise me, then. Thy banishment
 I not mislike, so we may fairely carry
 Our swords and cause along; else, never trifle, 260
 But take our lives, duke: I must love, and will;
 And for that love must and dare kill this cofen,
 On any peece the earth has.
- Thef.* Will you, Arcite,
 Take these conditions? 264
- Pal.* He's a villaine, then.
- Pir.* These are men!
Arcite. No, never, duke; 'tis worse to me than begging,
 To take my life so basely. Though I thinke
 I never shall enjoy her, yet Ile preserve 268
 The honour of affection, and dye for her,
 Make death a devill.
- Thef.* What may be done? for now I feele compassion.
- Pir.* Let it not fall agen, sir.
- Thef.* Say, Emilia, 272
 If one of them were dead, as one must, are you

[III. 6] Content to take the other to your husband ?

They cannot both enjoy you ; they are princes

276 As goodly as your owne eyes, and as noble

As ever fame yet spoke of ; looke upon 'em,

And, if you can love, end this difference ;

I give consent.—Are you content too, princes ?

280 *Both.* With all our foules.

Thef. He that she refuses

Must dye, then.

Both. Any death thou canst invent, duke.

Pal. If I fall from that mouth, I fall with favour,

And lovers yet unborne shall blesse my ashes.

284 *Arc.* If she refuse me, yet my grave will wed me,

And fouldiers sing my epitaph.

Thef. Make choice, then.

Emil. I cannot, sir, they 're both too excellent :

For me, a hayre shall never fall of these men.

288 *Hip.* What will become of 'em ?

Thef. Thus I ordaine it ;

And by mine honour, once againe it stands,

Or both shall dye.—You shall both to your countrey ;

And each within this month, accompanied

292 With three faire knights, appeare againe in this place,

In which Ile plant a pyramid ; and, whether,

Before us that are here, can force his cosen

By fayre and knightly strenght to touch the pillar,

296 He shall enjoy her ; th' other loose his head,

And all his friends ; nor shall he grudge to fall,

Nor thinke he dies with interest in this lady.

Will this content yee ?

Pal. Yes.—Here, cosen Arcite,

300 I am friends againe till that howre.

Arc. I embrace ye.

Thef. Are you content, sifter ?

Emil. Yes ; I must, sir,

Els both miscarry.

Thef. Come, shake hands againe, then ;

And take heede, as you 're gentlemen, this quarrell [III. 6]
 Sleepe till the howre prefixt, and hold your course. 304

Pal. We dare not faile thee, Thefeus.

Thef. Come, Ile give ye
 Now ufage like to princes, and to friends.
 When ye returne, who wins, Ile fettle heere ;
 Who loofes, yet Ile weepe upon his beere. [Exeunt. 308

ACT IV.

SCENE I. [*Athens. A room in the prifon.*] [IV. 1]

Enter Jailor, and Firft Friend.

Jail. Heare you no more ? was nothing faide of me
 Concerning the efcape of Palamon ?
 Good fir, remember.

1 Fr. Nothing that I heard ;
 For I came home before the butines 4
 Was fully ended : yet I might perceive,
 Ere I departed, a great likelihood
 Of both their pardons ; for Hippolyta
 And faire-eyd Emilie upon their knees 8
 Begd with fuch hanfom pittie, that the duke
 Me thought ftood ftaggering whether he fhould follow
 His rafh oth, or the fweet compaffion
 Of thofe two ladies ; and to fecond them, 12
 That truely noble prince Pirithous,
 Halfe his owne heart, fet in too, that I hope
 All fhall be well : neither heard I one queftion
 Of your name or his fcape. 16

Jail. Pray heaven, it hold fo !

Enter Second Friend.

2 Fr. Be of good comfort, man ; I bring you newes,
 Good newes.

Jail. They 're welcome.

2 Fr. Palamon has cleerd you,
 And got your pardon, and difcovered how

[IV. 1] And by whose meanes he escapt, which was your daughter's,
 Whose pardon is procurd too; and the prifoner—
 Not to be held ungratefull to her goodnes—
 Has given a fumme of money to her marriage,
 24 A large one, Ile assure you.

Jail. Ye 're a good man,
 And ever bring good newes.

1 *Fr.* How was it ended?

2 *Fr.* Why, as it should be; they that nev'r begd

But they prevaild, had their suites fairely granted:

28 The prifoners have their lives.

1 *Fr.* I knew 'twould be fo.

2 *Fr.* But there be new conditions, which you'l heare of

At better time.

Jail. I hope they 're good.

2 *Fr.* They 're honourable,

How good they'l prove, I know not.

1 *Fr.* 'Twill be knowne.

Enter Wooer.

32 *Woo.* Alas, fir, wher's your daughter?

Jail. Why doe you aske?

Woo. O, fir, when did you see her?

2 *Fr.* How he lookes!

Jail. This morning.

Woo. Was she well? was she in health, fir?

When did she sleepe?

1 *Fr.* These are strange questions.

36 *Jail.* I doe not thinke she was very well; for, now

You make me minde her, but this very day

I ask'd her questions, and she answered me

So farre from what she was, so childishly,

40 So fillily, as if she were a foole,

An inocent; and I was very angry.

20. *escapt*] Q. F. D. Sk. scap'd T. etc. | 35. *When*] Edd. D. quer. Where
 'scap'd W. 'scaped Ty. escap'd

But what of her, fir?

[IV. 1.]

Woo. Nothing but my pittie;
But you muſt know it, and as good by me
As by an other that leſſe loves her.

44

Jail. Well, fir?

1 *Fr.* Not right?

2 *Fr.* Not well?

Woo. No, fir, not well:

'Tis too true, ſhe is mad.

1 *Fr.* It cannot be.

Woo. Beleeve, you'l finde it ſo.

Jail. I halfe ſuſpected

What you [have] told me; the gods comfort her!

48

Either this was her love to Palamon,

Or feare of my miſcarrying on his ſcape,

Or both.

Woo. 'Tis likely.

Jail. But why all this haſte, fir?

Woo. Ile tell you quickly. As I late was angling
In the great lake that lies behind the pallace,
From the far ſhore, thicke ſet with reedes and ſedges,
As patiently I was attending ſport,

52

I heard a voyce, a ſhrill one; and attentive

56

I gave my eare; when I might well perceive

'Twas one that ſung, and, by the ſmallneſſe of it

A boy or woman. I then left my angle

To his owne ſkill, came neere, but yet perceivd not

60

Who made the ſound, the ruſhes and the reeds

Had ſo encompaſt it: I laide me downe,

And liſtned to the words ſhe ſong; for then,

Through a ſmall glade cut by the fiſher men,

64

I ſaw it was your daughter.

Jail. Pray, goe on, fir.

Woo. She ſung much, but no fence; onely I heard her

48. *you [have] told*] S. etc. (om. []). W. | 54. *far ſhore,*] Q. D. ('67) far' ſhore,
Sk. [have] O. Edd. Ty. omit *have*

[IV. 1] Repeat this often : "Palamon is gone,
68 Is gone to th' wood to gather mulberies ;
Ile finde him out to morrow."

1 *Fr.*

Pretty foule !

Woo. "His shackles will betray him, hee'l be taken,
And what shall I doe then? Ile bring a beavy,
72 A hundred blacke-eyd maides that love as I doe,
With chaplets on their heads of daffadillies,
With cherry lips, and cheekes of damaske rofes,
And all wee'l daunce an antique fore the duke,
76 And beg his pardon." Then she talk'd of you, fir ;
That you must loofe your head to-morrow morning,
And she must gather flowers to bury you,
And see the house made handsome. Then she sung
80 Nothing but "Willow, willow, willow ;" and betweene
Ever was, "Palamon, faire Palamon,"
And "Palamon was a tall yong man." The place
Was knee-deepe where she sat ; her careles trefles
84 A wreathe of bull-rush rounded ; about her stucke
Thoufand fresh water-flowers of severall cullors ;
That me thought she appeared like the faire nimph
That feedes the lake with waters, or as Iris
88 Newly dropt downe from heaven. Rings she made
Of rushes that grew by, and to 'em spoke
The prettiest posies,—“Thus our true love's tide,”
“This you may loofe, not me,” and many a one ;
92 And then she wept, and sung againe, and sigh'd,
And with the same breath smil'd, and kist her hand.

2 *Fr.* Alas, what pittie 'tis !

Woo.

I made in to her :

She saw me, and fraight fought the flood ; I fav'd her,
96 And fet her safe to land : when presently
She slipt away, and to the citty made,
With such a cry, and swiftnes, that, beleeve me,
Shee left me farre behinde her. Three or foure

84. *wreathē*] L. Q. wreake F. T. wreak S. sqq. wreath

I faw from farre off crosse her, one of 'em [IV. 1]
 I knew to be your brother; where she staid,
 And fell, scarce to be got away: I left them with her,
 And hether came to tell you. Here they are.

Enter Brother, Daughter, and others.

Daugh. [*sings*] *May you never more enjoy the light, &c.*
 Is not this a fine song? 104

Bro. O, a very fine one!

Daugh. I can sing twenty more.

Bro. I thinke you can.

Daugh. Yes, truly, can I; I can sing *The Broome*,
 And *Bonny Robin*. Are not you a tailor?

Bro. Yes. 108

Daugh. Wher's my wedding gowne?

Bro. Ile bring 't to-morrow.

Daugh. Doe, very rarely; I must be abroad else,
 To call the maides and pay the minstrels;
 For I must loose my maydenhead by cocklight;
 'Twill never thrive else. 112

O faire, O sweete, &c. [*Singes.*]

Bro. You must ev'n take it patiently.

Jail. 'Tis true.

Daugh. Good even, good men. Pray, did you ever heare
 Of one yong Palamon?

Jail. Yes, wench, we know him.

Daugh. Is't not a fine yong gentleman? 116

Jail. 'Tis, love.

Bro. By no meane crosse her; she is then distemperd
 [Far] worfe then now she shoves.

Fr. Yes, he's a fine man.

Daugh. O, is he so? you have a sifter?

Fr. Yes.

Daugh. But she shall never have him, tell her so, 120

107. *Bonny*] F. etc. Q. Bony F. T. S. | C. early
 Robbin | 117. *meane*] Q. F. T. S. Ty. mean C.
 109. *rarely*] O. Edd. Ty. Sk. Sy. conj. | etc. means
 Mason, W. K. D. rarely Th. Se. S. | 118. *Far*] T. sqq. Q. F. Ty. For

[IV. 1] For a tricke that I know : y' had best looke to her,
 For, if she see him once, she 's gone ; she 's done,
 And undon in an howre. All the young maydes
 124 Of our towne are in love with him, but I laugh at 'em
 And let 'em all alone ; is 't not a wife course ?

1 Fr. Yes.

Daugh. There is at least two hundred now with child
 by him,—

There must be fowre ; yet I keepe close for all this,
 128 Close as a cockle ; and all these must be boyes,—
 He has the tricke on 't ; and at ten yeares old
 They must be all gelt for musicians,
 And sing the wars of Theseus.

2 Fr. This is frange.

132 Daugh. As ever you heard : but say nothing.

1 Fr.

No.

Daugh. They come from all parts of the dukedome to
 him ;

He warrant ye, he had not so few last night
 As twenty to dispatch ; hee'l tickl't up

136 In two howres, if his hand be in.

Jail. She 's loft

Past all cure.

Bro. Heaven forbid, man.

Daugh. Come hither ; you 're a wife man.

1 Fr. Do's she know him ?

2 Fr. No, would she did !

Daugh. You 're master of a ship ?

140 Jail. Yes.

Daugh. Wher's your compass ?

Jail. Heere.

Daugh. Set it too th' north ;

And now direct your course to th' wood, wher Palamon
 Lyes longing for me ; for the tackling
 Let me alone ; come, waygh, my hearts, cheerely !

144 All. Owgh, owgh, owgh ! 'tis up, the wind is faire :
 Top the bowling ; out with the maine faile :

Wher 's your whistle, master? [IV. 1]

Bro. Let 's get her in.

Jail. Up to the top, boy!

Bro. Wher 's the pilot?

1 Fr. Heere.

Daugh. What ken'ft thou? 148

2 Fr. A faire wood.

Daugh. Beare for it, master;

Take about! [Singes.

When Cynthia with her borrowed light, &c. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. [Athens. *A room in the Palace.*] [IV. 2]

Enter Emilia with two pictures.

Emil. Yet I may binde those wounds up, that muft open
 And bleed to death for my sake else: Ile choofe,
 And end their strife: two fuch yong hanfom men
 Shall never fall for me; their weeping mothers, 4
 Following the dead-cold afhes of their fonnes,
 Shall never curfe my cruelty. Good heaven,
 What a sweet face has Arcite! If wife nature,
 With all her beft endowments, all thofe beauties 8
 She fowes into the birthes of noble bodies,
 Were here a mortall woman, and had in her
 The coy denialls of yong maydes, yet doubtles,
 She would run mad for this man: what an eye,— 12
 Of what a fyry fparkle and quick sweetnes,
 Has this yong prince! here Love himfelfe fits fmyling!—
 Juft fuch another, wanton Ganimede
 Set [Jove] a-fire with, and enforced the god 16
 Snatch up the goodly boy and fet him by him,
 A fhining conftellation: what a brow,—
 Of what a fpacious majefty, he carries,
 Arch'd like the great-eyd Juno's, but far sweeter, 20
 Smoother then Pelops' foulder!—Fame and honour

9. *sowes*] Q. F. T. shews S. etc. sows

12, 14. *eye*,— . . . *smiling!*—] L. Q.

eye? . . . *smyling*, D. *eye*, . . . *smiling*;

16. *Set Jove afire with*] Sy. conj. C. W.

D. Sk. O.Edd. Set Love afire with,

Sy. conj. (2). Jove fuch another . . . Set

Love afire with Se. conj. Ganimede He

set Jove afire with S. K. Ty. omit *with*

- [IV. 2] Me thinks from hence, as from a promontory
 Pointed in heaven, should clap their wings, and sing
 24 To all the under world, the loves and fights
 Of gods, and such men neere 'em. Palamon
 Is but his foyle; to him, a meere dull shadow:
 Hee's fwarth and meagre, of an eye as heavy
 28 As if he had lost his mother; a still temper,
 No stirring in him, no alacrity;
 Of all this sprightly sharpenes, not a smile;—
 Yet these that we count errors, may become him:
 32 Narcissus was a sad boy, but a heavenly.
 O, who can finde the bent of woman's fancy?
 I am a foole, my reason is lost in me;
 I have no choice, and I have ly'd so lewdly
 36 That women ought to beate me. On my knees
 I aske thy pardon, Palamon; thou art alone,
 And only beautiful; and these the eyes,
 These the bright lamps of beauty, that command
 40 And threaten Love; and what yong mayd dare crosse 'em?
 What a bold gravity, and yet inviting,
 Has this browne manly face? O Love, this only
 From this howre is complexion. Lye there, Arcite:
 44 Thou art a changling to him, a meere gipsy,
 And this the noble bodie. I am fotted,
 Utterly lost; my virgin's faith has fled me;
 For, if my brother but even now had ask'd me
 48 Whether I lov'd, I had run mad for Arcite;
 Now if my sifter, more for Palamon.
 Stand both together.—Now, come, aske me, brother;—
 Alas, I know not!—Aske me now, sweet sifter;—
 52 I may goe looke!—What a meere child is fancie,
 That, having two faire gawdes of equall sweetnesse,
 Cannot distinguish, but must crie for both!

28. *As if he had lost his mother*] O. Edd.
 etc. C. conj. As h' had not lost his
 mother S. C. K. As if he'd lost
 38. *the eyes*] Q. Ty. Sk. F. etc. thy eyes

Mason, And these bright eyes, They're
 the bright lamps
 46. *virgin's*] T. etc. Q. F. Virgins S. D.
 Virgin Faith

Enter a [Gentleman.]

[IV. 2]

Emil. How now, fir!

Gent. From the noble duke your brother,
Madam, I bring you newes : the knights are come. 56

Emil. To end the quarrell?*Gent.* Yes.*Emil.* Would I might end fir!

What finnes have I committed, chaf Diana,
That my unspotted youth must now be foyld
With blood of princes, and my chafitie 60

Be made the altar, where the lives of lovers—
Two greater and two better never yet
Made mothers joy,—must be the sacrifice
To my unhappy beautie? 64

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Pirithous, and Attendants.

Thef. Bring 'em in
Quickly by any meanes ; I long to see 'em.
Your two contending lovers are return'd,
And with them their faire knights : now, my faire fister,
You must love one of them. 68

Emil. I had rather both,
So neither for my sake should fall untimely.

Thef. Who saw 'em?*Pir.* I a while.*Gent.* And I.*Enter a Messenger ; (Curtis.)**Thef.* From whence come you, fir?*Mess.* From the knights.*Thef.* Pray, speake,

You that have seene them, what they are. 72

Enter a Gentleman] T. Q. F. Enter Emil. and Gent. | 67. *faire*] Q. F. etc. fair Sid. Walker, conj. sixe knights
63. *mothers joy*] O.Edd. S. D. Ty. K. ('67) | *Messenger*] Edd. Q. Messengers
Sk. C. W. K. ('41) mothers' joy

[IV. 2] *Meff.*

I will, fir,

And truly what I thinke. Six braver spirits
Then these they 've brought—if we judge by th' outside—
I never saw nor read of. He that stands

- 76 In the first place with Arcite, by his seeming
Should be a stout man, by his face a prince,—
His very lookes so say him; his complexion
Nearer a browne than blacke; sterne, and yet noble,
80 Which shewes him hardy, fearelesse, proud of dangers;
The circle of his eyes show [fire] within him,
And as a heated lyon so he lookes;
His haire hangs long behind him, blacke and shining
84 Like ravens' wings; his shoulders broad and strong;
Armd long and round; and on his thigh a sword
Hung by a curious bauldricke, when he frownes
To seale his will with; better, o' my conscience,
88 Was never souldier's friend.

Thef. Thou'lt well describde him.

Pir. Yet a great deale short,
Me thinkes, of him that 's first with Palamon.

Thef. Pray, speake him, friend.

- Pir.* I ghesse he is a prince too,
92 And, if it may be, greater; for his shew
Has all the ornament of honour in't:
Hee's somewhat bigger then the knight he spoke of,
But of a face far sweeter; his complexion
96 Is as a ripe grape ruddy; he has felt,
Without doubt, what he fights for, and so apter
To make this cause his owne; in 's face appears
All the faire hopes of what he undertakes;
100 And when he's angry, then a fetted valour,
Not tainted with extreames, runs through his body,
And guides his arme to brave things; feare he cannot,
He shewes no such soft temper; his head 's yellow,

74. *these*] Q. C. W. K. Ty. Sk. F. etc.
those81. *fire*] Heath. D. K. ('67) Sk. Q. faire

F. T. K. ('41) fair S. C. W. Ty. far

85. *Arm'd*] F. T. Mason, W. K. D. Sk.

Q. Armd S. C. Ty. Arms

Hard hayr'd, and curld, thicke twind, like [ivy-tods,] [IV. 2]

Not to undoe with thunder ; in his face

The liverie of the warlike maide appears,

Pure red and white, for yet no beard has bleft him ;

And in his rowling eyes fits vict'ry, 108

As if she ever ment to [court] his valour ;

His nose stands high, a character of honour ;

His red lips, after fights, are fit for ladies.

Emil. Must these men die too? 112

Pir. When he speaks, his tongue

Sounds like a trumpet ; all his lyncaments

Are as a man would with 'em, strong, and cleane ;

He weares a well-steeld axe, the staffe of gold ;

His age some five and twenty. 116

Meff. Ther 's another,

A little man, but of a tough soule, seeming

As great as any ; fairer promises

In such a body yet I never look'd on.

Pir. O, he that 's freckle-fac'd? 120

Meff. The fame, my lord :

Are they not sweet ones ?

Pir. Yes, they are well.

Meff. Me thinks,

Being so few and well-dispos'd, they show

Great and fine art in nature. He 's white-hair'd,

Not wanton-white, but such a manly colour 124

Next to an aborne ; tough, and nimble-set,

Which shoves an active soule ; his armes are brawny,

Linde with strong finewes ; to the shoulder-peece

Gently they swell, like women new-conceav'd, 128

Which speaks him prone to labour, never fainting

Under the waight of armes ; stout-harted, still,

But, when he stirs, a tiger ; he 's gray-eyd,

Which yeelds compassion where he conquers ; sharpe 132

104 *ivy-tods*] L. O.Edd. etc. Ivy tops or
ivy-tops

109. *court*] L. S. etc. crown Q. corect

F. T. Ty. correct

130. *stouthearted, still*] Q. etc. F. T.

stout-hearted om. [,] still,

- [IV. 2] To spy advantages, and where he finds 'em,
 He 's swift to make 'em his; he do's no wrongs,
 Nor takes none; he 's round-fac'd, and when he smiles
 136 He showes a lover, when he frownes, a fouldier;
 About his head he weares the winner's oke,
 And in it stucke the favour of his lady;
 His age, some six and thirtie; in his hand
 140 He beares a charging-staffe, emboft with silver.
Thef. Are they all thus?
Pir. They 're all the fonnes of honour.
Thef. Now, as I have a Youle, I long to see 'em—
 Lady, you shall see men fight now.
Hip. I wish it,
 144 But not the cause, my lord: they would show
 Bravely about the titles of two kingdomes:
 'Tis pittie love should be so tyrannous.—
 O my soft-harted sifter, what thinke you?
 148 Weepe not, till they weepe blood, wench: it must be.
Thef. You 've steel'd 'em with your beautie.—Honord
 friend,
 To you I give the feild; pray, order it,
 Fitting the persons that must use it.
Pir. Yes, fir.
 152 *Thef.* Come, Ile goe visit 'em: I cannot stay—
 Their fame has fir'd me so—till they appeare.
 Good friend, be royall.
Pir. There shall want no bravery.
Emil. Poore wench, goe weepe; for whofoever wins,
 156 Looses a noble cosen for thy sins. [Exeunt.]

[IV. 3] SCENE III. [*Athens. A room in the prison.*]

Enter Jailor, Wooer, and Doctor.

Doct. Her distraction is more at some time of the moone
 then at other some, is it not?

144. *show Bravely about*] Q. F. T. C. | about
 (shew) S. C. Mason, bravely Fighting | 2. *other some*] Edd. Mason, other time

Jail. She is continually in a harmelesse distemper, sleepest [IV. 3] little; altogether without appetite, save often drinking, dreaming of another world, and a better; and what broken peece of matter so e'er she's about, the name Palamon lardes it, that she farces ev'ry busines withall, fyts it to every question.—Looke where shee comes; you shall perceive her behaviour.

Enter Daughter.

Daugh. I have forgot it quite; The burden on 't was *Downe-a, downe-a,* and pend by no worfe man then Geraldo, Emilia's schoolemaster; he's as fantastically, too, as ever he may goe upon 's legs, for in the next world will Dido see Palamon, 12 and then will she be out of love with Æneas.

Doct. What stuff's here! pore soule!

Jail. Ev'n thus all day long.

Daugh. Now for this charme that I told you of. You must 16 bring a peece of silver on the tip of your tongue, or no ferry: then, if it be your chance to come where the blessed spirits—as ther's a sight now!—we maids that have our lyvers perish'd, crakt to peeces with love, we shall come there, and doe 20 nothing all day long but picke flowers with Proserpine; then will I make Palamon a nosegay; then let him—marke me—then—

Doct. How prettily she's amisse! note her a little further. 24

Daugh. Faith Ile tell you, sometime we goe to barly-breake, we of the blessed. Alas, 'tis a fore life they have i' th' other place, such burning, frying, boyling, hissing, howling, chattring, curfing. O, they have shrowd meafure! Take heede: if one 28 be mad, or hang, or drowne themselves, thither they goe, Jupiter bleffe us! and there shall we be put in a caldron of lead and ufurers' greafe, amongst a whole million of cutpurfes, and there boyle like a gamon of bacon that will never be 32 enough.

18-19. (*as there's*) F. T. S. C. K. (O. Edd. om. ()). Q. as th'ers Mason, are, (there's a sight) we maids W. [are,] (there's a sight now) we D. Sk. are—there's a sight now!—we Ty. spirit's, as there's a sight now; L. qy. ay, there's

b

6

22. *let him—marke me—then—*] D. Q. let him marke me,—then
26-27. *i' th' other place*] Edd. Q. i'th Thother F. T. Ty. i'th' Other
30. *shall we be put*] Edd. L. quer. they be put

[IV. 3] *Doct.* How her braine coynes!

Daugh. Lords and courtiers, that have got maids with
36 child, they are in this place; they shall stand in fire up to the
navle, and in yce up to th' hart, and there th' offending part
burnes, and the deceaving part freezes; in troth, a very greev-
ous punishment, as one would thinke, for such a trifle; be-
40 leve me, one would marry a leaalous witch, to be rid on 't,
Ile assure you.

Doct. How she continues this fancie! 'Tis not an engrafted
madnesse, but a most thicke and profound mellencholly.

44 *Daugh.* To heare there a proud lady and a proud city-
wife howle together! I were a beast and I'd call it good
sport: one cries, "O! this smoake!" [th' other] "This fire!"
one cries, "O, that ever I did it behind the arras!" and then
48 howles; th' other curses a fuing fellow and her garden house.

I will be true, my stars, my fate, &c. [Sings.
[Exit.

Jail. What thinke you of her, fir?

Doct. I think she has a perturbed minde, which I cannot
52 minister to.

Jail. Alas, what then?

Doct. Understand you she ever affected any man ere she
beheld Palamon?

56 *Jail.* I was once, fir, in great hope she had fixd her liking
on this gentleman, my friend.

Woo. I did thinke so too, and would account I had a great
pen'worth on 't, to give halfe my state, that both she and I at
60 this present stood unfainedly on the same tearmes.

Doct. That intemperat surfeit of her eye hath distemperd the
other senses: they may returne and settle againe to execute
their preordaind faculties; but they are now in a most extrava-
64 gant vagary. This you must doe: confine her to a place
where the light may rather seeme to steale in then be per-
mitted; take upon you, yong fir her friend, the name of
Palamon, say you come to eat with her, and to commune of

love; this will catch her attention, for this her minde beates [IV. 3]
 upon; other objects, that are inferted tweene her minde and
 eye, become the pranks and friskins of her madnes: sing to
 her, such greene songs of love as she fayes Palamon hath sung
 in prison; come to her, stucke in as sweet flowers as the 72
 season is mistres of, and thereto make an addition of som other
 compounded odours, which are grateful to the sense; all this
 shall become Palamon, for Palamon can sing, and Palamon is
 sweet, and ev'ry good thing: desire to eate with her, [carve] 76
 her, drinke to her, and still among intermingle your petition of
 grace and acceptance into her favour: learne what maides have
 bene her companions and play-pheeres, and let them repaire
 to her with Palamon in their mouthes, and appeare with 80
 tokens, as if they suggested for him. It is a falsehood she is in,
 which is with falsehoods to be combated. This may bring her
 to eate, to sleepe, and reduce what's now out of square in her,
 into their former law and regiment: I have seene it approved, 84
 how many times I know not; but to make the number more,
 I have great hope in this. I will, betweene the passages of
 this project, come in with my applyance. Let us put it in
 execution; and hasten the successe, which doubt not, will bring 88
 forth comfort. [Flourish. Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I. [Athens. Three Altars prepared, and inscribed [V. 1]
severally to Mars, Venus, and Diana.]

Enter Theseus, Pirithous, Hippolyta, and Attendants.

[*A flourish.*]

Thef. Now let 'em enter, and before the gods
 Tender their holy prayers: let the temples
 Burne bright with sacred fires, and the altars
 In hallowed clouds commend their swelling incense

4

76. *carve her*] F. T. C. W. D. K. ('67)
 Sk. Q. Ty. *crave her* S. K. ('41) *carve*
 for her
 83. *what's now*] O.Edd. W. D. Sk. S.
 C. K. *what are*

84. *regiment*] O.Edd. etc. S. *Regimen*;
Three Altars, &c.] L. D. A Court before
 the temples of Mars, Venus, and Diana.
 4. *swelling*] Edd. Th. conj. *smelling*

[V. 1] To thofe above us : let no due be wanting :
They have a noble worke in hand, will honour
The very powers that love 'em.

Florish of Cornets. Enter Palamon, Arcite, and their Knights.

Pir.

Sir, they enter.

8 *Thef.* You valiant and strong-harted enemies,
You royall german foes, that this day come
To blow that nearenesse out that flames betweene ye,
Lay by your anger for an houre, and dove-like
12 Before the holy altars of your helpers,
The all-feard gods, bow downe your stubborne bodies :
Your ire is more than mortall ; fo your helpe be !
And as the gods regard ye, fight with iustice :
16 He leave you to your prayers, and betwixt ye
I part my wifhes.

Pir.

Honour crowne the worthieft !

[*Exeunt Thefeus and his traine.*

Pal. The glaffe is running now that cannot finish
Till one of us expire : thinke you but thus,
20 That were there aught in me which strove to shew
Mine enemy in this bufinesse, wer't one eye
Against another, arme opprest by arme,
I would deftroy th' offender ; coz, I would,
24 Though parcell of my felfe : then from this gather
How I should tender you.

Arc.

I am in labour

To push your name, your auncient love, our kindred,
Out of my memory ; and i' th' felfe-fame place
28 To feate something I would confound : fo hoyft we
The sayles, that muft thefe vessells port even where
The heavenly lymiter pleafes.

Pal.

You speake well.

Before I turne, let me embrace thee, cofen :
32 This I shall never doe agen.

10. *nearenesse*] Edd. Ingleby conj. fierce- | 29. *port*] Q. F. etc. T. S. part
nesse

Arc. One farewell ! [V. 1]

Pal. Why let it be fo : farewell, coz !

Arc. Farewell, fir !

[*They embrace.—Exeunt Palamon and his Knights.*

Knights, kinsmen, lovers, yea, my sacrifices,
True worshippers of Mars, whose spirit in you
Expells the feedes of feare, and th' apprehension 35

Which still is farther off it, goe with me
Before the god of our profession : there
Require of him the hearts of Lyons, and
The breath of tigers, yea, the fearcenesse too, 40

Yea, the speed also,—to goe on, I meane,
Else with we to be snayles : you know my prize
Must be drag'd out of blood ; force and great feate
Must put my garland on, where she stickes 44

The queene of flowers ; our intercession then
Must be to him that makes the campe a cestron
Brymd with the blood of men : give me your aide,
And bend your spirits towards him. 48

[*They advance to the altar of Mars, and fall on their faces ;
then kneel.*

Thou mighty one, that with thy power hast turnd
Greene Neptune into purple ; [whose approach]
Comets prewarne ; whose havocke in vaste feild
Unearthed skulls proclaime ; whose breath blowes downe 52

The teeming Ceres' foyzon ; who dost plucke
With hand [armypotent] from forth blew clowdes
The masond turrets ; that both mak'ft and break'ft
The stony girthes of citties ; me thy puple, 56

Yong'ft follower of thy drom, instruct this day

37. *farther off it*] Q. F. S. Ty. T. farther
of it C. K. further off Heath, Mason,
W. D. Sk. father of it

44. *she stickes*] Q. F. T. D. K. ('67) Ty.
she sticks S. etc. K. ('41) she will
stick L. quer. on me, where she stickes

48. *They advance, &c.*] D. Q. They
kneele

50. *Neptune*] F. Q. Nepture. [*whose
approach*] S. etc. insert. lacuna in O.
Edd.

54. *armipotent*] S. sqq. Q. armenipotent
F. T. armenipotent Ty. omnipotent

57. *Yong'st*] D. Q. Yongest F. T. W.
Ty. K. Youngest S. Young

[V. 1] With military skill, that to thy lawde

I may advance my freamer, and by thee

60 Be fil'd the lord o' th' day;—give me, great Mars,
Some token of thy pleafure.

[Here they fall on their faces as formerly, and there is heard
clanging of armor, with a short thunder, as the burft
of a battaile, whereupon they all rife and bow to the altar.

O great corrector of enormous times,

Shaker of ore-rank states, thou grand decider

64 Of duffie and old tytles, that heal'ft with blood

The earth when it is ficke, and cur'ft the world

O' the plurefie of people; I doe take

Thy fignes aufpiciously, and in thy name

68 To my defigne march boldly. Let us goe.

[Exeunt.]

Re-enter Palamon and his Knights.

Pal. Our ftars muft glifter with new fire, or be

To-daie extinct; our argument is love,

Which if the goddeffe of it grant, ſhe gives

72 Victory too: then blend your ſpirits with mine,

You, whoſe free nobleneſſe doe make my cauſe

Your perſonall hazard: to the goddeffe Venus

Commend we our proceeding, and implore

76 Her power unto our partie.

[They advance to the altar of Venus, and fall on their faces;
then kneel.

Haile, ſoveraigne queene of ſecrets, who haſt power

To call the feirceſt tyrant from his rage

And weepe unto a girle; that haſt the might

80 Even with an ey-glance to choke Mars's drom,

And turne th' allarme to whifpers; that canſt make

A cruple florifh with his crutch, and cure him

Before Apollo; that may'ft force the king

68. *Re-enter, &c.*] D. Q. Enter Palamon
and his Knights, with the former
observance

76. *They advance, &c.*] D. Q. Here they

kneele as formerly,

79. *And weepe*] Q. F. T. Ty. And weep
S. etc. To weep Th. conj. weep into

To be his subject's vassalle, and induce [V I.]
 Stale gravitie to daunce; the poul'd bach'lour—
 Whose youth, like wanton boyes through bonfyres,
 Have skipt thy flame—at feaventy thou canst catch,
 And make him, to the scorne of his hoarse throate, 88
 Abuse yong laies of love. What godlike power
 Haft thou not power upon? to Phœbus thou
 Add'st flames hotter then his; the heavenly fyres
 Did scortch his mortall son, thine him; the huntresse 92
 All moyst and cold, some say, began to throw
 Her bow away, and sigh. Take to thy grace
 Me, thy vowd souldier, who doe beare thy yoke
 As 'twere a wreath of roses, yet is heavier 96
 Then lead it selfe, stings more than nettles: I
 Have never beene foule-mouthd against thy law;
 Nev'r reveald secreet, for I knew none,—would not,
 Had I kend all that were; I never practis'd 100
 Upon man's wife, nor would the libells reade
 Of liberall wits; I never at great feastes
 Sought to betray a beautie, but have blush'd
 At simpring sirs that did; I have beene harsh 104
 To large confessors, and have hotly ask'd them
 If they had mothers? I had one, a woman,
 And women 'twere they wrong'd: I knew a man
 Of eightie winters,—this I told them,—who 108
 A lasse of foureteene bridged; 'twas thy power
 To put life into dust; the aged crampe
 Had scrow'd his square foote round,
 The gout had knit his fingers into knots, 112
 Torturing convulsions from his globie eyes
 Had almost drawne their spheeres, that what was life
 In him seem'd torture; this anatomie

85. *Stale gravity*] Edd. Mason, quer. state-gravity *poul'd*] L. O.Edd. pould
 S. C. W. K. Ty. polled D. Sk. polled
 L. *bach'lour*] Q. Bachelour
 86. *Whose youth*] O.Edd. etc. S. whose

Freaks of Youth
 87. *Have*] Edd. Mason, hath
 97. *nettles: I*] D. ('67, '76). Sk. prints *I*
 at beg. l. 98. S. Nettles; I've never

- [V. 1] Had by his yong faire pheare a boy, and I
 Beleev'd it was his, for she swore it was,
 And who would not beleve her? Briefe, I am
 To those that prate, and have done, no companion;
 120 To those that boast, and have not, a defyer;
 To those that would, and cannot, a rejoycer;
 Yea, him I doe not love, that tells close offices
 The fowlest way, nor names concealements in
 124 The boldest language; such a one I am,
 And vow that lover never yet made figh
 Truer then I. O, then, most soft sweet goddesse,
 Give me the victory of this question, which
 128 Is true love's merit, and bleesse me with a signe
 Of thy great pleasure.

[Here musicke is heard, doves are seene to flutter: they
 fall againe upon their faces, then on their knees.]

- Pal. O thou that from eleven to ninetie raig'n't
 In mortall bosomes, whose chafe is this world,
 132 And we in heards thy game, I give thee thanks
 For this faire token; which being layd unto
 Mine innocent true heart, armes in assurance
 My body to this bufinesse.—Let us rise
 136 And bow before the goddesse: time comes on.

[They bow. Exeunt.]

[Still musicke of records. Enter Emilia in white, her haire
 about her shoulders, [and wearing] a wheaten wreath: One
 in white holding up her traine, her haire stucke with flowers;
 one before her carrying a silver hynde, in which is conveyd
 incense and sweet odours, which being set upon the altar [of
 Diana,] her maides standing aloofe, she sets fire to it; then
 they curtsy and kneele.]

Emil. O sacred, shadowie, cold and constant queene,

<p>116. <i>pheare</i>] Q. F. T. Sphere S. (conj.!) Ty. Pheer C. W. K. pheer D. fere</p> <p>119—121.] S. sqq. Wrongly pointed in O.Edd. Q. prate and have done; no Companion To those that boast and</p>	<p>have not; a defyer To those that would and cannot; a &c.</p> <p>126. <i>soft sweet</i>] Q. D. soft-sweet</p> <p>136. <i>maides</i>] Q. F. T. K. D. Ty. Sk. Maids S. C. W. Maid</p>
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Abandoner of revells, mute, contemplative, Sweet, solitary, white as chaste, and pure	[V. 1]
As winde-fand snow, who to thy femall knights Allow'ft no more blood than will make a blufh, Which is their order's robe; I heere, thy priestf, Am humbled fore thine altar: O, vouchsafe, With that thy rare greene eye—which never yet Beheld thing maculate—looke on thy virgin; And, sacred filver miftris, lend thine eare— Which nev'r heard fcurrill terme, into whose port Ne're entred wanton found—to my petition Seafond with holy feare. This is my laft Of vefall office; I 'm bride-habited, But mayden-harted; a husband I have 'pointed, But doe not know him; out of two, I fhould Chooſe one, and pray for his fucceſſe; but I Am guiltleſſe of election: of mine eyes Were I to looſe one,—they are equall precious,— I could doombe neither; that which perifh'd ſhould Goe too't unfentenc'd: therefore, moſt modeſt queene, He, of the two pretenders, that beſt loves me And has the trueſt title in 't, let him Take off my wheaten gerland, or elſe grant The fyle and qualitie I hold I may Continue in thy band.	140 144 148 152 156 160
[Here the hynde vaniſhes under the altar, and in the place aſcends a roſe-tree, having one roſe upon it.]	
See what our generall of ebbs and flowes Out from the bowells of her holy altar With ſacred act advances; but one roſe! If well inſpird, this battaile ſhal confound Both theſe brave knights, and I, a virgin flowre, Muſt grow alone unpluck'd.	164 168

144. *greene*] Q. F. etc. green S. sheen147. *port*] O.Edd. etc. Th. conj. Ingleby
(quer.) porch154. *election: of mine eyes Were I to looſe
one,— . . . precious,—I*] D.(67, '76).Q. (F. T. guiltless T. Election . . .
Eyes,) Am guiltleſſe of election of mine
eyes, Were S. ſqq. D.(46) Sk. Election
of mine Eyes; Were Ty. election of
mine eyes. Were

- [V. 1] [*Here is heard a sodaine twang of instruments, and the rose falls from the tree, which vanishes under the altar.*
 The flowre is falne, the tree descends.—O mistress,
 Thou here dischargedst me; I shall be gather'd,
 I thinke so; but I know not thine owne will:
 172 Unclasp thy mysterie.—I hope she's pleas'd;
 Her signes were gracious. [*They curtsiey, and exeunt.*]

SCENE II. [*Athens. A room in the prison.*]

- [V. 2] *Enter Doctor, Jailor, and Wooer in habite of Palamon.*
Doct. Has this advice I told you done any good upon her?
Woo. O very much; the maids that kept her company
 Have halfe perswaded her that I am Palamon;
 4 Within this halfe houre she came smiling to me,
 And asked me what I 'ld eate, and when I 'ld kisse her:
 I told her presently, and kist her twice.
Doct. 'Twas well done: twentie times had bin far better;
 8 For there the cure lies mainly.
Woo. Then she told me
 She 'ld watch with me to-night, for well she knew
 What houre my fit would take me.
Doct. Let her doe so;
 And when your fit comes, fit her home, and presently.
 12 *Woo.* She would have me sing.
Doct. You did so?
Woo. No.
Doct. 'Twas very ill done, then;
 You should observe her ev'ry way.
Woo. Alas,
 I have no voice, fir, to confirme her that way!
 16 *Doct.* That's all one, if yee make a noyse:
 If she intreate againe, doe any thing;
 Lye with her, if she aske you.
Jail. Hoa, there, doctor!
Doct. Yes, in the waie of cure.

18. *Ho, there*] Edd. Ho or Hoa Mason, Hold there

Jail. But first, by your leave, [V. 2]
I' th' way of honestie. 20

Doct. That 's but a nicenessë ;
Nev'r cast your child away for honestie :
Cure her first this way ; then, if shee will be honest,
She has the path before her.

Jail. Thanke yee, doctör.

Doct. Pray, bring her in,
And let 's see how shee is. 24

Jail. I will, and tell her
Her Palamon staies for her : but, doctör,
Me thinks you are i' th' wrong itill. [Exit.

Doct. Goe, goe ;
You fathers are fine fooles : her honesty !
And we should give her physicke till we finde that— 23

Woo. Why, doe you thinke she is not honest, fir ?

Doct. How old is she ?

Woo. She 's eighteene.

Doct. She may be ;
But that 's all one, 'tis nothing to our purpose :
What e'er her father saies, if you perceave 32
Her moode inclining that way that I spoke of,
Videlicet, the way of flesh—you have me ?

Woo. [Yes,] very well, fir.

Doct. Please her appetite,
And doe it home ; it cures her, *ipso facto*, 36
The mellencholly humour that infects her.

Woo. I am of your minde, doctör.

Doct. You'l finde it so. She comes, pray [humour] her.

Re-enter Jailor, Daughter, and Maide.

Jail. Come ; your love Palamon staies for you, childe, 40
And has done this long houre, to vifite you.

Daugh. I thanke him for his gentle patience ;
He 's a kind gentleman, and I 'm much bound to him.

35. *Yes, very*] C. sqq. Q. Yet very F. | 39. *humour*] S. sqq. Q. T. honour F.
T. S. Yes very honor

[V 2] Did you nev'r see the horfe he gave me ?

44 *Jail.* Yes.

Daugh. How doe you like him ?

Jail. He 's a very faire one.

Daugh. You never saw him dance ?

Jail. No.

Daugh. I have often :

He daunces very finely, very comely ;

48 And, for a jigge, come cut and long taile to him ;
He turnes ye like a top.

Jail. That 's fine indeede.

Daugh. Hee'l dance the morris twenty mile an houre,
And that will founder the best hobby-horfe,

52 If I have any skill, in all the parish ;
And gallops to the [tune] of *Light a' love* :
What thinke you of this horfe ?

Jail. Having these vertues

I thinke he might be broght to play at tennis.

56 *Daugh.* Alas, that 's nothing.

Jail. Can he write and reade too ?

Daugh. A very faire hand ; and casts himselfe th' accounts
Of all his hay and provender : that hostler
Must rise betime that cozens him. You know

60 The chefnut mare the duke has ?

Jail. Very well.

Daugh. She 's horribly in love with him, poore beast ;
But he is like his master, coy and scornefull.

Jail. What dowry has she ?

Daugh. Some two hundred bottles,

64 And twenty frike of oates ; but hee'l ne'er have her :
He lifpes in 's neighing, able to entice
A millar's mare ; hee'l be the death of her.

Doct. What stuffe she utters !

68 *Jail.* Make curtise, here your love comes.

53. *tune*] S. sqq. Q. turne F. T. Ty. | Light o' love : Ty. Light-a-love !
turn *Light a' Love*:] O.Edd. D. |

- Woo.* Pretty foule, [V. 2]
How doe ye? That 's a fine maide; ther 's a curtzie!
- Daugh.* Yours to command, i' th' way of honestie.
How far is 't now to th' end o' th' world, my masters?
- Doct.* Why, a day's journey, wench. 72
- Daugh.* Will you goe with me?
Woo. What shall we doe there, wench?
- Daugh.* Why, play at ftoole ball:
What is there else to doe?
- Woo.* I am content,
If we shall keepe our wedding there.
- Daugh.* 'Tis true,
For there, I will assure you, we shall finde 76
Some blind priest for the purpose, that will venture
To marry us, for here they 're nice and foolish;
Besides, my father must be hang'd to-morrow,
And that would be a blot i' th' businesse. 80
Are not you Palamon?
- Woo.* Doe not you know me?
Daugh. Yes; but you care not for me; I have nothing
But this pore petticoate and too corse smockes.
- Woo.* That 's all one; I will have you. 84
Daugh. Will you surely?
Woo. Yes, by this faire hand, will I.
- Daugh.* Wee'l to bed, then.
Woo. Ev'n when you will. [Kisses her.]
- Daugh.* O, fir, you 'ld faine be nibbling.
Woo. Why doe you rub my kisse off?
- Daugh.* 'Tis a sweet one,
And will perfume me finely 'gainst the wedding. 88
Is not this your cofen Arcite?
- Doct.* Yes, sweet heart;
And I am glad my cofen Palamon
Has made so faire a choice.
- Daugh.* Doe you thinke hee'l have me?

[V. 2] *Doct.* Yes without doubt.

Daugh. Doe you thinke so too?

92 *Jail.* Yes.

Daugh. We shall have many children.—Lord, how y'ar
growne!

My Palamon I hope will grow, too, finely,

Now he 's at liberty : alas, poore chicken,

96 He was kept downe with hard meate and ill lodging ;

But Ile kisse him up againe.

Enter a Meffenger.

Meff. What doe you here? you'l loose the noblest fight
That ev'r was seene.

Jail. Are they i' th' field?

Meff. They are :

100 You beare a charge there too.

Jail. Ile away straight.—

I must ev'n leave you here.

Doct. Nay, wee'l goe with you ;

I will not loose the [fight.]

Jail. How did you like her?

Doct. Ile warrant you, within these three or four daies

104 Ile make her right againe. You must not from her,

But still preserve her in this way.

Woo. I will.

Doct. Let 's get her in.

Woo. Come, sweete, wee'l goe to dinner ;

And then weele play at cardes.

Daugh. And shall we kisse too?

108 *Woo.* A hundred times.

Daugh. And twenty?

Woo. I, and twenty.

Daugh. And then wee'l sleepe together?

Doct. Take her offer.

Woo. Yes, marry, will we

100. *Ile away*] Qo. Edd. I'll I. quer. I | 102. *sight*] D. lose the sight. Q. I will
will not loose the Fight.

Daugh. But you shall not hurt me. [V. 2]

Woo. I will not, sweete.

Daugh. If you doe, love, Ile cry. [Exeunt. 112]

SCENE III. [A part of the forest near Athens, and near the place appointed for the combat.] [V. 3]

Flourish. Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Emilia, Pirithous: and some Attendants, (T. Tucke: Curtis.)

Emil. Ile no step further.

Pir. Will you loofe this fight?

Emil. I had rather see a wren hawke at a fly,

Then this decision: ev'ry blow that falls

Threats a brave life; each stroake laments

4

The place whereon it fals, and sounds more like

A bell then blade: I will stay here,—

It is enough my hearing shall be punishd

With what shall happen, gainst the which there is

8

No deafing, but to heare,—not taint mine eye

With dread fights it may shun.

Pir. Sir, my good lord,

Your sifter will no further.

Thef. O, she must:

She shall see deeds of honour in their kinde,

12

Which sometime show well, pencild: nature now

Shall make and act the story, the beleife

Both feald with eye and eare. You must be present;

You are the victour's meede, the price and garlond

16

To crowne the questtion's title.

Emil. Pardon me;

A part of the forest] D. W. An Apartment in the Palace Ty. A Place near the Lists

6. *here*,—] L. Q. here, It is enough my hearing shall be punishd, With . . . happen, gainst . . . deafing, but to heare; not C. W. here: . . . happen, (gainst . . . deafing) but to heare, not D. ('67, '76) happen,—gainst . . . deafing,—but to heare, not Sk. happen,

gainst . . . deafing, but to heare,—not S. and against

13. *show well, pencill'd*] D. Heath, Mason, W. Sk. O.Edd. Ty. well [om. ,] S. time shall show well pencill'd C. K. well-pencill'd

16. *price*] Edd. L. quer. prize

17. *questtion's title*] O.Edd. sqq. Sk. D. ('67, '76) questant's title

/a

[V. 3.] If I were there, I'd winke.

Thef. You must be there ;

This tryall is as 'twere i' th' night, and you

20 The onely star to shine.

Emil. I am extinct :

There is but envy in that light, which shoves

The one the other. Darkenes, which ever was

The dam of horrour, who do's stand accurst

24 Of many mortall millions, may even now,

By casting her blacke mantle over both,

That neither could finde other, get her selfe

Some part of a good name, and many a murther

28 Set off wherto she's guilty.

Hip. You must goe.

Emil. In faith, I will not.

Thef. Why, the knights must kindle

Their valour at your eye : know, of this war

You are the treasure, and must needs be by

32 To give the service pay.

Emil. Sir, pardon me ;

The tytle of a kingdome may be tride

Out of it selfe.

Thef. Well, well then, at your pleasure ;

Those that remaine with you could with their office

36 To any of their enemies.

Hip. Farewell, sifter :

I 'm like to know your husband fore your selfe,

By some small start of time : he whom the gods

Doe of the two know best, I pray them be

40 Be made your lot.

[*Exeunt all except Emilia and some of the Attendants.*]

Emil. Arcite is gently visagd ; yet his eye

Is like an engyn bent, or a sharpe weapon

In a soft sheath ; mercy and manly courage

44 Are bedfellowes in his visage. Palamon

Has a most menacing aspect; his brow [V. 3]
 Is grav'd, and seemes to bury what it frownes on;
 Yet sometime 'tis not so, but alters to
 The quallity of his thoughts; long time his eye 48
 Will dwell upon his object; mellencholly
 Becomes him nobly; so do's Arcite's mirth;
 But Palamon's sadnes is a kinde of mirth,
 So mingled, as if mirth did make him sad, 52
 And sadnes, merry; those darker humours that
 Sticke misbecomingly on others, on [him]
 Live in faire dwelling.

[*Cornets. Trompets found as to a charge.*

Harke, how yon spurs to spirit doe incite 56
 The princes to their prooffe! Arcite may win me;
 And yet may Palamon wound Arcite to
 The spoyling of his figure. O, what pittie
 Enough for such a chance. If I were by, 60
 I might doe hurt; for they would glance their eies
 Toward my feat, and in that motion might
 Omit a ward, or forfeit an offence,
 Which crav'd that very time: it is much better 64
 I am not there; O, better never borne
 Then minister to such harme.

[*Cornets; a great cry and noice within; crying "A Palamon!"*

What is the chance?

Ser. The crie's "A Palamon!"

Emil. Then he has won. 'Twas ever likely: 68
 He lookd all grace and successe, and he is
 Doubtleffe the prim'ft of men. I pre'thee, run
 And tell me how it goes.

[*Showt, and cornets; crying "A Palamon!"*

Ser. Still Palamon.

Emil. Run and enquire. Poore servant, thou haft lost: 72
 Upon my right side fill I wore thy picture,
 Palamon's on the left: why so, I know not;

47. *sometimē*] Q. D. sometimes 54. *on him*] S. etc. O.Edd. Ty. on them
 6 7

[V. 3] I had no end in 't else; chance would have it so:

76 On the finifter side, the heart lyes; Palamon
Had the best boding chance.

[Another cry, and shouw within, and cornets.

This burst of clamour

Is sure the end o' th' combat. [Re-enter Servant.

Ser. They saide that Palamon had Arcite's body

80 Within an inch o' th' pyramid, that the cry
Was generall "A Palamon!" but anon,
Th' assitants made a brave redemption, and
The two bold tytlers at this instant are

84 Hand to hand at it.

Emil. Were they metamorphis'd

Both into one!—O, why? there were no woman

Worth so compos'd a man: their single share,

Their noblenes peculier to them, gives

88 The prejudice of disparity, values shortnes

To any lady breathing.

[Cornets; cry within: "Arcite, Arcite!"

More exulting?

"Palamon" still?

Ser. Nay, now the sound is "Arcite."

Emil. I pre'thee lay attention to the cry;

92 Set both thine eares to' th' busines.

[Cornets; A great shouw and cry, "Arcite, victory!"

Ser. The cry is

"Arcite!" and "victory!" harke: "Arcite, victory!"

The combat's consummation is proclaim'd

By the wind-instruments.

Emil. Halfe-fights saw

96 That Arcite was no babe; god's lyd, his riches

75. *in't else; chance*] Mason, W. D. K. ('67)

Sk. O.Edd. in't; else chance Sy.

conj. less chance S. C. Ty. omit *else*

83. *Tytlers*] Q. F. T. Tytlers S. Tilters

C. W. K. D. Ty. Sk. tilters

85. *into one!*—] L. Q. one; D. one—

87. *Their noblenes peculier to them, gives*] Q.

C. sqq. This l. om. in F. T. by chance;

S. could not restore it!

88. *disparity, values shortness To*] Ty. Q.

F. disparity values C. K. D. Sk. dis-

parity, value's shortness, To W. value's

shortness To

And coflines of spirit look't through him; it could [V. 3]
 No more be hid in him then fire in flax,
 Then humble banckes can goe to law with waters
 That drift windes force to raging. I did thinke 100
 Good Palamon would miscarry; yet I knew not
 Why I did thinke so: our reasons are not prophets,
 When oft our fancies are. They 're comming off: [*Cornets.*
 Alas, poore Palamon! 104

*Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Pirithous, Arcite as victor, and
 Attendants, &c.*

Thef. Lo, where our sifter is in expectation,
 Yet quaking and unfetled.—Fairest Emily,
 The gods, by their divine arbitrament,
 Have given you this knight: he is a good one 108
 As ever strooke at head. Give me your hands:
 Receive you her, you him; be plighted with
 A love that growes as you decay.

Arc. Emily,
 To buy you, I have lost what 's deereft to me, 112
 Save what is bought; and yet I purchase cheapely,
 As I doe rate your value.

Thef. O loved sifter,
 He speakes now of as brave a knight as e'er
 Did spur a noble steed: surely, the gods 116
 Would have him die a batch'lour, leaft his race
 Should shew i' th' world too godlike: his behaviour
 So charmd me, that me thought Alcides was
 To him a fow of lead: if I could praise 120
 Each part of him to th' all I have spoke, your Arcite
 Did not loose by 't; for he that was thus good
 Encountred yet his better. I have heard
 Two emulous Philomels beate the eare o' th' night 124
 With their contentious throates, now one the higher,
 Anon the other, then againe the first,

121. *to th' all I've spoke,*] S. D. K. Sk. | thee All I have spoke,
 Q. to 'th all; I have spoke, Ty. to |

[V. 3] And by and by out-breasted, that the fence
 128 Could not be judge betweene 'em : fo it far'd
 Good space betweene these kinsmen ; till heavens did
 Make hardly one the winner.—Weare the girlond
 With joy that you have won.—For the subdude,
 132 Give them our present justice, since I know
 Their lives but pinch 'em : let it here be done.
 The scene's not for our seeing : goe we hence,
 Right joyfull, with some sorrow.—Arme your prize,
 136 I know you will not loose her.—Hippolyta,
 I see one eye of yours conceives a teare,
 The which it will deliver.

[*Florisht.*]

Emil. Is this wyunning?
 O all you heavenly powers, where is [your] mercy?
 140 But that your wils have saide it must be fo,
 And charge me live to comfort this unfriended,
 This miserable prince, that cuts away
 A life more worthy from him then all women,
 144 I should and would die too.

Hip. Infinite pitty,
 That fowre such eies should be fo fixd on one,
 That two must needs be blinde for 't.

Thef. So it is. [*Exeunt.*]

[V. 4] SCENE IV. [*The same ; a Block prepared.*]
Enter Palamon and his Knights pyniond, Jailor,
Executioner, &c. Gard.

Pal. Ther 's many a man alive that hath out liv'd
 The love o' th' people ; yea, i' th' selfefame state
 Stands many a father with his childe : some comfort
 4 We have by fo confidering ; we expire,
 And not without men's pitty ; to live, fill

139. *your mercy ?*] Edd. Q. you mercy?
Sc. IV. The same ; &c.] L. D. The same
 part of the forest as in Act III. Scene
 VI. W. An open place in the City
 with a Scaffold
 5. *pitty ; to live, still*] L. (cf. V. iv. 133).

O.Edd. Ty. pitty. To live still, Have
 their good wishes, we S. sqq. Pity ; to
 live still, Have their good Wishes ; we
 D. Sk. to live still Have C. (1778,) mens'
 C. (1811,) men's

Have their good wishes; we prevent	[V. 4]
The loathfome misery of age, beguile	
The gowt and rheume, that in lag howres attend	8
For grey approachers; we come towards the gods	
Yong, and unwapper'd, not halting under crymes	
Many and stale; that, fure, shall please the gods	
Sooner than fuch, to give us nectar with 'em,	12
For we are more cleare spirits. My deare kinsmen,	
Whose lives for this poore comfort are laid downe,	
You have sould 'em too too cheape.	
1 K. What ending could be	
Of more content? O'er us the victors have	16
Fortune, whose title is as momentary	
As to us death is certaine; a graine of honour	
They not o'er-weigh us.	
2 K. Let us bid farewell;	
And with our patience anger tottring fortune,	20
Who, at her certain'ft, reels.	
3 K. Come; who begins?	
Pal. Ev'n he that led you to this banquet shall	
Taste to you all.—Aha, my friend, my friend!	
Your gentle daughter gave me freedome once;	24
You'll see 't done now for ever: pray, how does she?	
I heard she was not well; her kind of ill	
Gave me some sorrow.	
Jail. Sir, she 's well restor'd,	
And to be marryed shortly.	28
Pal. By my short life,	
I am most glad on't; 'tis the latest thing	
I shall be glad of; pre'thee, tell her so;	
Commend me to her, and, to peece her portion,	
Tender her this.	[Gives purse. 32
1 K. Nay, let 's be offerers all.	

6. *wishes; we prevent*] Edd. Q. Ty.
wishes, we Sk. wishes; [herein] we
prevent
10. *unwapper'd, not*] T. Sy. W. D. Sk.
Q. F. unwapper'd not, Th. Se. S. C.

Ty. unwarp'd not K. unwappen'd, not
15. *too too cheape.*] O.Edd. (F. cheap T.
Cheap) S. Sk. (conj.) C. W. D. ('46)
Ty. K. too, too D. ('67, '76) too-too

[V. 4] 2 *K.* Is it a maide ?

Pal. Verily, I thinke fo ;
A right good creature, more to me deferving
Then I can quight or speake of.

All K. Commend us to her.

[*They give their purfes.*]

36 *Jail.* The gods requight you all, and make her thankefull !

Pal. Adiew ; and let my life be now as short
As my leave-taking.

1 *K.* Leade, couragious cofin.

2. 3. *K.* Wee'l follow cheerefully.

[*Palamon lays his head on the block. A great noife within,
crying, "Run, fave, hold !"*]

Enter in hafte a Meffenger.

40 *Meff.* Hold, hold ! O, hold, hold, hold !

Enter Pirithous in hafte.

Pir. Hold, hoa ! It is a curfed haft you made,
If you have done fo quickly.—Noble Palamon,
The gods will fthew their glory in a life

44 That thou art yet to leade.

Pal. Can that be, when
Venus I 've faid is falfe ? How doe things fare ?

Pir. Arife, great fir, and give the tydings eare
That are moft [dearly] fweet and bitter.

Pa. What

48 Hath wakt us from our dreame ?

Pir. Lift then. Your cofen,
Mounted upon a steed that Emily
Did firft beftow on him,—a blacke one, owing
Not a hayre-worth of white, which fome will fay

52 Weakens his price, and many will not buy
His goodneffe with this note ; which fuperftition

35. *quight*] Q. F. T. S. C. D. ('67, '76) 39. 2. 3. *K.*] L. Q. 1. 2. *K.* D. All the
quit W. K. D. ('46) Sk. quite Ty. Knights
quite 47. *dearly*] S. sqq. O.Edd. early Sy.
39.] D. Q. Lies on the Blocke. rarely

Heere findes allowance,—on this horfe is Arcite	[V. 4]
Trotting the fones of Athens, which the calkins	
Did rather tell then trample ; for the horfe	56
Would make his length a mile, if 't pleaf'd his rider	
To put pride in him : as he thus went counting	
The flinty pavement, dancing as 'twere to th' muficke	
His owne hoofes made ;—for, as they fay, from iron	60
Came muficke's origen,—what envious flint,	
Cold as old Saturne, and like him poffeft	
With fire malevolent, darted a fparke,	
Or what feirce fulphur elfe, to this end made,	64
I comment not ; the hot horfe, hot as fire,	
Tooke toy at this, and fell to what diforder	
His power could give his will, bounds, comes on end,	
Forgets fchoole-dooing, being therein traind,	68
And of kind mannadge ; pig-like he whines	
At the fharpe rowell, which he freats at rather	
Then any jot obaies ; feekes all foule meanes	
Of boyftrous and rough jadrie, to dif-feate	72
His lord, that kept it bravely : when nought ferv'd,	
When neither curb would cracke, girth breake, nor diffring	
plunges	
Dif-roote his rider whence he grew, but that	
He kept him tweene his legges, on his hind hoofes	76
[.] on end he ftands	
That Arcite's legs, being higher then his head,	
Seem'd with ftrange art to hang : his victor's wreath	
Even then fell off his head ; and prefently	80
Backeward the jade comes ore, and his full poyze	
Becomes the rider's loade. Yet is he living ;	
But fuch a vefsell 'tis that floates but for	
The furge that next approaches : he much defires	84
To have fome fpeech with you. Loe, he appears.	

Enter Thefeus, Hippolyta, Emilia, Arcite in a chaire.

Pal. O miferable end of our alliance !

77. *on end he stands*] Here left as in Qo, | have dropt out of the old text. F. (on
the space being indicated, as some words | end he stands

[V. 4.] The gods are mightie.—Arcite, if thy heart,
 88 Thy worthie, manly heart, be yet unbroken,
 Give me thy laft words; I am Palamon,
 One that yet loves thee dying.

Arc. Take Emilia,
 And with her, all the world's joy. Reach thy hand :
 92 Farewell; I've told my laft houre. I was false,
 Yet never treacherous: forgive me, cofen.—
 One kiffe from faire Emilia. [*Kiffes her.*]—'Tis done:
 Take her. I die. [*Dies.*]

Pal. Thy brave foule feeke Elizium!
 96 *Emil.* Ile clofe thine eyes, prince; blessed foules be with
 thee!

Thou art a right good man; and, while I live,
 This day I give to teares.

Pal. And I to honour.
Thef. In this place first you fought; ev'n very here
 100 I fundred you: acknowledge to the gods
 [Your] thanks that you are living.
 His part is playd, and though it were too short,
 He did it well; your day is lengthned, and
 104 The blissefull dew of heaven do's arrowze you:
 The powerfull Venus well hath grac'd her altar,
 And given you your love; our master Mars
 Haft vouch'd his oracle, and to Arcite gave
 108 The grace of the contention: so the deities
 Have shewd due justice.—Beare this hence.

Pal. O cofen,
 That we should things desire, which doe cost us
 The losse of our desire! that nought could buy
 112 Deare love but losse of deare love!

Thef. Never fortune
 Did play a subtler game: the conquerd triumphes,
 The victor has the losse; yet in the passage
 The gods have beene most equall. Palamon,

87. *gods*] Edd. Th. conj. The Cords
 101. *Your*] D. Sk. O.Edd. etc. Our

104. *arrowze*] L. O.Edd. arouse S.
 arouze C. sqq. arose Ty. arouse

Your kinsman hath confest the right o' th' lady
 Did lye in you; for you first saw her, and [V. 4]
 Even then proclaimd your fancie; he restord her
 As your stolne jewell, and desir'd your spirit
 To fend him hence forgiven: the gods my justice 120
 Take from my hand, and they themselves become
 The executioners. Leade your lady off;
 And call your lovers from the stage of death,
 Whom I adopt my friends. A day or two 124
 Let us looke fadly, and give grace unto
 The funerall of Arcite; in whose end
 The visages of bridegroomes weele put on
 And finile with Palamon; for whom an houre, 128
 But one houre since, I was as dearely sorry,
 As glad of Arcite, and am now as glad
 As for him sorry.—O you heavenly charmers,
 What things you make of us! For what we lacke 132
 We laugh, for what we have, are sorry; still
 Are children in some kind. Let us be thankefull
 For that which is, and with you leave dispute
 That are above our question.—Let's goe off, 136
 And beare us like the time. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

133. *are sorry; still*] W. sqq. O.Edd. S. Ty. sorry still, C. sorry still;

EPILOGUE.

I *Would now aske ye how ye like the play ;*
But, as it is with schoole-boyes, cannot say
I am cruell fearefull. Pray, yet stay a while,
 4 *And let me looke upon ye. No man smile ?*
Then it goes hard, I see. He that has
Lov'd a yong handsome wench, then, show his face,—
'Tis strange if none be heere,—and, if he will
 8 *Against his conscience, let him hiss, and kill*
Our market. 'Tis in vaine, I see, to stay yee :
Have at the worst can come, then ! Now what say ye ?
And yet mistake me not ; I am not bold ;
 12 *We have no such cause. If the tale we have told—*
For 'tis no other—any way content ye,—
For to that honest purpose it was ment ye,—
We have our end ; and ye shall have ere long,
 16 *I dare say, many a better, to prolong*
Your old loves to us. We, and all our might,
Rest at your service : gentlemen, good night.

[Florish.

Knight omits this *Epilogue*.

2. *But, as it is with Schoole-Boyes, cannot say*] D. pointing O.Edd. S. point. : But [om. ,] . . . Boyes[,] cannot say, (F.

Boys,) C. sqq. But, as . . . schoolboys cannot say, D. But, as . . . schoolboys, cannot say I'm cruel-fearful.

NOTES.

WHEREVER the text of the Quarto has been materially altered in this revised text, the change has been indicated by enclosing the new reading in brackets. Changes of punctuation have not been indicated in this way.

Such of the stage-directions as are enclosed in brackets have been added from Dyce's edition, 1876. For an account of the various editions referred to, see preface to the Quarto Reprint.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. List first given in Fol. 1679, imperfectly; the list here as given by Dyce, 1876.

PROLOGUE. Probably by Fletcher. Several of his favourite images are employed in it, and the general style resembles that of his undoubted prologues. See General Introduction for a few remarks on this.

5. *shake to loose*] *i. e.* at losing. See Note, I. i. 150/162. *lose* frequently so spelt in old books, and almost invariably in this play.

24. *almost breathlesse swimme*] See Note, IV. i. 139/180.

29. *two hours' travel*] The various allusions to the length of performances which occur in the prologues and epilogues of this period are worth noting; *three* hours is sometimes mentioned, but *two* seems to have been oftener promised, perhaps as a sop to the 'understanding gentlemen of the ground.' (z. Prol. *Humorous Lieutenant*—'and *short enough*, we hope;' and to *The Coxcomb*.) Most plays probably took from two and a half to three hours for representation. The following list will illustrate this, containing all the allusions in Sh., B. and F., Ben Jonson, Massinger, and Ford's prologues and epilogues, with a few from other sources. *Two Hours*: Sir R. Stapylton's *Verses* on Fletcher's Works (ed. Darley, I. li.); *Love's Pilgrimage*, prol.; *Four Plays in One*, Induction; *Henry VIII.*, prol.; *Romeo and Juliet*, prol.; *Ram Alley, or Merry Tricks*, epil. (Hazlitt's Dodsley, x. 380); D'Avenant, *Unfortunate Lovers*, prol.; Sir Aston Cokain's lines "To my friend Mr Thomas Randolph," etc.; Cleveland's *Works*, p. 312, ed. 1742, *Elegy* on Ben Jonson; and "To the Memory of Ben Jonson," by Ja. Mayne. *Three Hours*: Shirley's *Preface*, B. and F.; *The Loyal Subject*, epil.; *The Lover's Progress*, prol. (this, like several other prologues and epilogues in the Fol. B. and F., was written after Fletcher's death, for a revival of the play).

ACTS AND SCENES. The Quarto division has been followed throughout. Some editors (Weber, Dyce, Skeat) have joined the first two scenes of Act II. together, as one scene. But the Quarto rightly makes a distinction, II. i. being by Shakspere, II. ii. by Fletcher; the very fact of the scenes overlapping in

point of *time* goes to prove the separate authorship. Dr Ingram has pointed out an example of the confusion caused by the modern arrangement (*N. S. S. Trans.* pt II. p. 455. Note the "unconscious testimony" there afforded of the value of the 'stopt-line' test). See also Mr Skeat's Pref., p. xii. *n.*

ACT I.

Scene I.

Enter Hymen] See *As You Like It*, V. iv. (and the 'wedlock-hymn' there sung); *Philaster*, V. iii.; B. Jonson's *Hymenæi*; *Pericles*, III. prol. 9; *L'Allegro*, 126; *Four Plays in One (Tr. of Death, sc. iv.)*; *Taming of A Shrew* (Shakespeare Soc. ed. 1844, p. 38); B. Jonson's *Hue and Cry after Cupid*; Chapman's *Widow's Tears*.

Her tresses likewise hanging] Cf. stage-dir. V. i. 136/142-3, where Emilia is "bride-habited, but mayden-hearted." Dr Nicholson notes here: "this appearance of the bride in dishevelled hair, apparently a classic custom (Jonson refers to Sext. Pompon. F.), betokened virginity, and was in use up to Jacobian times at least. The most remarkable example was that of the Countess of Essex when married to Somerset.—'She, thinking all the world ignorant of her slie practices, hath the impudence to appear in the habit of a *Virgin*, with her hair pendent almost to her feet; which Ornament of her body (though a fair one) could not cover the deformities of her soul.' A. Wilson's *Life of James I.*, p. 72. Donne, in his *Epithalamium*, also alludes to it. See Webster's *White Devil*, p. 27, ed. 1859; and Jonson's *Hymenæi* on the first marriage of this same Countess of Essex."

wheaten garland] The origin of this custom is not clear; the wheaten wreath seems to have been worn as an emblem of fertility, and perhaps also of peace (the causer of plenty.—"As peace should still her wheaten garland wear," *Hml.* V. ii. 41). That this wheaten wreath "was well in the writer's mind" is shewn by I. i. 65/68. "Ceres appears in the masque in the *Tempest* to bless with Juno the marriage, and she (Demeter) as the goddess of fertility was considered a goddess of marriage. In the representations also she wore a wheat-ear chaplet. Was, however, the wheat-ear chaplet a known custom, or did the authors, remembering this of Ceres, and remembering perhaps the only religious marriage of the Romans—*confarreatio*—invent this show?" (Dr Nicholson.)

Led by Pirithous] Theobald's correction (O. Edd. reading *Theseus*) clearly rendered necessary by the direction—"Then *Theseus*, betwene two other *Nymphs* with wheaten chaplets on their heads,"—when considered with the later direction—"The 1. Queene fals downe at the foote of *Theseus*; The 2. fals downe at the foote of *Hypolyta*"—shewing that *Theseus* and *Hippolyta* were walking at some little distance from one another. Subsequent editors (Mr Tyrrell excepted) have adopted Theobald's reading, but Dr Nicholson opposes the change, and considers that the authors were here thinking of the phrase (founded on the custom) *uxorem ducere*. "It is true that this referred to the leading home, but that would not matter. It is evidence of the strength and significance of the custom that in Greek marriages a widower did not conduct his wife, but that this office then fell

to a friend such as Pirithous. The passage that will probably be quoted against me, I take to be pretty decisive in favour of the old reading. When Theseus makes up his mind to leave his bride on the instant to march against Creon, and says—

‘Pirithous

Lead on the bride,’

he does so because he clearly makes Pirithous his proxy in the marriage ceremony and ensuing feast”—[But does not Theseus mean that Pir. is to *continue leading* the bride and not to go with him?]

“‘Omit not anything

In the pretended celebration,’

Where, as usual in Shakspeare, *pretended* is a word of *curiosa felicitas*, having a double significance.”

SONG. Spalding assigns this song to Shakspeare, and thinks it “very unlike the more formal and polished rhymes of Fletcher” (*Letter*, p. 28). Mr Furnivall, Dr Nicholson, Prof. Dowden. and many others, dissent from this opinion, and, although at first I opposed, I am every day more and more inclined to agree with the latter view. It is certainly remarkable to notice the selection of flowers and the resemblance of some of the epithets to those in Shakspeare’s plays; it is especially significant if (as however we have no right to do in a consideration of the kind) we add Mr Skeat’s ingenious (but mistaken) emendation *hairbells* to the list; and all the birds of ill omen may also be more or less closely paralleled from Shakspeare. To these facts add that *not a single line or even epithet* in the song can be paralleled from Beaumont and Fletcher’s whole works, and we have seemingly a very strong case of internal evidence to support Spalding’s view. But, on the other hand, we can notice that the flowers are paralleled from two or three ‘posy’ passages in certain plays, viz., *Winter’s Tale* (IV. iv. 100–132), *Cymbeline* (IV. ii. 219–225), and *Midsommer Night’s Dream* (II. i. 250); we can also notice that the list of birds is a mere catalogue with very formal and commonplace attributes: the slanderous cuckoo, the boding raven, the chattering pie,—and if Seward’s *chough hoar* be admitted, the insertion, for mere rhyme’s sake, of an epithet without any ethical significance. Taking this song with that in the fifth scene, some resemblance in the mere stringing together of symbolic objects will be noticed; while both songs are deficient in clearness and directness of reference. On the whole, it is difficult to decide, and opinion must vary as each reader hears more or less distinctly the ring of Shakspeare’s tone in the verse, and links this perception to the internal evidence; or else, refusing to recognize Shakspeare as the writer on æsthetic grounds, he will abstain from referring the song to Shakspeare, Fletcher, or perhaps some third writer (perhaps the lost play of 1594?) on the merits of the literal evidence in its present incomplete state. Mr Skeat (Intro. p. xxii.) thinks that Fletcher may have added this song. It must be admitted that the song is essentially and indispensably part of the scene, and sufficient for all dramatic purposes. Even its seemingly fragmentary state (noticed by Sidney Walker) might be accounted for by the fact that Shakspeare only tells us enough to acquaint us with the “necessary question of the play,” directly and explicitly. Where the evidence is incon-

clusive, conjecture tends only to mislead; and (though, following Hickson's arrangement, I treat the song as if it were Shakspeare's, perhaps more fully because not certainly so) I refrain from expressing any definite view on the question of its authorship.

4. *Maiden pinckes*] *i. e.* 'fresh pinks' (Skeat); or the *matted pinck* specially commended for its smell by Bacon, *Of Gardens*; see Mr Wright's Glossary, *Golden Treas.* ed. s.v. *Pinck*.

5. *Daisies*] Included among Bacon's "Low Flowers, being withal sweet, and sightly." See too *Notes & Queries*, May 1, 1875, p. 347. This line is especially urged by Mr Furnivall as un-Shaksperian. Cowley calls "*Daisies* the first-born of the teeming spring," *Sylva*, p. 51, ed. 1684.

6. *sweet time true*] thyme. Cf. *Oth.*, I. iii. 326. *M. N. D.*, II. i. 249. And—
 "Time is to trie me,
 As eche be tried must,
 Trusting, you know while life doth last
 I will not be unjust."

See "A Nosegaie alwaies sweet," in *A Handeful of Pleasant Delites*, 1584 (Park's *Heliconia*, II. pp. 1—6). The significances of the following flowers are explained:—*Lavender*, 'for lovers true,' 'desiring'; *Rosemarie*, 'for remembrance'; *Sage*, 'for sustenance'; *Fenel*, 'for flaterers'; *Violet*, 'for faithfulness'; *Roses*, 'to rule me, with reason, as you will'; *Jelifflovers*, 'for gentleness'; *Carnations*, 'for graciousnesse'; *Marigolds*

"is for marriage,
 That would our minds suffise,
 Least that suspicion of us twaine
 By anie meanes should rise:" etc.

Penirial, 'to serve as a remembrancer'; *Cowsloppes*, 'for counsel.'

7. *Prime-rose*] Cf. Quarles, *Stanzas*, quoted in Chambers' *Cyclop. Eng. Lit.*; *Lycidas*, 142; *Wint. T.*, IV. iv. 122; *Cymb.*, IV. ii. 222; B. Jonson, *Pan's Anniversary*. For derivation (which is not very certain), see Wordsworth, *River Duddon*, xxii. (cf. *Eccles. Sonn.* xlvi.); Prior's *Names of English Plants*. Mr Skeat has kindly sent me the following note, amending the note already published in his edition:—

"There is an allusion here to the *apparent* etymology of the French name for the primrose, viz. *primevère*. *Primevère* is, or was thought to be, for *prima veris*; or in other words, the 'first-born child of Ver.' The *true* etymology is rather *primula veris*, if the word was taken from Latin; but Brachet supposes that it was merely borrowed from the Ital. *primavera*, a name used of flowers that come in the early spring." *Prime-roses*, the usual spelling in old writers, is that used by Bacon, *Of Gardens*. Chaucer, *pryme-rose*. *Ver.* cf. Chapman, *Minor Poems* (ed. 1875, p. 40).

9. *With her bells dimme*] Qo. F2 *bells dimm*, the rest *bells dim*, except Skeat, *hairbells dim*. Mr Skeat's emendation is very ingenious, and supported by strong presumptive evidence, but I cannot, for my own part, admit the validity of his arguments. He says in his Introduction (p. xxii.) that the Song is such a piece as *Fletcher* "might have added," and yet he bases his change mainly

upon the fact of an apparently analogous passage in *Shakspeare* (*Cymbeline*, IV. ii. 218). It should be remembered that *if* we have not Shakspeare in this song, we are under no necessity of assimilating it to his undoubted work; especially as such an assimilation might tend to prejudice us on the question of authorship.

In the first place, Mr Skeat argues that the rhythm of the line positively requires the accent on the *second* syllable. But is this really so? do not the irregularity of the number of syllables and the words used in these three lines, rather indicate that there is but *one* emphatic word in the line: *hue, true, dim, trim, sense, hence, pie, fly?* Besides, there is another and important *structural* obstacle to Mr Skeat's arrangement. Looking through the song we see one half (3 lines exactly) of each stanza occupied by one idea (v. ll. 1—3, 7—9, 13—15, 22—24), and the remaining half devoted to a group of objects; Mr Skeat's change would destroy this designed symmetry. Again, Mr Skeat urges: "(1) that *her bells* makes no sense at all; (2) that Shakespeare couples the 'azured harebell' with the 'pale primrose' . . . ; and (3) that there is no objection to the epithet *dim* as applied to such a flower. See Shak. *Winter's Tale*, IV. iv. 118: daffodils,

That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets *dim*,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses, &c."

These arguments do not appear to me to establish Mr Skeat's case. Take them in the inverted order. (3) *violets dim* is not a parallel to *hairbells dim*, as the sweetness of the violet's smell is contrasted with the radiant beauty of the daffodils that conquers the winds of March, *dim* serving to subordinate the colour to the perfume, and perhaps meaning "half-hidden from the eye," retiring, modest; or, as Chapman (*Minor Poems*, p. 130, cf. p. 39,) has it: "with bosom-hung and hidden heads." Schmidt explains *dim*: "wanting beauty, homely," but against this prosy interpretation of the "glowing violet," see *Sonn.* xcix., and *Ven.* 124. In the *Phoenix Nest*, 1593 (Park's *Heliconia*, vol. II. p. 135) :—

"Sweete violets (Loves paradise), that spred
Your gracious odours, which you couched beare
Within *your palie faces*,
Upon the gentle wings of some calme breathing winde,
That plaies amid the plaine," &c.

(? referring to some special kind of sweet violet, as perhaps in *W. T.*).

Again, though the epithet *dim* might be applied to one variety of the hairbell proper (whose flowers are sometimes *white*), it is scarcely applicable either to the bluebell or to the ordinary hairbell. Shakspeare speaks of the *azure veins*, that is, the clear, translucent, blue veins, "of heaven's own tinct;" and similarly therefore of the *azured harebell*, *like thy veins* (v. *Lucr.*, 419; *Cymb.*, II. ii. 22; *Temp.*, v. 43). *Dim*, on the contrary, is applicable to the *pale* primrose: cf. *M. N. D.*, I. i. 215 :—

"And in the woods, where often you and I
Upon *faint* primrose beds were wont to lie."

(2) The fact that Shakspeare couples the 'azured harebell' with the 'pale primrose'

in *Cymb.* IV. ii. 219 (even assuming him to have written this song) does not involve that we should have them coupled here, else why not have the *violet* or *daffodil*, instead of two summer-flowers, the *marigold* and *larkspur*? Mr Skeat adds on to his note the remark that "The true *hairbell* (so called in modern works, with reference to the slenderness of its stalk) is the *Campanula rotundifolia*, but the name was frequently applied to the *Agraphis nutans*, the wild hyacinth or bluebell; and the latter is probably here intended, both because it is an earlier flower and because the epithet *dim* suits it better." Not "probably," but *certainly*, the wild hyacinth or bluebell (*Hy. non scriptus*) is here to be the meaning, unless we understand the boy to strew flowers which blossom—the *primrose* in March and April, and the *hairbell* (*proper*) in July and August. (See Jenkinson's *Brit. Plants*, pp. 26, 31, ed. 1775.) But though bluebell *must* be the meaning in the *Two Noble Kinsmen* song, it is not so certainly the sense in *Cymbeline*. "While summer lasts," Arviragus will strew Fidele's grave (cf. *Per.*, IV. i. 18); and it is just possible that the four seasons may be symbolized by their respective emblems: pale primrose of spring and early summer; the azure hairbell, reflecting the blue midsummer sky; the leaf (coming forth in May, but Autumn's very type) of eglantine, linking May's sweetness to the "moist rich smell of the rotting leaves" in the late season;—

"Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse."

Such a succession is both possible and natural, and *may* be signified by the passage. The point is, at all events, open to doubt until it can be shown that Shakspeare's age knew not of the *Campanula rotundifolia* as the harebell, but solely denominated *Ilyacanthus non scriptus* by that name; certainly, while doubt on this point exists, it takes a good deal of ground from beneath any hypothesis founded on the analogy. (It is *certain* that *harebell* was formerly a common name for the *bluebell*; e. g. see Parkinson, *Paradisus*, p. 122 = *Iacinth* (q. Dr Prior); Jenkinson, *Brit. Plants*, p. 70 = *Ilyacinth*; Mackay's *Flora Hibernica*, p. 137 = *Campanula*, p. 286 = *Hy.*; Henfrey's *Elem. Botany*, p. 303 = *Cam.*) But (1) *bells* "makes no sense at all?" This may be objected to on various grounds. e. g. (*a*) if (as Mr Skeat writes to me) "Primrose, first-born child of Ver" = *primula veris*, the cowslip is included under that term, and this is sustained by the mention of *oxlips* afterwards,—"*cowslips wan* that hang the pensive head" may be said to have bells dim; and "*a cowslip's bell*" in *Temp.*, V. 89, clenches the argument. But (*b*) this "*cowslip's bell*" suggests another and better explanation, for it shews that Shakspeare used the word *bell* = blossom, not confining it to the *campanulaceæ* (as indeed *we* do not when we speak of bluebells), but even applying it to the *primulaceæ*, and apparently deriving the epithet less from the precise form than from the general appearance and bell-like *movements* of the flower.

Similarly Mr Tennyson has "flower-bells," etc; and Darwin, *Botanic Garden* (IV. 576), "silver bells" (= orange blossoms), "close the timorous floret's golden bell" (of the anemone, tragopogon, and other sensitive plants, III. 460); cf. *Loves of the Plants* (IV. 514), "and each chill Floret clos'd her velvet bell;" (I. 36) "a blossom's bell;" I. 490, etc.

Having vindicated the old reading formally, to some extent at least, does Mr Skeat's assertion receive assent, that "*her bells* makes no sense at all"?

I explain (as Dr Nicholson has also suggested) that the significance of *har-binger* is attracted into the expression *her bells*, and the passage means, bring the Primrose, harbinger that belleteth the advent of spring, as a welcome guest is precluded by peals of the "sweet poetry of steeples." (Perhaps the idea was suggested by a recollection of the scene: the bells at Theseus' wedding?) Mr Tennyson (*Adeline*) warrants this idea of the flowers ringing:

"Or when little airs arise,
How the merry bluebell *rings*,
To the mosses underneath?"

I do not insist on all or any of these points as facts *proving* that Mr Skeat is wrong; I merely plead for the old text—do not these few reasons warrant us at least in retaining the old reading "until further notice;" will Mr Skeat still "have no hesitation in this case," and will it still be "astonishing" to him "that no one has thought of" his reading before?

10. *Oxlips*] *Wint. T., l. c. M. N. D., II. i. 250.*

11. *Marigolds on deathbeds blowing*] cf. *Per., IV. i. 16:*

". . . and marigolds

Shall as a carpet hang upon thy grave
While summer-days do last."

"The peculiarity in the text is that they are 'blowing,' therefore 'growing,' and it is worth enquiry in addition to the parallelism in *Pericles*—which is only parallel as refers to strewing—whether the custom of planting marigolds on graves was common? Looking to the significance of the marigold (see *N. and Q. s. v.*) the custom would be likely to obtain" (Dr Nicholson). Visitors to Bettwys-y-Coed, N. Wales, can see graves planted with many flowers, including (1875) marigolds and "sweet thyme true," in the old churchyard there.

13. *nature's children sweet*] Flowers are called "Nature's lovely children" by Ann Radcliffe, *Mysteries of Udolpho*, c. 1.

16. *Not an angel of the air*] This, the reading of all editions, has been objected to by Theobald, who proposed *Angel*, from Ital. *angelo*, a bird. However, Dyce's explanation is evidently right: "'bird of the air,' (*angel* in this sense is a Grecism,—*ἄγγελος*, i. e. *messenger*, being applied to birds of augury. Our early writers frequently use the word as equivalent to bird; so in Massinger and Dekker's *Virgin Martyr*, the Roman eagle is called 'the Roman angel,' Massinger's Works, vol. i. p. 36, ed. Gifford, 1813)." The passage in Massinger—not a close parallel—was first noted by Monck Mason, 1798, and is found in Act II. sc. ii. sp. 17: "the Roman angel's wings shall melt." Closer is this from Ben Jonson's *Sad Shepherd*, II. ii.—"The dear good angel of the spring, the nightingale" (i. e. that bringeth glad tidings of spring). Cf. "And aerie birds like angels ever sing," Barnabe Barnes, *Spiritual Sonnets*, x. I have found no example of the word in this sense in Beaumont and Fletcher, nor does it occur in Shakspeare. "Angel refers to birds who would be likened to the good spirits or angels, exclusive of the birds of prey and ill-omen who rather represented the angels who had fallen" (Dr Nicholson). Cf. *Iliad*, XXIV. 202 (Mr Skeat).

19. *The crow*] References selected from Schmidt's *Shakesp. Lex.* show how ill-omened the crow was held to be:—*Sonn.*, lxx.; *M. N. D.*, II. i. 97; *W. T.*, III. ii. 192; *H.5.*, II. i. 91; *IV.* ii. 51; 2 *H.6.*, IV. x. 90; *V.* ii. 11; *Troil.*, IV. ii. 9; *Cymb.*, III. i. 83; *V.* iii. 93.

slandorous cuckoo] The slander of the "cukkow ever unkinde" (Chaucer, *Assemb. F.*, 358) is explained in *L. L. L.*, V. ii. 908. See too "The Cuckoo" in *Love-Poems and Humorous Ones*, Ballad Soc. 1874, p. 18. Cf. *Epistola Heliana*, p. 462, ed. 1688 (vol. IV. let. xix.).

20. *Boding raven*] cf. *Troil.*, V. ii. 191; *Oth.*, IV. i. 22,—“the raven o'er th' infected house, Boding to all.” The night-raven (as Dyce shows) is a different bird, though of similar omen:

“and the night raven,
Which doth use for to call

Men to death's haven.”—(*Robin Goodfellow, his Mad*

Pranks and Merry Jests, Qo, black-letter, 1628. q. Beloe, *Anecd.* I. 275.)

This latter is the “night-crow” mentioned in 3 *H.6.*, V. vi. 45. Lt.-Col. Cunningham has noted that Cavendish, in the life of Wolsey, tells us the Cardinal used to call Anne Bullen the “night-crow.”

20. *chough hoar*] Qo *Clough hee*; F2 *Clough he*, ed. 1711, *Clough he*; Seward, etc., *chough hoar*. “There can be no reason to doubt therefore of our having got the true substantive; for *He* we must have an adjective that suits the *Chough*, and also rhimes to *nor*; *hoar* will do both, the *Chough* having grayish feathers on his head, from whence Shakespeare calls him the *russet-pated chough*” (*M. N. D.*, III. ii. 21). But *russet-pated*, as Prof. Newton points out (in Mr Skeat's ed.), is really russet-patted = *à pattes rousses* (cf. for the single *t* the ordinary spelling of *twinned*, *twined*, etc.); and the rhyme is questionable. See Dyce's Glossary, Rolfe's n. on *Temp.* II. i. 266, and Mr Skeat's note here. Charles Lamb (Lieut.-Col. Cunningham kindly informed me) “considered that *cuckoo* and *chough* rhymed, and altered his copy accordingly,

‘The crow, the slanderous cuckoo,
The boding raven nor the chough,
Nor chatt'ring pie.’”

The pronunciation *choo* (still, I believe, to be heard in the north of England) is no objection, as the word comes from A.S. *ceo* (Skeat), and *enow*, *enough*, give us a parallel; though *chuff* (v. Nares) must have been more usual. Lamb's mode of complete excision seems even preferable to Seward's very feeble bit of tinkering. For a most fatal objection to the arrangement *chough hoar* exists in the fact that *hoar* is a purely descriptive epithet, and utterly devoid of any symbolic bearing, while all the rest have some reference to the requirements of the case. Assuredly, if Seward's conjecture give the original reading, Shakspeare never wrote the song. It is true that *chough* was probably a colloquial name for *jack-daw*; nearly all the passages in Shakspeare would bear such an interpretation; and even here, as betokening dishonesty, it might perhaps be admitted. Besides, the name *chough* in this sense cannot be considered peculiar to Shakspeare, for what lover of the sainted bird of Rheims can fail to identify him here:—

“The owle eke, that of dethe the bode bryngeth,

.....
The thefe the choghe, and eke the janglynge pye.”

Chauc. *Assemb. F.*, ll. 343—345.

(Cf. . . . “like the foolish *chough*, which loves to steal money only to hide it.” Cowley, *Essays*, 7. *Of Avarice*, p. 127, sig. U, u. u. 4. ed. 1684.) Probably the name *choo*, *cao*, was once used of the whole class: have we not got the original word still in *caw*, *caw*?

Dr Nicholson warns us against confining “colloquial names to scientific species,” the more so as the former were often variously applied in different parts. “Palsgrave (Halliwell, *Arch. Dict.*) gives ‘*choughe*, a yong crowe, *corneille* ;’ and Cotgrave under the similar French *Chouette* has not only chough, cadesse, daw, jackdaw, but the little horn owle (a thievish night-bird) as well. Hence it does not follow that the *chough* of Dover Cliff is the jackdaw, because Shakspeare chooses to call (perhaps some special) chough *russet-pated* in *M. N. D.* If I speak of a red-legged partridge, is it to be said that I am speaking of that species whenever I mention the word partridge, and is this to be proved of me by quoting my red-legged partridge?” Gilbert White tells us that “Cornish choughs abound, and breed on all the cliffs of the Sussex coast ;” a fact which confirms Dr Nicholson’s defence of the *Lear* passage.

21. *chatt’ring pie*] cf. 3 *H.6.*, V. vi. 46-7 :

“The raven rooked her on the chimney’s top,
 And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.”

22. *Bride-house*] cf. *Taming of A Shrew* (ed. 1844. Sh. Soc.), p. 23 :

“*Boy*. Why come man, we shall have good cheere
 Anon at the bride house, for your maisters gone to
 Church to be married alreadie, and thears
 Such cheere as passeth.

San. O brave, I would I had eate no meate this week
 For I have never a corner left in my bellie
 To put a venison pastie in,” etc.

Enter 3. Queens] Sidney Walker (*Crit. Exam. of the Text of Sh.* 1860, III. 340) asks: “Is the Epithalamium broken off by the entrance of the Queens? It seems unfinished; and it is more natural I think it should be interrupted. So of Paris’s speech at the tomb, *Romeo and Juliet*, V. iii.”

The entire introduction illustrates Shakspeare’s directness and clearness in putting us in possession of the “exact state of affairs at the opening of the play, without any circumlocution or long-winded harangues, but naturally and dramatically” (Hickson, *N. S. S. Tr.*, p. 30*). The procession and song are only inserted for this purpose, and we quickly enter on the dramatised *Knights Tale*. The chief Chaucer parallels to this Act are: Sc. i. cf. ll. 35—106; Sc. iii. cf. ll. 107—116; Sc. iv. cf. ll. 117—132, 143—171; Sc. v. cf. ll. 133—142 (Aldine Chaucer, vol. II. ed. 1866).

33/34 *book of trespasses*] This form of speech was very common in Sh.’s day: cf. “the book of virtue,” *W. T.*, “the book of life,” *R.2.*, “the devil’s book,” 2 *H.4.*, “book of memory,” 1 *H.6.*, “Jove’s own book,” “the book of

his good acts," *Cor.*, etc. Speaking of this passage, Spalding (p. 29) observes: "These latter lines (29/30-35) are of a character which is perfectly and singularly Shakespeare's. The shade of gravity which so usually darkens his poetry, is often heightened to the most solemn seriousness. The religious thought presented here is most alien from Fletcher's turn of thought.—His energy, sometimes confined within due limits, often betrays him into harshness; and his liking for familiarity of imagery and expression sometimes makes him careless though both should be coarse, a fault which we find here, and of which Fletcher is never guilty."

40/43. *who endure*] Qo *endured*, F2 *endur'd*, as in later edd. Monck Mason proposed the reading I (following Dyce and Skeat) have adopted, *who endure*, "as they were still in that situation" (*Comments on the Plays of B. and F.*, &c. By the Right Hon. J. Monck Mason, 1798). *endure* is also, Dr Nicholson has noted, the more dramatic form, and was probably that used by the authors. Cf. 'If he i'th' blood-siz'd field lay swoln.'

41/44. *beakes of ravens*, &c.] cf. *Ful. Cæs.*, V. i.:

"And in their steads do *ravens*, *crows*, and *kites*,

Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,

As we were sickly prey."

Tallents is the usual spelling in old books.

45/48. *eye of holy Phœbus*] cf. *H. 5.*, IV. i. 290: "Sweats in the eye of Phœbus" (Skeat).

48/51. *Thou purger of the earth*] Spalding, *Letter*, p. 30, calls attention to this form of speech, and adds: "Verbal names expressing the agent occur, it is true, in Fletcher and others, but they are in an especial manner frequent with Shakspeare, who invents them to preserve his brevity, and always applies them with great force and quaintness." *Purgers*, *Ful. Cæs.*, II. i. 180.

47/50. *duke*] "a leader, a general, a commander (Lat. *Dux*)." This explan. (Dyce's and *Var. Sh.* on *M. N. D.*, I. i. p. 177) suits the wide application of the word better than Dr Schmidt's. Cf. "Theseus, our renowned duke," *M. N. D.*, I. i. 19 (not in Schmidt).

50/53. *chapel them*] See Dr Abbott's *Sh. Gr.*, § 290. This word, and "to *urn* their ashes," Spalding italicises as instances "of those bold coinages of words, forced on a mind for whose force of conception common terms were too weak" (p. 30).

56/59. *transported*] rapt. Cf. l. 188/209.

59/62. *vengeance and revenge*] These words are similarly coupled in *Rich. 2.*, IV. i. 66: "shall render vengeance and revenge:" apparently to intensify the threat.

62/63. *Cápanéus*] Chaucer's pronunciation of the word—"Was whilome wyf to Kyng Capáneus"—though different from this, is still quadrisyllabic. Spalding (I think without sufficient grounds) says: "Probably Fletcher would not have committed this false quantity."

63/66. *Mars's altar*] Qo *Marsis*, disyll. cf. *Tr. and Cress.*, II. i. 58; IV. v. 177, 255, etc. *The Lover's Progress*, II. iii. Peele's *Polyhymnia*, ix.

65/68. *spread her*.] Seward stupidly notes: "The Reader will see that *her* is prejudicial to the Sense and Measure, and to be discarded." The construction is simplified, and the pause softened, by *her* [sc. *mautle*].

67/70. *our kinsman*] See North's *Plutarch*, ed. Skeat, p. 279 to p. 290.

69/72. *nemean.*] Cf. *Hml.*, I. iv. 83, *L. L. L.*, IV. i. 90. There is a similar reference to "Alcides, that master'd monsters," in (Beaumont's part of) *Four Plays, Tr. of Honour*, sc. ii. Hercules, disyll. "Ercles."

75/78. *undertaker*] Dyce (quoting Ritson) explains to be "one who undertakes or takes up the quarrel or business of another." Cf. *Tw. N.*, III. iv. 350, *Lover's Progress*, I. i., and see a good note in Skeat's ed. p. 101.

91/96. *for The tenour of thy speech*] Seward ("rightly perhaps," Dyce) changed the passage to: "a Servant to The Tenor of thy Speech" (O. Edd. *the speech*). *Servant* (as in *Philaster*, III. ii., *Knight of Malta*, III. ii., *Harl. Dodsl.*, VII. 489, and often in Sh.), the correlative of *Mistress*, was applied not merely to gentlemen by themselves, but was a regular term of address from the ladies to whom they made their court. v. Schmidt. s. v. cf. *The Phoenix Nest*, 1593 (Park, *Heliconia*, II. p. 113): "Mistress and Servant, titles of mischance," *ib.* p. 117: "Mistress this grace unto your servant give." "A Lady Forsaken, complayneth" (in *The Paradise of Daintie Devices*, xxii.) of her lover: "Yet since his servant I became, most like a bondman have I beene," shewing still further the special significance of the word.

99/103. *a dove's motion*] cf. *Lucrece*, 457: "Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies."

100/104. *blood-siz'd*] *Hml.*, II. ii. 484: "o'er-sized with coagulate gore."

108/114. *uncandied*] This word does not occur elsewhere in Sh., though we have *candy* (to become hard) in *Temp.*, II. i. 279, and *Tim.*, IV. iii. 226; and *discandy*, *Ant. and Cleop.*, III. xiii. 165, and IV. xii. 22.

112/120. *there through my tears*] This, the reading of the old Edd., was changed by Seward and Sympson into *here*, etc., as the queen is supposed to be pointing to her heart! "But though she speaks of her heart afterwards, she alludes in this place to her eyes, which she compares to pebbles viewed through a glassy stream; a description which would not apply to her heart."—Monck Mason. Dr Nicholson notes also that the change is to the plural 'em, "either because she is thinking of her eyes as ostents of her grief, or what is much the same, though not perhaps in such accord with the English of the day, because she is thinking of the grief in either eye, and therefore *griefs*."

117/125. *lead his line*] weight as with lead.

118/127. *Extremity, that sharpens sundry wits, Makes me a fool*] cf. *The Honest Man's Fortune*, III. i. i:—

"Cunning Calamity,

That others' gross wits uses to refine,

When I most need it, dulls the edge of mine."

Who has here said in 19 words what Sh. says better in 9? *The Hon. M. Fortune* was acted in 1613, and perhaps written not long after the 2 *N. K.* had its first run at the theatre. Dyce considers Beaumont to have shared the authorship with Fletcher, and Professor Ward (*Hist. Eng. Dram. Lit.*, II. 189) hesitatingly expresses the same view. But the Rev. F. G. Fleay (*N. S. S. Trans.*, pt. I. p. 51) considers it to have been written by Fletcher "and Anon."*

* P.S. Mr Fleay's new *Sh. Manual* does not add to my knowledge of his views on the authorship of this play, as on p. 151 he ascribes it to "F. and Anon.," but on p. 93 to "B. and F." (20/5/76).

I regret very much that Mr Fleay's tables,* by not containing the total number of verse-lines in the plays tabulated, do not enable me to say if the following proportions are those generally found in Beaumont's verse. In Act III. sc. 1. of the *Hon. M. F.* we have 168 verse-lines, 56 of which have double-endings, or exactly 1 in 3; and 20 rhyme-lines, or 2 in 16·8. These proportions shew plainly that the poem at end "Upon the Honest Man's Fortune, by Mr John Fletcher" is no evidence of *single* authorship, as Fletcher's average of double-endings is about 1 in 2, or even higher, and as this title really means that the *lines* "Upon An Honest Man's Fortune" are by Mr John Fletcher. The number of rhyme-lines looks like Beaumont, and the verse often dips into prose for a few speeches and then rises again "prepared for longer flight,"—a characteristic of his manner. Again, the turns of thought and expression seem (to me) quite like e. g. those in the non-Fletcherian part of the *Woman-Hater*; if (as Mr Fleay thinks) Beaumont had part in this latter, I can see no reason (metrical tables being absent) for departing from Dyce's opinion on the authorship of the *Honest Man's Fortune*. Probably then it was Beaumont who has thus borrowed this striking expression.

123/132. *the ground-piece*] The general sense is :—"If you were merely a painter's dull, lifeless, pictured-surface I would buy you, you exhibit such heart-deep grief, to teach me to know a genuine case of sorrow when I might meet it : but as you are much more—a very woman like myself,—your distress (which is heart-deep) shines so strongly upon my heart that it shall make a return-impresion upon my brother's, and cause him to pity you as I do." Emilia means that the Queen's is a presentation of sorrow, and not a representation merely. Heart sorrow, not face sorrow. With this passage we may cf. *Hml.*, IV. vii. 108 :—

"Laertes, was your father dear to you,
Or are you but the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?"

Webster, *The Devil's Law Case*, I. i. :—

. "But indeed,
If ever I would have mine drawn to the life,
I would have a painter steal it at such time
I were devoutly kneeling at my prayers :
There is then a heavenly beauty in 't, *the soul*
Moves in the superficies."

And especially, *Lucrece*, ll. 1366—1582. *Piece* was the regular word for a work of art, picture or statue (v. Schmidt, s. v. and for its use in composition, cf. Webster, *Vitt. Cor.* 2d-last sp.—"I limned this night-piece, and it was my best").

The precise signification of *ground* is not so clear. It may (1) be taken in the general sense of *surface*, and *ground-piece* = pictured as distinguished from sculptured work, superficial seeming. Or (2) *ground* in the sense of foundation (cf. *ground-work*), and *ground-piece* = model, subject matter. Or (3) *ground* may

* . . . "some of the particulars being of that impressive order of which the significance is entirely hidden, like a statistical amount without a standard of comparison, but with a note of exclamation at the end."—*Middlemarch*, p. 327, one vol.

mean principal, main, chief; and *ground-piece* = master-piece, *chef d'œuvre*. Or (4) in the technical sense of foil, dull "ground" of a picture, as contrasted with the glare and prominence of her sorrow. Compare Ger. *Grund*, *Grundriss*, *Grundstück*, etc. In any case the general sense is the same; *seeming* and *being* are contrasted. Read *The Winter's Tale*, V. iii., if you cannot realise how the soul may be wrought by the *instruction* of a "poor image."

The word *ground-piece* does not occur elsewhere in Shakspeare, nor in Beaumont and Fl.; however, none of the editors, Mr Skeat excepted, have vouchsafed to notice it. Mr Skeat explains: "(perhaps) a study for a picture, a sketch." With the Shakspeare-like tone of the passage, we may contrast somewhat similar scenes in the *Maid's Tragedy*, II. ii., and *The Lover's Progress*, IV. iv.

139/149. *asprays*] cf. *Coriol.*, IV. vii. 36, and see Staunton's n. Dyce refers to Yarrell's *British Birds*, I. 25; and Nares (in addition to the above instances) quotes from Drayton, *Polyolb.* Song xxv. :-

"The osprey, oft here seen, though seldom here it breeds,
Which over them the fish no sooner do espy,
But betwixt him and them by an antipathy,
Turning their bellies up as though their death they saw,
They at his pleasure lie, to stuff his gluttonous maw."

Messrs Wright and Halliwell (whose ed. of *Nares* I have used) add: "Chapman (Hom. *Il.* xviii. infin.) calls it the *osspringer*." See Halliwell, *Arch. Dict.*, s.v. *Aspere*.

143/155. *drams, precipitance*] Seward and Symson placed a comma between these words in 1750, since when Editors have vied in discovering recondite significations for the word *precipitance*. e. g. the Edd. 1778 think it means "the unhappy precipitation of suicides, in getting rid of their lives." However, the Queen is here enumerating the various agents or means of suicide, viz., hanging, stabbing, poison, and ("leaping down precipices," Seward; "the act of precipitation," Mason; "precipitation from heights," Weber; "the act of throwing one's-self down a precipice," Dyce.) *Precipitance* does not occur elsewhere in Sh.; but Dyce's explanation is confirmed by *H.S.*, V. i. 140 (? Fl.); *Lear*, IV. vi. 50. (*Coriol.* III. ii. 4, precipitation, "the steep Tarpeian death," i. e. being thrown, not self-throwing.) Generally, Sh. includes *drowning* in his lists of suicidal agencies, and possibly Mason's explanation, as most inclusive, may be the right one. See note on III. ii. 29. Knight (followed by Mr Skeat) reads "Cords, knives, drams' precipitance;" with the meaning "headlong haste, desperate rashness" (Skeat).

145/157. *humaine*] "*Humane* (such invariably is the spelling of O. Edd., never *human*); the accent is always on the first syllable, even in *Wint.*, III. ii. 166." Dr Schmidt. Cf. l. 234/261 of this scene.

147/160. *visitating*] "*Visiting* [*Ant. and Cl.*, IV. xv. 68] and *visitating*, inspecting, surveying."—Dyce. Sidney Walker on *Temp.*, I. ii., "We'll visit Caliban, my slave," notes, "i. e. look after him," and refers to this passage. *Visitation* is a common word in Sh. in the sense of *Visit*.

150/162. *I will give you comfort, To give your dead lords graves*] *To give*, i. e. *by giving*, one of the commonest constructions in Shakspeare. Cf. *to be* = *by being*, infra, III. i. 25; *Night Walker*, III. iii.; *Faithful Friends*, I. i., etc. Dr Abbott

(quoting nearly thirty examples of this "gerundive use of the infinitive," *Sh. Gr.*, § 356) explains it thus:—"To was originally used not with the infinitive but with the gerund in -e, and, like the Latin 'ad' with the gerund, denoted a purpose. Thus 'to love' was originally 'to lovene,' i. e. 'to (or toward) loving' (ad amandum). Gradually, as *to* superseded the proper infinitival inflection, *to* was used in other and more indefinite senses, 'for,' 'about,' 'in,' 'as regards,' and, in a word, for any form of the gerund as well as for the infinitive." Truly Monck Mason went parously nigh the Still Lion when he wrote: "The words *will* in the first line, and *to* in the last, appear to have been erroneously transposed. The passage must originally have run thus:—

'And I, *to* give you comfort,
Will give your dead lords graves.'

But what would Dr Ingleby say of this?—"As both the Sense and Measure are somewhat deficient, there is reason to suspect a Part of the Sentence dropt, perhaps somewhat like the following might have been the Original:—

But I will give you Comfort, and engage
Myself and Pow'rs to give your dead Lords Graves.'

(I had written thus much some months before Mr Skeat's edition appeared, and it was with no little surprise I found that Mr Skeat had accepted Mr Seward's ingenious conjecture.) Weber agrees with Seward "that some omission has probably taken place, but cannot assent to Mason's thinking an amendment necessary." Sidney Walker suggests a good arrangement of the lines which (with Dyce) I have adopted, merely omitting *now* (gratuitously inserted by Seward) from "And that work [now] Presents," etc. Dyce and Skeat adopt Seward's insertion of *now*, the former however placing it between brackets in his early ed. and omitting it entirely in edd. '67, '76.

155/168. *with it's own*] *Its* (gen. spelt *it's*) is found ten times in Fol. 1623. I have noted over thirty instances in Darley's (i. e. Weber's) Beaumont and Fletcher, but cannot say whether there are so many in the old edd. As in *Sh.*, the word will be found two or three times in a single scene, and then not for whole plays (e. g. thrice in *Beggar's Bush*, II. iii.). *Its* occurs again, I. ii. 65/72.

157/172. *Wrenching*] Of course "corrected in 1750." The old spelling is probably phonetic, and I find the folio reading (also noticed by Dyce) *Henry VIII.*, I. i. 167, to be:—

"and like a glasse
Did breake i' th' wrenching."

(Cf. *rinch*, in *The optick glasse of humors*, 1607, fo. 2.—Dr Ingleby.) This pronunciation is still heard in parts of Ireland. Seward compares *Lear*, IV. iii.

159/174. *And his army full*] Sidney Walker quotes these lines as one with the preceding speech:

"Now you may take him
Drunk with his victory, *and his army full*
Of bread and sloth."

Simply noting "*And's*," and adding V. iii. 44/55,

"Are bedfellows *in his visage*. Palamon
Has a most menacing aspect;" etc., with the note "*In's*."

167/184. *Let us be widows to our woes*] Hickson illustrates Shakspeare's "certain boldness of metaphor, carried sometimes to that extreme that it requires a considerable effort of the understanding to follow it," by quoting these lines. I confess I do not see the meaning at all clearly; it seems to be: "Let us be widows to our woes, as well as to our husbands; for as Creon has left our dead lords unburied, so our woes have been left unburied by Theseus." I only throw out this as the best explanation I can attempt; and as Seward's may appear clearer to my readers than it does to me, I add it. "Let us continue still in the most distress'd Widow-hood by the continuance of our Woes. The expression tho' not quite clear, will give this Sense which is certainly a fine one; and in such Writers as our Authors we must not always expect that Perspicuity as we meet with in Poems of less Depth. For this reason I cannot admit a Conjecture of Mr *Sympson*, tho' . . . it is undoubtedly an ingenious one.

Let us be wedded to our woes."

177/197. *Jove from a synod*] The regular word in Sh. for an assembly of the Gods: *A. Y. L.*, III. ii. 158; *Cor.*, V. ii. 74; *Hml.*, II. ii. 516; *Ant. and Cl.*, III. x. 5; *Cymb.*, V. iv. 89. Cf. *B. and F.*, *The Prophetess*, III. iii.: "the synod of the gods."

179/199. *twinning cherries*] *Qo twynning*, F2 and ed. 1711, *twining*. Altered by Theobald. See Note, II. i. 64/70. So in *Wint. T.*, I. ii. 67, "We were as twyn'd Lambs," is the Fol. reading (Schmidt), and Cleveland spells *twinn'd* with one *n* (*Works*, ed. 1687). Shakspeare does not use the word *twinning* of lips elsewhere; *B. and F.* have it, *Philaster*, II. ii. (Fol. 1679: *twinn'd cherries*, cf. *ib.* IV. iii.), and *Night Walker*, III. vi. (Fol. 1679: *two twinn'd cherries*). And cf. *Gesta Grayorum* (Nicholls, *Progresses of Q. Elizabeth*, vol. II. p. 70):

"Musicke is the soule of Measure, speeding both in equall grace,

Twines are they begot of pleasure, when she wishly numbred space."

180/200. *tasteful*] Not elsewhere in Sh.

183/203. *Mars spurn his drum*] Mars' drum is mentioned twice again, V. i. 63 and V. i. 86. Sidney Walker, on *Ven. and Adon.*, xviii. (Mars . . . "scorning his churlish drum"), notes "giving Mars a drum instead of the classical trumpet," and refers here and to *All's Well*, III. iii. 11. But Mars' drum is frequently alluded to by the other writers of the time, e. g. several times by G. Peele.

210/234. *For success, &c.*] Alexandrine.

212/236. *Follow your soldier. As before, hence you*] Mason. *Qo* to ed. 1778, *Follow your Soldier (as before) hence you*. "The sense of this passage is obscured by the parenthesis and false pointing: it should stand thus— . . . [as in the text] . . . The first three words are addressed to the Queens; the remainder to Arbesius [*sic*], whom he had before desired to draw out troops for the enterprize."—Monck Mason. Weber quotes this note, and spells *Arbesius* in the direction [*Exit ARBESIVS*], but rightly in the text.

213/237. *Aulis*] Theobald. O. Edd. *Anly*. Theobald proposed *Aulis*, which Seward believes to be "the true Word," although "it would indeed be more convincing were there a River of that Name," and "perhaps *Banks* may be also a Corruption; it might have been *At the Gates*, or *at the Port*, or *at the*

Back of Aulis." But *bank*, as Mr Skeat has noted, is applied by Sh. to the sea-margin in 1 *H.4.*, III. i. 45; and (Schmidt enables me to add) in *Sonn.*, lvi. 11; 2 *H.6.*, III. ii. 83; *R.3.*, IV. iv. 525; and *sea-bank*, *M. of V.*, V. 11; *Oth.*, IV. i. 138. The reading *Aulis* is probably right; Seward's geographical objection ("very far-fetched and ridiculous," in Weber's opinion) is certainly of very little weight. It is a curious coincidence that in Peele's *Battle of Alcazar*, III. iii., "Lying for want of wind in Aulis' gulf," the Qo reads *Aldest*. Cf. "Aulis' strand," Peele, *Tale of Troy*. Heath proposed to read "Ilisse" for the river Ilissus (Dyce). Dr Ingleby suggests that we should merely invert the *n* to give us *Auly*. But *is* for *y* would have been a very likely mistake for a reader of Elizabethan handwriting to make. Cf. n. III. vi. 144/183.

216/240.] Explaining the fact of a standing army.

217/241. *stamp . . . current . . . token*] Seward notes that the sense is equivocal, referring to the currency of coin and also "to his Haste."

223/248. *The feast's solemnity Shall want till your return*] Edd. 1750, *wait*, which Sidney Walker thinks is the true reading. All other texts, *want*, which seems genuine, "signifying, the celebration of the nuptials should remain incomplete till his return, as Pirithous had rather accompany Theseus than stay behind to be his proxy, as the latter desires" (Edd. 1778). *Solemnity* is here used in the second sense given by Dr Schmidt: "awful grandeur, stateliness, dignity," and not in the first and commoner one: "ceremony performed (especially of the celebration of nuptials, cf. *solemn*)," v. Schmidt, s. v.; Dryden, *Globe ed.* p. 97; and Furness, *Variorum Macbeth*, III. vi. 8.

233/260. *being sensually subdued*] cf. *A King and No King*, IV. iv. :

"Know that I have lost,

The only difference betwixt man and beast,

My reason."

Scene 2.

Ascribed to Shakspeare and Fletcher. That Spalding had a sense of some incongruity may be inferred from his criticism:—"The scene, though not lofty in tone, does not want interest, and contains some extremely original illustrations." Hickson, after a review to which I need only refer (p. 36*) concludes: "We think that either Shakspeare and Fletcher wrote the scene in conjunction, or that it was originally written by Fletcher, and afterwards revised and partially rewritten by Shakspeare. From the entrance of Valerius, however, it appears to be entirely by the latter." (Does it not therefore appear more likely that the view put forward by Spalding, and upheld by Messrs Dyce, Skeat, and Swinburne,—that Shakspeare was the first sketcher of the piece, Fletcher the "padder;" that the play is "gilt o'er-dusted," rather than "dust that is a little gilt,"—gives after all the true explanation of the mystery? Speculation on this point, however, must to a very great extent depend upon conjecture and individual opinion, founded on certain modes of regarding the work.) Compare with the scene, *The Captain*, II. i., and *The Double Marriage*, II. iii. (and with this, II. ii. of the present play).

16/17. *Martialist*] Not elsewhere in Sh.; B. and F. have it twice, *A King*

and *No King*, II. ii.; and *The Laws of Candy*, V. i. Cf. *Spanish Tragedy*, I. pp. 8, 9. (Hazlitt's Dodsley, vol. v.) See Hickson on this speech, p. 36*.

18/20. *flurted* *flurt-gills* occurs once in Sh., *flurt* never. Nares, quoting one instance (from Peele's *Old Wives Tale*, 1595) has "Flurting, Scorning?" Examples of the words *flurt* and *flirt* may be found in B. and F. *The Pilgrim*, I i.: "I'll not be fool'd, nor flurted!" *Rule a Wife*, III. v.: "a flirted fool." *Span. Curate*, V. ii., "flirts" = tricks. Cf. also *Hudibras*, I. 450; Chapman, *May Day*, II. iii.: "If you think good, you may flirt away again as soon as you see him" (ed. Shepherd, p. 282 b). Hazl. Dodsl. vii. 295 (v. n.): "Mistress Flirt—yea, foul strumpet, Light-a-love, short-heels." Mr Seward, pref. B. and F., p. lix., ed. 1750, says . . . "it is still the fashion to flurt at the names of *Critic* and *Commentator*, and almost to treat the very science with derision." "To flirt a fan" is still a common expression, and Dr Nicholson gives me the following lesson on *flirtation*:—"Though a *flirt* in our sense, and in the much stronger Elizabethan sense, was probably of the same origin with *flurt* (scorn), yet they branched off sufficiently to be considered two words. The original meaning seems (as rightly given by Richardson) to be *to toss*. To *flirt* or *flurt* water by an action of the finger and thumb is still in use; and from this action—still a disdainful movement in common use—it came to signify to scorn, jeer, or cast a disdainful joke upon. That it arose thus or from any other casting, just as we have the metaphoric phrase of "casting mud on one," is shewn by quotations from Udall and Milton in Richardson, the very happy and idiomatic use of it in Quarles, given by Halliwell and Wright in Nares, as by "flurted fool" in B. and F. Commentators on Sh. have I think erred in giving *flurt* in *flurt-gill*, *R. and F.*, II. iv., the mere sense of *flirt*—a woman of light behaviour. *Gill-flirt* about 1700 seems to have had that meaning, but if one looks well into what the Nurse meant, and compares it with B. and F. *flurt-gillian*, it will be evident that she means 'I am none of your light wenches, that you can jeer and flout.'" That the word denoted any quick tossing movement, is shewn from the reference to *Hudibras* above:

"His draggling Tail hung in the Dirt,
Which on his Rider he wou'd flurt."

Ed. Z. Grey, Pt. I. c. i. l. 450.

The Rev. A. S. Palmer has given ("Leaves from a Word-hunter's Notebook," pp. 33-40) reasons for believing that these are but secondary meanings of the word, and that it is originally "nothing else but a slightly contracted form of the French *fleuréter* (from *fleur*), to go a-flowering, or, as old Cotgrave gives it in his dictionary (1660), 'Fleureter, *lightly to pass over; only to touch a thing in going by it (metaphorically from the little Bee's nimble skipping from flower to flower as she feeds)*;' and so the cognate word in Spanish, *florear*, means 'to dally with, to trifle' (Stevens, 1706)." See the entire note.

24/25. *purge For her repletion*] *For*, against, as a remedy for. "*For* (in opposition to): hence 'to prevent.'" Abbott, *Sh. Gr.*, § 154. *Repletion* not elsewhere found in Sh.

24/25. *retain*] i. e. employ, take into service, as in *Henry VIII*, I. ii. 192. Cf. *retainer*, a person so retained. Heath proposed *reclaim*; Mr Skeat "would

rather read *regain*; at any rate that is the sense intended." (But then, would not *regain anew* be the same as saying *gain anew anew*?)

41/45. *As they are here, were to be strangers, and such things to be, mere monsters*] Mason first placed the comma after *here*, the O. Edd. put it after *are*. The second line has no comma after *to be* in any preceding edition. I am indebted to Dr Nicholson for the reading and explanation:—"It does not matter to the sense whether we punctuate *are, here* or *are here*, but the latter seems to me more idiomatic and rhythmical, and in such things the authority of the old editions is no authority. But Weber's explanation of the rest is quite incorrect, and the true sense requires a comma, as I have placed it, after *be*. 'Not to be as they are,' says Arcite, 'were to be strangers, and to be such things [as they are] [were to be] mere monsters.' The form of thought and expression is as in a previous passage:

. . . for not to swim, &c.
. . . and to follow, &c.

I am surprised that Dyce, with his great knowledge of Elizabethan English, did not see this." The note in Weber (which Mr Skeat quotes) is: "Arcite says, 'If we were not exactly as they are, we should be here (in Thebes) strangers, and such things as would be considered mere, that is, absolute, monsters, or things out of the common track of human customs.'"

46/51. *Where there is faith*] i. e. self-reliance.

51/56. *haply so long untill*] Sidney Walker queries "haply so long till." With the double sense, cf. *Cymb.*, III. iii. 21-6.

61/66. *a plantain*] Qo *plantin*. F2 *plantain*. The word is spelt *Plantan* in Fol. 1623, being found in *L. L. L.*, III. i. 74, and *Rom. and Jul.*, I. ii. 52. "The leaves of the plantain (the herb so called,—*plantago major*,—not the tree) were supposed to have great efficacy in healing wounds, stanching blood, &c."—Dyce. See *A Physical Directory*, by Nich. Culpeper, 3rd ed. Lond. 1651, p. 24, a: . . . "Outwardly it cleers the sight, takes away inflamations, Scabs, Itch, the Shingles, and all spreading sores, and is as wholesome a Herb as can grow about a house."

63/71-72.] This passage in the O. Edd. reads:—(Qo)

*A most unbounded Tyrant, whose successes
Makes heaven unfear'd, and villany assur'd
Beyond its power: there's nothing almost puts
Faith in a feavour, &c.*

And this was altered in 1750 (followed by Mason and Weber) to:

*Make Heaven unfear'd, and Villany assur'd
Beyond its Pow'r there's Nothing; almost puts, &c.*

Seward explaining: "The Successes of the Tyrant makes Heav'n unfear'd, and Villany assur'd that nothing is beyond its Pow'r; which almost staggers the Faith of good Men, and makes them think that Chance, and not a just Providence, governs the World." Notice that Seward makes the very "mistake" he corrects: *successes makes*. But in fact it is only ignorance of Shaksperian usage that has led editors to admit any change in either the noun or the verb here. See Abbott's *Sh. Gr.*, § 333, for an accurate statement of the case. Edd. 1778 offer

an explanation "which can satisfy no one, and renders the rest of the sentence entirely devoid of meaning" (Weber).

Whose successes

*Make Heav'n unfear'd, and villainy assur'd,
Beyond its power; there's nothing almost puts
Faith in a fever, &c.*

The "first line and half" of which "plainly signifies, that 'Creon's success diminishes our fear of the gods, by making us suppose that guilt can oppose their power, and defend itself from their justice.'—Its *power* refers to *Heav'n*, not to *villainy*. The next sentence appears to be incomplete, probably by a casual omission, or possibly on purpose broken off abruptly; if the latter, there should be a dash after *voluble chance*" (which *dash* the Edd. accordingly plant in their text). Heath and Knight read *success*. Mr Skeat reads:

*Make Heaven unfear'd, and villainy assur'd,
Beyond its power there's nothing: &c.*

But—not to take exception to *make*—why should there be a comma after *assur'd*? *Its*, v. Trench, *Eng. Past and Pres.*, p. 126 (3rd ed.).

67/74. *Voluble*] Not so accented elsewhere in Shakspeare (who always uses it of discourse = fluent). *voluble*, *L. L. L.*, II. i. 96; *Errors*, II. i. 92. However, we can never infer accent safely from the initial foot of English blank-verse. In *Par. Lost*, IV. 594, Milton has *volubil* in the classical sense, as here. For the formation, cf. *debile*, *Cor.*, I. ix.

70/77. *And what they win in 't, boot and glory; one*] Daniel Qo, *boot and glory on That fears, &c.* T. C. D. Qo and F2 place a semicolon after *on*; Seward reads *boot and glory too*; which all modern editors have accepted. Dr Nicholson thinks it "more after the old style to read: *And what they win in 't, boots and glories on*. This seems to me like one of the fuller sentences which Shakspeare in his later writings affected, for besides the general meaning that he appropriated all and made their renown his, the words are so chosen as to convey this, that he seized on all, their material boot and their material glory, and also that tyrant-like he gloried in his act of appropriation." But Dr J. K. Ingram has suggested what only needed suggesting to be admitted the right reading:—" . . . But is it not likely that the reading in the old edition [Daniel Qo] is right, wanting only a stop? *boot and glory; on That fears not, etc. on*, as usual, representing our *one*." For this spelling of *one*, cf. I. iii. 85, Qo: *humd on From, &c.*, and *Love's L. L.*, Booth's reprint F1, p. 133. See Collier's n. *Mach.*, II. ii. 63, Furness, p. 107. Moreover, the word is vulgarly pronounced *wan* in Ireland at the present day; this would explain the phonetic spelling (*wan, won, 'on*) *on*; as the English (*one, wun*) 'un.

72/79. *sibbe*] akin.

79/81. *in blood, unless in quality*] not in *kin*, unless in *kind*. Cf. *M. of V.*, II. iii. : "though I am a daughter to his blood, I am not to his manners." Cf. the beginning of this scene

86/95. *whipstock*] Phœbus' "whip of steel, Whose bitter smart he made his horses feel," and "his fiery whip," mentioned in Beaumont's transl. *Salmacis and Hermaphroditus*.

88/98. *Small winds shake him*] cf. *Cymb.*, II. iii. 136: "South-fog rot him."
96/107. *Thirds his own worth*] An easy ellipsis: "What man (is there, but that he) Thirds his power," &c.

106/120. *intelligence*] "i. e. messenger, as in *K. John*, IV. ii. 116: 'Oh, where hath our *intelligence* been drunk?'"—Skeat. Schmidt, on the same line in *K. John* and I *H. IV.*, IV. iii. 98, says: "Abstr. pro concr. = spy, informer." It is worth adding that *intelligence* is therefore not (as Mr Skeat seems to take it) an exact equivalent for *intelligencer*, i. e. "one who entertains the communication and discourse between two parties—an agent, mediator."—Schmidt.

109/124. *come*] *Qo. doth* is understood before *come*.

127. *before*] further than. Quite a different use from the word in *Coriol.*, I. iv.: "Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight with hearts more proof than shields."

Scene 3.

Spalding and Hickson agree in praising this scene very highly, and Lamb has selected the episode of Flavina as one of his specimens from the Play. "Much of this scene has Shakspeare's stamp deeply cut upon it: it is probably all his."—Spalding, *Letter*, p. 33.

5/6. *To dare ill-dealing fortune*] O. Edd. Weber, Mason, and Knight read *dure*. Seward, Edd. 1778, *cure*. Sympson conj. *dare* (which Seward says "may signify to bid defiance to:" and probably Sympson so understood it too). Dyce and Skeat read *dare*, quoting Heath: "that, if possible, he may defy Fortune to disappoint him," v. Dyce, n. But the word, as Dr Nicholson notes, if the right reading, is here used in the more significant "fowling and hawking sense of terrifying till it lay still and subdued, or not daring flight, fled crouching on the earth. See a very good note on the word with quotations in Nares. The same sense renders the supposed obscure passage in *Meas. for Meas.*, IV. iv., perfectly intelligible. 'When she thinks over it,' says Angelo, 'reason will so terrify her that she will lie quiet and not tongue;' the reference being to the fact that birds become silent when the hawk is circling aloft." See Richardson, s. v. *Dare*; and cf. Chapman, *The Gentleman Usher*, I. i. (p. 78, ed. Shepherd):—

"A cast of falcons on their merry wings,

Daring the stooped prey, that shifting flies."

Schmidt refers to *H.8.*, III. ii. 282, and *H.5.*, IV. ii. 36. And cf. *Lucrece*, 506—511. However, cf. III. vi. 10.

7/9. *His ocean needs not, &c.*] Weber compares *Ant. and Cleop.*, III. xii. 8—10.

21/24. *women That have sod their infants in, &c.*] There is a somewhat similar allusion (though under very different circumstances) in *The Sea Voyage*, III. i. :—

" . . . Unroasted or unsod ?

Mor. I have read in stories—

Lam. Of such restoring meats we have examples,

Thousand examples, and allowed for excellent ;

Women that have eat their children, men

Their slaves, nay their brothers," &c.

The *Sea Voyage* was licensed June 22nd, 1622 (Darley. See Ward, *Eng. Dram. Lit.*, II. 218, on "the revolting realism of much in this play, and in the midst of its fanciful connection," &c.) Cf. *Pericles*, I. iv. 42—50. "Probably," Dr Nicholson writes, "the main instance that gave rise to these allusions was *The Siege of Jerusalem*. Nashe's book was very popular, and it was probably alluded to in sermons constantly." I have since noted, *apropos* of this, in *Love's Cure*, II. i.: "I say unto thee, one pease was a soldier's provant a whole day at the destruction of Jerusalem." Mr Skeat refers to Josephus, *Wars of the Jews*, VI. 3, 4.

27/34. *sports*] Coleridge conj. *imports*—"a wretched conjecture!" Dyce.

37/44—7.] Seward, finding the expression here obscure, has repaired it: "I will not obtrude my Conjecture upon the Reader, as the Original; it departs rather too far from the Trace of the Letters, but it is offer'd as what I could have wish'd the Poets to have wrote.

—*They have skiff*

Torrents, whose roaring Tyranny and Power

I th' best of Ships were dreadful;

i. e. in a small Skiff they have endur'd Storms which would have been terrible to the largest Ships." To which Edd. 1778 add: "The text is obscure, but the conjectural reading ridiculous. The sense seems to be 'That the very least of their dangers and distresses was dreadful.'" The meaning seems to Weber to be: "Peril and want contending who should injure them most, they have passed in a slight bark over torrents whose roaring tyranny and power, even when at the minimum of power, were dreadful." Clearly it is: contending *against* peril and want, &c. Compare the speech with *Coriol.*, IV. iv. 13 seqq.

67/77. *oh* (*then but beginning To swell about the blossom she would long*] This is the reading of the old editions; Seward and other editors include *oh* in the parenthesis. Sidney Walker writes "Dele *O*." This certainly is necessary if we wish to regulate the metre, and Dyce adopts Walker's suggestion. The irregularity of the metre, as well as the inappropriateness of the parenthesis, have suggested to me that *possibly* the words (*then but beginning To swell about the blossom*) were interpolated by Fletcher, and the lines originally read:

The flowre that I would plucke

And put betweene my breasts,—oh, she would long

Till she had such another, &c.

In any case, *oh* should be read with *she would long*. The statement cannot be objected to physiologically, but it certainly seems a superfluous piece of information from a dramatic point of view. Dr Ingleby thinks that "if the parenthesis had been Fl.'s interpolation, the 'oh' would have gone with 'she' in next line. The 'oh' now seems to me an impertinence. Why not put it [oh]?"

72/82.] The reading in the text (from ed. 1778, and so all subseq. edd.) may be explained: "Her fancy (which was sure to be pretty, even in her most care-less dress) I copied in my most studied adornments" (Colman, ed. 1778).

75/85. *hummi'd one*] O. Edd. *on*. Seward changed to *one*; v. n. I. ii. 70/77. Weber replaces the old reading, thinking it "far better." No subsequent editor, except Mr Tyrrell, has agreed with him.

77/87. *sojourn* (rather, *dwell on*),] The editors, 1778, give "the following very ingenious remark" from Dr Dodd:—"Do not the last words sound as if they had been a marginal note of some critic, or a remark of a prompter?" The editors add: "The conjecture is so very probable, and the passage would be so much amended, we are almost inclined to discard the words." But the words are by no means synonymous: *dwell on* denoting far longer duration than *sojourn*,—and Emilia is the "critic" who corrects herself.

78/88. *This rehearsal* (Which, every innocent wots well, comes in Like old importment's bastard) has this end,] This passage as here given may be paraphrased: "The end of this long relation (*rehearsal*), as every innocent is aware, comes in like the 'illegitimate conclusion' of a long story told very consequentially [*old-importment*; or else? *bastard* = hybrid, abortive offspring (cf. *Comus*, 727), = full of sound and fury, signifying nothing, 'ridiculus mus'], simply means that the love," &c. I only attempt that explanation, as I do not understand those given by my predecessors; however, in the hope that others may, I add their various readings and interpretations. Qo has:

This rehearsal

(Which fury-innocent wots well) comes in

Like old importments bastard, has this end,

F2 and ed. 1711 variations being: *rehearsal*: *fury* [om. -] *innocent*: *importments* [-] *bastard*: and *end* [:]. Symson and Edd. 1778 read: *Which surely Innocence wots well*). Monck Mason would read "*empartment*, from the French *empartement*, which signifies passion, or transport," and *wot I well* instead of *wots well*; his parenthesis then being: (*Which fury innocent, wot I well, comes in Like old empartment's bastard*) has this end,— "And Emilia's meaning is this—This recital, the innocent enthusiasm of which, I well know, comes in like the spurious offspring, the faint resemblance, of the passion I formerly felt for Flavina, is intended to prove, that the love between maid and maid may be stronger than that between persons of different sexes." Weber explains: "This rehearsal of our affections (which every innocent soul well knows comes in like the mere bastard, the faint shadow of the true import, the real extent of our natural affections) has this end, or purpose, to prove that the love between two virgins may be," &c. Dr Nicholson notes that "If I understand Weber's interpretation aright, that the love of two innocents is the rehearsal of 'the real nature of our natural affections,' then Emilia is made by calling it *Importment's bastard* to contradict her own conclusion that the true love of maid and maid exceeds the love of the sexes. Hence Mason's explanation is right, and this is further shown by the word *old*, which both refers to passed affection, and expresses (as often) the strength of that importment. See Todd, Nares, etc. s. v. Old." Lamb first introduced the reading *every innocent* for *fury-innocent*. The mistake is obvious, f for e, 'every' being spelt (as commonly) 'eury.' Seward compares *M. N. D.*, III. ii., and Mr Skeat *The Lover's Progress*, II. i., for the general sense of the passage. Mr Skeat frees old *Importment's* character from all imputations, by changing the line to "[Comes in with this importment] has this end."

82/92. *sex dividial*] Seward and Symson's correction; the O. Edd. *sex individual* (Qo *individual*). Dr C. M. Ingleby informs me that this misprint also

occurs in Sir E. Brydges' ed. of Milton, *P. L.* xii. 85; "no individual being"—in 1st ed.; "dividual being" in Todd's and Masson's edd.

96/109. *I am not against your faith, Yet I continue mine*] Sidney Walker queries:

———*I am not* [
Against your faith, yet I continue mine.

Scene 4.

Misprinted *Scene VI.* in ed. 1750.

"The phraseology of this short scene is like Shakspeare's, being brief and energetic, and in one or two instances passing into quibbles."—Spalding, *Letter*, p. 36. ". . . the mark of Shakspeare's hand too strongly to be mistaken."—Hickson, p. 37*.

13/15. *what are those* ?] There is no stage direction here, as the 'warning' at l. 68 (margin) of the preceding scene was sufficient. Dyce wrongly heads the scene: "*Dead bodies lying on the ground; among them Palamon and Arcite.*" The Kinsmen, as the old direction shows, are borne in on "hearses."

18/20. *smear'd with prey*] See Critical Notes (and Preface to Qo reprint for complete list of the variations between the two copies of the quarto collated by me). Dyce notes "*smear'd*." So the folio of 1679 (Qy. if rightly?)—The quarto has "succard." Mr Skeat was not aware of the reading of the Daniel Qo when he noted (p. 91) that Dyce was wrong, as Dyce was similarly ignorant of the other reading. *Smear* is regularly used by Sh. in this sense: cf. *Cor.*, I. vi. 69.

22/25. *We 'leave*] "It is just questionable whether *We leave* be not a misprint for *believe*, as in II. iv. 19/28."—Dr Ingleby. *We 'leave* (believe), says the herald doubtfully; "'Tis right, those, those," exclaims Theseus.

31/36. *convent*] Summon. *Meas.*, V. 158; *H.8.*, V. i. 52; *Cor.*, II. ii. 58. Schmidt.

32/37. *niggard*] a verb. v. Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* Introd.; cf. *Sonn.* I. 12.

40/45—9] On this "cataloguing of circumstances altogether peculiar to Shakspeare," see Hickson, p. 32*, and the quotations from *Hamlet* and *Troil.* The passage appeared to Monck Mason to be "a strange nonsensical bombastical rhapsody, incapable of explanation."

Since I have knowne frights, fury, friends, beheastes,
Loves, provocations, zeal, a mistris Taske,
Desire of liberty, a feavour, madnes,
Hath set a marke which nature could not reach too
Without some imposition, sicknes in will, &c.] Qo.

Theseus' meaning is plain enough; the only difficulty is, how far should we *improve* on that meaning by altering the old punctuation or even the old reading. Dyce, *inter alia*, reads *fight's fury*, suggested (to his authority, Heath, who read: *fights, fury*.) probably by the fact that a battle had just been 'struck' (the technical phrase). Theseus directs that the prisoners shall be removed from all sights that might be suggestive of their captivity and so hinder their recovery, since he knows that, among other causes, "desire of liberty" hath sometimes produced a degree of mental apathy or delirium ("set a marke" of "sickness in

will or wrestling strength in reason") which ("nature could not reach to,") could only be combated by practising some deception. Compare what the Doctor says of the daughter's "wrestling strength in reason" (in her case produced by "Love's provocations"): "It is a falsehood she is in, which is *with falsehoods to be combated*," IV. iii. 81/87. I only admit the following changes: *friends' behests*, *Love's provocations*, . . . *mistris' taske*; and enclose the words "Which nature could not reach to without some imposition" in a parenthesis, to indicate that they refer to the first order: "Bear them hence," &c. Alternatives are enumerated, each separately governing *Hath*. (*Imposition* might else mean penalty, equivalent surrender, quittance; viz.—*sickness in will, or wrestling strength in reason* = mental apathy, or delirium.) *fright* = "violent fear, terror;" *zeal* = "intense and eager interest or endeavour" (Schmidt). If this arrangement makes sense, it has the old text to authorise it, but my predecessors have not been satisfied with the old text, and still less with one another's amendments.

All the Edd. from Seward read *mistriss' task*; all (except Edd. 1778, who follow Qo), *friends' behests*, *Love's provocations*. Seward proposed "'*T hath set*," which all Edd., except Knight and Skeat, adopt. Seward also transposed the lines, inserting *Sickness . . . reason*, after *madness*, and Edd. 1778 accept this derangement. Heath proposed *fight's fury*, *friends' behests*, and *Have* for *Hath*. Dyce added two original changes to those he adopted from Seward, viz., *fight's fury*, and *zeal [in] a mistriss' task*. If we agree to disregard the old text, Mr Skeat's readings and interpretation seem the most probable:—

Since I have known fight's fury, friends' behests,
Love's provocations, zeal [in] a mistriss' task
Desire of liberty——a fever, madness——
Hath set a mark, &c.

Mr Skeat understands *that* before *Hath*, and explains: "For I have known the fury of fight, the requisitions of friends, the provocations of love, the zeal employed in executing a mistriss' task, or the desire of liberty,—to be (or, to amount to) a fever or a madness, which has proposed an aim (or endeavours) which the man's natural strength could not attain to, without at least some forcing, or some fainting of the will, or some severe struggle in the mind. . . . *Imposition* means demand or requirement, in an excessive degree."

Scene 5.

"The last scene of this act is of a lyrical cast, and comprised in a few lamentations spoken by the widowed queens over the corpses of their dead lords."—Spalding, *Letter*, p. 36. "The internal evidence in the fifth scene, which is a dirge, is not so strong; *it is the only scene throughout the entire play with regard to which we entertain doubt*; but we incline to the belief that it is by Shakspeare."—Hickson, p. 37*. It is only out of deference to the authority of these critics that I have *inclined* to the same belief; at the same time, the evidence seems to me to point rather the other way. The final couplet is (I think) not to be considered as evidence, being probably not original. The epithet "quick-eyed," a favourite one with Fletcher, does not occur once in Shakspeare (v. Schmidt, p.

1435); and the whole *tone* of the song seems to me Fletcherian.

11/10. *houshold's grave* :] Qo *houshold's grave* : , F2 *graver* [om. :], ed. 1711 *graves*. "Mr Dyce wrongly ascribes the last reading to Seward instead of Tonsen," 1711 (Mr Skeat). "Each king," as Knight discovered, "had *one* grave."

15/16. *This world's a city*] I have to thank my friend, the Rev. A. S. Palmer, for the following interesting parallels to these well-known lines. We have not been able to ascertain the *dates* of any of these epitaphs, but they appear sufficiently ancient to have been lenders, not borrowers.

In *Monuments and Monumental Inscriptions in Scotland*, by Rev. Charles Rogers, Lond. 1871-2, these epitaphs are given (Vol. II. pp. 363 and 370) :—

Elginshire.

Parish of Abernethy.

"On gravestones in the churchyard are these rhymes :—

[TWO EPITAPHS.]

The world's a city
Full of streets,
And death's a market
That every one meets ;
But if life were a thing
That money could buy,
The poor could not live
And the rich would ne'er die."

[No date or other detail.]

Parish of Elgin.

"From the area of the cathedral and the surrounding churchyard we have the following rhymes :—

* * * * *
This world is a city
Full of streets ;
Death is the mercat
That all men meets.
If lyfe were a thing
That money could buy
The poor could not live
And the rich would not die.

[No date or other detail.]

Southey, *Commonplace Books* (Vol. IV. p. 48), gives the following version, an epitaph at Worpleton :

Life is a city full of crooked streets,
And Death the Marketplace where all men meets.
If life were a merchandize which men could buy,
The rich would purchase it, and only the poor would die."

With the idea we may also compare Massinger, speaking of "that difficult lesson, how to learn to die,"—

"All studies else are but as circular lines,
And death the centre where they must all meet."

Old Law, V. i.

In *Ancient Poems, Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England* (ed. J. H. Dixon, Percy Soc., 1846, re-edited 1857, by R. Bell), is printed a curious old poem entitled *The Messenger of Mortality, or Life and Death contrasted in a Dialogue betwixt Death and a Lady*, the last four lines of which are an expanded and corrupted version of the passage in question. The 'moral' of the Dialogue, with this quatrain appended as a tag, is as follows:—

Thus may we see the high and mighty fall,
For cruel Death shows no respect at all
To any one of high or low degree,
Great men submit to Death as well as we.
Though they are gay, their life is but a span—
A lump of clay—so vile a creature's man.
Then happy those whom Christ has made his care,
Who die in the Lord, and ever blessèd are.
The grave's the market-place where all men meet,
Both rich and poor, as well as small and great.
If life were merchandize that gold could buy,
The rich would live, the poor alone would die."

It is probably owing to the popularity of this traditional poem, which seems to have been widely current, that the concluding lines, with slight differences of form, are so frequently found in country church-yards inscribed on the tombstones of the peasantry. They are not, however, contained in the broadside with which Mr Bell collated the version printed in the above volume. (*A. S. Palmer.*)

ACT II.

We have now reached the most doubtful and most disputed part of our play, the underplot. On this subject the reader is referred to Spalding's *Letter*, in which it is maintained that the underplot "is clearly the work of a different artist from many of the leading parts of the drama;" and to Hickson's examination and refutation of this view, *N. S. S. Trans.*, pp. 38-9*.

It must be tolerably plain to any reader that certain parts of this underplot are by a different hand from other parts; and that hand, Hickson asserts, Shakspeare's. Note that the two scenes do not fit together exactly; in the prose scene the kinsmen are referred to as if in conversation, but in the verse dialogue which ensues they are made to begin with mutual salutations. Hickson notes another inconsistency, p. 38*. So, too, all their lamentations about Thebes, II. ii., are not very akin to their resolution, "Let us leave Thebes," etc., in I. ii. The parallels to this act from the *Knights Tale* are: Sc. ii. cf. ll. 172—360, 417—475; Sc. iii. cf. ll. 361—416, 476—558 (this passage especially deserves comparison, and on); Sc. v. cf. ll. 559—592.

Weber, Dyce, and Skeat print this first scene as part of the long second scene, but the Qo distinguishes them; they overlap in point of time, the authorship is different, and the juncture is confusing (v. *N. S. S. Tr.*, 1874, pt. II., p. 455).

1. *depart*] part. v. Nares. "Followed by *with* = to resign, give up." Schmidt.

5. *better lyn'd*] Cf. Cleveland, *Works*, p. 93: "But though he came alone, yet well lin'd it seems, with 133l. 8d."

30. *a greise*] Qo *greife*. F2, ed. 1711, 1778, Weber, Knight ('41), *grief*. Seward and Symphon "both read and conjecture Gree" (Seward's note), but as Qo in their text. Edd. 1778 think *grief* "is a stiff expression," but, nevertheless, "think it, both in expression and sentiment, every way superior to the proposed restoration" *greise*! Knight (1867) reads *grice*, Dyce *grise*, and quotes Lydgate, *Warres of Troy* (B. i. sig. E 1 verso, ed. 1555):—

"She gan anone by *grees* to asende

Of a Touret in to an hye pynacle,"

and refers to *Twelfth Night*, III. i. 135; *Timon*, IV. iii. 16; *Othello*, I. iii. 200 (*Grise*, Schmidt). See Nares, s. v. *Grice*, and Mr Skeat's note here. *Grise* seems to have been the usual word for ascending platforms on a stage: e. g. Ben Jonson, *Part of the King's Entertainment*. . . "the daughters of the Genius, and six in number; who in a spreading ascent, upon several grices, help to beautify both the sides." Chapman, *Mask of Middle Temple and Gray's Inn* (p. 343, ed. Shepherd),—"This rock was in the undermost part craggy, and full of hollow places, in whose concaves were contrived two winding pair of stairs, by whose greeces the persons above might make their descents, and all the way be seen."

49. *And so did they*.] As the sense appears defective to Seward, he would strike out these words, but (horrible consequence!) "the Measure would be lost." See Coleridge, *Table Talk*, p. 212, ed. 1852.

58. *Lord, the difference of men*] *Lear*, IV. ii. 26 (Skeat).

Scene 2.

"On the whole, however, this scene, if it be Fletcher's, (of which I have no doubt,) is among the very finest he ever wrote; and there are many passages in which, while he preserves his own distinctive marks, he has gathered no small portion of the flame and inspiration of his immortal friend and assistant."—Spalding, *Letter*, p. 37.

21/24. *never wore*] Mr Skeat compares *wor'st*, III. vi. 93.

24/27. *like lightning*] A favourite image of Fletcher's. Cf. III. vi. 81/108; *Loyal Subject*, IV. v.; *Lover's Progress*, I. ii., etc.

37/40. *The fair-ey'd maids*] Prospective lamentations, curses, rejoicings, of the same kind as in the passage in the text, are at once the commonest and most striking of Fletcher's many peculiarities. E. g. in this play alone, cf. II. vi. 15; III. vi. 187/228, 246/297; IV. i. 72/94; ii. 4; and, amongst others, passages in the following scenes: *Monsieur Thomas*, II. v.; *A Wife for a Month*, V. iii.; *Thierry and Theodoret*, IV. i.; *A King and No King*, IV. ii.; *The Mad Lover*, III. iv.; *The Lover's Progress*, III. iv.; *Custom of the Country*, I. i.; V. iv.;

The Maid's Tragedy, II. i. (Some of these may be better compared with other of the passages in our play than with this one.)

46/50. *our Theban hounds*] Perhaps a reminiscence of Edwardes' play of *Palamon and Arcite* (see Introduction), or of Theseus' hounds in *M. N. D.*

50/54. *a Parthian quiver.*] There is a somewhat similar allusion in *Valentinian*, I. i.: "quivers for the Parthians." Nash, *Summer's Last Will*, &c. (Hazlitt's Dodsley, viii. 19): "As the Parthians fight flying away," &c.; cf. (Skeat) *Cymb.* I, vi. 20.

54/58. *lastly*] Seward, ed. 1778 (and Dr C. M. Ingleby) read *lazily*; perhaps a necessary change, as Palamon is lamenting the privation of "all valiant uses" and consequent inertness; though I do not feel confident enough to admit the amendment. Where the old text makes some sort of sense we are bound to respect it. O. Edd. and the rest, *lastly*, meaning "that which is worst of all."—Mason. The line hardly wants a syllable, and *gently* (which Mr Skeat quotes as a parallel instance of this metrical defect) is a trisyllable: *For when the west wind courts her gently*, II. ii. 138/164 (see note here). The same objection holds of *R.* 3, IV. iv. 428: *shortly*. There is no parallel in V. i. 103: *stings more than nettles*, if the text were rightly arranged (as Dyce, '67, '76, has it) by placing *I* of the next line at the end of l. 103, and so making them *both* metrical.

58/63. *mere*] absolute. Mr Skeat compares *Woman Hater*, III. ii. :—

"Yet do I see

Thro' this confusedness, some little comfort."

64/70. *twynn'd*] *Qo twynn'd*. The old spelling for (Seward, ed. 1778 reading) *twinn'd*. F2, ed. 1711, Weber, Dyce, Skeat, read *twinn'd*, and Weber compares *Lover's Progress*, III. iii.: "two hearts that have been twined together" (where F2 reads *twin'd*, i. e. *twinn'd*). See note, I. i. 179/199. And cf. *Coriol.*, IV. iv. 17.

75/82. *The poyson of pure spirits*] Cf. *Custom of the Country*, IV. iii.

79/87. *an endles mine*] *Philaster* (III. i.) says of Arethusa: "Is she not all a lasting mine of joy."

91/98. *Crave*] O. Edd. Dyce, Knight ('67), and Skeat: *Grave*, i. e. Bury, "entomb" (Skeat). *Crave* = require. The whole speech is only an expansion of the first two lines. The fact that Sh. uses *grave* = bury does not strengthen an emend. of Fletcher's text very much.

119/132. *Narcissus*] Cf. IV. ii. 32. *Knight's Tale*, I. 1084: "Ne Narcisus the fayr of yore agone." *Faithful Shepherdess*, II. i., the plant is mentioned, as "for swellings best."

136/162-9. *A rose*, &c.] There is a striking parallel to this intensely Fletcherian passage in *The Loyal Subject* (acted in 1618: Ward), IV. iii. :—

"Here, ladies, here (you were not made for cloisters),

Here is the sphere you move in; here shine nobly,

And, by your powerful influence, command all!—

What a sweet modesty dwells round about 'em,

[*Aside.*

And like a nipping morn, pulls in their blossoms!"

Cf. too, *The Mad Lover*, IV. i.

138/164. *gently*] "Dr Farmer (Appendix to Shakespeare, 1773) quotes this

speech, and with Seward (line 2) reads *gently* for *gently*. I mention this minuteness of the doctor, because (line 5) he substitutes *charity* for *chastity*, and (line 6) *shuts* for *locks*. The quotation is made in support of a proposal, by 'an eminent critic,' to alter the word *shakes* to *shuts*, in the following passage in Cymbeline :

'— like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.'

I dare say, the doctor did not intentionally violate the poet's text ; but think each of the errors very remarkable."—*J. N.*, ed. 1778 (here quoted from reprint, 1811). Theobald proposed to insert *Beauties* after *courts her*, but Seward points out that *gently* is trisyllabic. Edd. 1778 prefer Theobald's variation, "but neither is necessary ;" v. n. supra, l. 54/58.

159/192—207.] This form of short-lined (Box-and-Cox-like) dialogue is very common in Fletcher's writings. See Mr Fleay's paper and the discussion of it (in *N. S. S. Trans.*, pt. I. 1874) for a good account of the Fletcherian metres.

163/201—4] Cf. *Knights Tale*, 294 seqq. It is worth noting that Shakspeare shows his early acquaintance with this sophism of Arcite's, in the sonnet in *L. L. Lost* (given also with a few verbal changes in *Pass. Pilgr.* iii.), IV. iii. 64—7 :—

"A woman I forswore ; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee ;
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love ;
Thy grace being gained cures all disgrace in me."

The passage forms a suggestive link between *L. L. Lost*, *M. N. D.*, and Chaucer's Theseus. "In transferring his story from Chaucer, the poet has here been guilty of an oversight. The old poet fixes a character of positive guilt on Arcite's prosecution of his passion, by relating a previous agreement between the two cousins, by which either, engaging in any adventure whether of love or war, had an express right to the co-operation of the other. Hence Arcite's interference with his cousin's claim becomes with Chaucer a direct infringement of a knightly compact ; while in the drama no deeper blame attaches to it than as a violation of the more fragile rules imposed by the generous spirit of friendship."—Spalding, *Letter*, p. 40. Seward has also noted this disagreement, II. ii. 243/298.

179/220.] "Arrange and write,
'I say again,
love her ; and, in loving her, maintain,' &c."

Sidney Walker.

188/232. *Am not I liable* &c.] On this "mere flash in the pan," see Hickson, p. 48*.

243/298.] *And if she be not heavenly*] Seward praises this speech, and continues : "Our Authors have improved upon Chaucer, in making *Palamon* and *Arcite* such very distinct Characters ; but *Arcite*, who is not crown'd with Success, becomes by this means the more amiable, and has the Reader's Wishes in his Favour. This is a Fault that Chaucer particularly guards against," etc. It may be remarked, *apropos* of this, that no one can read the *Shakspeare* part of the

play by itself, without feeling throughout that Palamon is the central figure and true hero of the piece; but reading the Fletcher scenes, on the contrary, our sympathies are involuntarily turned away from Palamon and towards Arcite. This fact illustrates Mr Spedding's observations on the want of congruity as a whole in the kindred play *Henry VIII.* "The strongest sympathies which have been awakened in us run opposite to the course of the action."—*N. S. S. Trans.*, 1874, pt. I. App. p. 3*.

268/330. *pelting*] paltry. *M. for M.*, II. ii. 112; *M. N. D.*, II. i. 91; *R. 2*, i. 60; *Troil.*, IV. v. 267; *Lear*, II. iii. 18 (Schmidt).

Scene 3.

Of course, by Fletcher. "Neither this scene, nor the following, in which the jailor's daughter meditates on the perfections of Palamon, . . . have anything in them worthy of particular notice."—Spalding, p. 41.

"In my paper on Fletcher, I have shown that Fletcher never wrote *prose* in any of his plays."—Rev. F. G. Fleay, *N. S. S. Trans.*, pt. I. 1874, App. p. 62*. I follow Dyce's arrangement, in the hope that these lines may appear metrical: certainly not a few seem to me *prose*.

16. *a tongue will tame tempests*] Cf. *Philaster*, IV. ii., where the king exclaims (of himself):—

". . . 'Tis the king
Will have it so; whose breath can still the winds,
Uncloud the sun, charm down the swelling sea,
And stop the clouds of heaven. Speak, can it not?
Dion. No."

The two passages are about equally bombastic.

32/33. *Clap her aboard*] A common expression in Fletcher: e. g. *The Pilgrim*, IV. iii.; *Scornful Lady*, III. ii. ("Clap her aboard, and stow her"). Chapman, *Widow's Tears*, I. i.: "by this you had bore up with the lady, and clapped her aboard," etc., and cf. sp. 48 of same scene.

34/35. *feskue*] "A wire, stick, or straw, chiefly used for pointing to the letters, in teaching children to read."—Nares. See Weber's note, and cf. Dr Ingleby's *Centurie of Prayse*, p. 152.

41. *keep touch*] The origin of this phrase is not very clear. Dyce (quoting from Johnson's *Dict.*) explains *touch* as "exact performance of agreement." Nares: "to be faithful, to be exact to an appointment." Cf. III. iii. 53/72; *Love's Pilgrimage*, III. ii.,; *Rule a Wife*, IV. iv. Some one has suggested that the idea is connected with 'touchstone' (as in *Edw.* 3, III. iii.: "your intended force must bide the touch," p. 43, Tauchnitz Ed.); but *touch* in the sense of keeping a promise, Dr Nicholson tells me, probably came from the custom of *shaking hands* on a bargain or agreement. Cf. the O.E. word *handfast*.

45/48. *and she must see the duke*] Cf. *The Bloody Brother*, II. ii.:—

"I must deliver
A bevy of young lasses, that must look on
This night's solemnity, and see the two dukes,
Or I shall lose my credit."

48/51. *our town, . . . ha, boys, heigh for the weavers*] The resemblance between these countrymen and the rude mechanicals of *M. N. D.* is more apparent than real; v. n. III. v. 12/9. With the speeches here, cf. Ralph's May-day address:

"With bells on legs, and napkins clean, unto your shoulders tied,
With scarfs and garters as you please, and 'Hey for our town' cried."

Knight of the Burning Pestle.

With the preceding line, cf. same play, Induction. In the *Moral Play of Wyt and Science*, by John Redford (v. Warton, on Tusser), Idellnes says:

"But yet to take my leve of my deere, lo!

With a skyp or twayne, heere lo! and heer lo!

And heere againe!" (Ed. Halliwell, *Sh. Soc.*, p. 30.)

"Weavers supposed to be good singers and particularly given to singing psalms (being most of them Calvinists and refugees from the Netherlands)": *Twelfth N.*, II. iii. 61; *I H.4*, II. iv. 147 (Schmidt). Perhaps we have here a reminiscence of the well-voiced Nick Bottom.

75/89. *This is an offered, &c.*] "From *Turne quod optanti, &c.*" [Virg. *Æn.* ix. 6.] Sid. Walker (q. Dyce).

78/82. *Swifter then nev'r flew.*] "Many irregularities may be explained by the desire of emphasis which suggests repetition, even where repetition, as in the case of a negative, neutralizes the original phrase" (Abbott, *Sh. Gr.*, § 406); and the sentence here may be explained somewhat similarly:—I could have run swifter than the wind, had it flown never so swiftly. I change *never* to *nev'r*. Perhaps suggested by Virg. *Æn.* vii. 808-9. Cf. Peele's *Polyhymnia*, vi.

Scene 4.

Fletcher's: matter and metre. Wrongly headed *Scene 2*, and the following, *Scene 3*, in ed. 1750.

2. *affect*] "feel desire towards."—Dryden, *Globe ed.* glossary.

14. *young handsome*] These adjectives may be found together in any of Fletcher's plays. Cf. *infra*, IV. ii. 3, *Epil.* 6.

31. *Thus much For law*] O. Edd. arrange the lines so, and rightly; *Thus much* forming one of Fletcher's *heavy* monosyllabic double-endings; the following line can also be sufficiently eked out, if properly pronounced, *kindred* almost trisyllabic, and followed by a pause. Edd. 1778 and subseq. edd. place *Thus much* at beginning of line *For law*, etc., thereby spoiling a line, and an important metrical peculiarity, and giving us instead an ordinary double ending line. Seward ("very licentiously," Weber) reads:

For Law or Kindred: I will do it, ay
And this night: and to Morrow he shall love me.

Edd. 1778 punctuate: *And this night, or tomorrow: he shall love me!* Mr Skeat omits all points from the line; Qo places a [,] after *night*. Perhaps *or tomorrow* may mean *ere morning*?

Scene 5.

Fletcher's.

4. . . . *can allow*] = approve, praise; cf. Chapman, *Shadow of Night* (p. 6, b.

ed. Shepherd). Webster, *Westward Ho*, III. iv.:—"I have acquainted Wafer and Honeysuckle with it, and they allow my wit for it extremely." v. Schmidt, s.v.

14. *what proves you*] sc. to be a gentleman. (Cf. Webster, *Vitt. Cor.* p. 11, ed. Dyce, 1866: "My father prov'd himself a gentleman.") Arcite answers, a little of all noble professions,—sportsman, horseman, soldier. He is disguised as a countryman ("a pore laborer," Chaucer), and therefore rather confidently enumerates his professions (not necessarily his possessions, as Hippolyta understands him: "if he say true," she says; v. Schmidt, s.v. *quality*). *Sire* is to be pronounced as a disyllable; cf. Tennyson, *Fatima*, 3rd stanza, *fire*; and *infra*, V. i. 3, *fires*. Qo. *prooves*. F2 ed. 1711, Weber, Dyce, Skeat, *proves*. Seward, Edd. 1778, Knight, *prove*. Dr J. K. Ingram proposes the reading *profess* for *prooves*, comparing Arcite's answer ("A little of all noble *qualities*") with:—"because my selfe have seene his demeanor no lesse civill than he exelent in *the qualitie he professes*." Chettle, *Kind-Harts Dreame*, p. 2 (q. Ingleby, *Centurie of Praysse*, p. 3). [Cf. *infra*, III. i. 56.] But v. *Rich.* 3, IV. iii. 69; *Tw. N.*, III. iv. 416—420; and Ward's *Eng. Dram. Lit.*, I. 275.

30/43. *travel*] labour, or, referring to l. 25/36, journey.

50/64. *do observance*] Chaucer's word, *Knight's T.*, 642. Cf. *M. N. D.*, I. i. 167; IV. i. 129, 130 (Schmidt wrongly, 137). Mr Skeat has also noted these parallels. Edd. 1778 refer to Bourne's *Popular Antiq.*, ed. Brand, 1777, p. 255; and Mr Skeat to Brand, ed. Ellis, I. 179.

Scene 6.

Unmistakeably Fletcher's. Spalding thinks the scenery of the wood "prettily described."

1. *divells rore*] Probably we have here a relic of the old *Mysteries*. Cf. *Rich.* 3, IV. iv., "fiends roar, saints pray;" *Hen. 5*, IV. iv., "this roaring devil i' th' old play;" *Monsieur Thomas*, II. ii., "though the devil roar."

15.] See n. II. ii. 37/40.

32. *necessaries*] pronounced *nessaries*, as in *Jul. Cæs.*, II. i. 178, "our purpose necessary and not envious." Cf. *princess* for *princesses*, *Temp.*, I. ii. 173; *A. Y. L.*, ii. 175 (but v. Schmidt). See Abbott, *Sh. Gr.*, § 468, etc.; and for a full discussion of Sh.'s pronunciation, Mr A. J. Ellis's great contribution to phonetic science, *Early English Pronunciation, with especial reference to Shakspeare and Chaucer*. The *internal* sources of information on Sh.'s pronunciation (viz. *puns*, *metre*, and *rhyme*), are particularly considered, pp. 917—996.

33. *patch of ground*] Dr C. M. Ingleby's correction of the reading of all former editions, *path*; cf. *Hml.*, IV. iv. 18. Dr Ingleby also compares the Lincolnshire term *spoon*, "being a path into a cornfield ending in a round space," or patch.

35. *whoobub*] Cf. *W. T.*, IV. iv. 629.

ACT III.

Scene I.

Spalding (p. 41) and Hickson (pp. 40—42) are agreed in assigning this Scene to Shakspeare, and in praising it very highly.

Chaucer originals : Sc. i. cf. ll. 593—765 ; Sc. iii. cf. ll. 758-9 ; Sc. vi. cf. ll. 766—1022.

2. *land*] All Edd. *land*, except Skeat, who reads *laund*, from Dyce's suggestion. Dyce has *laund* in his glossary (though *land* in his text), and Spalding, quoting the passage, *laund*. Heath conj. *stand*. The word may have been suggested by the *Knights Tale*, l. 833 : "And to the launde he rydeth him ful right ;" but it was common at the time Shakspeare wrote (see Nares, Schmidt, s.v., and Hales' *Longer English Poems*, p. 219), and is now familiar to us under the form *lawn*.

6. *gold buttons*] Cf. *Hamlet*, I. iii. 40. "*Bouter*, v. a. to put, set, push. O. Fr. *boter*, from M. H. G. *bōzen*.—Der. *bout* (verbal subst., properly that part of a body which pushes or touches first), *bouture* (a cutting, the piece one puts into the ground), *bouton* (that which pushes out, makes knobs on plants ; thence by analogy, pieces of wood or metal shaped like buds)," etc.—Brachet, *Etym. Dict.* tr. Kitchen.

7. *knacks*] Cf. *M. N. D.*, I. i. 34 ; *Shr.*, IV. iii. 67 ; *Wint.*, IV. iv. 360, 439 (Schmidt). Chapman, *Cæsar and Pompey*, II. i. 20 :—"as if good clothes were *knacks* to know a knave." "He sent me a very rich present of perfumes, skins, gloves, and purses embroidered, with other *nacks* of the same kind."—*Memoirs* of Lady Fanshawe, p. 192, ed. 1829. Cf. Peele, *Arraignement of Paris*, IV. i. 2, and Hazlitt's Dodsley, I. 349.

9.] Mr Skeat well compares Spenser, *Prothal.*, 73—82.

13. *chop*] "exchange, make an exchange."—Skeat.

cold] chaste, as freq. in Sh. (v. Schmidt) ; e. g. *Temp.*, IV. 66.

36/37. *the voydest*] Sympson first "cleared up" this "difficult Passage (which had long puzzled us all three)."—Seward. O. Edd. *voydes* (*voids*, ed. 1711).

44/45. *Cosin . . . Cosener.*] This was a common pun ; e. g. *Mons. Thomas*, I. iii. : "Cousin, Cozen thyself no more ;" *Rich.* 3, IV. iv. : "Cousins indeed, and by their uncle cozened Of comfort." See Trench, *Eng. Past and Present*, 8th ed. p. 305.

68/73] Cf. *Mcb.*, V. vii. 1.

72/79. *cold gyves*] i. e., as Dr C. M. Ingleby has pointed out, *iron bonds*. Cf. *Cymb.*, V. iv. 28 : "cancel these *cold bonds*" (not in Schmidt). Cf. II. v. 10.

89/98. *dares*] either the plural in *s* (v. Abbott, *Sh. Gr.*, § 333), or *any*, sc. *one*, with the reply, *none* = *no one*. F2 *dare*, and so Edd.

90/99. *so noble bear a guilty busines ?*] i. e. Dares any one who shews himself so noble be capable of aught base ? None, save Arcite, could be so ; and therefore in proportion to the height of his generosity is the depth of his baseness. Dyce (1867, 1876) reads *baseness*. Mr Skeat changes *noble* to *nobly*, and does not notice Dyce's change. All other Edd. as here, from Qo.

97/108. *Enter your musite*] Qo *Musicke*. "Is not *musick* an old form of *musit*?" Ingleby. Nares quotes from Greene's *Thieves falling out (muse)*, and from *Ven. and Adon. (musets)*; explaining: "*Muse, Muset* or *Musit*, s. The opening in a fence or thicket through which a hare, or other beast of sport, is accustomed to pass. *Muset*, French." See Mr Skeat's note (which corrects Nares' French, *Muset*, to *musette* and *musse*.—Cotgrave). Alken, *The National Sports of Great Britain* (fol. p. 18, ed. 1821), translates "by the same *meuses*" "par les mêmes sentiers." He says of the hare: "This animal is extremely attached to the place of her birth, and will make her *form*, or resting-place, as near to it as possible; and to this she will constantly return, by the same *meuses* or paths, even after having been chased from it, to the nearest possible risk of life." The somewhat similar mistake *k* for *t* occurs again, IV. i. 106, where Qo has *wreake* for *wreathe*.

104/116. *my stomach not*] "i. e. *if my stomach were not*."—S. Walker.

112/127. *I've a good tittle*] O. Edd. *lf*. Seward, Edd. 1778, Knight, Dyce, Skeat, *I've*. Weber, *I have*.

Scene 2.

Spalding assigns this scene to Fletcher, noting that the jailor's daughter now first "begins to shew symptoms of unsettled reason. There is some pathos in several parts of her soliloquy, but little vigour in the expression, or novelty in the thoughts."—*Letter*, p. 43. Hickson ascribes this censure of Spalding's to the fact that "he assumed the whole of the underplot to be by one writer." As the evidence of the "stopt-line" test is slightly against this scene being by Shakspeare, I add a few of Hickson's remarks. (Mr Furnivall, in his table, *N. S. S. Tr.*, p. 65*, gives the "stopt-line" proportions of this scene, viz., 38 *verse-lines*, 9 *unstopt*, giving a proportion of 1 to 4'22. I make 12 unstopt lines in the scene, viz., ll. 1, 7, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16, 17 (?), 23, 27, 35, 36. This would give the proportion 1 to 3'16.) "It is to this scene," Mr Hickson observes, "that we referred by anticipation, as giving an instance of Shakspeare's judgment. It can hardly be said to explain any necessary circumstance of the play; and so many scenes in which this character appears alone, are rather injurious to the action: but it supplies the due gradation between a mind diseased and madness; and in connection with another scene at which we shall shortly arrive, it displays a depth of insight into the psychological character of this state only excelled by Shakspeare himself, in *King Lear*. Let our readers observe in particular . . . [ll. 5, 7, 8, 14, 15, 29—32] . . .—the unselfish anxiety of the jailor's daughter for Palamon's safety, and her subsequent terror at her own disordered senses. The introduction of the popular notion [v. Carpenter's *Mental Physiol.*, p. 88, 3rd ed.] that wild beasts have 'a sense to know a man unarm'd' is quite a Shaksperian illustration; and we do not know an instance of finer drawing than this of her imagination painting, as absolute reality, the subject of her first fear. From this conviction (of Palamon's death) we come naturally to the concluding lines, beyond which the next step *is* madness." See the whole passage, pp. 42*, 43*.

1. *the brake*] Theobald, Weber, Knight, Dyce, Skeat, *Brake*. Qo *Beake*, F2,

ed. 1711, *Beak*. Sympson prop. *Brook*, Seward (from association of the idea *Beak*) first proposed to read *Hawk I sent is gone*, but, with Edd. 1778, printed *beck*; and Hickson quotes the line with *beck*. Qo reading seems most likely a misprint for *Brake* (or *Breake*), as may partly be inferred from comparing III. i. 82/90 ('hawthorn house'), l. 97/108, and stage direction in same scene, l. 30; III. vi. direction, and l. 111/144, etc.; cf. l. 28, *brine*, Qo reading *bine*. D'Avenant (R[eed], in ed. 1778, informs us) reads *beach*. *Beck* seemed to Nares "an excellent and undoubted emendation, because the jailor's daughter had appointed Palamon to wait for her at a cedar 'fast by a brook'" (q. Dyce). Chaucer, *K. T.*, l. 659: "This Palamoun Was in a busche." In confirmation of *beck* from *Beake* might be noted that *reck* is spelt *wraake* a few lines down.

21. *all's char'd*] "That is, 'My task is done then.' Chare is frequently used for task work."—Weber. See a very interesting note on this word in Mr Skeat's edition

25. *mop'd*] Nares explains *mope-eyed* as short-sighted. So in *Hamlet*, III. iv. 81, *mope* means "to act blindly." *Temp.*, V. 240; *H. 5*, III. vii. 143 (v. Schmidt, who explains differently). Hence, *To be moped* signifies metaphorically, to be dazed, bewildered, as in *The Humorous Lieut.*, IV. vi. :—

"Sure, I take it,

He is bewitch'd, or mop'd, or his brains melted ;"

and *Queen of Corinth*, II. iii. :—

"How am I tranced, and moped !"

Mr Skeat says : "perhaps for *death* we should read *deaths*."

26—8.] Qo *daies*. *Sipt some water*. *I have*. Sympson conjectured '*cept some water*, which Monck Mason has "no doubt is right;" but Seward filled up "both verses with what seems perfectly natural for her to say :—

'Food took I none these two days, only sipt

Some Water, two Nights I've not clos'd mine eyes," etc.

Dyce says "that some words have dropt out is quite evident," and reads : *once indeed I sipped* &c. Mr Skeat adopts this, placing the words (which Dyce has omitted doing) between brackets; but cf. IV. iii. 4 (an evidence of unity in the authorship of these two scenes). Weber re-arranges the lines : *Food*, etc.; *I have not*, etc.; *Scowred off*, etc.; *Let not*, etc.; *Or stab*, etc.; *Oh, state*, etc. Edd. 1778 and Knight follow the old text. It is possible that some words have dropped out; guessing can avail little in such a case.

29.] The enumeration of deaths should be noticed, and their connection with insanity. Cf. I. i. 155, IV. iii. 29/31, *Temp.*, III. iii.,—

"I have made you mad ;

And even with such-like valour, men hang and drown

Their proper selves."

31. *state of nature*.] Cf. *Lear*, I. iv. 290 (Skeat); *Mach.*, I. iii. 140.

Scene 3.

This is one of those scenes, by the introduction of which Fletcher succeeded in spoiling a good play. "In most respects the scene is not very characteristic [?] of either writer, but leans towards Fletcher; and one argument for him might

be drawn from an interchange of sarcasms between the kinsmen, in which they retort on each other former amorous adventures: such a dialogue is quite like Fletcher's men of gaiety; and needless degradation of his principal characters is a fault of which Shakspeare is not guilty."—Spalding, *Letter*, p. 43; v. Hickson, p. 44.

4. *Here's no Theseus*] S. Walker proposed to complete the line by making Palamon exclaim: *No, Nor none so honest, Arcite*. "'Theseus' is Shakspeare's pronunciation, not Fletcher's (see *Mid. N. D.*); besides, the sentence seems to require 'No'" (q. Dyce).

6/9. *beastly*] like a beast, adv., cf. *T. of S.*, IV. ii. 34; *2 H.4.*, II. i. 16; *Ant.*, I. v. 50; *Cymb.*, V. iii. 27, and adj. *Cymb.*, III. iii. 40. Cf. *M. W.*, V. v. 10; *Tim.*, IV. iii. 329 (Schmidt).

42/55—61.] Spalding quotes these lines as "one strikingly animated burst of jealous suspicion and impatience."

Scene 4.

"The fourth scene introduces the jailor's daughter again; she is now mad. She fancies she sees a ship, and there is some affectation of nautical language, (why, Heaven only knows); and the rest is mere incoherent nonsense. Now, though this last, indeed, may be the frequent birth of madness (or rather, so seeming, in default of being able to follow the infinitely fine associating links), it can have no place in poetry, which, whatever it may be, is certainly not a literal transcript of common things in their common aspects. In a subsequent scene we shall find the speeches given to this character full of meaning; the present bears every mark of the hand of Fletcher."—Hickson, p. 44*.

2. *aglets*] Here, Spangles. Cotgrave explains *Aguillette*, *Esquillette*, as *A point*. Nares has a good note on the word, and quotes from Dodsley's *Old Plays*, III. 194 (the passage is also given in a note to Coleridge's *Table Talk*, April 5th, 1833, p. 223, ed. 1852, from the *Spanish Tragedy*, IV. See Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, vol. V. p. 115):—

"And yonder pale-faced Hecate there, the moon,
Doth give consent to that is done in darkness;
And all those stars that gaze upon her face
Are aglets on her sleeve, pins on her train."

Dyce gives an example from *Faerie Queene*, II. iii. 26; and notes on the word: *aglets*—"were worn," says Sir F. Madden, "by both sexes; by the men chiefly as tags to their laces or points (*aiguillettes*), which were made either square or pointed, plain or in the form of acorns, or with small heads cut at the end, or topped with a diamond or ruby. . . . They were worn also by ladies, as pendants or ornaments in their head-dress. . . . Junius is therefore evidently mistaken in explaining aglet by *spangle*, into which error Archdeacon Nares has also partly fallen." Note on *Privy Purse Expenses of the Princess Mary*, p. 205: but (Dyce says) Coles gives both "An Aglet (tag of a point), *Æramentum ligulæ*," and "An Aglet (a little plate of metal), *Bractea*, *Bracteola*." [Cf. *Handful of Pleasant delites*, 1584 (Park, *Heliconia*, II. 25):

"Thy garters fringed with gold,
And silver aglets hanging by,
Which made thee blithe for to beholde," &c.

Cf. *T. of Shrew*, I. ii. 79, "aglet-baby"—i. e. a *point device*. See also Park, I. c. p. 102, n.]

9. *Spoon her*] *Qo Vpon her*; F2, ed. 1711, Knight (early ed.), *Upon her*. Seward and Sympson, Ed. 1778, *Up with her fore*: Theobald proposed to read *spoon*, which Weber, Dyce (who hesitates), and Knight (1867) adopt, spelling it *spoom*. *Spoom* is found in *The Double Marriage*, II. i.: "we'll spoom before her." Cf. Dryden, *Hind and Panther*, III. 96:

"When virtue spooms before a prosperous gale,
My heaving wishes help to fill the sail."

Spoom her before the wind is the same as saying: Let her spoom, etc. Still, the reading is very uncertain, and Mr Skeat places a different word in his text: *Rum her*. The misprint in the old text, Mr Skeat rightly refers to "the repetition of the *Up* of the next line; and the most likely word is one which shall be a short monosyllable, ending with *n*. Nearly all the modern editions read *Spoom her*, from a conjecture of Weber's [from Theobald's], founded on the fact that *spoom* occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Double Marriage*, Act II. sc. i.; but the word *spoom*, in that passage, is an intransitive verb, meaning to sail steadily, and is a mere variation, apparently, of *spume* (foam), as if the sense were to throw up foam." Mr Skeat also quotes Nares' opinion against the reading *Spoom*.

10. *course*] "The courses meant in this place are two of the three lowest and largest sails of a ship, which are so called, because, as largest, they contribute most to give her way through the water, and consequently enable her to feel her helm, and steer her course better, than when they are not set or spread to the wind." Holt, q. Dyce. *take*, i. e. *tack*; the usual spelling in O. Edd. Cf. Prol. 26.

14. *Carecké*] Trading vessels often alluded to by B. and F.; e. g. *The Coxcomb*, I. iii.: "like Carracks, only strength and stowage" (v. Nares).

Song.] Mr Skeat notes that this song resembles st. 19 of the *Nutbrown Maid*. R[eed], in ed. 1778, gives D'Avenant's alteration:—

"For straight my green gown into breeches I'll make,
And my long yellow locks much shorter I'll take.
Sing down a-down, &c.
Then I'll cut me a switch, and on that ride about,
And wander and wander till I find him out.
With a heigh down, &c."

Sir William's change from the line "He s' buy me a white cut, forth for to ride," is curious. *Cut*, Dyce explains as "a familiar term for a common horse (either from its being docked or gelded)," &c. Dyce retains the old reading *He's buy me*, instead of Weber's *He'll buy me*, *He's* being a contracted form of *He shall*. See Dr Abbott's *Sh. Gr.*, § 461, "*shall* is abbreviated into 'se and 's in *Lear*, iv. 6, 246; *R. and J.*, i. 3, 9. In the first of these cases it is a provincialism, in the second a colloquialism. A similar abbreviation 'I 'st' for 'I will,' 'thou 'st' for 'thou wilt,' 'thou shalt,' &c., seems to have been common in the early Lancashire dialect (Gill, quoted by Mr Ellis)," &c. Mr Skeat (*MS.*) has suggested the slight change in the position of the apostrophe; *He s'*; the old Editions print *He's*, as 'th for th', etc.

25. *nightingale*] I only remark on this, perhaps the commonest allusion in our

poetry, that Fletcher's references to the story are generally of a burlesque cast :
e. g. *Lover's Progress*, III. ii. :

"If I had but a pottle of sack, like a sharp prickle,
To knock my nose against when I am nodding,
I should sing like a nightingale."

The Nice Valour, V. i. :

"Set a sharp jest
Against my breast,
Then how my lungs do tickle !
As nightingales
And things in cambric rails,
Sing best against a prickle."

For the story of *Philomene* (given in *The Legende of Good Women*), the translation from "Dan Nasos verse" was made by George Gascoigne, 1576, and has been reprinted by Mr Arber. Cf. *Pass. Pilgr.*, xxi. 380; *Faithful Shepherdess*, V. iii. ; Giles Fletcher's *Christ's Victorie* (pp. 219, 257, ed. Grosart) ; etc., etc.

Scene 5.

The scene is headed "Scæna 6" in Qo, "Scæna Sexta," F2.

This scene is, in Hickson's opinion, "not only imitation, but the imitation of a young and inexperienced writer" (p. 57*); and Spalding criticises Gerrold as "a personage who has the pedantry of Shakspeare's Holofernes, without one solitary spark of his humour." Perhaps this is a little too hard on the "high-fantastical" pedant.

Bavian] Qo, F2, *Baum*. *Bavian*, *Babion* (B. J., *Cynthia's Revels*, I. i.), or *Babian*, a man dressed up as a baboon. The word *Bavian* is derived from the Dutch; cf. Swed. *barvian*. See Douce (whom Weber quotes), Nares, Dyce, and Skeat, for some remarks on this character, and Douce and Ritson (*Robin Hood Ballads*, Notes and Illustrations) for some account of the Morris-dance. There is "a mockmask of baboons, attired like fantastical travellers, in Neapolitan suits and great ruffs, all horsed with asses," etc., in Chapman's *Masque of the Middle Temple and Lincoln's Inn* (p. 342, ed. Shepherd).

I sqq.] Compare these opening lines with *The Spanish Curate*, III. ii. :—

"I have taught these twenty years,
Preach'd spoonmeat to ye, that a child might swallow,
Yet ye are blockheads still."

8/6. *most coarse freeze capacities*] This seems to mean mental grossness, and is a simple metaphor from *frieze*—cf. "russet yeas and honest kersey noes," *L. L. L.*, V. ii. 413 (Skeat). *Freeze* had another signification—which may be alluded to here—as in Cleveland's description of a wedding-party (*Works*, p. 258, ed. 1742 :—

"When at the last they had fetched their Freeze,
And mired their Stomacks quite up to the Knees
In Claret for and Good Cheer," etc.

? *Freeze* = Friesland Beer. Cf. "a frolic up-sc-freeze," Nash, *Summer's last Will*, &c. (Hazlitt, Dodsley's O. P., viii. 58, refers to *Popular Antiquities of*

Great Britain, vol. ii. p. 259.) *Up-se* = drunk; *half-seas-over*. v. Hazlitt, xiv. 471.

8/6. *jane judgements*] Dyce, Skeat. O. Edd. *jave*; Seward (suggested *bays*, but) followed by Edd. 1778 (and approved by Nares, s. v. *sleave-silk*), read *sleave*, i. e. floss-silk; Knight, *jape*. Dyce's emendation is certainly right, and *jane* (= *Jean*) was "a stuff well known in England long before the present play was written: 'Fustian called Jean,' &c. *The Rates of the Custome-house*, &c. 1582, sig. C2." *javel* (v. Cotgrave) or *ravel* (= confused, Cleveland) would be preferable to Seward's change, had we not Dyce's correction.

12/9. *Here the Duke comes*, etc.] If Fletcher borrowed this scene from Shakspeare, the author of the *Masque of the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn* has given us an outline of what must have been a precisely similar exhibition. Compare the whole scene carefully with the following description:—"The second Anti-masque rush in, dance their measure, and as rudely depart; consisting of a Pedant, May Lord, May Lady; Servingman, Chambermaid; a Country Clown, or Shepherd, Country Wench; an Host, Hostess; a He-Baboon, She-Baboon; a He-Fool, She-Fool, ushering them in. All these persons, apparelled to the life, Men issuing out of one side of the bosage, and the Women from the other. The music was extremely well-fitted, having such a spirit of country jollity, as can hardly be imagined; but the perpetual laughter and applause was above the music," etc. (Works of B. and F., ed. Darley (Weber's text), p. 688, vol. II.)

21/15. *trace and turn, boys*] "Which is followed by the *trace* and *tract* of an excellent juggler, that can juggle with every joint about him from head to heel."—Ben Jonson, *Pan's Anniversary*. "Now for the honour of our town, boys, *trace* sweetly."—Fletcher, *Women Pleas'd*, IV. i. (see the scene). *tract*, sb. is used in the modern sense of *trace* by Spenser, *F. Q.*, VI. xii. 22: "Him follow'd by the tract of his outrageous spoile;" and as the verb, II. vi. 39.

Mr Skeat explains *trace*, "follow out your proper track:" but the word seems to have been regularly used of dances:

"And light-foot Nymphes, can chace the lingring Night
With Heydeguyes, and trimly trodden traces."

Spenser, *Shep. Cal.*, June, l. 28.

where E. K. glosses: "*Heydeguyes*, A country daunce or rownd. The conceipt is, that the Graces and Nymphes doe daunce unto the Muses and Pan his musicke all night by Moonelight. To signifie the pleasauntnesse of the soyle."

cf. "He hops without the ring,
Yet daunceth on the trace,
When some come after, soft and faire
A heavie hobling pace."

Handful of Pleasant Delites, 1584.

(p. 60, Park) and Park (*Heliconia*, II. 101) is perhaps right in querying "if an allusion to hopscotch?" See *The Four P. P.* (Hazlitt's Dodsley, I. 360): "Here were a hopper to hop for the ring! &c. . . . To hop so, that ye shall hop without it" (= outside it). But these terms were also used of the Morris and *Hobbyhorse* dancing (as possibly in the lines quoted from Park), perhaps from training, 'ringing,' a horse; v. Hazl. Dodsley, vii. 281. Cf. Nash, *Summer's*

Last Will (Hazl. Dodsley, viii. 25) : "You, friend with the hobby-horse, go not too fast . . . *Ver.* So, so, so; trot the ring twice over, and away." And see *The Four Elements*, Dodsley, i. 47 (cf. *ib.* vii. 318) : "Follow all : I will lead a trace. . . . So merrily let us dance ey, so merrily, &c." Note the exclamation "ey;" cf. Hazl. D. vii. 421. Strutt (*Sports and Pastimes*, ed. Hone, 1831, p. 225) says that "Hopping matches for prizes were occasionally made in the sixteenth century," and quotes from Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1566,

"Where wooers hoppe in and out, long time may bring,

Him that hoppeth best at last to have the ring—

—I hoppyng without for a ringe of a rushe,"

and from the *Four P.'s*, *ubi supra*. "Hence it appears a ring was usually the prize, and given to him who could hop best, and could continue to do so the longest." An inference, surely, founded on a misunderstanding of the passages?

28/24. *swim with your bodies.*] Cf. "carry your bodies in the swimming fashion," Chapman, *The Ball*, II. (p. 494, ed. Shepherd).

29/26. *deliverly*] "nimble, actively," Dyce.

39. *all the fat's i'th' fire*] Many of these "curious comparisons, borrow'd from the pond and kitchen" (*Lover's Progress*, II. ii.), are still to be found in various parts of the kingdom; this one has survived amongst others. Cf. B. Jonson, *Love's Welcome* (at *Welbeck*).

41. *washed a tile*] *laterem lavare*, πλίνθους πλύνειν.

43. *hilding*] Used of both sexes, though probably it was orig. a dimin. of *hind*, man-servant. See Nares, and to the examples he quotes of its application to woman, add : *The Pilgrim*, I. ii., "If the proud hilding Would yield but to my will, and know her duty."

49/50. *An Eele and a woman a learned Poet says,*] Who was the learned poet? I can find no classical quotation at all like this, except the proverbial phrase in Plaut. *Pseud.* 2, 4, 56 : "anguilla est, elabitur." "Anguillam cauda tenes" is given in Bohn's *Dict. Class. Quotations*; neither of these expressions being, however, applied to women. Cf. Pope, *Dunciad*, I. 280, "Holds the eel of Science by the tail." Fletcher has the proverb again in *The Scornful Lady*, II. i., "I will end with the wise man, and say, 'He that holds a woman has an eel by the tail.'" *Valentinian*, I. i., "and if all fail, This is the first quick eel that saved her tail." *The Chances*, III. iii., "an eel's tail." *The Prophetess*, III. ii., "hold her fast, she will slip through your fingers like an eel else."

In the *Paradise of Dainty Devices*, p. 62 (ed. 1810, Brydges' *Brit. Bibliog.*) : "held the Eele by the tail" (speaking of a fickle "saint"). Hazlitt's Dodsley, vii. 355 : "whosoever hath her, hath but a wet eel by the tail." Mr Skeat has kindly added two more references (in reply to a query in N. and Q.) :—"Ray (Proverbs) has ἀπ' οὐράς τῆν ἐγγελλων ἔχεις (no reference). 'As trusty as is a quick eel by the tail.'—Hazlitt's *Old Plays*, iii. 288." I agree with Mr Skeat, that the "learned poet" is probably a fiction : (but ? Rabelais might have suggested the idea).

53. *a fire ill take her*] O. Edd. *fire ill* ("is unmeaning," Skeat. Hence this note.) Plainly the right reading (v. Nares, s. v. *Ferril*; Halliwell, *Arch. Dict.*, I. 357; or Fielding, *Joseph Andrews*, c. xviii.), as this passage needs no comment

to show :—"a tobacco-shope and a bawdy-house are coincident ; for a smoak is not without a fyer." *Gesta Grayorum* (in Nicholls' *Progresses of Q. Eli.*, vol. II. p. 68). *take* = infect. Seward hoped he restored the original in reading : *A feril take her*. Edd. 1778 ask : "May we not understand by *fire ill*, a mighty ill, a severe punishment?" Weber suspects we should transpose : *an ill fire*, but retains the old reading, as do Edd. 1778, Knight, and Dyce. Mr Skeat adopts a suggestion of Dyce's, and reads : *A wildfire take her*, explaining *wildfire* as equivalent to *Greek fire*. But even *wildfire* had a two-fold sense : (a) *Greek fire*, which sense it bears when used with such a word as *burn*, etc., as in *Philaster*, II. iv., and in *Calisto and Melibœa* (referred to by Mr Skeat); (b) when used with such a word as *take*, i. e. infect (v. Schmidt), *wildfire* means *rash*, as in the *Mad Lover*, V. iii. (q. Dyce) and *Rule a Wife*, III. v., "a wildfire take her." "Fire also gives the denominations to divers diseases, as Fire, *St Anthony's*." Rees' *Cyclopædia*, art. *Fire*. The exclamation is very old : "A wilde fyr upon thair bodyes falle." Chaucer, *Reeve's Tale*, l. 252. This is scarcely a parallel, from *Faust* : "*Die Feuerpein Euch ins Gebirn!*"

58/60. *frampall*] "peevish, froward," Dyce. *nettle*, ? *mettle*.

60/62.] *George aloiv*. Edd. "lit. low down; possibly referring to the appearance of a ship on the horizon," Skeat. (The sense is not very clear; was there ever a ship called the *George Aloe*? *aloe* is spelt *aloue* in the *Paradise of Dainty Devices*, p. 59!) Most probably *alov* is merely an exclamation, as in *Lear*, III. iv. 80 (Booth's repr. F1, p. 787) :—

"Pillicock sat on Pillicock hill, alow : alow, loo, loo,"

where Camb. Edd. *Halloo*. Cf. l. 64, "Well hail'd."

74/76. *March hare*] Cf. "I came from a world of mad women, Mad as March hares."—*The Wildgoose Chase*, IV. iii.

80/84. *tell ten*] "It was a trial of idiocy to make the person count his fingers."—Weber.

84/87. *y' are a tinker*] Cf. IV. i. 133 : "Are not you a tailour?" and note the exclamation "Buz," l. 84. Cf. *Hamlet*, II. ii. 412. We are reminded of Hamlet's "you are a fishmonger," by these lines; with the difference (noticed by Hickson, p. 48*) that "the retort to Polonius is full of meaning."

87/91. *Qui passa*] an unexplained line. v. Skeat's n. Strutt separates these accompaniments, giving the *bells* to the Morris as commonly danced, the *bones* to the Morisco dance properly so called. A questionable distinction. (*Sports*, &c., ed. Hone, p. 223.)

88/92. *a peace*] R[eed], in ed. 1778, proposes "*appease*, i. e. be quiet or silent." Mason : *a place*. Weber suspects "the original was a *pace*, i. e. a dance" . . . to a *peace* may simply mean, to be quiet (Skeat); or *persuade her to a peace* is Gerold's grandiloquent mode of saying, persuade her to ally herself with us, to join in our dance. Somewhat similarly the Duke says of Malvolio, "Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace" (*Twelfth Night*, V. i.) = pacify him.

89/93. *Et opus*] O. Edd., Dyce, Seward, ed. 1778, Weber, *Atque*. Mr Skeat substitutes *En* for *et*, but reads *ignis* with the Edd. "Strictly, Ovid has '*Jamque opus*,' and '*ignes*,' not *ignis* ; *Metamorph.* xv. 871."—Skeat. Dyce, last 2 edd., has also given the reference to Ovid.

101/108. *all hail!*] "I know not whether it is necessary to observe, that there is a play on *hail*, as in *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2,—

'All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!

Prin. Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.'

Dekker, *Old Fortunatus*, *Old English Drama*, 1831, p. 34,—

'*Andelocia.* Brother, all hail. *Shadow.* There's a rattling salutation.'"—Sidney Walker.

Cf. also, *The Faithful Friends*, III. ii.,—

"*Pergamus.* All hail!

Learchus. He begins to storm already."

Cleveland, *Works*, p. 380: *A zealous Discourse between the Person of the Parish, and Tabitha*:

"Hail Sister to your snowy Breast

The Word permitteth us to yeast," &c.

114/121. *Machine*] The pronunciation (*a* long) in Co. Wicklow at the present day. Probably Gerrold's "machine" and "frame" mean simply the arranged dance and address.

125/132. *penner*] However Gerrold may have derived the word, he surely meant *thing penned*; not "a case for holding pens," as the Edd. from Weber explain it?

126/133.] v. n. I. 12/9 of this scene.

129/136. *welcomes to their cost*] With Mr Skeat, I have left this passage as it stands in O. Edd., objections to the *grammar* seeming hypercritical, and to a student of Dr Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar*, almost absurd. Sidney Walker reads *welcome to his cost*, and two lines on, *Inform.* Cf. IV. iii. 90, for the use of *their*; but *traveller* may be a plural, as *soldier* so often is in *B.* and *F.*

132/139. *beast-eating*] "Why the beast-eating clown? I should read *beef-eating*." (Monck Mason.) Why *beef-eating*?

138/145. *Intrate filij*] Edd. 1778 rightly place *Ger.* before this speech; in preceding Edd. it is given to *Pir.*, though the marginal instruction in Qo shows that Gerrold was the speaker.

157/166. *dowssets*] "The testes of a deer."—Dyce. This word, not found in Shakspeare, is often used by Fletcher; e. g. *Thierry and Theod.*, II. ii.; *Philaster*, IV. ii.; *Elder Brother*, V. i.; *Coxcomb*, II. iii.; and by Ben Jonson, *Sad Sheph.*, I. ii.; *Gipsies Metamorphosed*, etc. v. Nares, s.v.

Scene 6.

"The scene is a spirited and excellent one; but its tone is Fletcher's, not Shakspeare's."—Spalding, *Letter*, p. 44. Hickson praises the scene slightly.

30/34. *Like meeting of two tides*] See Spalding, *Letter*, p. 16, for some judicious observations on the vagueness and lack of precision in Fletcher's ideas. Spalding lays particular stress on "the want of distinctness in grasping images, and the inability to see fully either their picturesque or their poetical relations;" and illustrates the remark by quoting this passage, and ll. 82/108—112, "When I saw you charge first," etc. v. n. II. ii. 24/27.

58/73. *grand-guard*] Nares does not give any satisfactory explanation of this word, but Dyce quotes from Meyrick's *Critical Inquiry into Ancient Armour*, &c., vol. ii. p. 164, ed. 1842. Describing a suit of armour at Goodrich Court, he says that "It has, over the breast, for the purpose of justing, what was called the *grand-garde*, which is screwed on by three nuts, and protects the left side, the edge of the breast, and the left shoulder."

98/128. *If there be A place prepared*] Perhaps suggested by Chaucer's lines, *Knight's Tale*, 1951-2 :—

"His spiryt chaunged was, and wente ther,
As I cam never, I can nat tellen wher."

106/137.] Seward proposes to give ll. 103/134-6, to *Palamon*, l. 106/137 to *Arcite*: "once more farewell, my cosen." His reasons are not worth quoting: subseq. edd.; "cannot see any need of change" (Edd. 1778).

110/143. *honour's sake and safety*,] O. Edd. *sake, and safely presently*. Seward, etc., *safety*, except Edd. 1778, who reject the emendation: it "being merely conjectural, and not necessary"—a precaution they might have exercised in several other cases with greater propriety.

131/167. *Have at thy life*] "Have at your life then!" *Lover's Progress*, II. iii. The usual exclamation of warning.

134/170-2.] Cf. Chaucer, *K. T.*, ll. 848-857.

145/183. *Against thy owne*] Dyce, *thy*. *Go this owne*. [Note *y* mistaken for *is*. Cf. note I. i. 213/237. F2 *this own*. Ed. 1711, etc. (except Dyce *thy*, and Skeat *thine own*), *this known*. "Look to thine own well, Arcite!" occurs a few lines above, and perhaps is the right reading here: but *thy own* seems more rhythmical, and is borne out by the misprint.

190/232. *kill*] O. Edd., Dyce, Skeat, *kill*. Seward, etc., *kills*. Mr Skeat points out the tendency to make the verb "agree with the nearest substantive, the ear deciding against the requirements of logic;" a common irregularity in old authors.

201/246. *These are strange conjurings*] Cf. *Little F. Lawyer*, IV. v. :—

Lam. "Dinant, as thou art noble—
Ana. As thou art valiant, Clermont—
Lam. As ever I
 Appeared lovely
Ana. As you ever hope
 For what I would give gladly—
Clere. Pretty conjurations!"

Shakspeare has a skit at these conjurations in *Hamlet*, V. ii. 38-43, although in *Coriol.*, I. vi., 22*d* speech, this mode of address is used.

227/277.] Cf. *Maid's Tragedy*, II. i.,—

"Thou hast ta'en an oath,
But such a rash one, that to keep it were
Worse than to swear it."

236/287. *fall* Qo,] F2. Ed. 1711, etc., read *fail*. Dr C. M. Ingleby confirms me in thinking that *fall* is the right reading here. He writes :—Compare l. 272: *Let it not fall agen, Sir*. These are remarkable instances of the use of this intransitive

sitive verb as a synonym of *fall*. Shakspeare affords us only two certain examples of this :—

“Her will, recoiling to her better judgement,
May *fall* to match you with her country forms
And happily repent.”—*Othello*, III. iii. 237.

Here *fall* is not *happen* [Schmidt, wrongly, *begin, get into*], but *fail*.

“Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do *fall*.” (*fall*, Folio.)

Hamlet, V. ii. 9.

Here *fall* is nonsense; and *fail*, the reading of the quartos, makes sense. *Fall*, of course, is the opposite of succeed. Now, our word for this is *fail*. Cf.

“London you say is safely looked into ;
Alas ! poor rebels there your aid must *fall*.”

Sir John Oldcastle.

There is also one example in *The London Prodigal*, and two in *Isaiah*, namely, xxxi. 3, and lvii. in two verses.

240/290. *name, opinion* I] O. Edd. *name ; opinion*. “Seward and Sympson propose different amendments, but inform us that Theobald, in a marginal note, proposed to read, My name’s opinion, which is much in the style of our authors, and I have no doubt is the true reading.” (Monck Mason.) Weber also *suspects* that this is the right reading, and is followed by Knight, Dyce, and Skeat. But *opinion* is emphatic, and is used here (as again by Fletcher) in the sense of *notoriety, disrepute*. Cf. *Thierry and Theodoret*, II. ii. :

“But wisdom, Sir, and weight of what is on me,
(. . . .) tells me directly,
Beside my person, *my fair reputation*,
If I thrust into crowds, and seek occasions,
Suffers opinion.”

Elsewhere it usually means simply, reputation ; e. g. *Island Princess*, III. iii., *Lover’s Progress*, IV. iv. Ford, *Broken Heart*, III. i. v. Schmidt (p. 811, b.) :—
“Peculiar passage: *that he might stick the smallest opinion on my least misuse*, *Oth.*, IV. ii. 109 (= ill opinion).”

242/293. *proyne*] Qo *proyne*, F2, ed. 1711, *proyn*. Later edd. *prune*, Dyce and Skeat, *proin*. The word was certainly pronounced as here spelt. According to Nares (s.v. *Proin*) it was “very little used in the age of Elizabeth, but common before that time.” I think I have met it not unfrequently, though I can only recall a few instances, viz. B. Jonson’s *Discourse with Cupid*, “where I sit and *proyne* my wings” ; Milton, *Comus*, l. 378 ; Gascoigne’s *Complaint of Philomene*, “*proine* her plumes” (p. 98, Arber) ; Bacon’s *Essay Of Studies*, “For Naturall Abilities, are like Naturall Plants, that need *Froyning* by *Study*.” (p. 204, ed. Wright.)

246/297. *And all the longing maids that ever loved*] Sidney Walker says :
“Both sound (the Fletcherian rhythm especially) and sense require ‘that ever lov’d *them*.’” I do not feel at all sure that any addition is proper or necessary. Dyce (later edd.) follows Walker’s conj. Mr Skeat has the old reading. See note on II. ii. 37/40.

270/324. *Make death a devil*] "This is obscure. It seems to mean—I will turn death into a horrible monster : cf. *Tro. and Cress.*, III. ii. 74." (Skeat.) May it not simply mean : 'though you should make death as formidable as a devil' ? 282/339—342.] Fletcher here, clumsily enough, indicates the distinguishing characteristics of the Kinsmen.

292/349. *three*] Chaucer, *Knight's Tale*, 993,—

"And this day fyfty wykes, fer ne neer,
Everich of you shall bryng an hundred knyghtes."

ACT IV.

Chaucer originals to this act are :—sc. ii. : ll. 1236—1350. The descriptions of the Knights deserve close comparison.

Scene I.

A certain resemblance between the descriptive passages in this scene and the Queen's picture of Ophelia's death, has been the chief agent in misleading critics to suppose that the Jailor's Daughter is a copy of Ophelia. No view, Hickson points out, can be more erroneous, for "not only the circumstances, but the springs of action, are different from those of Ophelia ; and we beg to assure such as may not have examined the question for themselves, that the language and sentiments are still more unlike. But the description in this scene has a certain resemblance to the circumstances of the death of Ophelia, and was probably written with that scene in view. It has no reference whatever to the *character* of the jailor's daughter, and it is the only circumstance in the whole play common to her and to Ophelia." (Hickson, p. 43*. See the entire passage.)

The following, from Weber's preface, illustrates the diversity of critical opinion :—"The Jailor's Daughter, which is our authors' own addition to Chaucer's Tale, has been long admired as an extremely well-wrought copy of Ophelia." (Vol. xiii. p. 3.) Here is the other extreme :—"a wretched interpolation in the story, and a fantastic copy of Ophelia." (Hazlitt, *Eliz. Lit.*, p. 125, ed. 1870.)

25/30. *Ever bring good news*] Cf. *Wit at Several Weapons*, IV. i. :—

"Thou never brought'st good news i' thy life yet ;
And that's an ill quality."

41/54. *innocent*] "In the northern parts of this kingdom," says R[eed] in ed. 1778, "the common appellation of an *ideot* is an *innocent* to this day." Is the term peculiar to the northern part nowadays ? It is commonly so used in Ireland.

45/59. *not right*] i. e. not sane, not in her right mind. The expression is still heard in Ireland in this sense, and is also used of a person supposed to be connected with supernatural agents of evil.

60/80. *To his own skill*,] See Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* § 228. i. e. "to its own skill in catching fish" (Skeat) ; or ? *skill* = care : to take care of itself.

71/93. *bevy*] "A lovely bevy of faire Ladies," Spenser, *F. Q.*, II. ix. 34. "This bevie of Ladies bright," *Sh. Kal.* April, l. 118, on which *E. K.* glosses : "Bevie, a beavie of ladies, is spoken figuratively for a company, or troupe : the

terme is taken of Larkes. For they say a Bevie of Larkes, even as a Covey of Partridge, or an eye of Pheasaunts." (Globe ed. p. 457.)

80/102. *Willow*] This song, often alluded to, is found in various forms; one version by John Heywood is given amongst the additional poems in Mr Halliwell's ed. of *The Moral Play of Wit and Science*, p. 86, ed. *Sh. Soc.* 1848. See the Commentators on *Othello*, IV. iii.

90/112. *posies*.] Fletcher is full of allusions to these mottoes, e. g. *Knight of B. P.*, V. iii.; *Loyal Subject*, II. ii. ("the jewel's set within."); *Pilgrim*, I. ii. ("Be constant, fair, still?") 'Tis the posy here, and here without, "Be good."; *ib.* IV. i. ("Prick me, and heal me."); *Woman Hater*, IV. i. ("posies for chimneys."); *Rule a Wife*, IV. i. ("a blind posy in 't, 'Love and a mill-horse should go round together.'"). *Eastward Hoe*, IV. i. (Shepherd's Chapman, p. 474, "thou and thy acts become the posies for hospitals"). See a note on the word in Hales' *Longer English Poems*, p. 207. Mr Skeat refers to Chambers' *Book of Days*, I. 221. Rings made of rushes are alluded to again in *The Faithful Shepherdess*, I. iii., "Or gather rushes, to make many a ring For thy long fingers." For some interesting facts about old rings, see Fairholt's *Rambles of an Archaeologist*.

91/113. *lose*] i. e. *lose*. Mr Skeat is the only editor who has noticed this. Commonly so spelt in books of the period, and through this play, *passim*; e. g. *Prol.* l. 5, etc.

106/132. *The Broome*] Sometimes spelt *Brome* (as *Rome* used to be pronounced *Roome*; v. Ellis's *Pronunciation*, p. 925). Weber gives this song from Wager's *The Longer Thou Livest, The More Fool Thou Art*; it is also found in *Captain Cox*, p. cxxvii, ed. Furnivall:—

"*Moros*. BRome, brome, on hill,
The gentle Brome on hill hill :
Brome, Brome on Hiue hill,
The gentle Brome on Hiue hill,
The brome standes on Hiue hilla."

Dyce (vol. viii., p. 182, ed. 1876) refers to Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, &c., vol. ii. p. 459, sec. ed.

107/133. *Bonny Robin*] Ophelia sings, "For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy," *Hml.*, IV. v. 187. See Dyce's footnote (last two edd.), vol. viii. p. 184.

107/134. *tailour* ?] v. n. III. v. 84/87; cf. l. 118/152.

110/137. *rarely*] or *rearty*, as the word is also spelt, i. e. *early*. Grose, *Glossary* (ed. 1839): "*Rear* (corruptly pronounced *Rare*), early, soon. Meat under-roasted, boiled, or broiled, is said to be rear, or rare, from being taken too soon off the fire. See *Raid* and *Rathe*. Kent." Mr Skeat has an interesting note on the word. O. Edd., Skeat, *rarely*. Sympson conj. *rearty*, "i. e. betimes in the morning;" but as he quoted no authority for this, Seward, followed by Edd. 1778, read: *early*. Mason, Weber, Knight, Dyce, adopt Sympson's reading. "Sympson had the authority of Gay, who uses *rear*, in his *Shepherd's Week*, as a provincial word for early." Weber.

112/141. *O Fair, O sweet*] Dyce (viii. 182, last two edd.) says this is found among *Certaine Sonets* at end of Sidney's *Arcadia*, p. 474, ed. 1598:

"O Faire, o sweet, when I do looke on thee,

In whom all ioyes so well agree," etc.

119/152—5] Cf. *Hml.*, II. ii. 182—7.

139/180. *Ship.*] Fletcher has a lot of sea-talk on the course and management of a ship in *The Loyal Subject*, III. ii.

148/196. *A faire wood*] A wood is mentioned, l. 140/184, but is there not a pun intended here—*wood* meaning mad, as in *M. N. D.*, II. ii.—a fair wood = a mad beauty?

Scene 2.

"Fletcher's masterpiece."—Hickson. "In the soliloquy of the lady, while the poetical spirit is well preserved, the alternations of feeling are given with an abruptness and a want of insight into the nicer shades of association, which resemble the extravagant stage effects of the King and No King, infinitely more than the delicate yet piercing glance with which Shakspeare looks into the human breast in the Othello; the language, too, is smoother and less powerful than Shakspeare's, and one or two classical allusions are a little too correct and studied for him."—Spalding, *Letter*, p. 46.

16. *Set Jove afire with*] O. Edd. *Set Love afire with*. Sympson, (1) suggested *Set Jove afire with*, but thinking it still not sense, proposed, (2)

"*Jove* such another wanton *Ganimede*

Set Love afire with."

Seward omits *with*, and reads: *Set Jove afire*; making *afire* a trisyllable, and Knight adopts this reading. Seward also proposes to retain the old reading, and insert *he* after *Ganimede*; but prefers the former change. Edd. 1778, etc., adopt Sympson's change (1). Mason's explanation (which, strange to say, Dyce and Skeat accept as the right one) is: "Just such another (*sc. smile*) wanton *Ganimede* *Set Jove*," etc., *smile* being "understood from the preceding '*smiling*'" (Dyce). How any one can have read these lines attentively, without seeing that the noun is "eye," passes all comprehension. Emilia first mentions his face, and dwells reflectively on it; then his eye, of "fiery sparkle and quick sweetness," where "Love himself sets smiling"—O rare eye!

"Just such another [eye] wanton *Ganimede*

Set Jove afire with, and enforc'd the god

Snatch up the goodly boy," etc.

Then—having done justice to this particular feature, Emilia *next* describes his brow—

"What a brow,

Of what a spacious majesty he carries,"—

and in comes another classical parallel—of *brow*, as the former of *eye*—to balance the *Ganimede* bit:—

"Arch'd like the great-ey'd Juno's, but far sweeter

Smoother than Pelops' shoulder."

For the position of *with*, compare ll. 85/95—7, *infra*:—

"on his thigh a sword

Hung by a curious baldrick, when he frowns

To seal his will with."

See Hickson, p. 44*, on the "elaborate imitation" of Shakspeare in this speech.

21. *Pelops' shoulder*] A very common allusion; e. g. *Faithful Shepherdess*, II. ii., etc.

27. *eye as heavy*] Cf. "How dull and heavily he looks upon me," *Prophetess*, I. ii.

28. *As if he had lost his mother*] Edd. 1778 (*he'd*) note: "This seems directly opposite to the sense intended, the effeminacy of *Palamon*, compared with *Arcite*. Perhaps we should read, *As he had NOT lost his mother*, i. e. the mother in his mind." "This note is worth preserving for its curious and quaint absurdity."—Weber. (A good argument for a B. and F. *Variorum*!)

39.] In the *Lover's Progress*, I. ii., a rich "heir," Madam Olinda, has to choose between two rival lovers; see the whole scene. She says of one:

"in his face appears
A kind of majesty which should command,
Not sue for favour,"

44. *a mere gipsy*] Commonly used as a term of contempt, as in *Four Plays in One, Triumph of Death*, sc. vi.: "thou damn'd gipsy;" *Monsieur Thomas*, I. i., "and all complexions beside hers, to gipsies." v. Schmidt, s.v.

67/70. *their faire knights*] S. Walker proposes to read *six* for *faire*, but Dyce well compares, "With three fair knights," III. vi. 292/351.

70/75. *Enter Messenger. Curtis.*] Qo *Messengers. Curtis'* services are required again, in company with *T. Tucke*, stage direction, V. iii. Probably these were a couple of intelligent "supers" at the Blackfriars; I have not succeeded in finding out any facts about their connection with the theatre; but I think I am justified in leaving all these relics of the old times on the page as they were written, at least in a trial edition like the present. They can do no harm, and possibly may help us to some clue of date or performance hereafter.

74/82. *these*] The description of the knights should be carefully compared with the corresponding pictures in Chaucer.

81/91. *Show fire within him*] Cf. Chaucer, *K. T.*, l. 1273—5:

"The cercles of his eyen in his heed
They gloweden bytwixe yolw and reed,
And lik a griffoun loked he about," etc."

87/97.] Like a copy from *Oth.*, V. ii. 260 (Skeat).

104/116. *ivy tods*] All former Edd. read *ivy tops*. But *tops* seems obviously a misprint for *tods*, the *d* being inverted. The same misprint occurs in the *Spanish Tragedy* (v. Hazlitt's Dodsley, vol. V. p. 9), *shapes* for *shades*, and the opposite in *R. and J.*, Q2, V. iii. 41, *friendshid* for *friendship*. I have never seen *Ivy-tops*, except here, in any book, but *Ivy-tods* are often alluded to by *B.* and *F.*—*Wit without money*, IV. ii., "old tod-ivy;" *Rule a Wife*, &c., IV. iii., "tod of aged ivy;" *Bonduca*, I. i., "tods of ivy." *The Pilgrim*, I. ii., "tod of hay" (where, as Nares, *q. v.*, has also noticed, *Ivy* seems the true reading).

108/121. *court*] Qo *correct*, F2, ed. 1711, *correct*, Seward, etc., *crown*. Mr Skeat compares V. iii. 17/20. I have ventured to substitute *court* for Seward's conjecture, *crown*. It suits the sense, and in MS. might easily have been mistaken for *correct*.

125/142. *aborné*] Qo. Nares gives *abron*, *auberne*, *aburne* (*auburn*, "quasi Alburn, from whiteness. A colour inclining to white"), as various forms of the word. v. Schmidt; cf. *Coriol.*, II. iii. 21, *Two Gent.*, IV. iv. 194. Schlegel and Tieck translate the words in *Coriol.*—"weil von unsern Köpfen einige schwarz, einige schäckig und einige kahl sind," and note:—"einige schäckig, im Original: some *abram*, welches die Editoren in *auburn* verändert haben. Das Wort kommt aber öfter vor, bedeutet seltsam, gemischt, grau und schwarz, und hängt mit Abraham (wie die Engländer meinen) nicht zusammen; im Altdeutschen haben wir es als *a br ä u m i s c h*, *a b r a m s c h*." Ed. 1844, vol. viii., p. 384.

131/148. *gray-ey'd*] v. Schmidt, s. v. *Grey*, and the commentators on *Romeo and Juliet*, II. iv. 39 (p. 124, ed. Furness). Note their blunders about *blue-ey'd*. Cf. B. and F., *Honest Man's Fortune*, V. iii.

145/164] Seward (followed by Edd. 1778 and Mason) reads:—

"they would shew bravely

Fighting about the titles," &c.

Cf. III. i. 21.

Scene 3.

On the way in which we determine the authorship of this scene, must depend our view of Shakspeare's share in the play as a whole. But—as Spalding (p. 58) lays down—"In truth, a question of this sort is infinitely more easy of decision when Fletcher is the author against whose claims Shakspeare's are to be balanced, than it could be if the poet's supposed assistant were any other ancient English dramatist. . . . When Fletcher is Shakspeare's only competitor, . . . we are not compelled to reason from difference in *degræ*, because we are sensible of a striking dissimilarity in *kind*." In continuation therefore of the principle—that the underplot is entirely from one hand,—which he assumed in order to prove, Spalding, without a single word of criticism, gives this scene to Fletcher; but Hickson—and let no one refuse to accept his judgment without a careful weighing of his arguments—confidently declares Shakspeare to be the author. Be it Shakspeare's or another's, can any one read by themselves the scenes composing the underplot without feeling satisfied that we have here the very thing Spalding describes, an absolute dissimilarity in *kind*, and not a merely relative difference in *degree*? (See *N. S. S. Trans.*, pp. 45*—50*.)

Compare *Mach.*, V. i. and iii. Seward says: The printers have divided the whole scene into verse, "though it is evidently all prose;" Edd. 1778 think the fact that the printers have done so is "a strong presumption" of the lines having been so written.

18/21. *as there's*] Qo as *th'ers*, F2, etc. (except Weber, Dyce, Skeat), as *there's*. Mason, *are*, (*there's a sight*) *we maids*, [sic] &c. Weber, [*tre*] (*there's a sight now*) *we*; Dyce, Skeat (from Mason), *are—there's a sight now* *!—we*. The old reading admits of two defences: *a. As* (= *so*) was used to introduce exclamations, though *so* was more commonly employed. The speaker is thinking of the place where the "blessed spirits" are—but before she can describe it or complete her sentence, she breaks into the exclamation, *as there's a sight now!* *b. sight* may be used, as it *is* used at the present day in Co. Wicklow, to mean *number*. One

often hears such expressions as: "there's a sight of people in the fair," "he's a sight of cattle," "I'd a sight sooner" (= a deal sooner), etc., and this provincial use (Mr P. A. Daniel informs me) still survives in England also. Thus the passage might mean, "Come where the blessed spirits—for there's a great number at present." I at least do not look for very connected utterances from this speaker; her other sentences are not so coherent as to justify me in rectifying her grammar here. The parenthesis is Seward's.

21/24, 26.] Mr Skeat refers to *W. T.*, IV. iv. 116, and *Hml.*, IV. v. 189.

25/27. *Barly-breake*] "'*He is at barley-break, and the last couple are now in hell.*' (The Virgin Martyr, Act V. Sc. i) This game is thus described by Gifford, chiefly from a passage in Sir P. Sidney's *Arcadia*. 'It was played by six people (three of each sex) who were coupled by lot. A piece of ground was then chosen, and divided into three compartments, of which the middle one was called *hell*. It was the object of the couple condemned to this division, to catch the others, who advanced from the two extremities: in which case a change of situation took place, and hell was filled by the couple who were excluded by pre-occupation from the other places; in this "catching," however, there was some difficulty, as by the regulations of the game, the middle couple were not to separate before they had succeeded, while the others might break hands whenever they found themselves hard pressed. When all had been taken in turn, the last couple were said to *be in hell*, and the game ended.' Massinger's Works, ed. H. Coleridge, Glossary. Dyce adds: "On the Scottish mode of playing it (which is very different), see Jamieson's *Etymol. Dict. of the Scot. Lang.* in 'Barla-breikis, Barley-bracks.'" The game is still a favourite with boys, although the names and rules differ at almost every school. Allusions to it are common in old plays; e. g. *The Scornful Lady*, V. iv., "here's the last couple in hell;" *The Captain*, V. iv.; Massinger (q. *supra*, and) *The Parliament of Love*, IV. v.; Jonson, *Sad Shepherd*, I. ii. See Nares for a good note on the word.

29/32.] See n. III. ii. 29.

35/38—44. See Hickson, p. 47*, for a note on this speech. I have not noticed any parallels in *B.* and *F.* closer than these, not very close ones:—

Orpheus, describing Hell, says,

"Now in cold frosts, now scorching fires,

They sit and curse their lost desires."—*The Mad Lover*, IV. i. and *The Night Walker*, IV. v., "the ravisher's soul in eternal frost."

46/49. *th' other, this fire*] O. Edd., etc., *another*. Dyce, *th' other*, plainly the right reading, as she is speaking of the "proud Lady" and the "proud City wife;" the one cries, . . . , *th' other* cries; the one cries . . . *th' other* curses, etc. The occurrence of *th' other* in the last clause shews that the description is not of a general "whoobub," but of two typical figures in the crowd.

76/82. *carve her*] Qo, *crave her*, corr. F2 *carve her*. Seward inserts *for*, and so Edd. 1778 and Knight (1st ed.); Weber, Dyce, Knight (2nd ed. Pictorial Sh. 1867), follow F2. In the addenda to his *B.* and *F.*, vol. I., p. civ., 1843, Dyce says: "That Seward and Mr Knight were wrong in making the alteration, '*carve for her*,' is proved by the following line of Beaumont's *Remedy of Love*,

'Drink to him, *carve him*, give him compliments.'

Mr Skeat quotes this passage, and from *Love's Pilgrimage*, I. i., "I'll carve you, sir."

If we made any addition, the more correct idiom would be, carve *to* her (*Com. Err.*, II. ii. 120, *Vittor. Corombona*, p. 8, ed. 1866). It was a mark of great respect to carve *to* or for a person. Cf. Chaucer, *Prolog. C. T.*, l. 100. *Sh. M. W.*, I. iii. 49; *L. L. L.*, V. ii. 323; IV. i. 55 (Schmidt, who refers to Dyce's Glossary). Prior, in *The Ladle* (Poems, vol. i., p. 74, Dublin ed. 1728):—

"Well then, things handsomely were serv'd :

My mistress for the strangers carv'd."

Chapman, *Minor Poems*, p. 30: "His eye did carve him on that feast of feasts."

77/83. among] See Sidney Walker, *Crit. Exam.*, vol. iii. p. 344, for a long note on this use of *among*, *per se*, as *vera* occasionally in Greek. This use is common; e. g. see Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, vol. I., pp. 7, 22, 329.

83/90. out of square] Cf. R. Edwardes' *Damon and Pythias* (Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, IV. 66):

"The king himself museth hereat, yet he is far out of square,

That he trusteth none to come near him," etc.;

i. e. disordered, "out of sorts." v. Schmidt, s. v., and cf. "all square," &c.

ACT V.

Weber divided Sc. i. into 3 scenes, but has not been followed in this.

Critics are unanimous—I may almost say—in assigning this act, with the exception of Scene ii., to Shakspeare. See Spalding, *Letter*, pp. 46—57, Hickson, p. 52*. At the same time, I think it may be shewn that Fletcher was probably the author or enlarger of (at least) the preface to Scene i. Especially contrast the metre of the first 19 lines (17 verse-lines, 13 (not 15, Skeat, Pref. xxii.) double-endings!) with that of any other ordinary dialogue in the Shakspeare part of the play; the two will be found very different. I had formed the above opinion some time before Mr Skeat's edition appeared, and I find that Mr Skeat holds the same views. See his *Introd.* pp. xix, xxii, xxiii.

The following words of De Quincey's may be fitly prefixed to any commentary on this act:—

"In retracing the history of English rhetoric, it may strike the reader that we have made some capital omissions. But in these he will find we have been governed by sufficient reasons. Shakspeare is no doubt a rhetorician, *majorum gentium*, but he is so much more, that scarcely an instance is to be found of his rhetoric which does not pass by fits into the higher element of eloquence or poetry. The first and the last acts, for instance, of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, which, in point of composition, is perhaps the most superb work in the language, and beyond all doubt from the loom of Shakspeare, would have been the most gorgeous rhetoric, had they not happened to be something far better. The supplications of the widowed Queens to Theseus, the invocations of their tutelary divinities by Palamon and Arcite, the death of Arcite, &c., are finished in a more elaborate style of excellence than any other element of Shakspeare's most elaborate scenes. In their first intention, they were perhaps merely rhetorical; but the

furnace of composition has transmuted their substance. Indeed, specimens of mere rhetoric would be better sought in some of the other great dramatists, who are under a less fatal necessity of turning everything they touch into the pure gold of poetry."—De Quincey, *Works*, X. 49 (Black's ed. 1862).

Chaucer originals : Sc. i. ll. 1351—1591 (and for scenery, ll. 1023—1235) ; Sc. iii. ll. 1625—1804 ; Sc. iv. ll. 1805, *ad fin.* Palamon prays first, Emelye second, and Arcite third, in Chaucer's story.

4. *Swelling incense*] So all edd. None of the later Editors appear to have noticed Theobald's conjecture here, *smelling incense*. But *swelling* seems the right word, and means : rising up in increasing volume of "hallow'd clouds."

9/10. *german*] simply *akin*. v. Schmidt.

10/11. *nearness*] intimacy, confidence, close friendship. Cf. "The nearness his alliance claims," *Honest Man's Fortune*, I. i. Dr Ingleby conj. *fiercenesse* ; but cf. *Mcbr.*, III. i. 116 ; *distance*.

29/32. *port*] O. Edd., etc., *port*, except Seward, *part*. "*port* may mean either (1) transport, carry, or (2) bring into port."—(Skeat.) But though Mr Skeat "can adduce no clear example" of *port* in this latter sense, it seems, as he thinks, the signification here.

30/33. *lymiter*] Not found elsewhere in *Sh.*, nor in *B.* and *F.* It may have been suggested by the Chaucerian word, *Lymytour*, "a friar licensed to beg within a certain district." Spenser and Drayton use the word in this old sense. v. Nares. Here, however, it is a substantive derived from *limit*, and means the Divine Shaper of our destinies.

34/40. *lovers*] friends. *Friend* was often used conversely when we would say *lover*.

34/40. sqq.] Spalding, p. 55, observes that "the description which we have read of Mars' attributes reminds one strongly and directly of the fine speech in the poem, when old Saturn, the god of time, enumerates his own powers of destruction. It is far from unlikely," he adds, "that the one passage suggested the other. The rich can afford to borrow."

37/44. *which still is farther off it*] Mason cannot think this, the reading the first four edd. [Edd. 1778, Knight, *further*], right, because it does not appear to him "to be sense, to say that apprehension is farther off from the spirit of Mars than fear is." He is "therefore inclined to adopt Theobald's amendment, and to read—

And the apprehension,
Which still is father of it.

For we may fairly say that apprehension, that is, a sensibility of danger, is the parent of fear." Heath, Weber, Dyce, Skeat, adopt Mason's change ; and Mr Skeat thus explains the amended passage : "*Apprehension* means *perception* ; and the sense is—whose spirit within you expels the seeds of fear, and that perception of danger which is ever the cause of fear. Fear cannot arise, even in the most timid, till there be first some sense, or at any rate, some imagination, of danger at hand. We find almost the same thought in *Cymbeline*, IV. ii. 109—

Being scarce made up,

I mean, to man, he had not apprehension

Of roaring terrors ; for th' effect of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear."

But I do not see how we cannot get this meaning precisely out of the text as it stands in the old editions. *Apprehension* is the *perception of danger*, this underlies fear, is therefore farther off than fear is ; beyond it, and so farther to reach and harder to eradicate. The "effect of judgement" is the perception of danger, this perception of danger is the antecedent of fear—an indispensable preliminary condition.

50/56. *Turned green Neptune into purple*] Cf. *Macb.*, II. ii. 62, 3 :—

"No: this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red."

[i. e. one-red]. "i. e. converting the green into one uniform red." Clark and Wright, Clar. Press ed. It is enough to "put faith in a fever" to read all the glosses on this passage in Furness's *Macbeth*, p. 107. Steevens compares Heywood's *Downfall of Robert earl of Huntingdon*, 1601: "He made the *green sea red* with Turkish blood." Again, "the *multitudes* of seas died *red* with blood." [dyed].

whose approach] These words were suggested by Seward to fill up an evident gap in both the meaning and metre of the passage as it stands in O. Edd. Qo reads :—

Greene Neptune into purple.
- *Comets prewarne, whose havoocke in vaste Feild, &c.*

51/57. *vast field*] *vast* probably means boundless, wide-spread battle-fields (though it might have another sense of Lat. *vastus*, desolated), as in *Hen. 5*, prol. 12 :—

"can this cockpit hold
The vasy fields of France."

53/59. *foyzon*] Qo, F2 so spell the word. "Foison, rich harvest" (Schmidt). Lat. *fusionem*. It occurs in Sh., *Sonn.* 53. *Tr.*, II. i. 163 ; IV. 110. *Meas.*, I. iv. 43 ("Teeming foison") ; *Macb.*, IV. iii. 88 ; *Ant.*, II. vii. 23 (*ib.*).

54/60. *armipotent*] A Chaucerian epithet (Seward), cf. *Knights' Ta.*, l. 1124: "Marz armipotent ;" l. 1583: "Marz the stern god armipotent." Saturn, l. 1605, says: "Myn is the ruen of the hihe halles, The fallyng of the toures and the walles," etc.

62/68. *enormous*] Cf. *Lear*, II. ii. 176: "From this enormous state."

66/72. *pluresie*] v. Trench, *Eng. Past and Pres.*, p. 237 (3rd ed.). Cf. *Hml.*, IV. vii. 118 :—

"For goodness, growing to a plursy
Dies in his own too much."

But Shakspeare was not the only writer who shewed his "small Latin and less Greek" by this implied derivation from *plus*. Cf. *B.* and *F.*, *Custom of the Country*, II. i., "grow to a plursy and kill," etc. ; Massinger, *Unnat. Combat*, IV. i., "Thy plursy of goodness is thy ill ;" Ford, *'Tis Pity*, IV. iii., "plursy of lust ;" *Broken Heart*, IV. ii., "that foulness Whose plursy hath fevered faith and modesty" (cf. "puts faith in a fever," 2 *N. K.*, I. ii. 66/73) ; *The Fancies* (q.

Weber), "a plurisy of faithless impudence." Add (from Nares) *Atheist's Tragedy*, sig. G., "plurisy of lust;" Mascal, on *Cattle*, "grow to a plurisy, and die thereof;" and (Wright, Clar. Pr. *Hml.*) Massinger, *The Picture*, IV. ii.

69/75. *Stars must glisten, &c.*] Cf. Peele, *Tale of Troy*, "glistening like stars of pure immortal fire."

79/85. *And weep unto a girl*] O. Edd. (F2, ed. 1711, *weep*); Seward, etc., *To weep*. But surely the idea of enforcement is sufficiently plain to allow the old reading to stand, and *make him weep* being the sense if expanded. Theobald's marginal note: "into, i. e. 'till he become tender as a Girl," has not been accepted by any of the Edd. (I may note here, that Edd. 1778 cannot be trusted for the literal accuracy of their transcripts from ed. 1750; e. g. here they write *became*, and *girl*.)

85/91. *poul'd*] O. Edd. *pould*. The way it was pronounced, probably; v. Ellis, *Pronun.*, p. 961. See Nares, s. v. *Poll*, and cf. Chauc. *Prol.* 177, 627, *Reve's Tu.*, 386, "piled sculle;" Spenser, *F. Q.*, V. ii. 6; 2 *Sam.* xiv. 26; Hazlitt's Dodsley, IV. 81; *Coriol.*, IV. v. 215 (Booth's repr., p. 621 a), "He will mowe all downe before him, and leaue his passage pou'd." (Schmidt inaccurately: "O. Edd. *pouled*.") Seward, etc., *poll'd*. Dyce and Skeat, *poll'd*, making the line an alexandrine. It seems rather to scan: *Stale grav|ity| to dance; | the pou'd| bach'lour|*. The position of the pause confirms this, and in V. iii. 117/135, the same disyll. pronun. of *bachelour* occurs.

86/92. *Whose youth*] Seward thought the metre of this line defective (which it is not, *bonfires* being trisyll.), and accordingly, with his usual disregard of meaning where *measure* was concerned, gave: *Whose freaks of youth*. Dyce notes: "Some word has probably dropt out here[?]; but the construction of the passage is such as our writers frequently employ: the poet wrote "youth . . . HAVE" on account of the intervening "boys." Skipping over bonfires was one of the customs observed on Midsummer's Eve: v. Strutt, *Sports and Pastimes*, p. 359, ed. 1831.

102/108. *liberal*] "licentious, wanton." Schmidt distinguishes seven meanings of this word in *Sh. Lex.*

108.] With this whole speech of Palamon's we may compare and contrast the following, from Fletcher's *Women Pleas'd*, I. i. sp. 63:—

" . . . I never call'd a fool my friend, a madman,
That durst oppose his fame to all opinions,
His life to dishonest dangers; I never loved him,
Durst know his name, that sought a virgin's ruin,
Nor ever took I pleasure in acquaintance
With men, that give as loose reins to their fancies
As the wild ocean to his raging fluxes:
A noble soul I twin with," &c

And with the special passage, the old bridegroom and young bride, compare a very interesting dialogue (too long to quote) of "An old Man courting a young Girl," in Cleveland's Works, pp. 224—8, ed. 1742, and v. n. on *unwappered*, *infra*, V. vi. 10.

106/112.] See Hickson, p. 30*, on an instance of coincidence in sentiment

with this passage, which, as a proof of the identity of the writer, is "as strong as its kind will admit;" viz. *Troil. and Cress.*, V. ii. 129-133:—

"Let it not be believed for womanhood!
Think we had mothers; do not give advantage
To stubborn critics, apt, without a theme,
For depravation, to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid."

For Qo *pheare*, F2, ed. 1711, have *Sphere*. For this latter reading Seward conjectured *pheere*, and was extremely gratified to find that this actually was the old reading! See a note on V. iii. in Ed. 1778, wherein Seward's misrepresentations, etc., are exemplified; and Gifford's Ben Jonson, pref., p. 68 (ed. 1838, Moxon).

Mr Skeat omits the entire passage, but on IV. iii. 70 (85), notes that "*Pheer* is not good spelling; it should be *feer* or *ferer*, as it is from the Middle English *ferer*, A.S. *gefera*, one who *fares* or travels with one, a comrade, companion; also, a playmate, and sometimes a wife" (p. 142). *Titus And.*, IV. i. 89 (Booth's reprint, 642 a): "the wofull Feere And father of that chast dishonoured Dame." "In Per. Prol. 21 O. Edd. *peer*, M. Edd. *ferer* or *pheere*" (Schmidt; *pheere*, Malone, Staunton; *ferer*, Globe ed.). Byron, *Childe H.*, c. i. *feres*.

119/124—7] The pointing, though obvious, is most chaotic in O. Edd., Qo reading,—

"To those that prate and have done; no Companion
To those that boast and have not; a defyer
To those that would and cannot; a Rejoycer," &c.

128/134. *merit*] reward. I may quote (Dyce from Mason from Johnson from) Prior, *Ode to Queen Anne*, "Those laurel groves, the merits of thy youth," etc. Cf. *Rich. 2.*, I. iii. 156; *L. L. L.*, IV. i. 21 (quibbling. Schmidt).

130/136. *from eleven to ninety*] Cf. Pope, *R. of L.*, IV. :—

"Hail wayward Queen,
Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen."

Direction.] *Records*, recorders, a kind of flute. See Dyce and Nares' *Gloss.*, and Chappell's *Pop. Music of the Olden Time*. v. n. dir. I. i. See Chapman's *Shadow of Night (Minor poems, &c.)*, ed. Shepherd, 1—18. Cynthia's ivory chariot ("ut ait *Callimachus*") was drawn by "a brace of silver hinds." Compare, too, *The Phanix Nest*, 1593 (Park's *Heliconia*, II. 133), for a poem "The Praise of Virginitie"—"Virginitie resembleth right the rose," etc., illustrating the symbolism of the shattered rose.

140/146. *windfann'd snow*] Cf. *W. T.*, IV. iv. 373—6:—

"I take thy hand, this hand,
As soft as dove's down and as pure as it,
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow that's bolted
By the northern blasts twice o'er;"

and *Coriol.*, V. iii. 64—7:—

"The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome, chaste as the icicle

That's curdied by the frost from purest snow
And hangs on Dian's temple:" etc.

Mr Skeat quotes these lines from *chaste as the icicle*, but *The moon* (Diana) of *Rome* draws the parallelism much closer.

140/146. *female knights*] Dian's Knights are spoken of again by Sh., *All's Well*, I. iii. 120; *Much Ado*, V. iii. 13 (Schmidt).

144/150. *greene eye*] Weber says that "the Spanish writers are peculiarly enthusiastic in the praise of green eyes," and quotes Cervantes' novel, *Del Zeloso Estremamano* (given by Mr Skeat). Spalding, *Letter*, p. 50, refers to *Romeo and Juliet*, [III. v. 222]; *Mids. N. D.*, [V. i. 342]; and to *Don Quixote*, Parte II., capite xi. :—"Los ojos de Dulcinea deben ser de verdes esmeraldas." Cf. Ch. K. T., I. 1309, "his eyen bright citryne." Seward, deeply perplexed by the epithet *green*, reads *shreen*. See Furness' *R. and J.*, p. 212. The word has been very variously explained, but the concurrent testimonies of Old English, French, Spanish, and Italian writers have been produced to show that *green eyes* were considered very beautiful, and signs of long life. That this colour is unusual now-a-days, "must be confessed;" and "for this, let naturalists, if they can, account."—(Douce.)

147/153. *scurril term*] Cf. Ford, *Lady's Trial*, IV. ii., "scurril jests;" *Troil. and Cress.*, I. iii. 148, "Breaks scurril jests." I have not met with the word in *B.* and *F.*

ib. port] Theobald quotes *Hml.*, I. v. 63, to sustain his reading, *porch*, which Seward rejects. Dr Ingleby suggests the same emendation and parallel. But each word is peculiarly appropriate in its own place; cf. 2 *H.4.*, IV. v. 24, "That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide To many a watchful night" (there, however, of the *eyes*, but in the same sense, gates). "The Latin *porta* is as good a word as its derivative *porticus*" (Skeat). Chapman (*Shadow of Night*, p. 8, cf. *Minor Poems*, p. 119), "ivory port," "Night's port of horn" (*Virg. Æn.*, vi. 893).

154/160. *I am guiltless of election*; etc.] All edd., except Dyce (last 2 edd.), place the stop after *eyes*, instead of, as here, after *election*. This, Dyce's reading, is obviously the only comprehensible arrangement of the lines. Qo has :

*Am guilllesse of election of mine eyes,
Were I to loose one, they are equal precious,
I could doombe neither, that which, &c.*

Scene 2.

By Fletcher. Spalding, p. 51; Hickson, p. 51*.

18/24. *Ho* there] Mason would read, *Hold there*; but in V. iv. 41/51 we have *Hold ho*. v. Schmidt, s. v. Ho.

48/67. *cut and long tail*] "... and though . . . the gaoler's daughter is speaking of the unrivalled accomplishment of the *horse* which she imagines Palamon has given to her, it seems to be agreed that the expression *Come cut and long tail* was originally derived from *dogs*, and equivalent to 'Come *dogs* of all sorts.'" See a long note (based on Nares) in Dyce's *Glossary*. Cf. *Wit at Several Weapons*, II. iii., Jonson, *Love's Welcome* (at *Welbeck*); and see Dyce's n. on Greene's *George a Greene*, p. 267 (Routledge's ed.).

50/70.] Alluding probably to Banks' Curtal, a celebrated dancing horse named Marocco, exhibited in London about 1589. It is said that Banks and his horse were burnt at Rome by order of the Inquisition. See Nares (ed. Wright and Halliwell) for an interesting note; and Lt.-Col. Cunningham's Marlowe, p. 365, n. (on *Epigrams* by J. D[avies], xxx. and xlvi). References to this horse are very numerous, and may be found even fifty years after his fame had become historical; e. g. Cleveland, *Works*, p. 86 (ed. 1742): "Well, he's a nimble Gentleman; set him upon *Banks* his horse in a Saddle rampant, and it is a great question which part of the Centaure shews better Tricks." v. Strutt, *Sports and Pastimes*, ed. Hone, 1831, p. 243.

53/73. *tune*] *Qo turne*, F2 *turn*, Corr. 1750. "Whose tongue is *tun'd*" is misprinted *turn'd* in *The Spanish Tragedy*, Qo 1618. v. Hazlitt's Dodsley, vol. v. p. 163. Query, was *turn* used in this sense?

Light o' love] "An old tune of a dance, the name of which made it a proverbial expression of levity, especially in love matters. Sir J. Hawkins recovered the original tune from an old MS., and it is inserted in the notes to *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act IV. Sc. iii."—Nares.

57/80. *Casts himself th' accounts of all his hay and provender. That Hostler must rise betimes that cozens him.*] There is a strong family likeness between this horse and one in Fletcher's *Love's Pilgrimage*, I. i. :—

Diego. "Lazaro!

How do the horses?

Laz. Would you would go and see, Sir!

A plague of all jades, what a clap he has given me!

As sure as you live, master, he knew perfectly

I cozen'd him on 's oats; he look'd upon me,

And then he sneer'd, as who should say 'Take heed, Sirrah!'

And when he saw our half-peck, which you know

Was but an old court-dish, Lord, how he stamp't!

I thought 't had been for joy; when suddenly

He cuts me a back-caper with his heels,

And takes me just o' th' crupper; down came I

And all my ounce of oats; then he neighed out,

As though," etc.

See the whole passage. According to Seward, Shirley took this scene, after Fletcher's death, from the *New Inn*, III. i., to patch up Fl.'s play. The passages are almost literally the same; but is it certain that Fletcher is not the author of the passage?

63/87. *bottles*] Bundles of hay, "less than a truss," according to Mr Skeat, correcting Nares' statement. Cf. *M. N. D.*, IV. i. 37; *Love's Pilgrimage*, I. i.,—

"and every bottle

Shews at the least a dozen; when the truth is, Sir,

There's no such matter, not a smell of provender."

64/88. *strike*] "four pecks, or a bushel, a strike of corn. N." Grose's *Glossary* (with Pegge's additions, 1839). "According to Bailey, a *strike* is four

bushels." (Skeat. Probably a mistake of Bailey for *pecks*.) Cf. *Scornful Lady*, V. iii., "brew three strikes more in a hogshead."

66/90. *A miller's mare*] Cf. *The Little French Lawyer*, IV. v.,

Nurse. . . . "I can jump yet
Or tread a measure.

Lam. Like a miller's mare."

and *The Chances*, III. i.

A miller's mare, working round a beaten track (to drive the mill), was perhaps proverbial for her steady-going attention to business.

73/101. *Stool Ball*] Dyce quotes Strutt, *Sports and Pastimes*, for his account of this game. Ed. Hone, 1831, p. 97.

Strutt (p. 98) quotes from D'Urfey's *Don Quixote* :

"Down in a vale on a summer's day,
All the lads and lasses met to be merry ;
A match for kisses at stool-ball to play
And for cakes, and ale, and sider, and perry.

Chorus. Come all, great small,
Short tall, away to stool-ball."

86/120. *Daugh*. *O Sir, you would faine be nibbling*] O. Edd. read *Daugh*., and so Edd. 1778 and Dyce. Seward, Mason, and Weber, give this speech to the *failor*, but "we think it doubtful" (Edd. 1778). *Nibbling* seems to have had an equivocal sense, as in *A. Y. L.*, III. iii. 83 : "As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires ; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling." Cf. *B. and F.*, *The False One*, V. iv. ; *A Wife for a Month*, V. ii. ; *The Night Walker*, I. i. v. Halliwell, *Arch. Dict.* s. v.

93/132. *how y'are growne*] Arcite is "the lower of the twaine," II. i. 52.

Scene 3.

Shakspeare's. "Perhaps there is nothing in every respect resembling it in the circle of the English drama. . . The manner is admirable in which the caution, which rendered it advisable to avoid introducing the combat on the stage, is reconciled with the pomp of scenic effect and bustle. The details of the scene, with which alone we have here to do, make it clear that Shakspeare's hand was in it. The greater part, it is true, is not of the highest excellence ; but the vacillations of Emilia's feelings are well and delicately given, some individual thoughts and words mark Shakspeare, there is little of his obscure brevity, much of his thoughtfulness legitimately applied, and an instance or two of its abuse."—Spalding, *Letter*, p. 51.

6/7. *I will stay here*,—] Except that I place the dashes after *here*, and *hear*, and omit the comma after *punish'd*, this and the three following lines are pointed as in O. Edd., and the meaning is plain : *I will stay here* (. . .) *not taint mine eye*. Edd. 1778 and Weber print :

. . . . " ('gainst the which there is
No deafing) but to hear, not taint," &c.,

and Dyce the same, substituting dashes for the marks of parenthesis, and (edd.

'67, '76) placing a comma after *deafing*. Mr Skeat places a colon after *here*, commas after *happen* and *deafing*, and (,—) after *hear*. Dr C. M. Ingleby has kindly called my attention to a note in *Notes and Queries* (5th S. I. May 2, '74, p. 343), by F. J. V., where Dyce's reading (with the comma after *deafing* omitted) is given, and the comment:—"The last line but one, thus printed, has no meaning that I can make out; should we not write—

'gainst the which there is

No deafing, but to hear—not taint mine eye.'

where 'but to hear' = so as not to hear. (See Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar*, § 122.) Then Emilia will say, 'I will stay here, not taint mine eye,' &c., the intermediate words being in a parenthesis."

13/16. *show well, pencil'd*] Heath and Mason placed the comma after *well*, adopted by Weber, Dyce, and Skeat. O. Edd. omit the comma, Edd. 1778 and Knight read *well-pencil'd*. Seward read *time shall*, because *sometimes* are not *all times*. In *their kind*, i. e. in their natural shape, in reality, which sometime appear noble when represented by art.

16/19. *price*] Edd. Query, *prize?* cf. V. i. 42/48, iii. 135/153; but also iii. 31/40.

17/20. *question's title*] i. e. the title in dispute, the right of the controversy. Cf. III. i. 112/127-8; V. i. 127/132. Dyce ('67, '76) reads *questant's*, and supports his change very strongly by quoting Collier (on *M. W.*, III. iv., Sh. vol. i., p. 222, sec. ed.), for the second folio misprint *question* in *All's Well*, II. i. 16, of the first folio reading, *questant*. But here, there were *two* questants, so *to crown the questant's title*, i. e. the disputant's title, would be unmeaning (as would also be *questants'*, if it were proposed as an amendment).

22/28. *Darkness*] "The thought here is frequent in Sh.'s dramas: and the expression of it closely resembles some stanzas in the *Lucrece*, especially those beginning, 'Oh comfort-killing night!'" (ll. 764 sqq.) Spalding, p. 52.

23/29. *dam*] *Qo dam*. F2 *dame*, corr. 1750 (by a happy conjecture of Seward's!).

38/50. *He whom the gods*]

"Or if my destyné be schapid so,

That I schal needes have on of hem two,

So send me him that most desireth me."

Kn. Ta., ll. 1465—7.

(Note on for *one*.)

83/96. *tytlers*] i. e. contenders about a title, questants. *Qo*, F2, *Tytlers*, ed. 1711 *Tytlers*, and the rest *tilters*. None of the editors notice this quarto reading! There were eight bold *Tilters*, but only "two bold *Tilters*." See Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, vol. v., p. 157, n. for a curious parallel mistake.

87/100. *Their noblenes peculiar to them gives*] At the foot of p. 447, in Fol. 1679 is given the catchword *Their*, but on turning over the leaf we read *The prejudice*, etc., the line *Their nobleness*, etc., being left out, obviously by an oversight. Seward was greatly puzzled over the complexity of the passage as it stood in F2 and ed. 1711, and left the construction to "some more fortunate Expositor"! Restored, 1778. Edd. 1778 point l. 88/101: *disparity, value's shortness, To*, etc., but *values shortness* to means just the same as *gives the prejudice*

of disparity to; cf. I H.4, V. ii. 60 (v. Schmidt, s. v. *Value*). Weber, *value's shortness To*. Mr Skeat gives the general sense of the reading he follows: "Were both made into one, no woman were worthy of a man so composed. Even as they are, the share of nobleness which each singly possesses is such as to assign, to any lady alive, a prejudicial inequality, a deficiency of worth as compared with them."

120/138. *a sow of lead*] Cf. *The Woman's Prize*, IV. i.,—

"But in the way she ought, to me especially,
A sow of lead is swifter."

The Scornful Lady, V. ii.,—

"To throw the sledge, and lift at pigs of lead."

The exact expressions, *a sow of lead*, or *a pig of lead*, do not occur in *Sh.*, but lead is often spoken of as an emblem of heaviness; e. g. (selected from Schmidt) 2 H.4, I. i. 118; *Cor.*, I. i. 184; *Rom.*, I. iv. 15 ("soul of lead"—*FI soale*, quibbling), II. v. 17; *McB.*, II. i. 6; *Ant.*, III. xi. 72.

122/140. *For he that was thus good*] Sidney Walker thinks this to be not an accidental coincidence with 'Εσθλὸς ἴων, ἄλλου κρείττονος ἀντίτευχεν.

Scene 4.

As V. iii. 132 shews, the scene is not changed here. Dyce refers to V. iv. 99, but the lists were made (v. III. vi. 292) where first they fought, and the two places are therefore identical.

"The authorship of the last scene admits of no doubt. The manner is Shakspeare's, and some parts are little inferior to his very finest passages." Spalding, allowing that the reference to the jailor's daughter in this scene might be mentioned as an argument against his "hypothesis," adds in a note: "It is plain that the underplot, however bad, has been worked up with much pains; and we can conceive that its author would have been loth to abandon it finally in the incomplete posture in which the fourth scene of this act left it. Ten lines in this scene sufficed to end the story, by relating the cure of the insane girl; and there can have been no difficulty in their introduction, even on my supposition of this scene being the work of the other author. If the two wrote at the same time, the poet who wrote the rest of the scene may have inserted them on the suggestion of the other; or if the drama afterwards came into the hands of that other, (which there seems some reason to believe,) he could easily insert them for himself. In any view, these lines are no argument against my theory."—*Letter*, p. 54. Spalding's plea certainly seems of weight, and Hickson does not mention this as an argument for his division, although he does say, perhaps too loosely, that all the last scene is by Shakspeare. Mr Swinburne takes a different view; he says:—"In the very last scene of the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, we can tell with absolute certainty what speeches were appended or interpolated by Fletcher; we can pronounce with positive conviction what passages were completed and what parts were left unfinished by Shakspeare."—*Fortnightly Review*, Jan. 1876, p. 41. And Mr Swinburne promises me a full examination of this scene when he comes to write on this play.

1—15.] Cf. *Laws of Candy*, II. i.

5. *pity; to live, still*] i. e. we still have their wishing that we should be spared;

we have not yet "outliv'd The love o' the people." Or perhaps the Qo is right : *To live still, Have* &c. The pointing is similar in later Edd., except Dyce and Skeat : *live still Have*.

8. *lag hours*] Mr Skeat happily quotes *I H.4, V. i. 23*,—
 "For mine own part, I could be well content
 To entertain the *lag-end* of my life
 With quiet hours,"

and explains the general sense to be,—“We anticipate the loathsome misery of old age, and we beguile the gout and the rheum, that, in their latter hours, lay wait for grey old men that approach the gods more slowly.”

approachers] Cf. *Timon*, IV. iii. 216.

10. *unwapper'd, not*] Qo, F2, *unwapper'd not*, Sympson explained; “young, and *unfrightened* ;” but Theobald and Seward (followed by Edd. 1778) read *unwarp'd*, Seward, however, adding a postscript : “I find in the Glossary to *Urry's Chaucer*, *wapid* and *awhapid*, daunted, astonish'd. This is probably the same Word that Mr Sympson may have somewhere found spelt *wapper'd*.” (Chau. *Compl. of a Lov. Lyfe*, l. 168, “awaped and amate.” ? = forpined, worn away with *wope*, weeping. A.S. *wōp.*) Knight, *unwappen'd*, Weber, Dyce, Skeat, *unwapper'd, not*. Cf. *Timon*, IV. iii. 38 :

“Makes the wappen'd widow wed again.”

(? *wapper'd*. v. Halliwell, s. v. *wapen'd* ; however, cf. *Rich.3, I. i. 81.*) See Dyce, *Glossary*, and Nares, s. v. *wappen'd* or *wapper'd*. Dyce explains *unwapper'd* to mean “unworn, not debilitated ;” and *wappen'd*, “overworn.” (v. Ingleby, *Still Lion*, p. xi, sec. ed.) Dyce refers to Harman's *Caueat or Warening for Common Curssetors*, &c., 1573, last sent. of p. 69, reprint 1814 ; Dekker's *English Villanies*, &c., ed. 1632, 2[3]d stanza of the Canter's song, sig. o. verso ; and Grose's *Dict. Vulg. Tongue*, s. v. “Wap.” Grose's *Glossary* (ed. 1839), “*Wapper'd*, restless or fatigued ; spoken of a sick person.—Glouc.” Halliwell, *Arch. Dict.*, gives *wapper*, “to move tremulously ;” and *wapper-eyed*, “having eyes that move in a quick and tremulous manner, either from a natural infirmity, or from want of sleep.”

Wapper in *wapper-eyed* may be formed from the verb *wap* or *wapper*, as (Dr Abbott, *Sh. Gr.*, p. 325, § 443) “We have ‘windring’ from ‘winder,’ *Tempest*, IV. i. 128, formed after the analogy of ‘wander,’ ‘clamber,’ ‘waver,’ the *er* having apparently a frequentative force ;” or—as I prefer to explain—‘winder,’ ‘wapper,’ ‘slipper’ (= *slippy*, *Par. Daint. Dev.*, pp. 28, 59, 63, ed. 1810), ‘lither’ (= *lithe*, *Hazl. Dodsl.* vii. 418), ‘bitter,’ etc., are all forms of the old English adjectival suffix in *-or, -er, -r*, and may possess some frequentative force. (“Adjectives in *-r* (O.E. *-or, -er, -r*), *bitter, fair, lither, slipper-y* (O.E. *sliper*, and *slider meagre*.”—Dr Morris, *Hist. Outl. Eng. Accid.*, p. 285, § 321 : suffixes of Teutonic origin.)

Wapper then may be formed from *wap*, a word found in *Morte D'Arthur* (Globe ed. p. 480), where Sir Bedivere says : “I saw nothing but the waters *wap* and the waves wan,”—of the restless action of the waters “lapping on the crag.” This shews us the precise force of *wapper*, tremulous, quivering, restless ; and *wapper'd*, worn by unrest—whether said of a crag, worn by the perpetual action

of the waves, (the 'multitudinous seas,') or of a person—broken down by sorrow or infirmity. *Unwapper'd* here means unworn; free from traces of those attendants upon "grey approachers," the "gout and rheum," and all the "loathsome misery of age."

In Cleveland's Dialogue of "An Old Man courting a Young Girl," the Nymph says :

" If at the Resurrection we
Shall chance to marry, call on me ;
By that time I perhaps may guess
How to bathe and how to dress
Thy weeping Legs, and simpathise
With perish'd Lungs and *wopper Eyes*," &c.

Works, ed. 1742, p. 226.

35/42. *quight*] Qo F2, i. e. *requite*, *requight*, l. 44. v. Schmidt, s. v. *quite*, *vñ*. It is a distinct word from *quit*, and is rather to be referred to *requite*, as *quit* to *acquit*. Schmidt does not notice this distinction.

47/58. *most dearly sweet*] O. Edd., *early*. Sympon, *rarely*. Seward, etc., *dearly*, "in the sense of *exceedingly*, or *extremely*."

48/61—98.] De Quincey, essay on *Lessing*, Works, XII. 302 (ed. Black), refers to this speech, as follows : "iv. As a *beautiful* object. In those objects which are referred wholly to a purpose of utility, as a kitchen garden for instance, utility becomes the law of their beauty. With regard to the Cow in particular, which is referred to no variety of purposes, as the horse or the dog, the external structure will express more absolutely and unequivocally the degree in which the purposes of her species are accomplished ; and her beauty will be a more determinate subject for the judgment than where the animal structure is referred to a multitude of separate ends incapable of co-existing. Describing in this view, however, it will be said that Virgil presupposes in his reader some knowledge of the subject : for the description will be a dead letter to him, unless it awakens and brightens some previous notices of his own. I answer, that, with regard to all the common and familiar appearances of nature, a poet is entitled to postulate some knowledge in his readers ; and the fact is, that he has not postulated so much as Shakspeare, in his fine description of the hounds of Theseus, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, or of the horse of Arcite ;* and Shakspeare, it will not be pretended, had any didactic purpose in those passages." * "In the *Two Noble Kinsmen*. The first act has been often and justly attributed to Shakspeare, but the last act is no less indisputably his, and in his very finest style." Spalding (p. 56) thinks this long speech "decidedly bad, but undeniably the work of Shakspeare."

55/60. *callkins*] "The parts of a horse-shoe which are turned up and pointed to prevent the horse from slipping."—Dyce. (In Co. Wicklow horses' shoes are said to be *cocked*—? *calked*—when thus prepared.) By "turned *up*" probably Dyce (and Knight and Skeat) understood "turned *down*." Weber quotes from Cotgrave, s. v. *Zain*, "A horse that's all of one dark colour, without any starry spot or mark about him, and thereby commonly vicious."

62/75. *Saturn*] "The sullen Saturn," *Sea Voyage*, III. i. ; "might well have

warm'd old Saturn," *Cymb.*, II. v. 12; cf. *Knights Ta.*, ll. 1818—41, and Spalding's *Letter*, p. 55,—“A way is devised for reconciling the contending oracles; and the catastrophe which effects that end is in the old poet anxiously prepared by celestial agency. . . These supernal intrigues are in this play no more than hinted at in the way of metaphor.”

69/82. *mannadge*] “the management or government of a horse.”—Dyce. The strict sense of Fr. *manège*; Ital. *maneggio*.

72/85. *dis-seate*] Cf. *Mcb.*, V. iii. 21 (F1 *dis-eate*), and see the commentators in Furness' *Variorum*, p. 266 (this instance of the word *dis-seate* is not there given).

77/90. *on end he stands*] F2 prints these words as part of l. 89, within a bracket []; but the manner in which they are printed in Q0,—

“He kept him tweene his legs, on his hind hoofes

on end he stands

That Arcites leggs being higher then his head,” &c.

—and the incompleteness of the sense, shew that some words have here dropped out of the text. Weber has also observed this (referring it to illegibility of the MS.), but thinks “the sense is, however, perfect as it stands;” and Mr Skeat adds: “In fact, the half-line is rather effective.”

104/120. *arowze*] O. Edd., *arowze*; Seward, *arouze*; Edd. 1778, etc., *arrose*. It was probably pronounced as I have spelt it; note the spelling of the French *arrouser* in Cotgrave.—(Skeat.) Sidney Walker notes that this word is “An instance, rare in Shakespeare, of a word borrowed from the French. *Troilus and Cressida*, i. 3,—

—————‘rend and *deracinate*

The unity and settled calm of states,

Quite from their fixure.’”

My friend the Rev. A. S. Palmer (author of “Leaves from a Word-hunter's Note-book,” 1876, Triebner, &c.), has sent me the following note on *arowze*; “There can be little doubt that ‘arowze’ here represents the French *arrouser*, formerly spelt *arrouser*, ‘To bedew, besprinkle, wet, moisten, water gently.’—Cotgrave. Compare the Scotch *rouser* or *rooser*, a watering-pot, French *arrousoir*, our ‘rose,’ the perforated spout of the same utensil, a sprinkler, from *rosée*, Prov. *ros*, Lat. *ros*, dew, the congeners of which in other languages are, Slav. *rosa*, Lith. *rasa*, Greek *ῥῶσω* (to bedew), Sansk. *rasa*, water, fluid; all traced by comparative philologists to the root *rs*, *rsh*. We may recognise as akin the word ‘rouse,’ as in Tennyson's ‘Have a rouse before the morn,’ i. e. a carouse, a drinking bout. Dekker in his *Gul's Hornbook* calls it ‘the Danish rowsa,’ so that Shakspeare would seem to have introduced the word with strict, though probably unconscious, verbal accuracy when he made the King of Denmark ‘take his rouse’ (*Hml.*, I. iv.). It is the Danish *ruus*, intoxication; *have en lille ruus*, to be fuddled; Swedish *rus*, a drinking bout, *taga sig ett rus*, to get drunk; Ger. *rausch*, Dutch *roes*. All these words would thus have signified originally the moistening of one's clay, as in the slang phrase ‘heavy wet’ for a toper's boozing, soaking, or drenching himself thoroughly. Similarly in the Cleveland dialect *nazzy*, drunk (Atkinson), is connected with German *nass*, wet,

moist (cf. *ein nasser Bruder*, a toper). In Latin we may compare the use of *udus* and of *madidus*, (1) wet, drenched, (2) intoxicated, *mades*, to be wet, and to be drunk, the latter words being cognate with Sanskrit *mad*, (1) to be wet, (2) to get drunk, *matta*, drunk, mad, Lat. *mattus*, drunk, It. *matto*, foolish, silly, our 'mad.'

131/149. *charmiers*] The gods: "Enchanters, ruling us at their will."—Seward.

EPILOGUE.

By Fletcher, I suppose.

12. *the tale*] Evidently a reference to the Source.

[POSTSCRIPT. To the notes on Act II. sc. ii. add this, from Dyce's *Glossary*: "laugh-and-lie-down (more properly *Laugh-and-lay-down*) was a game at cards, to which there is an allusion in" ll. 151/180-1. To n. on *Prol.* 29, Mr Furnivall adds: "for the space of two hours and a half, and somewhat more."—B. Jonson, *Barth. Fair*, Induction.]

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¹ Mr Skeat's "Index of words explained," added to his edition, has suggested the addition of this brief index. For fuller references, see the Concordance of the whole Play, to form part of this edition.

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