



ALL'S Well, that Ends Well.

Actus primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter yong Bertram Count of Rossilion, his Mother, and Helena, Lord Lafew, with blacke.

Mother.

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

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

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

Mo. What hope is there of his Maiesties amendment?

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

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

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

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

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

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

Laf. A I shall say Lord

Ref. I haue not of it before.

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

Mo. His sole child my Lord, and bequeath'd to my ouer looking. I haue those hopes of her good, that her education promites her dispositions shee inherits, which makes faire gifts fairer. for where an vncleane mind carries ventuous qualities, there commendations go with water, they are vertues and trunions: in her they are the better, for their Completnesse; the clearer, her honestie,

and atcheues her goodnesse.

Lafew. Your commendations Madam get from her teares.

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

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

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

Mo. If the liuing be enemy to the grieefe, the excessiue makes it soone mortall.

Ref. Madam I desire your holie wishes.

Laf. How vnderstand we that?

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

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

Mo. Heauen bleffe him: Farwell *Bertram*.

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

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

Hell. O were that all, I thinke not on my father, And these great teares grace his remembrance more Then those I shed for him. What was he like?

I haue forgott him. My imagination Carries no fauour in't but *Bertrams*, I am vndone, there is no liuing, none, If *Bertram* be away. 'T were all one, That I should loue a bright particular Starre, And think to wed it, he is so about me In his bright radiance and colateral light,

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

Enter Parrolles.

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

Par. Saue you faire Queene.

Hel. And you Monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginitie?

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

Par. Keepe him out.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hel. How might one do for, to lose it to her owne liking?

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

Hel. Not my virginie yet:

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

Par. What one saith?

Hel. That I wish well, 'tis pittie.

Par. What's pittie?

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

Enter Page.

Page. Monsieur Parrolles,
My Lord calls for you.

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

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

Par. Vnder Mars.

Hel. I especially thinke, vnder Mars.

Par. Why vnder Mars?

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

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde I thinke rather.

Par. Why thinke you so?

Hel. You go so much backward when you fight.

Par. That's for aduantage.

Hel. So is running away,

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

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

V.

Ger

Get thee a good husband, and vie him as he vies thee :
So farewell.

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

Flourish Cornets.

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

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

1. Lo. G. So tis reported sir.

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

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

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

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

King. What's he comes heere.

Enter Bertram, Lafew, and Parolles.

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

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

Ber. My thankes and dutie are your Maiesties.

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

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

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

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

L. 2. E. You'r loued Sir,

They that least lend it you, shall lacke you first.

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

Ber. Some six moneths since my Lord.

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

Ber. Thanke your Maiesty.

Exit

Flourish.

Enter Countesse, Steward, and Clowne.

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

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

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

Cl. 'Tis not unknown to you Madam, I am a poore
fellow.

Count. Well sir.

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

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

Con. Wilt thou needes be a begger?

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

Con. In what case?

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

Con. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marrie?

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

Con. Is this all your worships reason?

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

Con. May the world know them?

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

Con. Thy marriage sooner then thy wickednesse.

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

Con. Such friends are thine enemies knaue.

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

Con. Wilt thou euer be a foule mouth'd and calumnious knaue?

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

Con. Get you gone sir. He talke with you more anon.

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

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

Clo. Was this faire face the cause, quoth she,
Why the Grecians sacked *Troy*,
Fond done, done, fond was this King *Prisams* ioy,
With that she sighed as she stood, *but*
And gaue this sentence then, among nine bad if one be good,
among nine bad if one be good, there's yet one good in ten.

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

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

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

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

Exit.

Con. Well now.

Stew. I know Madam you loue your Gentlewoman intirely.

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

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

Con. You haue discharg'd this honestie, keepe it to your selfe, none likelihoods inform'd mee of this before, which hung so tottring in the ballance, that I could neither beleene nor misdoubt: praie you leaue mee, still this in your bosome, and I thanke you for your honest care: I will speake with you further anon.

Exit Steward.

Enter Hellen.

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

Hell. What is your pleasure Madam?

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

Hell. Mine honorable Mistris.

Ol. Con. Nay a mother, why not a mother? when I sed a mother

Me thought you saw a serpent, what's in mother,
That you start at it? I say I am your mother,
And put you in the Catalogue of those
That were enwomb'd mine, 'tis often seene
Adoption striues vwith nature, and choise breedes
A native slip to vs from forraine seedes:
You nere oppress me with a mothers groane,
Yet I expresse to you a mothers care,
(Gods mercie maiden) dos it curd thy blood
To say I am thy mother? vwhat's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet?

V 3

The

The manic colour'd Iris rounds thine eye?

Why, that you are my daughter?

Hell. That I am not.

Old. Con. I say I am your Mother.

Hell. Pardon Madam.

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

Ol. Con. Nor I your Mother.

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

Old. Con. Yes *Hellen*, you might be my daughter in law,
God shield you meane it not, daughter and mother
So striue vpon your pulse; vwhat pale agen?
My feare hath carcht your fondnesse! now I see
The mistric of your louelinese, and finde
Your salt teares head, now to all sence 'tis grosse:
You loue my sonne, inuention is asham'd
Against the proclamation of thy passion
To say thou doost not: therefore tell me true,
But tell me then 'tis so, for looke, thy cheekes
Confesse it 'ron tooth to th'other, and thine eyes
See it so grosely showne in thy behaiours,
That in their kinde they speake it, onely sinne
And hellish obstinacie tye thy tongue
That truth should be suspected, speake, ist so?
If it be so, you haue wound a goodly clewe:
If it be not, foisweare't how ere I charge thee,
As heauen shall worke in me for thine auaille
To tell me true lie.

Hell. Good Madam pardon me.

Con. Do you loue my Sonne?

Hell. Your pardon noble Mistris.

Con. Loue you my Sonne?

Hell. Doe not you loue him Madam?

Con. Goe not about; my loue hath in a bond

Whereof the world takes note: Come, come, disclose:
The state of your affection, for your passions
Haue to the full appeach'd.

Hell. Then I confesse

Here on my knee, before high heauen and you,
That before you, and next vnto high heauen, I loue your
Sonne:

My friends were poore but honest, so's my loue:
Be not offended, for it hurts not him
That he is lou'd of me; I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suite,
Nor would I haue him, till I doe deserue him,
Yet neuer know how that desert should be:
I know I loue in vaine, striue against hope:
Yet in this captious, and intemible Siue.
I still poue in the waters of my loue
And lacke not to loose still; thus *Indian* like
Religious in mine error, I adore
The Sunne that lookes vpon his worshipper,
But knowes of him no more. My deere Madam,
Let not your hate icounter with my loue,
For louing where you doe; but if your selfe,
Whose aged honor cites a vertuous youth,

Did euer, in so true a flame of liking,
Wish chafly, and loue dearely, that your *Dauis*
Was both her selfe and loue, O then giue pittie
To her whose state is such, that cannot choofe:
But lend and giue where she is sure to loose;
That seekes not to finde that, her search implies,
But riddle like, liues sweetely where she dies.

Con. Had you not lately an intent, speake truly,
To goe to *Paris*?

Hell. Madam I had.

Con. Wherefore? tell true.

Hell. I will tell truth, by grace it selfe I swear:
You know my Father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prou'd effects, such as his reading
And manifest experience, had collected
For generall soueraignie: and that he wil'd me
In heedfull'st reseruation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inlusive were,
More then they were in note: Amongst the rest,
There is a remedie, approu'd, set downe,
To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The King is tender'd lost.

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

Hell. My Lord, your sonne, made me to think of this;
Else *Paris*, and the medicine, and the King,
Had from the conuersation of my thoughts,
Happily bene absent then.

Con. But thinke you *Hellen*,

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

Hell. There's something in't
More then my Fathers skill, which was the great'st
Of his profession, that his good receipt,
Shall for my legacie be sanctified
By th' luckiest stars in heauen, and would your honor
But giue me leaue to the successe, I'de venture
The well lost life of mine, on his Graces cure,
By such a day, an houre.

Con. Doost thou belecue't?

Hell. I Madam knowingly.

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

Actus Secundus.

Enter the King with diuers yong Lords, taking leaue for
the Florentine warre: Count, Raffe, and
Parvelles, Fiorish Cornets.

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

Lord. G. 'Tis our hope fir,

After

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

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

L.G. Health at your bidding serue your Maiefty.

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

Be. Our hearts receiue your warnings.

King. Farewell, come hether to me.

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

Parr. 'Tis not his fault the spark.

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

Parr. Most admirable, I haue scene those warres.

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

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

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

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

Parr. Commit it Count.

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

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

1. Lo.G. Farewill Captaine.

2. Lo.E. Sweet Mounsier Parolles.

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

Lo.G. We shall noble Captaine.

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

Ros. Stay the King.

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

Ros. And I will doe so.

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

Enter Lafew.

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

King. Ile see thee to stand vp. *(Pardon,*

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

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

And askt thee mercy for't.

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

King. No.

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

King. What her is this?

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

King. Now good *Lafew*,

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

Laf. Nay, Ile fit you,

And not be all day neither.

King. Thus he his speciall nothing euer prologues.

Laf. Nay, come yo'r waies.

Enter Helton.

King. This haste hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your waies,

This is his Maieftie, say your minde to him,
A Traitor you doe looke like, but such traitors
His Maiefty seldome feares, I am *Cressida* Vncle,
That dare leaue two together, far you well. *Exit.*

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

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

King. I knew him.

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

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

Hel. My

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

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

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

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

Hell. Inspired Merit so by breath is hard,
It is not so with him that all things knowes
As 'tis with vs, that square our guesse by shoves:
But most it is presumption in vs, when
The help of heauen we count the act of men.

Deare sir, to my endeavors giue consent,
Of heauen, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an Imposstrue, that proclaime
My selfe against the leuill of mine aime ,
But know I thinke, and thinke I know most sure,
My Art is not past power, nor you past cure

King. Art thou so confident? Within what space
Hopt thou my cure?

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

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

Hell. Taxe of impudence,
A strumpets boldnesse, a diuulged shame
I raduc'd by odious ballads : my maidens name
Scard otherwise, ne worse of worst extended
With vildest torture, let my life be ended

King. Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth speak
His powerfull sound, within an organ weake :

And what impossibility would slay
In common sence, sence saues another way :
Thy life is deere, for all that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate .

Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all
That happines and prime, can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate,
Sweet practiser, thy Physicke I will try,
I haue ministers thine owne death if I die.

Hell. If I breake time, or flatch in property
Or other lipeke, vnpietied let me die ,

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

King. Make thy demand.

Hell. But will you make it euen?

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

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

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

Flourish. *Exit.*

Enter Countesse and Clowne.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lady. Will your answer serue fit to all questions?

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

Lady. Haue you, I say, an answer of such finesse for
all question?

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

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

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

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

Lady.

La. I pray you sir, are you a Courtier?
Clo. O Lord sir theres a simple putting off: more, more, a hundred of them.
La. Sir I am a poore friend of yours, that loues you.
Clo. O Lord sir, thicke, thicke, spare not me.
La. I thinke sir, you can eate none of this homely meate
Clo. O Lord sir; nay put me too't, I warrant you.
La. You were lately whipt sir as I thinke.
Clo. O Lord sir, spare not me.
La. Dece you crie O Lord sir at your whipping, and spare not me? Indeed you O Lord sir, is very sequent to your whipping: you would answere very well to a whipping if you were but bound too't.
Clo. I nere had worse lucke in my life in my O Lord sir: I see things may serue long, but not serue euer
La. I play the noble huswife with the time, to entertaine it so merrily with a foole.
Clo. O Lord sir, why here I serue well agen.
La. And ead sir to your businesse: give *Helena* this, And vrge her to a present answer backe, Commend me to my kinsmen, and my soune, This is not much.
Clo. Not much commendation to them.
La. Not much employement for you, you understand me.
Clo. Most faithfully, I am there, before my legges.
La. Hast you agen. *Exeunt*

Enter Count, Lafew, and Parolles.

Ol. Laf. They say miracles are past, and we haue our Philosophicall perions, to make moderate and familiar things superiour all and causelesse. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors, confounding our selues into seeming knowledge, when we should submit our selues to an unknowne feare.
Par. Why 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our latter times
Fos. And so 'tis.
Ol. Laf. To be relinquish of the Ariste
Par. So I say both of *Galen* and *Pericles*.
Ol. Laf. Of all the learned and auncient fellows.
Par. Right so I say.
Ol. Laf. That gae him out increable.
Par. Why there 'tis, so say I too.
Ol. Laf. Not to be hold.
Par. Right, as twice a man assur'd of a——
Ol. Laf. Vnconceivable life, and sure death
Par. Iust, you say well: so would I haue food.
Ol. Laf. I may truly say, it is a nouelty to the world.
Par. It is indeede if you will haue it in the world, you shall reade it in what do ye call there.
Ol. Laf. A shewing of a heauenly effect in an earthly Actor.
Par. That's it, I would haue said, the verie same
Ol. Laf. Why your Dolphin is not lustier: fore mee I speake in respect——
Par. Nay 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the breete and the tedious of it, and he's of a most facinorous spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the——
Ol. Laf. Very hand of heauen.
Par. I, so I say.
Ol. Laf. In a most weak——
Par. And debile minister great power, great transcendence, which should indeede giue vs a further vse to

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

Enter King, Helena, and attendants.

Par. I would haue said it, you say well: heere comes the King.
Ol. Laf. Lustique, as the Dutchman saies: Ile like a maide the Better whil'st I haue a tooth in my head: why he's able to leade her a Carranto.
Par. *Mor au vniager*, is not this *Helena*?
Ol. Laf. Fore God I thinke so.
King. Goe call before mee all the Lords in Court, Sit my preferuer by thy patients side, And with this healthfull hand whose banisht sence Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receyue The confirmation of my promis'd giust, Which but attends thy naming.

Enter 3 or 4 Lords.

Faire Maide send forth thine eye, thus youthfull parcell Of Noble Barchellors, stand at my bestowing, One whom both Soueraigne power, and fathers voice I haue to vse thy franke election make, Thou hast power to chooise, and they none to forsake.
Hel. To each of you, one faire and vertuous Mittris; Fall when loue please, marry to each but one.
Ol. Laf. I'de giue bay cuttill, an this torture My mouth no more were broken then these boyes, And writ a little beard.
King. Peruse them well: Not one of those, but had a Noble father

She addressees her to a Lord.

Hel. Gentlemen, heauen hath through me, restord the king, to health.
Al. We vaderstand it, and thanke heauen for you.
Hel. I am a simple Maide, and therein wealthiest That I protest, I simply am a Maide: Please it your Maiestie, I haue done already: The blushes in my cheekes thus whisper mee, We blissh that thou should'st chooise, but be refused; For the while death sit on thy cheek for euer, We'll nere come there againe.
King. Make choise and see, Who thus as thy loue, thus all his love in mee.
Hel. Now *Demetrius* my Altar do I fly, An' to impatience, that God most high Do my sighes streame: Sir, wil you heare my suite?
1. Lo. And grant it.
Hel. Thankes sir, all the rest is mute.
Ol. Laf. I had rather be in this choise, then throw A meeface for my life.
Hel. The honor sir that flames in your faire eyes, Before I speake too threateningly replies: I oue in ke your fortunes twentie times aboue Her that so vvishes, and her humble loue.
2. Lo. No better if you please.
Hel. My wish receive, Which great loue giueth, and so I take my leaue.
Ol. Laf. Do all they denie her? And they were sons of mine, I'de haue them whip'd, or I would send them to'th Turke to make Eunuches of.
Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand should take, Ile neuer do you wrong for your owne sake: Blessing vpon your vowes, and in your bed Finde fairer fortune, if you euer wed.
Ol. Laf. These boyes are boyes of Ice, they'le none hate

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Shall weigh thee to the beame : That wilt not know,

It is in Vs to plant thine Honour, where

We please to haue it grow. Checke thy contempt :

Obeie Our will, which trauailes in thy good :

Beleue not thy *disdaine*, but presentlie

Do thine owne fortunes that obedient right

Which both thy dutie owes, and Our power claimes,

Or I will throw thee from my care for euer

Into the stagers, and the carelessse lapse

Of youth and ignorance : both my reuenge and hate

Loosing vpon thee, in the name of iustice,

Without all termes of pittie. Speake, thine answer.

Ber. Pardon my gracious Lord : for I submit

My fancie to your eies, when I consider

What great creation, and what dole of honour

Flies where you bid it : I finde that she which late

Was in my Nobler thoughts, most base : is now

The praised of the King, who so ennobled,

Is as 'twere borne so.

King. Take her by the hand,

And tell her she is thine: to whom I promise

A counterpoize : If not to thy estate,

A ballance more repleat.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the fauour of the King

Smile vpon this Contract : whose Ceremonie

Shall seeme expedient on the now borne briefe,

And be perform'd to night : the solemne Feast

Shall more attend vpon the coming space,

Expecting absent friends. As thou lou'st her,

Thy loue's to me Religious : else, do's erre.

Exeunt

Parolles and Lafew stay behind, commencing of this wedding.

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

Par. Your pleasure sir.

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

Par. Recantation? My Lord? my Master?

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

Par. A most harsh one, and not to bee vnderstoode

without bloudie succeeding My Master?

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

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

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

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

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

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

Laf. I did thinke thee for two ordinaries : to bee a

prettie wife fellow, thou didst make tollerable vent of

thy trauell, it might passe : yet the scarffes and the banners

about thee, did manifoldlie dissuade me from be-

leueing thee a vessell of too great a burthen. I haue now

found thee, when I loose thee againe, I care not: yet art

thou good for nothing but taking vp, and that th' ourt

scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the priuiledge of Antiquity vp-

on thee.

Laf. Do not plundge thy selfe to farre in anger, least

thou hasten thy triall : which if, Lord haue mercie on

thee for a hen, so my good window of Lettice fate thee

well, thy casement I neede not open, for I look through

thee. Giue me thy hand.

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

Laf.

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

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

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

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

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

Par. My Lord you do me most insupportable vexation.

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

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

Enter Lafew.

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

Par. I most vnfaiedly beseech your Lordshippe to make some reueration of your wrongs. He is my good Lord, whom I serue aboute is my master.

Laf. Who? God.

Par. I sir.

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

Par. This is hard and vndeletued measure my Lord.

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

Enter Count Rossillion.

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

Ros. Vndone, and forfeited to cares for euer.

Par. What's the matter sweet-heart?

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

Par. What? what sweet heart?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Par. Why these bals bound, ther's none in it. Tis hard A yong man married, is a man that's mard: Therefore away, and leaue her brauely: go, The King ha's done you wrong: but hush'tis so. *Exit*

Enter Helena and Clowne.

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

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

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

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

Hel. What two things?

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

Enter Parolles.

Par. B'esse you my fortunate Ladie.

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

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

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

Par. Why I say nothing.

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

Par. Away, th'art a knaue.

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

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

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

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

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

A

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

Hel. What's his will else?

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

Hel. What more commands hee?

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

Hel. In euery thing I waite vpon his will

Par. I shall report it so.

Exit Par.

Hel. I pray you come sirrah.

Exit

Enter Lafew and Bertram.

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

Ber. Yes my Lord and of verie valiant approuse.

Laf. You haue it from his owne deliuerance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimonie

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

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

Laf. I haue chensinn'd against his experieñce, and
transgress against his valour, and my state that way is
dangrous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent:
Heere he comes, I pray you make vs friends, I will pur-
sue the amitie.

Enter Parolles.

Par. These things shall be done sir.

Laf. Pray you sir whose his Tailor?

Par. Sir?

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

Ber. Is shee gone to the king?

Par. Shee is

Ber. Will shee away to night?

Par. As you'le haue her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Par. An idle Lord, I sweare.

Ber. I thinke so.

Par. Why do you not know him?

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

Enter Helena.

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

Ber. I shall obey his will.

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

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

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall

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

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

Hel. Pray sir your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

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

Ber. What would you haue?

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

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

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

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

Par. Brauely, Coragio.

Actus Tertius.

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

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

The

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

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

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

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

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

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

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

Enter Countesse and Clowne.

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

Clow. By my troth I take my young Lord to be a
vie melancholly man.

Count. By what obseruance I pray you.

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

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

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

Lad. What haue we heere?

Clow. In that you haue there. *exit*

A Letter.

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

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

Enter Clowne.

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

La. What is the matter.

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

La. Why should he be kill'd?

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

Enter Helten and two Gentlemen.

French E. Saue you good Madam.

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

French G. Do not say so.

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

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

We met him thitherward, for thence we came:
And after some dispatch in hand at Court,
Thither we bend againe.

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

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

This is a dreadfull sentence.

La. Brought you this Letter Gentleman?

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

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

Fren. G. I Madam.

La. And to be a souldier.

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

La. Returne you thither.

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

Hel. Till I haue no wife, I haue no king in France,
'Tis bitter.

La. Finde you that there?

Hel. I Madame.

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

Lad. Nothing in France, vntill he haue no wife:
There's nothing heere that is too good for him
But onely she, and she deserues a Lord.

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

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

La. Parolles was it not?

Fren. E. I my good Ladie, hee.

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

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

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

you written to beare along.

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

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

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

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

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

Ber. Sir it is

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

Duke. Then go thou for h. And fortune play vpon thy prosperous helme As thy auspicious mistress.

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

Enter Countesse & Steward.

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

Letter.

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

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

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

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

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

A Tucket afarre off.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Maria

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

Dia. You shall not neede to feare me.

Enter Hel.

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

Hel. To *S. Iaquet la grand*.

Where do the Palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

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

Hel. Is this the way? *A march a parte.*

Wid. I marrie ist. Harke you, they come this way: It you will tarrie holy Pilgrime

But till the troopes come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodgd,
The rather for I thinke I know your hostesse
As ample as my selfe.

Hel. Is it your selfe?

Wid. If you shall please so Pilgrime.

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

Wid. you came I thinke from *France*?

Hel. I did so.

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

Hel. His name I pray you?

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

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

Dia. What somere he is

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

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

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

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monsieur *Parolles*.

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

Dia. Alas poore Ladie,

'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a detesting Lord.

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

Hel. How do you meane?

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

Wid. Hee does indeede;

And brokes with all that can in such a snare

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

Drumme and Colours.

Enter Count Rossillion, Parolles, and the whole Armie.

Mar. The goddes forbid else.

Wid. So, now they come:

That is *Antonie* the Dukes eldest sonne,

That *Esequus*.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. Hee,

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

Hel. I like him well.

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

Hel. Which is he?

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

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

Par. Loose our drum? Well.

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

Wid. Marrie hang you.

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

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

Hel. I humbly thanke you:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

C. E. I with a troop of Florentines will sedaintly sur-
prize

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

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

Enter Parrolles.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Par. It might haue bene recouered,

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

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

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

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

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

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

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

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

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

Par. I loue not many words.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ber. Your brother he shall go along with me.

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

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

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

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with hir but once, And found her wondrous cold, but I sent to her By this same Coxcombe that we haue in't winde Tokens and Letters, which she did resend, And this is all I haue done: She's a faire creature, Will you go see her?

Cap. E. With all my heart my Lord.

Exeunt

Enter Helian, and Widow.

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

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

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

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

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

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

From

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

Wid. Now I see the bottoome of your purpose.

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

Wid. I haue yeilded:

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

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

Actus Quartus.

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

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

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

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

1. Sol. No sir I warrant you.

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

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

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

Enter Parrolles.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lo. E. We cannot afford you so.

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

Lo. E. 'Twould not do.

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

Lo. E. Hardly serue.

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

Lo. E. How deepe?

Par. Thirty fadome.

Lo. E. Three great oathes would scarce make that be
beleue'd.

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

Lo. E. You shall heare one anon.

Par. A drumme now of the enemies.

Alarum wisbua.

Lo. E. *Throca mouonfus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

Al. *Cargo, cargo, cargo, uilsanda par corbo, cargo.*

Par. O ranfome, ranfome,

Do not hide mine eyes.

Inter. *Boskos thromaldo boskos.*

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

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

Par. Oh.

Inter. Oh pray, pray, pray,

Mankaranania dulche.

Lo. E. *Oscorbidulches volinorco.*

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

Par. O let me liue,

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

Inter. But wike thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damne me.

Inter. *Acordo liata.*

Come on, thou are granted space.

A short Alarum wisbua.

• X 3

Exit

Lo. E.

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

Sol. Captaine I will.

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

Sol. So I will sir.

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

*Enter Bertram, and the Maide called
Diana.*

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

Dia. No my good Lord, *Diana*.

Ber. Titled Goddesse,

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

Dia. She then was honest,

Ber. So should you be.

Dia. No:

My mother did but dutie, such (my Lord)

As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more a'that:

I prethee do not striue against my vowes:
I was compell'd to her, but I loue thee
By lones owne sweet constraint, and will for euer
Do thee all rights of seruice.

Dia. So you serue vs

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

Ber. How haue I sworne.

Dia. Tis not the many oathes that makes the truth,
But the plaine single vow, that is vow'd true:
What is not he lie, that we sweare not by,
But take the high't to witness: then pray you tell me,
If I should sweare by Ioues great attributes,
I lou'd you deere, would you beleue my oathes,
When I did loue you ill? This ha's no holding
To sweare by him whom I protest to loue
That I will worke against him. Therefore your oathes
Are words and poore conditions, but vnscald
Atlett in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it:

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

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

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

Dia. Will you not my Lord?

Ber. It is an honour longing to our house,
Bequeathed downe from manie Ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquie i'th world,
In me to looke.

Dia. Mine Honors such a Ring,
My chastities the Iewell of our house,

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

Ber. Heere, take my Ring,

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

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

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

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

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

My mother told me iust how he would woo,
As if she fate in's heart. She sayes, all men
Haue the like oathes: He had sworne to marrie me
When his wife's dead: therefore Ile lye with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are to braide,
Marry that will, I liue and die a Maid:
Onely in this disguise, I think't no sinne,
To cosen him that would vnjustly winne. *Exit*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cap. E. How is this iustified?

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

Cap. E. Hath the Count all this intelligence?

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

Cap. E. I am heartily ferrie that hee'l bee gladd of this.

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

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

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

Enter a Messenger.

How now? Where's your master?

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

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

Enter Count Rossillon.

Ber. They cannot be too sweete for the Kings tartnesse, heere's his Lordship now. How now my Lord, is't not after midnight?

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

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

Lordship.

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

Cap. E. Bring him forth, ha't saved the stockes a'l night poere gallant knaue.

Ber. No matter, his heeles haue defetu'd it, in vsurping his spurres so long. How does he carry himselfe?

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

Ber. Nothing of me, ha's a?

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

Enter Parolles with his Interpreter.

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

Cap. G. Hoodman comes: *Portotars crossa.*

Inter. He calles for the tortured; what will you say without em.

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

Int. *Bosko Chismarcho.*

Cap. G. *Bobliwido chiscurmurco.*

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

Par. And truly, as I hope to liue.

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

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

Int. Shall I set downe your answer so?

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

Ber. What a past-sauing slaue is this?

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

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

Int. Well, that's set downe.

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

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

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

Par. Poore rogues, I pray you say.

Int. Well, that's set downe.

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

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

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

fiftie, *Sebastian* so many, *Corambus* so many, *Jaques* so many: *Guiltian*, *Cofano*, *Lodowicks*, and *Grasij*, two hundred fiftie each: Mine owne Company, *Christopher*, *Vau-mond*, *Penij*, two hundred fiftie each: so that the muster file, rotten and sound, vpon my life amounts not to fiftene thousand pole, halfe of the which, dare not shake the snow from off their Cassockes, least they shake themselves to peeces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

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

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

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

Int. Do you know this Captaine *Dumaine*?

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

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

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

Par. Vpon my knowledge he is, and lowlie.

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

Int. What is his reputation with the Duke?

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

Int. Marry we'll search.

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

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

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

Ber. Our Interpreter do's it well.

Cap.G. Excellently.

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

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

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

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

Ber. Damnable both-fides rogue.

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

After he scores, he neuer payes the score:
Halfe won is, match well made, match and well make it,
He neuer payes after debt, take it before,
And say a souldier (*Diana*) said thus this:
Men are so melt with, boyes are not to kes

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

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

Paroles.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Int. What say you to his expertnesse in warre?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Int. What's he?

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

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

Par. I, and the Cap:aine of his horse, Count *Rossillon*.

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

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

fiction

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

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

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

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

So, looke about you, know you any heere?

Count. Good morrow noble Captaine.

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

Cap. G. God saue you noble Captaine.

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

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

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

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

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

Par. Yet am I thankfull: if my heart were great 'Twould burst at this: Captaine Ile be no more, But I will eate, and drinke, and sleepe as soft As Captaine shall. Simply the thing I am Shall make me liue: who knowes himselfe a braggart Let him feare this; for it will come to passe, That euery braggart shall be found an Ass. Rust sword, coole blushes, and *Parolles* liue Safest in shame: being tool'd, by fool'rie thriues; There's place and meanes for euery man aliue. Ile after them. *Ex. 1.*

Enter Helen, Widow, and Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceiue I haue not wrong'd you,

One of the greatest in the Christian world Shall be my suretie: for whose throne 'tis needfull Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneele. Time was, I did him a desired office Deere almost as his life, which gratisdè Through flintie Tartars bosome would peepe forth, And answer thanks. I dusly am inform'd, His grace is at *Marcelle*, to which place We haue conuenient conuoy: you must know I am supposed dead, the Army breaking, My husband his; his home, where heauen ayding, And by the leaue of my good Lord the King, Wee'l be before our welcome.

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

Hel. Nor your Mistresse Euer a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour To recompence your loue: Doubt not but heauen Hath brought me vp to be your daughters doxyer, As I haue found her to be my mistresse.

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

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

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

Enter Clowne, old Lady, and Lafew.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Laf. Your distinction.

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

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

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

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

Clo. At your seruice.

Laf. No, no, no.

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

Laf. Whose that, a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith sir a has an English maine, but his flinomie is more hotter in France then there.

Laf. What prince is that?

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

Laf. Hold thee there a my parle, I give thee noth'ng to suggest thee from thy master thou talk'st off, serue him still.

Clow

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

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

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

Laf. A shrewd knaue and an vnhappye.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lady. You neede but pleade your honourable priuiledge.

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

Enter Clowne.

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

Laf. A scarce nobly got, Or a noble scarce, is a good litle of honor, So belike is thar.

Clo. But it is your carbinado'd face.

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

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

Exeunt

Actus Quintus.

Enter Helen, Widow, and Diana, with two Attendants.

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

Enter a gentle Asstringer.

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

Gent. And you.

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

Gent. I haue beene sometimes there.

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

Gent. What's your will?

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

Gent. The Kings not heere.

Hel. Not heere sir?

Gent. Not indeed,

He hence remou'd last night, and with more hast Then is his vse.

Wid. Lord how we loose our paines.

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

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

Hel. I do beseech you fir,

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

Gent. This Ile do for you.

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

Enter Clowne and Parrodes.

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

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

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

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

Par

Par. Pray you fir deliuer me this paper.
Cl. Foh, prethee stand away; a paper from fortune
 close-stoole, to giue to a Noblemen. Look here he
 comes himselfe.

Enter Laf.

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

Par. My Lord I am a man whom fortune hath cruel-
 ly scratch'd.

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

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

Laf. you begge a single peny more: Come you shall
 ha'r, faue your word.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Par. I praise God for you.

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

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

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

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

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

Humbly call'd Mistrie.

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

Gene. I shall my Liege.

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

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

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

Enter Count Bertram.

Laf. He lookes well on't.

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

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

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

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

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

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

That

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

Ber. Hers it was not.

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

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

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

Laf. I am sure I saw her weare it.

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

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

Ber. She neuer saw it.

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

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

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I am wrap'd in dismall thinkings.

Gen. Gracious Soueraigne,
Whether I haue beene too blame or no, I know not,
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath for foure or siue remoues come short,
To tender it her selfe. I vnderooke it,

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

A Letter.

*Upon his many protestations to marrie mee when his wife was
dead, I blasp to say it, he wonne me. Now is the Count Ref-
fillon a Widower, his vovves are forfeited to mee, and my
honors payed to him. Hee stole from Florence, taking no
leaue, and I follow him to his Countrey for Iustice: Grant
it me, O King, in yon it best lies, otherwise a seducer stow-
rishes, and a poore Maid is undone.*

Diana Capilet.

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

King. The heauens haue thought well on thee *Lafew*,
To bring forth this discouerie, seeke these tutors:
Go speedily, and bring againe the Count.

Enter Bertram.

I am a-feard the life of *Helen* (Ladie)
Was sowly snatcht.

Old La. Now iustice on the doers.

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

Enter Widow, Diana, and Parrolles.

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

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

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

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

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

Ber. She's none of mine my Lord.

Dia. If you shall marrie

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

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

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

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

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

King. What saist thou to her?

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

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

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

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

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

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

Laf. Itaw the man to day, if man he be.

King. Finde him, and bring him heere.

Ros. What of him:

He's quoted for a most pe'sidious flau'
With all the spots of the world, and the field,
Whose nature is to lie, to speake a truth,
Am I, or that is this for what he'll utter,
That will speake any thing.

King. Shee's that Ring of yours.

Ros. I thinke shee has; certaine it is I yk'd her,
And boord'd her w'th wanton way of youth.
She knew her distance, and did a'gile for mee,
Madding my eagerne'sse with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancies course
Are motiues of more fancie, and in fine,
Her insuite coming with her moderne grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate, shee got the Ring,
And I had that which any inferiour might
At Market price haue bought.

Dia. I must be patient:

You that haue turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May iustly d'ye't me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lacke vertue, I will loose a husband)
Send for your Ring, I will returne it home,
And giue me mine againe.

Ros. I haue it not.

King. What Ring was yours I pray you?

Dia. Sir much like the same vpon your finger.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dia. I, my Lord.

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

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

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

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

King. How I pray you?

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

King. How is that?

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

King. As thou art a knaue and no knaue, what an equi-

uocall Companion is this?

Par. I am a poore man, and at your Maiesties com-
mand

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

Dia. Do you know he promist me marriage?

Par. Faith I know more then he speake.

King. But wilt thou not speake all thou know'st?

Par. Yes so please your Maiesty: I did goe betweene
them as I said, but more then that he loued her, for in-
deede he was madde for her, and talkt of Sathan, and of
Lumbo, and offuries, and I know not what: yet I was in
that credit with them at that time, that I knewe of their
going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her
marriage, and things which would deriue mee ill: will to
speake of, therefore I will not speake what I know.

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

Dia. I my good Lord.

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

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

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you finde it then?

Dia. I found it not.

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

Dia. I neuer gaue it him.

Laf. This womans an eafe gloue my Lord, shee goes
off and on at pleasure.

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

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

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

Dia. He neuer tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. He put in baile my liedge.

King. I thinke thee now some common Customer.

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

King. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him at this while.

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

King. Shee does abuse our eares, to prison with her.

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

Enter Hellen and Widow.

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

Hel. No my good Lord,

Y

'Tis

Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name, and not the thing.

Ref. Bath, both, O pardon.

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

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

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

Laf. Mine eyes sing! Onions, I shall weepe anon:
Good Tom Drumme lend me a handkercher.
So I thanke thee, waite on me home, He make sport with
thee: Let thy curtisies alone, they are scury ones.

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

Flourish.

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

FINIS.

