Actus primus. Scoena Prima.

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

Mother.

IN delivering my fonne from me, I burie a second husband.

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

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 worthiness would stirre it up where it wanted rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

Mo. What hope is there of his Majesties amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his Phisitions Madam, under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage 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 have made nature immortall, and death should have play for lack of worke. Would for the Kings sake he were living, I thinke it would be the death of the Kings disease.

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

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

Laf. He was excellent indeed Madam, the King very lately spoke of him admiringly, and mourningly: he was skilfull enough to have liv'd stil, if knowledge could be set up against mortallitie.

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

Laf. A Fistula my Lord.

Ros. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious. Was this Gentlewoman the daughter of *Gerard de Narbon?*

Mo. His sole childe my Lord, and bequeathed to my over looking. I have those hopes of her good, that her education promises her dispositions shee inherits, which makes faire gifts faiter: for where an uncleane mind carries vertuous qualities, there commendations go with pitty , they are vertues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simplenesse; she derives her honestie,

--
and atcheeves 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 never approaches her heart, but the tirrany of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheeke. No more of this *Helena*, go too, no more least it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have --------
Hell. I doe affect a sorrow indeed, but I have it too.
Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive greefe the enemie to the living.
Mo. If the living be enemie to the greefe, the excesse makes it soone mortall.
Ros. Maddam I desire your holie wishes.
Laf. How understand we that?
Mo. Be thou blest *Bertrame,* and succeed thy father
In manners as in shape; thy blood and vertue
Contend for Empire in thee, and thy goodness
Share with thy birth-right. Love all, trust a few,
Doe wrong to none: be able for thine enemie
Rather in power then use: and keepe thy friend
Under thy owne lifes key. Be checkt for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more wil,
That thee may furnish, and my prayers plucke downe,
Fall on thy head. Farewell my lord.
'Tis an unseason'd Courtier, good my lord
Advise him.
Laf. He cannot want the best
That shall attend his love.
Mo. Heaven blesse him: Farwell *Bertram.*
Ro. The best wishes that can be forg'd in your thoughts be servants 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 have forgot him. My imagination
Carries no favour in't but *Bertrams.*
I am undone, there is no living, none,
If *Bertram* be away. 'Twere all one,
That I should love a bright particuler starre,
And think to wed it, he is so above me
In his bright radience and colaterall light,

Must

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

Enter Parrolles.

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake,
And yet I know him a notorious Liar,
Think him a great way foole, solie a coward,
Yet these fixt evils fit so fit [sit so fit] in him,
That they take place, when Vertues steely bones
Looks bleake I'th cold wind: withall, full ofte we see
Cold wisedome waighting on superfluous follie.

Par. Save you faire Queene.

Hel. And you Monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginitie?

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

Par. Keepe him out.

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

Par. There is none: Man setting downe before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poore Virginity from underminers and blowers up. Is there no Military policy how Virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity beeing blowne downe, Man will quicklier be blowne up: marry in blowing him downe againe, with the breach your selves made, you lose your Citty. It is not politicke, in the Common-wealth of Nature, to preserve virginity. Losse of Virginitie, is rationall increase, and there was never Virgin goc(got), till virginitie was first lost. That you were made of, is mettall to make Virgins. Virginitie, by being once lost, may be ten times found: by being ever kept, it is ever lost: 'tis too cold a companion: Away with't.

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

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

Hel. How might one do sir, to loose it to her owne liking?

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

Hel. Not my virginity yet:
There shall your Master have a thousand loves,
A Mother, and a Mistress, and a friend,
A Phenix, Captaine, and an enemy,
A guide, a Goddesse, and a Soveraigne,
A Counsellor, a Traitoresse, and a Deare:
His humble ambition, proud humility:
His jarring, concord: and his discord, dulcet:
His faith, his sweet disaster: whth a world
Of pretty fond adoptious christendomes
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he:
I know not what he shall, God send him well,
The Courts a learning place, and he is one.

Par. What one ifaith?

Hel. That I wish well, 'tis pitty.

Par. What's pitty?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt, that we the poorer borne,
Whose baser starres do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effe[c]ts of them follow our friends,
And shew what we alone must thinke, which never
Returnes us thankes.

Enter Page.

Pag. Monsieur *Parrolles,*
My Lord cals for you.

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

Hel. Monsieur *Parolles,* you were borne under a charitable starre.

Par. Under *Mars* I.

Hel. I especially thinke, under *Mars.*

Par. Why under *Mars* ?

Hel. The warres hath so kept you under, that you must needes be borne under *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 advantage.

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

Paroll. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answere thee acutely: I will returne perfect Courtier, in the which my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capeable of a Courtiers councell, and understand what advice shall thrust uppon thee, else thou diest in thine unthankfulnes, and thine ignorance makes the away, farewell: When thou hast leysure, say thy praiers: when thou hast none, remember thy Friends:

Get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee:
So farewell.
Hel. Our remedies oft in our selves do lye,
Which we ascribe to heaven; the fated skye
Gives us free scope, onely doth backward pull
Our slow designes, when we our selves are dull.
What power is it, which mounts my love so hye,
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune, Nature brings
To joyne like, likes; and kisse like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their paines in sence, and do suppose
What hath beene, cannot be. Who ever strove
To shew her merit, that did misse her love?
(The King's disease) my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fixt, and will not leave me. *Exit*

Flourish Cornets
Enter the King of France wit Letters, and
divers Attendants.

King. The *Florentines* and *Senoys* are by th'eares,
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving warre.
I.*Lo.G.* So tis reported sir.
King. Nay tis most credible, we heere receive it,
A certaintie vouch'd from our Cosin *Austria,*
With caution, that the *Florentine* will move us
For Speedie ayde: wherein our deerest friend
Prejudicates the businesse, and would seeme
To have us make deniall.
I.*Lo.G.* His love and wisedome
Approv'd so to your Majesty, may pleade
For amplest credence.
King. He hath arm'd our answer,
And *Florence* is deni'de before he comes:
Yet for our Gentleman that meane to see
The *Tuscan* service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.
2.*Lo.E.* It well may serve
A nursserie to our Gentrie, who are sicke
For breathing, and exploit.
King. What's he comes heere.

Enter Bertram, Lafew, and Parolles.

1.*Lor. G.* It is the Count *Rosignoll* my good Lord,
Yong *Bertram.*
King. Youth, thou bear'st thy Fathers face,
Franke Nature rather curious then in haft
Hath well compos'd thee: Thy Fathers morall parts
Maist thou inherit too: Welcome to *Paris.*
Ber. My thankes and dutie are your majesties.
Kin. I would I had that corporall soundnesse now,
As when thy father, and my selfe, in friendship
First tride our souldiership: he did looke farre
Into the service of the time, and was
Discipled of the bravest. He lasted long,
But on us both did haggish Age steale on,
And wore us out of act: It much repaires me
To talke of your good father; in his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe
To day in our yong Lords: but they may jest
Till their owne scorne returne to them unnoted
Ere they can hide their levitie 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 use'd as creatures of another place,
And bow'd his eminent top to their low rankes,
Making them proud of his humilitie,
In their poore praise he humbled: Such a man
Might be a copie to these yonger times;
Which followed well, would demonstrate them now
But goers backward.
Ber. His good remembrance sir
Lies richer in your thoughts, then on his tombe:
So in approofe lives not his Epitaph,
As in your royall speech.
King. Would I were with him he would alwaies say,
(Me thinkes I heare him now) his plausive words
He scattered not in eares, but grafted them
To grow there and to beare: Let me not live,
This his good melancholly oft began
On the Catastrophe and heele of pastime
When it was out: Let me not live (quoth hee)
After my flame lackes oyle, to be the snuffe
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdaine; whose judgements are
Meere fathers of their garments: whose constancies
Expire before their fashions: this he wish'd.
I after him, do after him wish too:
Since I nor wax nor honie can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive
To give some Labourers roome.
L.2.E. You'r loved Sir,
They that least lend it you, shall lacke you first.
Kin. I fill a place I know't: how long ist Count

Since the Physitian at your fathers died?
He was much fam'd.
Ber. Some six moneths since my Lord.
Kin. If he were living, I would try him yet.
Lend me an arme: the rest have worne me out
With severall applications: Nature and sicknesse
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome Count,
My sonne's no deerer.
Ber. Thanke your Majesty. *Exit*

Flourish.

Enter Countesse, Steward, and Clowne.

Coun. I will now heare, what say you of this gentlewoman.
Ste. Maddam the care I have had to even your con-
tent, I wish might be found in the Kalendar of my past
endevours, for then we wound our Modestie, and make
foule the clearness of our deservings, when of our selves
we publish them.
Coun. What doe's this knave heere? Get you gone
sirra: the complaints I have heard of you I do not all be-
leeve, 'tis my slownesse that I doe not: For I know you
lacke not folly to commit them, & have abilitie enough
to make such knaveries yours.
Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you Madam, I am a poore
fellow.
Coun. Well sir.
Clo. No maddam,
'Tis not so well that I am poore, though manie
of

---

of the rich are damn'd, but if I may have your Ladyships good will to goe to the world, *Isbell* the woman and [w] will doe as we may.

Coun. Wilt thou needes be a begger?

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

Cou. In what case?

Clo. In *Isbels* case and mine owne: service is no heritage, and I thinke I shall never have the blessing of God, till I have issue a my bodie: for they say barnes are blessings.

Cou. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marrie?

Clo. My poore bodie Madam requires it, I am driven on by the flesh, and hee must needes go that the divell drives.

Cou. Is this all your worships reason?

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

Cou. May the world know them?

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

Cou. Thy marriage sooner then thy wickedness.

Clo. I am out a friends Madam, and I hope to have friends for my wives sake.

Cou. Such friends are thine enemies knave.

Clo. Y'are shallow Madam in great friends, for the knaves come to doe that for me which I am a wearie of: he that eres my Land, spares my teame, and gives mee leave 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, loves my flesh and blood; he that loves 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 young *Charbon* the Puritan, and old *Poysam* the Papist, how somere their hearts are fever'd in Religion, their heads are both one, they may joule horns together like any Deare I'th Herd.

Cou. Wilt thou ever be a foule mouth'd and calumnious knave?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cou. Youle begone sir knave, and do 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
over the blacke-Gowne of a bigge heart: I am go-
ing forsooth, the businesse is for *Helen* to come hither.
Exit.

Cou. Well now.

Stew. I know Madam you love your Gentlewoman
intirely.

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

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

Cou. You have discharg'd this honestlie, keepe it
to your selfe, manie likelihoods inform'd mee of this
before, which hung so tottring in theballance, that
I could neither beleeve nor misdoubt: praie you
leave mee, stall this in your bosome, and I thanke
you for your honest care: I will speake with you fur-
ther anon. *Exit Steward.*

Enter Hellen.

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

Hell. What is your pleasure Madam?

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

Hell. Mine honorable Mistris.

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

The manie colour'd Iris rounds thine eye?
----------Why, that you are my daughter?
Hell. That I am not.
Old.Cou. I say I am your Mother.
Hell. Pardon Madam.
The Count *Rosillion* cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honored name:
No note upon my Parents, his all noble,
My Master, my deere Lord he is,and I
His servant live, and will his vassall die:
He must not be my brother.
Ol. Cou. Nor I your Mother.
Hell. You are my mother Madam, would you were
So that my Lord your sonne were not my brother,
Indeede my mother, or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for, then I doe for heaven,
So I were not his sister, cant no other,
But I your daughter, he must be my brother.
Old.Cou. Yes *Hellen*, you might be my daughter in law,
God shield you meane it not, daughter and mother
So strive upon your pulse; vvhat pale agen?
My fear hath catcht your fondnesse! now I see
The mistrie of your lovelinesse, and finde
Your salt teares head, now to all sence 'tis grosse:
You love my sonne, invention is asham'd
Against the proclamation of thy passion
To say thou doost not: therefore tell me true,
But tell me then 'tis so, for looke, thy cheekes
Confesse it ['ton to oth to th'other], and thine eies
See it so grosely showne in thy behaviours,
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 have wound a goodly clew:
If it be not, forsweare't how ere I charge thee,
As heaven shall worke in me for thine availe
To tell me truelie.
Hell. Good Madam pardon me.
Cou. Do you love my Sonne?
Hell. Your pardon noble Mistris.
Cou. Love you my Sonne?
Hell. Do not you love him Madam?
Cou. Goe not about; my love had in't a bond
Whereof the world takes note: Come, come, disclose:
The state of you affection, for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.
Hell. Then I confesse
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven, I love your
Sonne:
My friends were poore but honest, so's my love:
Be not offended, for it hurts not him
That he is lov'd of me; I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suite,
Nor would I have him, till I doe deserve him,
Yet never know how that desert should be:
I know I love in vaine, strive against hope:
Yet in this captious, and intermible Sive[.]
I still poure in the waters of my love
And lacke not to loose still; thus *Indian* like
Religious in mine error, I adore
The Sunne that lookes upon his worshipper,
But knowes of him no more. My deerest Madam,
Let not your hate incounter with my love,
For loving where you doe; but if your selfe
Whose aged honor cites a vertuous youth,

Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,
Wish chastly, and love dearely, that your *Dian*
Was both her selfe and love, O then give pittie
To her whose state is such, that cannot choose
But lend and give where she is sure to loose;
That seekes not to finde that, her search implies,
But riddle like, lives sweetely where she dies.
Cou. Had you not lately an intent, speake truly,
To goe to *Paris?*
Hell Madam I had.
Cou. Wherefore? tell true.
Hell. I will tell truth, by grace it selfe I sweare:
You know my Father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prou'd effects, such as his reading
And manifest experience, had collected
For generall soveraigntie: and that he wil'd me
In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,
More then they were in note: Amongst the rest,
There is a remedie, approv'd, set downe,
To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The King is render'd lost.
Cou. This was your motive 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 conversation of my thoughts,
Happily beene absent then.
Cou. But thinke you *Hellen,*
If you should tender your supposed aide,
He would receive 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 unlearned Virgin, when the Schooles
Embowel'd of their doctrine, have left off
[I he] The danger to it selfe.
Hell. There's something in't
More than my fathers skill, which was the great'st
Of his profession, that his good receipt,
Shall for my legacie be sanctified
Byth'luckiest stars in heaven, and would your honor
But give me leave to trie successe, I'de venture
The well lost life of mine, on his Graces cure,
By such a day, an houre.
Cou. Doo'st thou believe't?
Hell. I Madam knowingly.
Cou. Why *Hellen* thou shalt have my leave and love,
Meanes and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in Court, I'le stae 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. *Exuent.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter the King with divers yong Lords, taking leave for the Florentine warre: Count, Rosse, and Parolles. Florish Cornets.

King. Farewell yong Lords, these warlike principles
Doe not throw from you, and you my Lords farewell:
Share the advice betwixt you, if both gaine, all
The guift doth stretch it selfe as tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.
Lord.G. 'Tis our hope sir,

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 live or die, be you the sonnes
Of worthy French men: let higher Italy
(Those bated that inherit but the fall
Of the last Monarchy) see that you come
Not to wooe honour, but to wed it, when
The bravest questant shrinks: finde what you seeke,
That fame may cry you loud: I say farewell.
L.G. Health at your bidding serve your Majesty.
King. Those girles of Italy, take heed of them,
They say our French, lacke language to deny
If they demand: beware of being Captives
Before you serve.
Bo. Our hearts receive your warnings.
King. Farewell, come hether to me.
1.*Lo.G.* Oh my sweet Lord [y'] you wil stay behind us.
Parr. 'Tis not his fault the spark.
2.*Lo.E.* Oh 'tis brave warres.
Parr. Most admirable, I have seene those warres.
Rossill. I am commanded here, and kept a coyle with,
Too young, and the next yeere, and 'tis too early.
Parr. And thy minde stand too't boy,
Steale away bravely.
Rosill. I shall stay here the for-horse to a smocke,
Creeking my shooes on the plaine Masonry,
Till honour be bought up, and no sword worne
But one to dance with: by heaven, I'le steale away.
1.*Lo.G.* There's honour in the theft.
Parr. Commit it Count.
2.*Lo.E.* I am your accessary, and so farewell.
Ros. I grow to you , & our parting is a tortur'd body.
1.*Lo.G.* Farewell Captaine.
2.*Lo.E.* Sweet Mounsier *Parolles.*
Parr. Noble *Heroes;* my sword and yours are kinne, good sparkes and lustrous, a word good mettals. You shall finde in the Regiment of the Spinij, one Captaine *Spurio* his sicatrice, with an Embleme of warre heere on his sinister cheeke; it was this very sword entrench'd it: say to him I live, and observe his reports for me.
Lo.G. We shall noble Captaine.
Parr. *Mars* doate on you for his novices, what will ye doe?
Ross. Stay the King.
Parr. Use a more spacious ceremonie to the Noble Lords, you have restrain'd your selfe whithin the List of too cold an adiee: be more expressive to them; for they weare themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gate; eat, speake, and move under the influence of the most receiv'd starre, and though the devill leade the measure, such are to be followed: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.
Ross. And I will doe so.
Parr. Worthy fellowes, and like to proove most sinewie sword-men. *Exuent.*

Enter Lafew

L.Laf. Pardon my Lord for mee and for my tidings.
King. Ile see the to stand up. (pardon,
L.Laf. Then heres a man stands that has brought his
I would you had kneel'd my lorde to aske me mercy,
And that at my bidding you could so stand up.
King. I would I had, so I had broke thy pate

And askt the 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 have seen a medicine
That's able to breath life into a stone,
Quicken a rocke, and make you dance Canari
With sprightly fire and motion, whose simple touch
Is powerfull to arayse King *Pippen,* nay
To give great *Charlemaine* a pen in's hand
And write to her a love-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 convay my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one, that in her sexe, her years, profession,
Wisedome and constancy, hath amaz'd mee more
Then I dare blame my weakneesse: 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, I'le [s]fit you,
And not be all day neither.
King. Thus he his speciall nothing ever prologues.
Laf. Nay, come your waies.
Enter Hellen.
King. This haste hath wings indeed.
Laf. Nay, come your waies.
This is his Majestie, say your minde to him,
A Traitor you doe looke like, but such trators
His Majesty seldome feares, I am *Cresseds* Uncle,
That dare leave two together, far you well. *Exit.*
King. Now faire one, do's your business follow us?
Hel. I my good Lord.
Gerard de Narbon was my father,
In what he did professe, well found.
King. I knew him.
Hel. The rather will I spare my praise towards him,
Knowing him is enough; on's bed of death,
Many receits he gave me, chieflie one,
Which as the dearest issue of his practice
And of his olde experience, th'onlie darling,
He bad me store up, as a triple eye,
Safer then mine owne two: more deare I have so,
And hearing your high Majestie 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 leave us, and
The congregated Colledge have concluded,
That labouring Art can never ransome nature
From her inaydible estate: I say we must not
So staine our judgement, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malladie
To empericks, or to dissever so
Our great selfe and our credit, to esteeme
A sencelesse helpe, when help past sence we deeme,

Hell. My dutie then shall paye 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 give thee lesse to be cal'd gratefull:
Thou thoughtst to helpe me, and such thankes I give,
As one neere death to those that wish him live:
But what at full I know, thou knowest no part,
I knowing all my perill, thou no Art.
Hell. What I can doe, can doe no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedie:
He that of greatest workes is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy Writ, in babes hadh judgement showne,
When Judges have bin babes; great flouds have flowne
From simple sources: and great Seas have dried
When Miracles have by the great'st beene denied.
Oft expectation failes, and most oft there
Where most it promises: and oft it hits
Wheere hope is coldest, and despaire most shifts.
King. I must not heare thee, fare thee wel kind maide,
Thy paines not us'd, must by thy selfe be paid,
Proffers not tooke, reape thanks for their reward.
Hel. Inspired Merit so by breath is bard,
It is not so with him that all things knowes
As 'tis with us, that square our guesse by showes:
But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Deare sir, to my endeavors give consent,
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an Impostrue, that proclaime,
My selfe against the levill of mine aime,
But know I thinke, and thinke I know most sure,
My Art is not past power, nor you past cure.
King. Art thou so confident? Within what space
Hop'st thou my cure?
Hel. The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sunne shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnall ring,
Ere twice in murke and occidentall dampe
Moist *Hesperus* hath quench'd her sleepy Lampe:
Or foure and twenty times the Pylots glasse
Hath told the theevish minutes, how they passe:
What is infirme, from your sound parts shall flie,
Health shall live free, and sickenesse freely dye.
King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venter?
Hell. Taxe of impudence,
A strumpets boldnesse, a divulged shame
Traduc'd by odious ballads: my maidens name
Seard otherwise, ne worse of worst extended
With vildest torture, let my life be ended.
Kin. Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth speak
His powerfull sound within an organ weake:
And what impossibility would stay
In common sence, sence saves another way:
Thy life is deere, for all that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate:
Youth, beauty, wisedome, courage, all
That happiness and prime, can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate,
Sweet practicer, thy Physicke I will try,
That ministers thine owne death if I die.
Hel. If I breake time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpittied let me die,

And well deserv'd: not helping, death's my fee,
But if I helpe, what doe you promise me.
Kin. Make thy demand.
Hel. But will you make it even?
Kin. I by my Scepter, and my hopes of helpe.
Hel. Then shalt thou give me with thy kingly hand
What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royall bloud of France,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state:
But such a one thy vassall, whom I know
Is free for me to aske, thee to bestow.
Kin. Heere is my hand, the premises obsefv'd,
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'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
Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest,
Give me some helpe heere hoa, if thou proceed,
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.
Florish. *Exit.*

Enter Countesse and Clowne.

Lady. Come on sir, I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.
Clown. I will shew my selfe highly fed, and lowly taught, I know my businesse is but to the Court.
Lady. To the Court, why what place make you speciall, when you put off that with such contempt, but to the Court?
Clo. Truly Madam, if God have lent a man any manners, hee may easilie put it off at Court: hee that cannot make a legge, put off's cap, kisse his hand, and say nothing, has neither legge, hands, lippe, nor cap; and indeed such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the Court, but for me, I have an answere will serve all men.
Lady. Marry that's a bountifull answere that fits all questions.
Clo. It is like a Barbers chaire that fits all buttockes, the pin buttocke, the quatch-buttocke, the brawn buttocke, or any buttocke.
Lady. Will your answere serve fit to all questions?
Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an Atturney, as your French Crowne for your taffety punke, as *Tibs* rush for *Toms* fore-finger, as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a Morris for May-day, as the naile to his hole, the Cuckold to his home, as a scolding queane to a wrangling knave, as the Nuns lip to the Friers mouth, nay as the pudding to his skin.
Lady, Have you, I say, and answere of such fitnesse for all questions?
Clo. From below your Duke, to beneath your Constable, it will fit any question.
Lady. It must be an answere of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.
Clo. But a trifle neither in good faith, if the learned should speake truth of it: heere it is, and all that belongs to't. Aske mee if I am a Courtier, it shall doe you no harme to learne.
Lady. To be young againe if we could: I will bee a foole in questian, hoping to bee the wiser by you're answer.

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 loves you.
Clo. O Lord sir, thicke, thicke, spare not me.
La. I thinke, sir, you can eate none of this homely meate.
Clo. O Lord sir; nay put me too't, I warrant you.
La. You were lately whipt sir as I thinke.
Clo. O Lord sir, spare not me.
La. Doe you crie O Lord sir at your whipping, and spare not me? Indeed your O Lord sir, is very frequent 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 serve long, but not serve ever.
La. I play the noble huswife with the time, to entertaine so merrily with a foole.
Clo. O Lord sir, why there's serves well agen.
La. And end sir to your businesse: give *Hellen* this,
And urge her to a present answer backe,
Commend me to my kinsmen, and my sonne,
This is not much.
Clo. Not much commendation to them.
La. Not much employment for you, you understand me.
Clo. Most fruitfully, I am there, before my legges.
La. Hast you agen. *Exuent*

Enter Count, Lafew, and Parolles

Ol.Laf. They say miracles are past, and we have our Philosophicall persons, to make moderne and familiar things supernaturall and causelesse. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrours, ensconcing our selves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit our selves to an unknowne feare.
Par. Why 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our latter times.
Ros. And so 'tis.
Ol.Laf. To be relinquisht of the Artists.
Par. So I say both of *Galen* and *Paracelsus.*
Ol.Laf. Of all the learned and authenticke fellowes,
Par. Right so I say.
Ol.Laf. That gave him out incureable.
Par. Why there 'tis, so say I too.
Ol.Laf. Not to be help'd.
Par: Right, as 'twere a man assur'd of a ------
Ol.Laf. Uncertaine life, and sure death.
Par. Just, you say well: so would I have said.
Ol.Laf. I may truly say, it is a noveltie to the world.
Par. It is indeede if you will have it in shewing, you shall reade it in what do ye call there.
Ol.Laf. A shewing of a heavenly effect in an earthly Actor.
Par. That's it, I would have 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 breefe and the tedious of it, and he's of a most facinerious spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the---
Ol.Laf. Very hand of heaven.
Par. I, so I say.
Ol.Laf. In a most weake-----
Par. And debile minister great power, great trancendence, which should indeede give us a further use to

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

Enter King, Hellen, and attendants.

Par. I would have 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 have a tooth in my head: why he's able to leade her a Carranto.
Par. Mor du vinager, is not this *Helen* ?
Ol. Laf. Fore God I thinke so,
King. Goe call before mee all the Lords in Court,
Sit my preserver by thy patients side,
And with this healthfull hand whose banisht sence
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receyve
The confirmation of my promis'd guift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter 3 or 4 Lords.

Faire Maide send forth thine eye, this youthfull parcell
Of Noble Batchellors, stand at my bestowing
Ore whom both Soveraigne power, and fathers voice
I have to use; thy franke election make,
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.
Hel. To each of you, one faire and vertuous Mistris;
Fall when love please, marry to each but one.
Old Laf, I'de give bay curtall, and his furniture
My mouth no more were broken then these boyes,
And writ as little beard.
King. Peruse them well:
Not one of those, but had a Noble father.

She addresses her to a Lord.

Hel. Gentlemen, heaven hath through me, restor'd the king to health.
All. We understand it, and thanke heaven for you.
Hel. I am a simple Maide, and therein wealthiest
That I protest, I simply am a Maide:
Please it your Majestie, I have done already:
The blushes in my cheekes thus whisper mee,
We blush that thou shouldst choose, but be refused;
Let the white death sit on thy cheeke for ever,
Wee'l nere come there againe.
King. Make choice and see,
Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in mee.
Hel. Now *Dian* from thy Alter do I fly,
And to imperiall Jove, that God most high
Do my sighes streame: Sir, wil you heare my suite?
1.Lo. And grant it.
Hel. Thankes sir, all the rest is mute.
Ol.Laf. I had rather be in this choise, then throw [Ames-ace] for my life.
Hel. The honor sir that flames in your faire eyes,
Before I speake too threatningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twentie times above
Her that so wishes, and her humble love.
2.Lo. No better if you please.
Hel. My wish receive,
Which great love grant, and so I take my leave.
Ol.Laf. Do all they denie her? And they were sons of mine, I'd have them whip'd, or I would send them to'th Turke to make Euniches of.
Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand should take,
Ile never do you wrong for your owne sake:
Blessing upon your vowes, and in your bed
Finde fairer fortune, if you ever wed.
Old Laf. These boyes are boyes of Ice, they'le none have

have heere : sure they are bastards to the English, the
French nere got em.
La. You are too young, too happie, and too good
To make your selfe a sonne out of my blood.
4.Lord. Faire one, I thinke not so.
Ol.Lord There's one grape yet, I am sure thy father
drunke wine. But if thou be'st not an asse, I am a youth
of fourteene: I have knowne thee already.
Hel. I dare not say I take you, but I give
Me and my service, ever whilst I live
Into your guiding power: This is the man.
King. Why then young *Bertram* take her shee's thy
wife.
Ber. My wife my Liege? I shall beseech your highnes
In such a busines, give me leave to use
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 never hope to know
why I should marrie her.
King. Thou know'st shee ha's rais'd me from my sick-
ly bed.
Ber. But followes it my Lord, to bring me downe
Must answer for your raising? I know her well:
Shee had her breeding at my fathers charge:
A poore Physitians daughter my wife? Disdaine
Rather corrupt me ever.
King. Tis onely title thou disdainst in her, the which
I can build up: 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. Is she bee
All that is vertuous (save what thou dislik'st)
A poore Phisitians daughter, thou dislik'st
Of vertue for the name: but doe not so:
From lowest place, whence vertuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by th'doers deede.
Where great additions swell's, and vertue none,
It is a dropsied honour. Good alone,
Is good without a name? Vilenesse is so:
The propertie by what is is, should go,
Not by the title. Shee is young, wise, faire,
In these, to Nature shee's immediate heire:
And these breed honour: that is honours scorne,
Which challenges it selfe as honours borne,
And is not like the fire: Honours thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Then our fore-goers: the meere words, a slave
Debosh'd on everie toombe, on everie grave:
A lying Trophee, and as oft is dumbe,
Where dust, and damn'd oblivion is the Tombe.
Of honoer'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 love her, nor will strive to doo't.
King. Thou wrong'st thy selfe, if thou should'st strive
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, unworthie this good gift,
That dost in vile misprision shackle up
My love, and her desert: that can'st not dreame,
We poizing us in her defective scale,

Shall weigh thee to the beame: That wilt not know,
It is in Us to plant thine Honour, where
We please to have it grow. Checke thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travailes in thy good:
Beleeve 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 ever
Into the staggers, and the carelesse lapse
Of youth and ignorance: both my revenge and hate
Loosing upon thee, in the name of justice,
Without all termes of pittie. Speake, thine answer.
Ber. Pardon my gracious Lord: for I submit
My fancie to your eies, when I consider
What great creation, and what dole of honour
Flies where you bid it: I finde that she which late
Was in my Nobler thoughts, most base: is now
The praised of the King, who so ennobled,
Is as 'twere borne so.
King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her she is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoize: If not to thy estate,
A ballance more repleat.
Ber. I take her hand.
Kin. Good fortune, and the favour of the King
Smile upon this Contract: whose Ceremonie
Shall seeme expedient on the now borne briefe,
And be perform'd to night: the solemne Feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy love's to me Religious: else, do's erre. *Exuent Parolles and Lafew stay behind, commenting of this wedding.*
Laf. Do you hear 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 understoode without bloudie succeeding My Master ?
Laf. Are you Companion to the Count *Rosillion*?
Par: To any Count, to all Counts: to what is man.
Laf: To what is Counts man: Counts maister is of another stile.
Par. You are too old sir: Let it satisfie you, you are too old.
Laf. I must tell the sirrah, I write Man: to which title age cannot bring thee.
Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.
Laf. I did thinke thee for two ordinaries : to bee a prettie wise fellow, thou didst make tollerable [v]ent of thy travell, it might passe: yet the scarffes and the bannerets about thee, did manifoldlie disswade me from beleeving thee a vessell of too great a burthen. I have now found thee, when I loose the againe, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up, and that th'ourt scarece worth.
Par. Hadst thou not the priviledge of Antiquity upon thee.
Laf. Do not plundge thy selfe to farre in anger, least thou hasten thy triall: which if, Lord have mercie on thee for a hen, so my good window of Lettice fare thee well, thy casement I neede not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.
Par. My Lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf.

Laf. I with all my heart, and thou art worthy of it.
Par. I have not my Lord deserv'd it.
Laf. Yes good faith, ev'ry dramme of it, and I will not bate thee a scruple.
Par. Well, I shall be wiser.
Laf. Ev'n as soone as thou can'st, for thou hast to pull at a smacke a'th contrarie. If ever thou bee'st bound in thy scarfe and beaten, thou shall finde what it is to be proud of thy bondage, I have 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 the, in what motion age will give me leave. *Exit.*
Par. Well, thou hast a sonne shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy Lord. Well, I must be patient, there is no fettering of authority. Ile beate him (by my life) if I can meete him with any convenience, and he were double and double a Lord. Ile have no more pittie of his age then I would have of------Ile beate him, and if I could but meet him again.

Enter Lafew.

Laf. Sirra, your Lord and masters married, there's newes for you: you have a new Mistris.
Par. I most unfainedly beseech your Lordshippe to make some reservation of your wrongs. He is my good Lord, whom I serve above is my master.
Laf. Who? God.
Par. I sir.
Laf. The devill it is, that's thy master. Why dooest thou garter up thy armes a this fashion? Dost make hose of thy sleeves? Do other servants 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: meethink'st thou art a generall offence, and every man shold beate thee: I think thou wast created for men to breath themselves upon thee.
Par. This is hard and undeserved 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 traveller: you are more sawcie with Lordes and honorable personages, then the Commission of your birth and vertue gives you Heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I'de call you knave. I leave you.
Exit

Enter Count Rossillion.

Par. Good, very good, it is so then: good, very good, let it be conceal'd awhile.
Ros. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever.
Par. What's the matter sweet-heart?
Rossill. Although before the solemne Priest I have sworne, I will not bed her.
Par. What? what sweet heart?
Ros. O my *Parrolles,* they have married me:
Ile to the *Tuscan* warres, and never bed her.
Par. *France* is a dog-hole, and it no more merits,
The tread of a mans foot: too'th warres.
Ros. There's letters from my mother: What th'import is, I know not yet.
Par. I that would be knowne: too'th warrs my boy, too'th warres:

He weares his honor in a boxe unseene,
That hugges his kickie wickie heare at home,
Spending his manlie marrow in her armes
Which should sustaine the bound and high curvet
Of *Marses* fierie steed: to other Regions,
France is a stable, wee that dwell in't Jades,
Therefore too'th warre.
Ros. It shall be so, Ile send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled: Write to the King
That which I durst not speake. His present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields
Where noble fellowes strike: Warres is no strife
To the darke house, and the dete[c,s]ted wife.
Par. Will this Caprichio hold in thee, art sure?
Ros. Go with me to my chamber, and advice me.
Ile send her straight away: To morrow,
Ile to the warres, she to her single sorrow.
Par. Why these bals bound, ther's noise in it. Tis hard
A yong man married, is a man that's mard:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely: 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 thankes be given 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 heaven, whether God send her quickly :the other that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Blesse you my fortunate Ladie.
Hel. I hope sir I have your good will to have mine owne good fortune.
Par. You had my prayers to leade them on and to keepe them on, have them still. O my knave, how do's my old Ladie?
Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would find 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 undoing : to say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title, which is within a very little of nothing.
Par. Away, th'art a knave.
Clo. You should have said sir before a knave, th'art a knave, that's before me th'art a knave: this had beene truth sir.
Par. Go too, thou art a wittie foole I have found thee.
Clo. Did you finde me in your selfe sir, or were you taught to find me?
Clo. The search sir was profitable, and much Foole may you find in you,even to the worlds pleasure,and the increase of laughter.
Par. A good knave ifaith, and well fed.
Madam, my Lord will go awaie to night,

A verie serrious businesse call's on him:
The great prerogative and rite of love,
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 curbd time,
To make the coming houre overflow with joy,
And pleasure drowne the brim.

Hel, What's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave 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 having this obtain'd, you presentlie
Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In every thing I waite upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so. *Exit Par.*

Hell. I pray you come sirrah. *Exit*

Enter Lafew and Bertram.

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

Ber. Yes my Lord and of verie valiant approofe.

Laf. You have it from his owne deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimonie.

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

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

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

Enter Parolles.

Par. These things shall be done sir.

Laf. Pray you sir whose his Tailor?

Par. Sir?

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

Ber. Is shee gone to the king?

Par. Shee is.

Ber. Will shee away to night?

Par. As you'le have her.

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

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

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

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my Lords displeasure.

Laf. You have 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 have mistaken him my Lord.

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

me, there can be no kernell in this light Nut: the soule
of this man is his cloathes : Trust him not in matter of
heavie consequence: I have kept of them tame, & know
their natures. Farewell Monsieur, I have spoken better
of you, than you have or will to deserve at my hand, but
we must do good against evill.
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
Gives him a worthy passe. Heere comes my clog.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I have sir as I was commanded from you
Spoke with the King, and have procur'd his leave
For present parting, onely he desires
Some private speech with you.
Bar. I shall obey his will.
You must not mervaile [merruaile] *Helen* at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration, and required office
On my particular. Prepar'd I was not
For such a businesse, therefore am I found
So much unsetled: This drives 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 have in them a neede
Greater then shewes it self at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother,
'T will be two daies ere I shall see you, so
I leave you to your wisedome.
Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.
Ber. Come, come, no more of that.
Hel. And ever shall
With true observance seeke to eeke out that
Wherein toward me my homely starres have faild
To equall my great fortune.
Ber. Let that goe: my hast is verie great. Farwell:
Hie home.
Hel. Pray sir your pardon.
Ber. Well, what would you say?
Hel. I am not worthie of the wealth I owe,
Nor dare I say 'tis mine: and yet it is,
But like a timorous theefe, most faine would steale
What law does vouch mine owne.
Ber. What would you have?
*Hel.*Something, and scarse so much: nothing indeed,
I would not tell you what I would my Lord: Faith yes,
Strangers and foes do sunder and not kisse.
Ber. I pray you stay not, but in hast to horse.
Hel. I shall not breake your bidding, good my Lord:
Where are my other men? Monsieur, farwell. *Exit*
Ber. Go thou toward home, where I will never come,
Whilst I can shake my sword, or heare the drumme:
Away, and for our flight.
Par. Bravely, 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 have 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
Upon your Graces part: blacke and fearefull
On the opposer.
Duke. Therefore we mervaile much our Cosin France
Would in so just 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 unable motion, therefore dare not
Say what I thinke of it, since I have found
My selfe in my incertaine grounds to faile
As often as I guest.
Duke. Be it his pleasure.
Fren. G. But I am sure the yonger of our nature,
That surfet on their ease, will day by day
Come here for Physicke.
Duke. Welcome shall they bee:
And all the honors that can flye from us,
Shall on them settle: you know your places well,
When better fall, for your availes they fell,
Tomorrow to'th the field. *Flourish.*

Enter Countesse and Clowne.

Count. It hath happen'd all, as I would have had it, save that he comes not along with her.
Clo. By my troth I take my young Lord to be a verie melancholly man.
Count. By what observance I pray you.
Clo. Why he will looke uppon 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 have no minde to *Isbell* since I was at Court. Our old Lings, and our *Isbels* a'th Country, are nothing like your old Ling and your *Isbels* a'th Court: the brains of my Cupid's knock'd out, and I beginne to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomacke.
Lad. What have we heere?
Clo. In that you have there. *exit*

A Letter.

I have sent you a daughter-in-Law, shee hath recovered the King, and undone me : I have wedded her, not bedded her, and sworne to make the not eternall. You shall heare I am runne away, know it before the report come. If there bee bredth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you. Your unfortunate sonne,
Bertram.

This is not well rash and unbridled boy,
To flye the favours of so good a King, [|]
To plucke his indignation on thy head,
By the misprising of a Maide too vertuous
For the contempt of Empire.

Enter Clowne.

Clow. O Madam, yonder is heavie newes, within betweene two shouldiers, and my yong Ladie.
La. What is the matter.
Clo. Nay there is some comfort in the newes, some comfort, your sonne will not be kild so soon as I thought he would.

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

Enter Hellen and two Gentlemen.

French E. Save you good Madam.
Hel. Madam, my Lord is gone, for ever gone.
French G. Do not say so.
La. Thinke upon patience,pray you Gentlemen,
I have felt so many quirkes of joy and greefe,
That the first face of neither on the start
Can woman me untoo't. Where is my sonne I pray you?
Fren. G. Madam he's gone to serve the Duke of Florence,
We met him thitherward, for thence we came:
And after some dispatch in hand at Court,
Thither we bend againe.
Hel. Looke on his Letter Madam, here's my Pasport.

When thou canst get the Ring upon my finger, which never shall come off, and shew me a childe begotten of thy bodie, that I am father too, then call me husband: but in such a (then) I write a Never.
This is a dreadfull sentence.
La. Brought you this Letter Gentlemen?
1.G. I Madam, and for the Contents sake are sorrie for our paines.
Old La. I prethee Ladie have a better cheere,
If thou engrossest all the greefes are thine,
Thou robst me of a moity: He was my sonne,
But I do wash his name out of my blood.
And thou art all my childe. Towards Florence is he?
Fren.G. I Madam.
La. And to be a souldier.
Fren.G. Such is his noble purpose, and beleev't
The Duke will lay upon him all the honor
That good convenience claimes.
La. Returne you thither.
Fren.E. I Madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.
Hel. Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France,
' Tis bitter.
La. Finde you that there?
Hel. I Madame.
Fren.E. 'Tis but the boldnesse of his hand haply, which his heart was not consenting too.
Lad. Nothing in France, untill he have no wife:
There's nothing heere that is too good for him
But onely she, and she deserves a Lord
That twenty such rude boyes might tend upon,
And call her hourely Mistris. Who was with him?
Fren.E. A servant onely, and a Gentleman: which I have sometime knowne.
La. Parolles was it not?
Fren.E. I my good Ladie, hee.
La. A verie tainted fellow, and full of wickednesse,
My sonne corrupts a well derived nature
With his inducement.
Fren.E. Indeed good Ladie the fellow has a deale of that, too much, which holds him much to have.
La. Y'are welcome Gentlemen, I will intreate you when you see my sonne, to tell him that his sword can never winne the honor that he looses : more I'le intreate

you written to beare along.
Fren.G. We serve you Madam in that and all your worthiest affaires.
La. Not so, but as we change our courtesies,
Will you draw neere? *Exit.*
Hel. Till I have no wife I have nothing in France.
Nothing in France untill he has no wife:
Thou shalt have none *Rossillion*, none in France,
Then hast thou all againe: poore Lord, is't I
That chafe thee from thy Countrie, and expose
Those tender limbes of thine, to the event
Of the none-sparing warre? And is it I,
That drive the from the sportive Court, where thou
Was't shot at with faire eyes, to be the marke
of smoakie Muskets? O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speede of fire,
Fly with false ayme, move the still-peering aire
That sings with piercing, do not touch my Lord:
Who ever shoots at him, I set him there.
Who ever 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 ravine 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 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 consolate thine eare. Come night, end day,
For with the darke (poore theefe) Ile steale away. *Exit.*

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

Duke. The Generall of our horse thou art, and we
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
Upon thy promising fortune.
Ber. Sir it is
A charge too heavy for my strength, but yet
Wee'l strive to beare it for your worthy sake,
To th'extreme edge of hazard.
Duke. Then go thou forth,
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helme
As thy auspicious mistris.
Ber. This very day
Great Mars I put my selfe into thy file,
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove
A lover of thy drumme, a hater of love. *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. Jaques Pilgrim, thither gone:
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.

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

Ah what shaarpe stings are in her mildest words?
Rynaldo, you did never lacke advice for much,
As letting her passe so: had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.
Ste. Pardon me Madam,
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have beene ore-tane: and yet she writes
Pursuite would be but vaine.
La. What Angell shall
Blesse this unworthy husband, he cannot thrive,
Unlesse her prayers, whom heaven delights to heare
And loves to grant, repreeve him from the wrath
Of greatest Justice. Write, write *Rynaldo,*
To this unworthy husband of this wife,
Let everie word waigh heavie of her worth,
That he does waigh too light: my greatest greefe,
Though little he do feele it, set downe sharpely.
Dispatch the most convenient 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 love : which of them both
Is deerest to me, I have no skill in sence
To make distinction: provide this Messenger:
My heart is heavie, and mine age is weake,
Greefe would have teares, and sorrow bids me speake.
Exeunt

A Tucket afarre off.

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

Widdow. Nay come,
For if they do approach the Citty,
We shall loose all the fight,
Diana. They say, the French Count has done
Most honourable service.
Wid. It is reported,
That he has taken their great'st Commander,
And that with his owne hand he slew
The Dukes brother: we have lost our labour,
They are gone a contrarie way: harke,
you may know by their Trumpets.
Maria. Come lets returne againe,
And suffice our selves with the report of it.
Well *Diana*, take heed of this French Earle,
The honour of a Maide is her name,
And no Legacie is so rich
As honestie.
Widdow. I have told my neighbor
How you have been solicited by a Genteman
His Companion.
Maria

Maria. 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, entisements, oathes, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under : many a maide hath beene seduced by them, and the miserie is example, that so terrible shewes in the wracke of maiden hood, cannot for all that disswade succession, but that they are limed with the twigges that threatens them. I hope I neede not to 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 Hellen.

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

Hel. To *S. Jaques 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 afarre.*

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

Hel. Is it your selfe ?

Wid. If you shall please so Pilgrime.

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

Wid. you came I thinke from *France?*

Hel. I did so.

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

Hel. His name I pray you?

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

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

Dia. What somere he is
He's bravely taken here. 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 serves the Count,
Reports but coursely of her.

Hel. What's his name.

Dia. Monsieur *Parrolles.*

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

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

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

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

Wid. He does indeede,
And brokes with all that can in such a suite

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

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

Mar. The goddes forbid else.
Wid. So now they come:
That is *Anthonio* the Dukes eldest sonne,
That *Escalus.*
Hel. Which is the Frenchman?
Dia. Hee,
That with the plume, 'tis a most gallant fellow,
I would he lov'd his wife : if he were honester
He were much goodlier.Is't not a handsom Gentleman
Hel. I like him well.
Di.'Tis pitty he is not honest:yonds that same knave
That leades him to these places : were I his Ladie,
I would poison that vile Rascall.
Hel. Which is he?
Dia. That Jacke an-apes with scarfes. Why is he
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 us.
Wid. Marrie hang you.
Mar. And your curtesie, for a ring-carrier. *Exit.*
Wid. The troope is past : Come pilgrim, I wil bring
you, Where you shall host : Of inioyn'd penitents
There's four or five, to great S. *Jaques* bound,
Alreadie at my house.
Hel. I humbly thanke you :
Please it this Matron, and this gentle Maide
To eate with us to night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me , and to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts of this Virgin,
Worthy the note.
Both. Wee'l take your offer kindly. *Exeunt.*

Enter Count Rossillion and the Frenchmen,
as at first.
Cap.E. Nay good my Lord put him too't : let him
have his way.
Cap.G. If your Lordshippe finde him not a Hilding,
hold me no more in your respect.
Cap. E On my live my Lord a bubble.
Ber. Do you thinke I am so farre
Deceived in him.
Cap.E. Beleeve 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 Lyar, an hourely 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, fayle
you.
Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try
him.
Cap. G. None better then to let him fetch off his
drumme, which you heare him so confidently under-
take to do.
C.E. I with a troop of Florentines wil sodainly sur-

prize him; such I will have when I am sure he knowes not from the enemie : wee will binde and hoodwinke him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the Leager of the adversaries, 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 deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeite of his soule upon oath never trust my judgement in anie thing.

Cap.G. O for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drumme, he sayes he has a strategem for't : when your Lordship sees the bottome of this successe in't, and to what mettle this counterfeyt lump of our will be melted if you give him not John drummes entertainement, your inclining cannot be removed. Heere he comes.

Enter Parrolles.

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

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

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

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

Cap.G. That was not to be blam'd in the command of the service : it was a disaster of warre that *Cesar* him selfe could not have prevented, if he had beene there to command.

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

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered, but that the merit of service is sildome attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drumme or another, or *hic iacet.*

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

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

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. Ile about it this evening, and I will presently pen downe my dilemma's, encourage my selfe in my certaintie,put my selfe into my mortell 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 love not many words. *Exit*

Cap.E. No more than a fish loves water. Is not this

a strange fellow my Lord, that so confidently seems to undertake 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 favour, and for a weeke escape a great deal of discoveries, but when you finde him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why do you thinke he will make no deede at all of this that so seriouslie hee dooes addresse himfelfe unto?

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

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

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

Ber. Your brother he shall go along with me.

Cap.G. As't please your Lordship, Ile 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 have i'th winde
Tokens and Letters, which she did resend,
And this is all I have done : She's a faire creature,
Will you go see her?

Cap.E. With all my heart my Lord. *Exeunt*

Enter Hellen, and Widdow.

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

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

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First give me trust, the Count he is my husband,
And what to your sworne counsaile I have 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 beleeve you,
For you have shew'd me that which well approves
Y'are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of Gold,
And let me but your friendly helpe thus farre,
Which I will over-pay, and pay againe
When I have found it.The Count he woes your daughter,
Layes downe his wanton siedge before her beautie,
Resolve to carrie her : let her in fine consent
As wee'll direct her how 'tis best to beare it:
Now his important blood will naught denie,
That shee'l demand : a ring the Countie weares,
That downward hath succeeded in his house

From

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 bottome of your purpose.
Hel. You see it lawful then, it is no more,
But that your daughter ere she seemes as wonne;
Desires this Ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Her selfe most chastly absent : after
To marry her, Ild adde three thousand Crownes
To what is past already.
Wid. I have yeelded :
Instruct my daughter how she shall persever,
That time and place with this deceite so lawfull
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With Musickes of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her unworthinesse: It nothing steeds us
To chide him from our eeves, for he persists
As if his life lay on't.
Hel. Why then to night
Let us 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 souldiers in ambush.

1.Lord E. He can come no other way but by this hedge corner : when you sallie upon him, speake what terrible Language you will : though you understand it not your selves, no matter: for we must not seeme to understand him, unlesse some one among us, whom wee must produce for an Interpreter.
1.Sol. Good Captaine, let me be th'Interpreter.
Lor.E. Art not acquainted with him? knowes he not thy voice?
1.Sol. No sir I warrant you.
Lo.E. But what linsie wolsy hast thou to speake to us againe.
1.Sol. E'n such as you speake to me.
Lo.E. He must thinke us some band of strangers, I'th adversaries entertainment. Now he hath a smacke of all neighbouring Languages : therefore we must every one be a man of his owne fancie, not to know what we speak

one to another:so we seeme to know, is to know straight our purpose : Choughs language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you interpreter, you must seeme very politicke. But couch hoa, heere hee comes, to beguile two houres in a sleepe, and then to returne & swear the lies he forges.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Ten a clocke: Within these three houres 'twill be time enough to goe home. What shall I say I have done? It must bee a very plausive invention that carries it. They beginne to smoake mee, and disgraces have 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 divell should move mee to undertake the recoverie of this drumme, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give my selfe some hurts, and say I got them in exploit : yet slight ones will not carrie it. They will say, came you off with so little? And gross ones I dare not give, wherefore what's the instance. Tongue, I must put you into a Butter-womans mouth, and buy my selfe another of *Bajazeths* 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 serve the turne, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

*Lo.*E. We cannot affoord you so.

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

*Lo.*E. 'Twould not do.

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

*Lo.*E. Hardly serve.

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 scarse make that be beleeved.

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

*Lo.*E. You shall heare one anon.

Par. A drumme now of the enemies.

Alarum within.

*Lo.*E. *Thraca movoufsi,cargo,cargo,cargo.*

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

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

Inter. Baskos thromuldo boskos.

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

Int. Baskos vauvado, I understand thee, & can speake thy tongue : *Kerelybonto* sir, betake thee to thy faith, for seventeene ponyards are at thy bosome.

Par. Oh.

Inter. Oh pray,pray,pray,
Manka reuania dulche.

Lo.E. Oscorbiduichos volivorco.

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

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

Inter. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damne me.

Inter. Acardo linta.
Come on, thou are granted space. *Exit*

A short Alarum within

L.E. Go tell the Count *Rossillion* and my brother,
We have caught the woodcocke, and will keepe him
Till we do heare from them. (mufled
Sol. Captaine I will.
L.E. A will betray us all unto our selves,
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 nema was *Fontybell.*
Dia. No my good Lord, *Diana.*
Ber. Titled Goddesse,
And worth it with addition : but faire soule,
In your fine frame hath love 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 strive against my vowes :
I was compell'd to her, but I love thee
By loves owne sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.
Dia. I so you serve us
Till we serve you: But when you have our Roses,
You barely leave our thornes to pricke our selves,
And mocke us with our bararenesse.
Ber. How have I sworne.
Dia. Tis not the many oathes that makes the truth,
But the plaine single vow, that is vow'd true:
What is not holie, that we sweare not by,
But take the high'st to witnesse : then pray you tell me.
If I should sweare by Joves great attributes,
I lov'd you deerely, would you beleeve my oathes,
When I did love you ill? This ha's no holding
To sweare by him whom I protest to love
That I will worke against him. Therefore your oathes
Are words and poore conditions, but unseal'd
At least in my opinion.
Ber. Change it, change it :
Be not so holy cruell : Love is holie,
And my integritie ne're knew the crafts
That you do charge men with : Stand no more off,
But give thy selfe undo my sicke desires,
Who then recovers. Say thou art mine, and ever
My love as it beginnes, shall so persever.
Dia. I see that men make rope's in such a scarre,
That wee'l forsake our selves. Give me that Ring.
Ber. Ile lend it thee my deere; but have no power
To give it from me.
Dia. Will you not my Lord?
Ber. It is an honour longing to our house,
Bequeathed downe from manie Ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquie I'th world,
In me to loose.
Dian. Mine Honors such a Ring,
My chastities the Jewell of our house,

Bequeathed downe from many Ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquie I'th world,
In mee to loose. 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 chamber window:
Ile order take, my mother shall not heare.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have 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 deliver'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 have wonne
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.
Ber. A heaven on earth I have won by wooing thee.
Dia. For which, live long to thank both heaven & me,
You may so in the end.
My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sate in's heart. She sayes, all men
Have 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 so braide,
Marry that will, I live and die a Maid :
Onely in this disguise, I think't no sinne,
To cosen him that would unjustly winne. *Exit.*

Enter the two French Captaines,and some two or three Souldi[o,e]urs.

Cap.G. You have not given him his mothers letter.
Cap.E. I have deliv'red 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 upon him, for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a Lady.
Cap.E. Especially, hee hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the King, who had even tun'd his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.
Cap.G. When you have spoken it 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.
Cap.E. Hee hath perverted a young Gentlewoman heere in *Florence*, of a most chaste renown, & this night he fleshes his will into the spoyle of her honour: hee hath given her his monumentall Ring, and thinkes himselfe made in the unchaste composition.
Cap.G. Now God delay our rebellion as we are our selves, what things are we.
Cap.E. Meerely our owne traitours. And as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveale themselves, till they attaine to their abhorr'd ends : so he that in this ation contrives against his owne Nobility in his proper streame, ore-flowes himselfe.
Cap.G. Is it not meant damnable in us, to be Trumpeters of our unlawfull intents? We shall not then have his company to night?
Cap.E. Not till after midnight : for hee is dicted to his houre.
Cap.G. That approaches apace : I would gladly have him see his company anathomiz'd, that hee might take

a measure of his owne judgements;wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

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

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

Cap.E, I heare there is an overture of peace.

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

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

Cap.G. I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his councell.

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

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

Cap.E. How is this justified?

Cap.G. The stronger part of it by her owne Letters, which makes her storie true, even to the poynt of her death: her death itselfe, 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 partiular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the veritie.

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

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

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

Cap.G. The webbe of our life is of a mingled yarne, good and ill together : our vertues would bee proud, if our faults whipt them not, and our crimes would dispaire if the 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 leave: 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 needful there, if they were more then they can commend.

Enter Count Rossillion.

[*Ber*]. They cannot be too sweete for the Kings tartnesse, heere's his Lordnhip now. How now my Lord, i'st not after midnight?

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

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

Lordship.
Ber. I meane the businesse is not ended, as fearing to heare of it hereafter; but shall we have this dialogue betweene the Fool and the Soldiour. Come, bring forth this counterfet module, ha[']s deceiv'd mee, like a double-meaning Prophesier.
*Cap.*E.Bring him forth, ha's sate i'th stockes all night poore gallant knave.
Ber. No matter, his heeles have deserv'd it, in usurping his spurres so long. How does he carry himselfe?
*Cap.*E. I have told your Lordship alreadie : The stockes carrie him. But to answer you as you would be understood, hee weepes like a wench that had shed her milke, he hath confest himself to *Morgan*, whom he supposes to be a Friar, [from] the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i'th stockes : and what thinke you he hath confest?
Ber. Nothing of me, ha's a?
*Cap.*E. His confession is taken, and it shall bee read to his face, if your Lordshippe be in't, as I beleeve you are, you must have the patience to heare it.

Enter Parolles with this Interpreter.

Ber. A plague upon him, muffeld;he can say nothing of me : hush, hush.
Cap.G. Hoodman comes : *Portotartarossa.*
Inter. He calles for the tortures, what will you say without em.
Par. I will confesse what I know without constraint, If ye pinch my like a Pasty, I can say no more.
Int. Bosko Chimurcho.
Cap. Boblibindo chicurmurca.
Int. You are a mercifull Generall : Our Generall bids you to answer to what I shall aske you out of a Note.
Par. And truly, as I hope to live.
Int. First, demand of him, how many horse the Duke is strong. What say you to that?
Par. Five or sixe thousand, but very weake and unserviceable : the troopes are all scattered, and the Commanders verie poore rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.
Int. Shall I set downe your answer so?
Par. Do, I'le take the Sacrament on't, how & which way you will : all's one to him.
Ber. What a past-saving slave is this?
Cap.G. Y'are deceiv'd my Lord, this is Mounsieur *Parrolles* the gallant militarist, that was his owne phrase that had the whole theoricke of warre in the knot of his scarfe, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.
Cap.E. I will never trust a man againe, for keeping his sword cleane, nor beleeve he can have everie thing in him, by wearing his apparrell neatly.
Int. Well, that's set downe.
Par. Five of six thousand horse I sed, I will say true, or thereaboutes set downe, for Ile speake truth.
Cap.G. He's very neere the truth in this.
Ber. But I con him no thankes for't in the nature he delivers 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 marvailous poore.
Interp. Demand of him of what strength they are a foot. What say you to that?
Par. By my troth sir, if I were to live this present houre, I will tell true. Let me see, *Spurio* a hundred & fiftie,

fiftie, *Sebastian* so many, *Corambus* so many, *Jaques* so many : *Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowicke,* and *Graty,* two hundred fiftie each: Mine owne Company, *Chitopher*, *Vaumond, Bentij,* two hundred fiftie each : so that the muster file, rotten and sound, upon my life amounts not to fifteene thousand pole, halfe the which, dare not shake the snow from off their Cassockes, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

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

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

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

Int. Do you know this Captaine *Dumaine?*

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

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

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

Par. Upon my knowledge he is, and lowsie.

Cay.G. Nay looke not so upon 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 have 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 upon a file with the Dukes other Letters, in my Tent.

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

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

Ber. Our Interpreter do's it well.

Cap,G, Excellently.

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

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

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

Par. My meaning in't I protest was very honest in the behalfe of the maid : for I know the young Count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to Virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable both-sides rogue.

Int Let. When he sweares oathes, bid him drop gold, and take it:
After he scores, he never payes the score :
Halfe won is match well made, match and well make it,
He nere pays after-debts, take it before,
And say a souldier (Dian) told thee this:
Men are to mell with,boyes are not to kis.

For count of this, the Counts a Foole I know it,
Who payes before, but not when he doest owe it.
Thine as he vow'd to thee in thine eare,
Parolles.

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

Cap.E. This is your devoted 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 perceive sir by your Generals lookes, wee shall be faine to hang you.

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

Int. Wee'le see what may bee done, so you confesse freely: therefore once more to this Captaine *Dumaine:* you have 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 ravishments he paralels *Nessus.* Hee professes not keeping of oaths, in breaking em he is stronger then *Hercules.* He will lye sir, with such volubilitie, that you would thinke truth were a foole : drunkennesse is his best vertue, for he will be swine-drunke, and in his sleepe he does little harme, save to his bed-cloathes about him : but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say sir of his honesty, he ha's everie thing that an honest man should not have: what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

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

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

Int. What say you to his expertnesse in warre?

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

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

Bar. 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 revolt.

Par. Sir, for a Card[ceue,ecue] he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritane of it, and cut th'intaile from all remainders, and a perpetuall succession for it perpetually.

Int. What's his Brother, the other Captain *Dumain*?

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

Int. What's he?

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

Int. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine.

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

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

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

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

Int. There is no remedy sir, but you must dye : the Generall sayes, you that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestifferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use : therefore you must dye. Come headesman, off with his head.

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

Int. That shall you, and take your leave 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 save you noble Captaine.

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

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

Int. You are undone 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 received so much shame, you might begin an impudent Nation. Fare yee well sir, I amd for *France* too, we shall speake of you there. *Exit*

Per. 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 live : who knowes himselfe a braggart
Let him feare this : for it will come to passe,
That every braggart shall be found an Asse.
Rust sword, coole blushes, and *Parrolles* live
Safest in shame : being fool'd, bu fool'rie thrive;
There's place and meanes for every man alive.
Ile after them. *Exit.*

Enter Hellen, Widdow, and Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not
wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my suretie : for whose throne 'tis needful
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneele.
Time was, I did him a desired office
Deere almost as his life, which gratitude
through flintie Tartars bosome would peepe forth,
And answer thankes. I duly am inform'd,
His grace is at *Marcelle*, to which place
We have convenient convoy : you must know
I am supposed dead, the Army breaking,
My husband hies him home, where heaven ayding,
And by the leave of my good Lord the King,
Wee'l be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle Madam,
You never had a servant to whose trust
Your busines was more welcome.

Hel. Nor your Mistris
Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompence your love: Doubt not but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughters dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive

And helper to a husband. But O strangemen,
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucie 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,*
Under my poore instructions yet must suffer
Something in my bahalfe.
Dia. Let death and honestie
Go with you impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.
Hel. Yet I pray you:
But with the word the time will bring on summer,
When Briars shall have leaves as well as thornes,
And be as sweet as sharpe : we must away,
Our Wagon is prapar'd, and time revives us,
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 taffeta fellow there, whose villanous saffron would have made all the unbak'd and dowy youth of a nation in his colour : your daughter-in-law had beene alive at this houre, and your sonne heere at home, more advanc d by the King, then by that red-tail'd humble Bee I speak of,

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

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

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

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

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

Laf. Whether doest thou professe for thy selfe a knave or a foole?

Clo. A foole sir at a womans service, and a knave at a mans.

Laf. Your distinction.

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

Laf. So you were a knave at his service indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble sir to doe her service.

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

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

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

Laf. Whose that, a Frenchman?

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

Laf. What prince is that?

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

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

Clow

Clo. I am a woodland fellow sir, that alwaies loved a great fire, and the master I speak of ever 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 themselves 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 ant trickes.

Clo. If I put any trickes upon em sir, they shall bee Jades trickes, which are their owne right by the law of Nature. *exit*

Laf. A shrewd knave and an unhappie.

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

Laf. I like him well, 'tis not amisse:and I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good Ladies death, and that my Lord your sonne was upon his returne home. I moved the King my master to speake in the behalfe of my daughter, which in the minoritie of them both, his Majestie out of a selfe gracious remembrance did first propose, his Highnesse hath promis'd me to doe it, and to stoppe up the displeasure he hath conceived 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 tomorrow, or I am deceiv'd by him that in such intelligence hath seldome fail'd.

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

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

Lad. You neede but pleade your honourable priviledge.

Laf. Ladie, of that I have 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 velvet on's face, whether there bee a scar under't or no, the Velvet knowes, but 'tis a goodly patch of Velvet, his left cheeke is a cheeke of two pile and a halfe, but his right cheeke is worne bare.

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

Clo. But it is your arbinado'd face.

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

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

Exeunt

Enter Hellen, Widdow, and Diana with two Attendants.

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

Enter a gentle Astringer.

This man may helpe me to his Majesties eare,
If he would spend his power. God save you sir.
Gent. And you.
Hel. Sir, I have seene you in the Court of France.
Gent. I have been sometimes there.
Hel. I do presume sir, that you are not falne
From the report that goes upon your goodnesse,
And therefore goaded with most sharpe occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put to you
The use of your owne vertues, for the which
I shall continue thankefull.
Gent. What's your will?
Hel. That it will please you
To give this poore petition to the King,
And ayde me with that store of power you have
To come into his presence.
Gen. The Kings not heere.
Hel. Not heere sir?
Gen. Not indeed,
He hence remov'd last night, and with more hast
Then is his use.
Wid. Lord how we loose our paines.
Hel. All's well that ends well yet,
Though time seeme so adverse, and meanes unfit:
I do beseech you, whither he is gone?
Gent. Marrie as I take it to *Rossillion,*
Whither I am going.
Hel. I do beseech you sir,
Since you are like to see the King before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand,
Which I presume shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thanke your paines for it,
I will come after you with what good speede
Our meanes will make us meanes.
Gent. This Ile do for you.
Hel. And you shall finde your selfe to be well thankt
what e're falles more. We must to horse again, Go, go,
provide.

Enter Clowne and Parrolles.

Par. Good Mr *Lavatch* give my Lord *Lafew* this letter, I have ere now sir beene better knowne to you, when I have held familiaritie with fresher cloathes : but I am now sir muddied in fortunes mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.
Clo. Truly, Fortunes displeasure is but sluttish if it smell so strongly as thou speak'st of: I will hencefoorth eate no Fish of Fortunes butt'ring. Pre thee alow the winde.
Par. Nay you neede not to stop your nose sir: I spake but by a Metaphor.
Clo. Indeed sir, if your Metaphor stinke, I will stop my nose, or against any mans Metaphor. Prethe get thee further.

Par. Pray you sir deliver me this paper.

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

Enter Lafew.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Laf. You begge more than word then. Cox my passion, give 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 upon thee knave, doest thou put upon mee at once both the office of God and the divel: one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. The Kings comming I know by his Trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me, I had talke of you last night, though you are a foole and a knave, you shall eate, go too, follow.

Par. I praise God for you

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

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

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

Kin. My honour'd Lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all,
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoote.

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

Humbly call'd Mistris.
Kin: Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance deere. Well, call him hither,
We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill
All repetition : Let him not aske our pardon,
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper then oblivion, we do burie
Th'incensing reliques of it. Let him approach
A stranger, no offender ; and informe him
So 'tis our will he should.
Gent. I shall my Liege.
Kin. What sayes he to your daughter,
Have you spoke?
Laf. All that he is, hath reference to your Highness.
Kin. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me, that sets him high in fame.

Enter Count Bertram.

Laf. He lookes well on't.
Kin. I am not a day of season,
For thou maist see a sun-shine, and a haile
In me at once : But to the brightest beames
Distracted clouds give way, so stand thou forth,
The time is faire againe.
Ber. My high repented blame,
Deere Soveraigne pardon to me.
Kin. All is whole,
Not one word more of the consumed time,
Let's take the instant by the forward top :
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
Th'inaudible, and noiselesse foot of time
Steales, ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this Lord?
Ber. Admiringly my Liege, at first
I stucke my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue :
Where the impression of mine eye enfixing,
Contempt his scornfull Perspective did lend me,
Which warp*t* the line, of everie other favour,
Scorn'd a faire colour, or exprest it stolne,
Extended or contracted all propositions
To a most hideous object. Thence it came,
That she whom all men prais'd and whom hy selfe,
Since I have lost, have lov'd; was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.
Kin. Well excus'd :
That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away
Frome the great compt : but love that comes too late,
Like a remorsefull pardon slowly carried
To the great sender, turnes a sowre offence,
Crying, that's good that's gone : Our rash faults,
Make triviall price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them, untill we know theur grave.
Oft our displeasures to our selves unjust
Destroy our friends, and after weepe their dust;
Our owne love waking, cries to see what's done,
While shamefull hate sleepes out the afternoone.
Be this sweet *Helens* knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for faire *Maudlin,*
The maine consents are had, and heere wee'l stay
To see our woddowers second marriage day :
Which better than the firt, O deere heaven blesse,
Or, ere they meete in me, O nature cesse.
Laf. Come on my sonne, in whom my houses name
Must be digested : give a favour from you
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,

That

That she may quickly come. By my old beard,
And ev'rie haire that's on't, *Helen* that's dead
Was a sweet creature : such a ring as this,
The last that ere I tooke her leave at Court,
I saw upon 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 gave it *Helen,*
I bad her if her fortunes ever stoode
Necessitied to helpe, that by this token
I would releeve her. Had you that craft to reave her
Of what should stead her most?
Ber. My gracious Soveraigne,
How ere it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.
Old La. Sonne, on my life
I have seene her weare it, and she reckon'd it
At her lives rate.
Laf. I am sure I saw her weare it.
Ber. You are deceiv'd my Lord, she never 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 though
I stood ingag'd . but when I has 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 overture, she ceast
In heavie satisfaction, and would never
Receive the Ring againe.
Kin. Platus himselfe,
That knowes the tinct and multiplying med'cine,
Hath not in natures mysterie more science,
Then I have in this Ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas *Helens*,
Who ever gave it you : then if you know
That you are well acquainted with your selfe,
Confesse 'twas hers, and by what tough enforcement
you got it from her. She call'd the Saints to suretie,
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unlesse she gave it to your selfe in bed,
Where you have never come : or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.
Ber. She never saw it.
Kin. Thou speak'st it falsely : as I love mine Honor,
And mak'st connecturall feares to come into me,
Which I would faine shut out, if it should prove
That thou art so inhumane, 'twill not prove so:
And yet I know not, thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead, which nothing but to close
Her eyes my selfe, could win me to beleeve,
More than to see this Ring. Take him away,
My fore-past proofes, how ere the matter fall
Shall taxe my feares of little vanitie,
Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him,
Wee'l sift this matter further.
Ber. If you shall prove
This Ring was ever hers, you shall as easie
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was.
Enter a Gentleman.
King. I am wrap'd in dismall thinkings.
Gen. Gracious Soveraigne,
Whether I have beene too blame or no, I know not,
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath for foure or five removes come short,
To tender it her selfe. I undertooke 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 blush to say it, he wonne me. Now is the Count Rossillion a Widdower, his vowes are forfeted to mee, and my honors payed to him. Hee stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his Country for Justice : Grant it me, O King, in you it best lies, otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poore Maid is undone.

Diana Capilet.

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

Kin. The heavens have thought well on thee *Lafew,*
To bring forth this discov'rie, seeke these sutors :
Go speedily, and bring againe the Count.

Enter Bertram.

I am a'feard the live of *Hellen (*Ladie)
Was fowly snatcht.

Old La. Now justice on the doers.

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

Enter Widdow, Diana, and Parrolles.

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

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

King. Come hether Count, do you know these Women?

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

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

Ber. She's none of mine my Lord.

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

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

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

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

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

Kin. What saist thou to her?

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

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

Do

Do not beleeve him. O behold this Ring,
Whose high respect and rich validitie
Did lacke a Paralell : yet for all that
He gave it to a Commoner a'th Campe
If I be one.
Coun. He blushes, and 'tis hit :
Of sixe preceding Ancestors, that Jemme
Confer'd by testament to'th sequent issue
Hath it beene owed and worne. This is his wife,
That Ring's a thousand proofes.
King. Me thought you saide
You saw one heere in Court could witnesse it.
Dia. I did my Lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument, his names *Parrolles.*
Laf. I saw the man to day, if man he bee.
Kin. Finde him, and bring him hether.
Rof. What of him :
He's quoted for a most perfidious slave
With all the spots a'th world, taxt and debosh'd,
Whose nature sickens : but to speake a truth,
Am I, or that or this for what he'l utter,
that will speake any thing.
Kin. She hath that Ring of yours.
Ros. I thinke she has; certaine it is I lyk'd her,
And boorded her I'th wanton way of youth :
She knew her distance, and did ang;e for mee,
Madding my eagernesse with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancies course
Are motives of more fancie, and in fine,
Her insuite comming with her moderne grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate, she got the Ring,
And I had that which any inferiour might
At Market price have bought.
Dia. I must be patient :
You that have turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly dyet me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lacke vertue, I will loose a husband)
Send for your Ring, I will returne it home,
And give me mine againe.
Ros. I have it not.
Kin. What ring was yours I pray you?
Dian. Sir much like the same upon your finger.
Kin. Know you this Ring, this Ring was his of late.
Dia. And this was it I gave him being a bed.
Kin. The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a Casement.
Dia. I have spoke the truth. *Enter Parolles.*
Ros. My Lord, I do confesse the ring was hers.
Kin. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you :
Is this the man you speake of?
Dia. I, my Lord.
Kin. Tell me sirrah, but tell me true I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master :
Which on your just proceeding, Ile keepe off,
By him and by this woman heere, what know you?
Par. So please your Majesty, my master hath bin an
honourable Gentleman. Trickes hee hath had in him,
which Gentlemen have.
Kin. Come, come, to'th'purpose : Did hee love this
woman?
Par. Faith sir he did love her, but how.
Kin. How I pray you?
Par. He did love her sir, as a Gent. loves a Woman.
Kin. How is that?
Par. He lov'd her sir, and lov'd her not.
Kin. As thou art a knave and no knave, what an equi-

vocal Companion is this?

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

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

Dian. Do you know he promist me marriage?

Par. Faith I know more then Ile speake.

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

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

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

Dia. I my good Lord.

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

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

Kin. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

Kin. Where did you finde it then?

Dia. I found it not.

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

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. this womans an easie glove my Lord, she goes off and on at pleasure.

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

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

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

Dia. Ile never tell you.

Kin. Take her away.

Dia. Ile put in baile my liedge.

Kin. I thinke thee now some common Customer.

Dia. By Jove if ever I knew man 'twas you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accused him al this while.

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

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

Dia. Good mother fetch my bayle. Stay Royall sir,
The 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 never harm'd me, heere I quit him.
He knows himselfe my bed he hath defil'd,
And at that time he got his wife with childe:
Dead though she be, she feeles her young one kicke :
So there's my riddle, one that's dead is quicke,
And now behold the meaning.

Enter Hellen and Widdow.

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

Hel. No my good Lord,

‘Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name, and not the thing.
Ros. Both, both, O pardon.
Hel. Oh my good Lord, when I was like this Maid,
I found you wondrous kinde, there is your Ring,
And looke you, heeres your letter : this is sayes,
When from my finger you can get this Ring,
And is by me with childe, & c. This is done,
Will you be mine now you are doubly wonne?
Ros. If she my Liege can make me know this clearly,
Ile love her dearely, ever, ever, dearly.
Hel. If it appeare not plaine, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step betweene me and you.
O my deere mother do I see you living?
Laf. Mine eyes smell Onions, I shall weepe anon:
Good Tom Drumme lend me a handercher.
So I thanke thee, waite on me home, Ile make sport with
thee : Let thy curtsies alone, they are scurvy ones.

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

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

FINIS.